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Happy Days

THE SNOW-BALL.

WHAT fun these youngsters are having in the snow. The ball is almost more than they can move, but they are getting more help. If that chap who is waving his hat would put it on and shove, he would be doing more good. But soon the ball will be too big for the whole of them to move. What a grand winter climate is ours, where the young folk can have such hearty, healthy out-of-door fun.

GOOD NEWS.

THE conversation that follows between a mother and child gives the very heart of the Gospel. "Jesus came to seek and to save the lost," and the people who are good enough already, do not need him, of course not! This idea that, before Jesus will have anything to do with us we must do something to win him over to our side, is a mistake from beginning to end.

"How am I to be saved, mother?" said a little boy.

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son."

"But have I nothing to do?" said the boy. "I thought I must do something; for

I was once told that I must be good or else God would have nothing to do with me."

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed, and you are saved by knowing that all is done."

"But I am not good," said the boy; "will

When a boy says hard things to me, I just keep still."

Not a bad plan, is it? If all the boys would try it, what good times there would be in the school-room, on the playground—everywhere. Who will try Rob's plan?



THE SNOW-BALL.

God have nothing to do with me unless I am good?"

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"Well, that is good news," said the little fellow. "Oh, how cruel to tell me that God would have nothing to do with me unless I was good."

"Yes it was. You can't be good till you have come and given your badness to Jesus."

ROB'S PLAN.

ROB never has any trouble with the boys. Every one likes him; so it is not very strange that he gets along so well.

"Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him one day. "All the other boys do!"

"Oh, it's my plan not to talk back.

DECEMBER.

SOME follows go blowing for Springtime,
And some will hurrah for the Fall;
Some think there's nothing like marbles,
And some that there's nothing like ball;
But if you want regular rackets,
With more fun than ever was guessed,
With coasting and skating and sliding,
And everything just at its best—
The jolly old month of December
Is worth any two of the rest.

For then there is ice on the river,
And then there is snow on the hill,
And the days are so short and so shining
And the nights are so white and so still;
And then at the end there is Christmas,
Of which I've no cause for complaint,
When your stockings get filled by your
mother,
Or some other sort of a saint;
Now if there is anything better,
I'd just like to know—but there ain't.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

"ONLY LET THEM BE CLEAN."

"ONLY let them be clean," said a lady, when a mother expressed anxiety about getting her children to Sabbath-school. The question of clothes often comes up in such connections, and naturally, for the "take no thought" of the Saviour embodies a counsel that it is difficult to follow. It is also a worthy feeling at bottom which causes a mother to wish that her children, appearing in Sabbath-school and the church, shall look well and feel comfortable along with other children. It is only when it is carried too far that it becomes a difficulty—that it runs into a sin. Many parents do let it influence them unduly, the result being that their children are deprived of advantages that are

open to them, they themselves, also, suffering from a consciousness of being in a false situation. There is much talk about the rich not caring for the poor, and of churches that are kept up as luxuries by the wealthy, and in which plain people are not wanted; but, for the most part, it is a misrepresentation. On the other hand, they who put their money into places of worship do so with the wish that all shall avail themselves of the benefit of it, and have a pleasure in feeling that they can help to supply those who might not be able to do it for themselves. It is right, however, to insist that the line shall be drawn at personal cleanliness, for that is something that is possible with all. It is also one of the means of helping to obtain the moral and religious results which it is the object of the churches to furnish.

DOING THE FATHER'S WILL.

JOSEPHA was not in a very good humour that Sunday, though it was her birthday—her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of a thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her. It was true that was only put off—the present was to come—but still Josepha felt out of sorts; and when mamma called her to get her Bible verses she broke out into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humour, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a little sermon instead: 'Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again.'"

"Well, what's next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All? Why, I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it's a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come?'"

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," repeated the little girl briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said the listener, slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident; I am sure they do it promptly; I am sure they do it cheerfully, I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get today," she said, gently, "but I'll give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

A LITTLE girl and her brother were on their way to the ragged school on a cold winter morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost; the wind very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of coat over her which she seemed to have out-grown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion up to her, saying:

"Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," he replied.

"Oh, but I can stretch it a little," and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

How many shivering bodies and heavy hearts and weeping eyes there are in the world just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.

KEEP NAUGHTY WORDS OUT.

"I do not want to hear naughty words," said little Charley to one of his school-fellows.

"It does not signify," said the other boy; they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," replied Charley, "the worst of it is when naughty words get in, they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right. Keep them out; for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out, when they once get in.

THE WONDERFUL ARTIST.

WHAT a wonderful artist is sly Jack Frost,
And what a pity his works are lost!
This morning my windows in beauty shine,
As though I had found a silver mine.

Here is mountain scenery, high and grand,
Sparkling with beauty beneath his hand,
While delicate tracings thrown in between
Softens the picture with silvery sheen.

Here are graceful ferns mid forest-trees,
Bending before the passing breeze;
And up from the valley in silence comes
A procession with banners and flute and drums.

But while I write the advancing day
Has frightened my artist quite away;
He slipped his picture from off the pane,
And I'll never see the same again.

Mid silence and darkness he comes to keep
His pictures fresh while others sleep;
He touches them here and there with skill,
And varies their beauties, it seems, at will.

We call it frost's invisible hand,
But its beauty shows a God has planned;
And I love to think he sends at night
His artist to make my windows bright.

JENNIE'S PETS.

JENNIE came a long way in the cars to see her auntie. She brought one of her dolls in her mamma's trunk; but her dearest doll, whose name was Bride, had to stay at home.

Jennie named this dear wax doll after Bridget, because Bridget was so kind to her. She made cunning little cakes for her when she baked. She did not mind if there were doll's clothes in the wash every week.

So the doll was named Bridget; but as Jennie did not like to call her "Biddy," mamma said she might call her "Bride."

"And you know, auntie," said Jennie, "she will be a bride some day, when she grows up."

You see Jennie had to tell her aunt about Bride, because the poor little thing could not come.

"And I left my turtle at home, too," said Jennie.

"A turtle! What is that, my dear?"

"My mud turtle," said the little girl—she meant to say turtle, you know. "Ben caught it in the pond instead of a fish, and he gave it to me."

"And, auntie, I told him not to run away, and he didn't. Once I had a little green frog—so pretty! I put him in a glass bottle, and told him not to go out, but he did. He did not mind like my good turtle. I left my turtle to grandma to take care of, and

Bride will take care of herself. Won't they all be glad to see me when I go home?"

When Jennie went home, Bride lay with her eyes shut, and Jennie had to give her a shake to rouse her. The turtle had got out of his pen and gone off to find some mud. But grandma was so very glad to see her pet, that Jennie did not mind about the rest.

A LOVELY MAMMA.

"Won't you come and see my mamma? I's got a lovely mamma!"

The speaker was a fair little maiden, and the lady so charmingly invited was her new Sunday-school teacher, whom she had just overtaken on the street.

"A lovely mamma!" The thought lingered.

We had never seen the mamma so sweetly praised; we did not know whether or not she would seem beautiful to the eyes of strangers; but we did know that she was gentle and lady-like in manner; that she wore pretty house-dresses and dainty ruffles and laces, and sometimes a flower in her hair; that she had a never-failing supply of sweet old stories and quaint old nursery-songs; and had a gift for dressing dollies, and tying sashes and shoulder knots.

We were certain she had a merry, tender way of coaxing the tangles out of flaxen ringlets, and of kissing the hurt out of bruised little fingers; and because of all this she reigned the undisputed queen of her child's loving heart.

Happy and blessed are the children who can say, "I've got a lovely mamma!"

UNDER THE SNOW.

MAMMA was cleaning the birdies' cage one morning.

"I wish I had some gravel for them," said she; "but I used the last a week ago. I didn't save quite so much as I ought last fall."

"There's a whole lot in the sand-bank," said Nate.

"The sand-bank is under the snow a long way," laughed mamma. "I guess they'll get along."

She meant the canaries, Queenie and Chip, who really did seem to miss the sprinkling of fresh gravel they were used to having in the bottom of their cage. At least, that was what Nate and Neddy thought, and they stood by and whispered to the birds and pined them, until mamma hung the cage up in the sunny bay-window among the geraniums. Then they put on their rubber boots and ran out to play in the snow.

They stayed out a long time, and mamma was just thinking of going to call them when

the door flew open and in rushed both Nate and Neddy. Their eyes sparkled and their cheeks glowed, and they carried a pail between them straight to mamma.

"Look, mamma!" they cried.

"Why-ee!" exclaimed mamma, in surprise. "How did you get it?"

"We took our shovels and dug down through the snow—" began Nate.

"And then we chopped up the dirt with the dullest hatchet," finished Neddy. "And we can get lots more. Oh, mamma, don't you s'pose they'll like it?"

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:

We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play;
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

OUR OWN.

ONCE there was an old mother-sheep that took a dislike to one of her baby lambs. She would not let the lamb come near her, or feed it, or be kind to it at all. We thought that was unkind.

Once there was a brother and sister. The sister helped the brother a great deal when he was young, for she was older than he, and their father and mother were dead. After a while, he got to be a great man; but she was sick, because she had worked so hard. He was her own brother, and she had done a great deal for him, but now he would not help her.

Jesus came to his own people—the ones whom God had always guided and helped, but they would not receive him. We think that was very cruel. But we are his own, too, and we are as bad as they if we do not receive him into our hearts, and love and serve him.



WARM WITHIN AND COLD WITHOUT.

WARM WITHIN AND COLD WITHOUT.

THE pampered wee doggie inside the window seems somewhat astonished at the cheerfulness of the wee bird without in the cold. But God clothes and warms and feeds the birds, and not even a sparrow falls to the ground, says the Saviour, without our Father, and he goes on to ask, Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Yes, of so much value that he gave his only Son to die for us.

LONG AGO THE LORD OF GLORY.

LONG ago the Lord of Glory
Lived on earth a little child;
He was gentle, he was holy,
He was always kind and mild.

He was cradled in a manger,
Poor and humble was his bed;
Jesus when on earth a stranger,
Had not where to lay his head.

When he came, the angels, singing,
Told the shepherds of his birth,
"Christ," they said, "is come and bringing
Joy and peace to you on earth!"

Let us love him, let us fear him,
Let us learn of him below;
Then in heaven we shall see him,
More of him we then shall know.

STAND BY YOUR FRIENDS.

"WHY are you always ready to own that you are a Christian?" asked one boy of another.

"Because Jesus is my best friend, and I believe in standing by my friends," was the answer. "'Stand by your friends if you would have them stand by you, and stand by your friends because they have stood by you,' is my motto."

It is a good motto for every boy and girl, man and woman, in the world; only be sure that yours are real and true friends. A false friend is never a safe one to stand by, nor yet to have any friendship with; but Jesus you know to be a true friend, so stand by him.

BIRDIE'S RESOLVE.

"I do wonder what there is in books," said Birdie one day, when he found a book on the lawn where a school-girl had dropped it. "I see people sit down with books, and they turn over the leaves, and look at them for hours. One day I peeped in through a gentleman's window, and I saw great shelves full of books. I do so much want to know what there is in books that people so often read them. There is one thing I have made up my mind to do. I am going to learn to read. Then I shall know what books say to people. I am sure it must be nice to learn about many things that I do not know now.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts in the stall;

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion;
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

A FEW days ago I was conversing with a friend. We were talking of a friend, and I thoughtlessly made the remark: "I wish some one would write her life; it would be beautiful."

The friend looked at me for a moment, then said: "Hourly, Lena's life is being written. We may not know how beautiful her life really is until we hear it up there," said she, pointing heavenward. "The recording angel," she continued, "is not only writing Lena's life, but he is writing yours and mine."

Children, do you think, when you are tempted to do wrong, that the recording angel sees all, and is keeping record of all you do or say?

"Daily are two angels writing
What we do for good or ill;
One with smiles, the good inditing,
One, the evil, sad and still."

Yes, children, every evil deed is recorded in heaven, and he who knoweth all things, sees every bad deed, knows every wicked thought that passes through the mind; but the same Father sees and knows every good deed and thought.

"And yet with him who marks the sands
And holds the water in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame."