

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

The night when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, a star of unusual brilliancy appeared in the distant East, and the wise men or heathen sages came, by its direction, to pay their homage to the new-born babe. This star led them to where the young child was, and, having found him, they presented gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. This star is truly typical of the Saviour himself. He is the bright and morning star which has arisen to guide the Gentiles to the knowledge of salvation. It goes before men to lead them through the darkness of this world to the palace of the Great King. This star shines brighter than any other, and so Christ shines brighter in his life than all other men. He is light, and in him is no dark-

ness at all. If men follow his light, they will find peace and safety.

FREDA'S CHRISTMAS.

Hans Stridbe was not a good father to the little ones, for he had learned to frequent the saloon on the corner, and it is easy to believe that, when he came staggering home, he did not bring much happiness with him; this is very sad, but it is true.

But Minna took great comfort with her boy Carl. Even when he was only a ten-year-old boy he would carry a pail of water from the pump, though it was to be so full, and he would chop away at the knottiest sticks that he found in the lean-to behind the kitchen, so that his mother's wood-box was always full. And when baby Freda cried, he took her up so carefully and sang to her so gently that her tears ceased to flow, and she would lie in his arms quite satisfied with the care that she received.

It would take a long time to tell all about them, so we must be satisfied to know that while Hans went from bad to worse, until he was arrested and locked up, Minna was striving hard to keep a home for the children, as well as to bring them up in the fear of God. And when Christmas came, Carl was sixteen years old, while Freda was but seven. As to Hans—none of them know where he is, nor do they wish to do so.

Freda had been playing with some children in the yard, and they had been bragging of what wonders they would find in their stockings. And that brought her into the house. "Mamma, why cannot I hang up my stocking as well as the other girls?"

Minna thought a moment before she spoke, and in that time she remembered how difficult it was to get enough for the children to eat, and then she thought of the toe of Freda's shoe that needed to be mended; besides, she looked down at the knee of Carl's pants that had to be pieced very carefully, because the cloth was so thin that it would hardly hold the stitches; then she thought of how far on the coal would be gone, and whatever she did she must keep a fire, for the weather was cold and the snow was coming.

No doubt this seems a long thought to you, but then the mind is quick in passing over thoughts, and a mother's thoughts come very swiftly sometimes, and when she did speak she said:

"My darling, God has not given us the money to keep any Christmas."

Her voice was low and sweet, but Freda looked greatly distressed, and the bright smile died out of her face.

"Who wants to hear a story?" the mother asked. Now, if there was anything that Carl and Freda really did like, it was a story; so Carl, on his footstool, and Freda, nestled in her mother's lap, were eager listeners.

And Minna told the sweet story of the Christ-child, of his birth, life and death, not forgetting to remind them of his taking the little ones in his arms and saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When the story was ended, she told Carl that she would like him to read at home while she took Freda for a look at the stores. The child's delight was great, never greater than when before a confectioner's window. "Oh! look, mamma, look at the lovely box—it is only eleven cents; do buy it, mamma!"

But Minna shook her head and wiped away a tear with the corner of her shawl. She could not spare even the few pennies. Did you ever notice how God often prepares for our needs, just as he brought Fred Gay to the window at the same moment that Minna came there with Freda. Now, Fred had some money that he had saved to buy presents with, but he felt sorry for the little girl, and, taking a bright half-dollar from his store, he handed it to the child, saying, "Take this, little girl; it is for you."

But the child was frightened and hid her face against her mother. "Yes, take it, little girl; it is for your own self."

Minna looked into his brown eyes, and seeing them full of kindness, put her hand on the child's head, and said, "Take the money, darling, and thank the gentleman."

You would be astonished, if you could know, how many things that half-dollar paid for, tree and all. But you ought not to be surprised to know that this is a true story, or that Fred's Christmas was a great deal nicer than it would have been if he had not felt that it was more blessed to give than to receive.—*New York Observer*

"MARY CHRISTMAS."

BY MRS. G. ARCHIBALD.

Bessie Gray was four years old—
Mamma's black-eyed, only daughter;
Cunning ways and odd conceits
Bessie's four short years had brought her

Loving faith in Santa Claus,
Childish tale and song had taught her,
And on Christmas morn she rose,
Sure the saint some joy had wrought her

Smiling at her stocking full,
Papa found her when he sought her;
"Merry Christmas, Bessie Gray!"
And he kissed her as he caught her.

"Mamma," said the happy child,
When the day to night had brought her,
"Mary Christmas surely is
Santa Claus's lovely daughter!"

Every wrong you do to another you commit against yourself.