

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVIII.

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## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Germany is the land of the Christmas tree. Nowhere else does it grow so vigorously, or bring forth such copious fruit. But it has been transplanted into nearly all lands, and throughout Canada, at this snowy winter season, in many happy homes this wonderful tree will bring forth its wonderful fruit. In our picture we note several specially German features—the house father, as they call him, pulling away at his big porcelain pipe like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle; the bust of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, on the wall; the youngster with the spiked helmet and drum, exhibiting even in babyhood the warlike German spirit; the odd-shaped waggons and toys, and above all, the tree, with its tapers, and trinkets, and love gifts for every one, and the Angel of the Annunciation at the top. Is it not a pretty family group? Thank God for Christmas, which brings us joyful tidings of peace on earth, and good-will to men, and especially its love-gifts to children everywhere.



A GERMAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

## FOXIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Foxie was a very bright little collie who could do many things that not every dog can do. He lived in a village where there was no mail delivery, and was always sent to the post-office for the letters, which he carried home in his mouth, never dropping a single one.

He could take an order to the grocer's and carry home the basket of groceries quite as well as the grocer's boy, and

much more quickly, for he never stopped on the way to play marbles or to sit down on a doorstep to rest, as he had seen the grocer's boy do.

He had been well trained, and was never allowed to run out on the street alone, to play with bad dogs, who were surly or ill-mannered or dishonest, but like all dogs, and most children too, Foxie loved the street, and when Harry, his

go to bed." Then he would jump up on a chair, put his forepaws on the back of it, rest his head on his paws, close his eyes, and remain quite still for a whole minute, then jump down and bark for some one to open the door, that he might go to bed.

It was Christmas Eve in Foxie's home. The turkey was dressed and the plum pudding made; the Christmas tree was glittering with ornaments and loaded with

gifts. Foxie had made many trips to the grocery that day; his mistress had patted his head and called him "good little dog," and now with a clear conscience he was enjoying his well-earned rest before the grate fire in the back parlour. He was too excited to sleep soundly, for sometimes he thought he heard queer sounds up the chimney, and again strange noises outside which he did not understand, so he only dozed with one eye open, as dogs often do, and wondered whether those queer, crackling noises were made only by the wind.

Suddenly his open eye beheld a dazzling glare reflected upon the wall. He opened his other eye and raised his head. A flood of light was

streaming in the back parlour window. He jumped up in wild alarm, and placing his paws on the window-sill he looked out. His little body trembled all over with fear at what he saw, for the back part of the neighbouring house was in a furious blaze, the air was filled with smoke and sparks, and already cinders were falling into the yard and on the roof of his own home.

Foxie had often gone to fires with Harry and had seen houses burned down. He understood the danger, and he knew that all the family were asleep! He alone was awake. What should he do? He was quivering with fright, but he did not bark nor howl nor try to escape. He never thought of himself, but only how he could save the family up-stairs. He flew up three steps at a time, and rushing from room to room, to each member of the family, he pulled the bedclothes from them with his teeth. Finding his mistress hard to rouse, he tugged her nightdress, and even jumped on the bed, put his nose under her body, and actually tried to lift her from the bed.

Alarmed by his strange actions and excited manner, the household was soon all astir, and none too soon to escape with their lives from the burning house. There were no Christmas festivities in that house, for before dawn it was a blackened ruin, but, thanks to the heroic conduct of one wise little dog, the lives of the entire family were saved and Christmas was turned into a day of thanksgiving.

This is a true story of a true dog, and shows us that even a little dog "may be known by his doings."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 19, 1903.

### HOLIDAY GREETING.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and every one of our boys and girls!

The Christ-child seems very near to us at this season, when we celebrate his birth, and sing our glad songs in praise of him, and declare our love for him in kindly

acts towards one another. You know it was the dear Christ who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

If we love him we shall love one another, and every creature God has made. And it will not be love "in word" only, but "in deed and in truth."

And so we can ask nothing better for our dear boys and girls than that they may love one another so much that all may know they are indeed Christ's disciples!

This will make sure a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"A bright, a blessed Christmas,  
And a glad New Year be thine,  
And may the Sun of Glory  
Upon thy pathway shine;  
Each season show thee clearer  
The path thy Saviour trod,  
And each Christmas find thee nearer  
The Paradise of God!"

### A BABY IN A BOOT.

The babies in the far North seem to us to have a hard time; yet Arctic travellers tell us they are jolly and contented looking.

The Eskimo baby lives in a fur bag, and when his mother goes out of the snow hut she slings him on her back. He is used to snow, for his home is made of it, and he rolls about on soft reindeer skins, warmed by a lamp of whale-oil.

The funniest place for a baby to live is one that a great traveller tells of; he says he saw Eskimo mothers tuck their babies feet foremost in one of their wide, high-topped boots, while the other boot carried the things she cooked with.—*Jewels.*

### BEING GOOD INSIDE.

"Mamma," said a little girl one day, "will you tell me how I can be good inside?"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"Why, I mean that I don't have right feelings in my heart. Papa calls me a good girl, so does auntie, and almost everybody: but I'm not good at all."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said Kitty; "but I know that my heart is very wicked. Why, mamma, when I was dressed to ride yesterday and the carriage came to the door, you remember that papa said there was no room for me. Well, I went into the house, and when you came back auntie told you that I had been very good about it. But she did not know. I didn't say anything to her; but I went up-stairs, and, though I didn't cry, I thought very

wicked things. Oh, mamma, won't you tell me how I can be good inside?"

Now, there are a great many children—and grown-up people, too—who are like Kitty. They keep their lips from saying bad things, but they cannot keep their hearts from thinking and feeling what is bad. The Bible describes an evil man, and says, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23. 7); and it also tells us that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). If we want to be good inside, we must get our hearts changed. None but Jesus can do this. He says: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Make the fountain pure; then will the streams which flow from it be pure also. Let us pray like the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psa. 51. 10.)

### THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BY AARON HOWELL, M.D.

Out on an Eastern plain afar  
The wise men traced their way,  
With eyes upon a guiding star  
To where an infant lay:  
In swaddling clothes of poorest kind,  
And in a manger cold,  
The Saviour of the world reclined,  
Just as it was foretold.

With frankincense, with gold and myrrh,  
They met the coming King,  
And worshipped and rejoiced with her  
Who did much gladness bring.  
"The glory of the Lord shone round;"  
"Fear not," the angel said;  
"Good tidings of great joy" was found  
"Complete in Him, the Head."

The heav'nly host and angels praised  
The Virgin's gift to man;  
The shepherds in the valley gazed,  
Then to the manger ran.  
"Good will on earth" to ev'ry one,  
Glad voices loud proclaimed;  
Upon this day came forth a Son,  
And Jesus he was named.

A boy's temptations are no harder for a boy than a man's temptations are for a man. It is just as much a boy's duty to be faithful and just and kind on the playground, or at school or at home, as it is a man's duty to be thus in the counting-room or in the senate hall. It is as much a child's duty to imitate the Child Jesus as it is a man's duty to imitate the Man Jesus.

The world wants good boys, and every boy can answer this want of the world.

IF YOU'RE GOOD.

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

Santa Claus'll come to-night,  
If you're good,  
And do what you know is right,  
As you should;  
Down the chimney he will creep,  
Bringing you a woolly sheep,  
And a doll that goes to sleep;  
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh  
Thro' the wood,  
But he'll come around this way  
If you're good,  
With a wind-up bird that sings,  
And a puzzle made of rings—  
Jumping-jacks and funny things—  
If you're good.

He will bring you cars that "go,"  
If you're good,  
And a rocking-horse—oh!  
If he would!  
And a dolly, if you please,  
That says "Mamma!" when you squeeze  
It—he'll bring you one of these  
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,  
As he should;  
But it makes him very glad  
When you're good.  
He is wise, and he's a dear;  
Just do right and never fear;  
He'll remember you each year,  
If you're good.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 27.

REVIEW.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.—Psa. 103. 17.

*Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.*

1. D. B. up the A.. Blessed are they—
2. G's C. with D... Thy throne shall—
3. D's C. .... Create in me—
4. D's J. over F. .. Blessed is he—
5. D. and A..... Honour thy—
6. D's G. over A... A foolish son—
7. D's T. in G.... The Lord is—
8. The C. of S. D.. Wine is a—
9. D's C. to S.... Trust in the—
10. S's W. C..... The fear of the—
11. The D. of the T.. I was glad—
12. The Q. of S. V. S. When the righteous
13. The B. of C.... Thou shalt call—

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 3.

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memorize verses 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

THE LESSON STORY.

Does it really seem true that Jesus was once a little boy of five or seven or twelve years of age? The gospels tell us so little of his life as a natural every-day boy that it is difficult to think about him as being like one of our own boy friends. Yet we know he must have played in the streets of Nazareth and wandered on its hillsides and learned to be useful in Joseph's carpenter shop, where he worked later like a dutiful son.

When Jesus was about twelve years old he went up to the great feast of the Pass-over at Jerusalem with his mother and Joseph. The people of Israel travelled long distances to keep the feast in the temple. They went from their villages in little companies, and as they came over the hills near Jerusalem and saw the golden roof of the temple shining in the sun they would sing a song of praise, perhaps the one hundred and twenty-second psalm. When Joseph and Mary came back they missed Jesus from the company. He was not with his cousins as they supposed; so his parents went back to Jerusalem.

Where do you think they found their boy after searching for three days? In the temple listening to the learned men and asking questions. His mother called him, and said, "Thy father and I sought thee sorrowing;" but Jesus said, "Know ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" (American Revised Version.) They could not understand what he meant, but his mother "kept all these sayings in her heart."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

In what did the child Jesus grow? In strength, wisdom, and grace.

Where did he go when he was twelve? To Jerusalem.

With whom did he go? With his parents.

Why did they go? To attend the Pass-over feast.

Did he come home with them? Not at first.

What did his parents do? Turned back to Jerusalem to find him.

Where did they find him? In the temple.

With whom was he talking? With the learned men.

Had his mother been troubled? Yes.

Where did he say he must be? In his Father's house.

Could they understand what he meant? No.

Where did they then go? Back to Nazareth.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

There is an incident which took place during last Christmas between two of our infant-class children:

Bertha—"Chrissy, what should you like to have best this Christmas?"

Chrissy—"A dolly."

Bertha—"So should I. I wonder what we'd better do?"

Chrissy—"My teacher says we ought to ask Jesus for everything we want."

Bertha—"Let's go and ask him."

Away trotted the two little mites upstairs, into the bedroom, and, kneeling down together, asked Jesus to send them a dolly.

On Christmas morning the children came down-stairs, full of excitement and wonder; and there, sure enough, lay two dollies. "Oh," said Bertha, "I wonder what we ought to do now?"

Again Chrissy came to the rescue. "Teacher says we ought to thank Jesus when he sends us what we want."

"Come on, then; let's go and thank him."

And off they ran, with their treasures clasped in their arms; and, kneeling down in the very same place where they had sent up their petition, they thanked Jesus for sending them such nice-looking dollies.

What a lesson for some of us older children. We may not get "everything we want," but, like the ten lepers, how few of us "return" to thank him for what we do receive.

If, instead of always looking at our troubles, and thinking of our cares and worries, we were to watch his hand, and trace his goodness in all our lives, our mouths would be filled with praise continually.

NO TIME FOR OTHERS' FAULTS.

If one watches himself as thoroughly as he ought he finds his time is so nearly all employed that he has but little left to look after the faults of others. He is also generally so surprised at what he learns about himself that he has no inclination to criticise his friends even though he really finds time to do so.

It is not the child whose character is strongest, but the one who loves Christ most, who can keep God's law the best.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

### PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

We think of the little children,  
The toys for the Christmas tree;  
The things that will give them pleasure,  
And raise their glad shouts of glee.  
Do we think of the Christ of child:en?  
The Lord who was once a boy?  
Do we seek to prepare for Jesus,  
The things that will give him joy?

We think of the poor and needy,  
And furnish the Christmas board;  
The garments to clothe the naked,  
The feasts where no feast is stored.  
Do we think of the homeless Saviour,  
Who knocks at a thousand doors;  
And fails of a heart's glad welcome,  
And hungers amid our stores?

We think of the loved and precious,  
And purchase the gifts we think  
Will give them the satisfaction  
And tighten Love's golden link.  
Do we think of the Chief of Lovers,  
And gifts for his heart prepare;  
The best of our Christmas presents,  
For our dearest Friend to share?

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

There is a story told of Santa Claus,  
and it is that he was persuaded into putting a telephone into his winter palace. And these were the messages continually flying over the wires:

"Hello! Who is it?"

And then would come the answers from

Johnny and Katie and Mollie and Bessie and a thousand others. And they were all just alike:

"Dear Santa Claus, I want you to send me for Christmas a pony, or a donkey, or a big wax doll, or a set of real china dishes, or a sled," and many other things like these.

One day this was the message that reached his ears, in a whining, complaining voice, "Dear Santa Claus—You needn't send me such a mean old present as you did last year. My papa is a very rich man, and I want a big diamond ring. You'll send it, won't you?"

"No, I won't!" said Santa Claus, and he shut the telephone with a snap and said to his wife, "All these children are growing up as selfish as pigs. What do they think Christmas was made for, I wonder?"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," rang the telephone bell again, and this is what came over the wire this time: "Dear Santa Claus— I am a little lame girl, living in Beggars' Alley; the grocer said I might telephone from his store; my mamma is sick; if you would only bring her a new warm blanket and a cup of hot tea, with milk and sugar in it; you needn't bring anything for me."

When Mrs. Santa Claus heard this message she said to Santa Claus, "I am going to take your sleigh this year, and I will go to Beggars' Alley, to the Orphan Asylum and to the Poorhouse with those presents."

Then Santa Claus seized the wire again. "Hello! I'm Santa Claus. Connect me with the children;" and this is what he said: "Dear children, won't you send me word that you will be willing to go without your Christmas presents this year, so that they may go to the beggars and sick children and poor people all over the world?"

Most of the children sent back word, "Yes, we will," or "Yes, dear Santa Claus," or simply "Yes." And so the lame girl's mamma had her warm blanket, and hot tea with milk and sugar in it, and a little blind girl had a music-box, and a sick child a beautiful doll, and the rag-pickers and street-sweepers even were remembered and made happy.

Thus the children were learning what Christmas is for; not to get all we can ourselves and have our hands full of presents, but to give to those who have not much, as Jesus Christ gave all to us who were poor and needy. Then,

"When the Christmas bells begin to chime,  
Oh! the beautiful, blessed Christmas time,"

our hearts will join with them gladly, because we will have the true Christmas spirit.

### CHRISTMAS.

Whatever else the breaking of the first Christmas morning over the earth brought to the world, it brought one new day for the children. On Christmas Day children take possession of the world's heart as on no other day beside, and as no other person takes possession of it either on that day or on any other of the days of the whole year round.

But while for children that first Christmas dawn brought the fairest, kindest day to the world which children have yet seen, it brought more than a new day into the world for its children, it brought a new spirit toward them. It gave them, for all days, for all their life, a new place in the thoughts and hearts of men.

"Only a child." That was the language of nations with reference to children. But when God began his new kingdom on the earth with a child, when his angels sang the honours of a child, and foretold all people's great joy in a child, henceforth there was a freer, greener, brighter world for the souls and limbs of children. The spirit of that birthday of Jesus has wandered all over the world, touching and changing and beautifying everything, bringing good-will to everybody, and especially to children. Not in vain did Jesus say, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."