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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

[No. 26.



CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

THIS picture shows the quaint old German fancy about Christmas. German Christmas hymns and stories tell of the blessed Christ-child coming to earth again on Christmas eve and doing all manner of good deeds among the people, especially to the poor and the forlorn. Sometimes he is attended by angels and cherubs, as in our picture. The queer German churches and houses are shown just as they are—and a very beautiful picture they make—with their quaint spires and towers and gables and galleries—very unlike anything we have in Canada.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

MOTHER, wash me clean to-night,
Wash my little hands all white;
Lay in curls my soft brown hair,
See my cheeks are rosy fair.
Make me pure and sweet to sight,
For the Christ-child comes to-night.

Wash me clean from head to feet,
Snowy nightdress, fresh and sweet,
I will say my prayer and rest,
With my hands crossed on my breast.
Perhaps the Christ-child on his way,
By my little bed will stay.

Mother, pardon me, I ask,
Naughty words and slighted task;
Let me go to bed to-night,
Pure and sweet and snowy white,
Then the Christ-child on his way,
By my little bed may stay.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Do you know that merry Christmas has come again?

Who is not glad to see old Father Christmas coming with his bunch of holly, and his sprig of mistletoe, and his shining, shining face, all wreathed in merry smiles? Ah! the children have been watching for him, and they are ready to welcome him to their hearts and homes.

Since he came last how many things have happened! Some sad things, but more glad things, have come into most lives. Have the sad things, the griefs, the losses, the crosses, made us more tender and loving and patient? And have the glad things filled our hearts with grateful love to the dear Christ whose coming has made gladness possible? What will the

Christmas mean to us this year? May it not mean more love, better service, sweeter cheer, through all the coming days to our Christ whose birth we celebrate?

"Just as the wise men deemed it meet
To offer him gold and perfumes sweet,
Let us lay our gifts at his holy feet,
Our gifts on the Christmas morning."

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHAT is it? It is a Person! "A person?" Yes, a real live person, as much so as papa, or mamma, or yourself. "A funny Christmas gift," you say. But mind, it isn't "a" Christmas gift. If it were, it might be a mere thing—a doll, or sled, or book, or box of candies, which would soon be gone. It is "the" Christmas gift, that is, it is the gift that makes Christmas, without which there never would have been any Christmas, and with which every day must be a Christmas.

"Christmas" is Christ-mass, that is, the mass or festival of Christ. And Christ is a person. "God so loved the world (and boys and girls are a big part of the world), that he gave his only begotten Son." Isn't a "son" a person? It's true then, isn't it? God so loves each one of you, no matter how selfish and naughty, that he has given you—not his love, but the Lover; not his love-letters (the Bible) but the writer; not his garments, (outward gifts, lands, houses, food, books, playthings, etc.) but himself, the Giver.

What is to be done with it? Well, dear one, what are you doing with the Christmas gift? Are you accepting him or rejecting him? Mind, he has been given to you. God "gave," not will give if you ask him. It would be a funny Christmas gift, wouldn't it, for which you had to beg and plead before you could have it? Real Christmas gifts don't come that way, do they? It would spoil half the delight, wouldn't it, if you even knew what gifts were to fill your stocking, much more if you had to beg for each one beforehand? So with the Christmas gift. It has been given to you without your asking—so that you're forced either to take him or to reject him. You don't mean to refuse any other gifts that may be given you this Christmas, do you? But are you going to take them and yet reject the Christmas gift? Now just let me whisper a secret in your ear. You have no right to take any other of God's gifts (and that means all things), without taking this gift. Why not? Because all these things have been given to you in Jesus Christ—the Gift. They be-

long to you in him, not apart from him, and for you to take them out of him, or without him, is to take what does not belong to you, and to take what does not belong to you is to—!

Why don't you take the Christmas gift? May be you think you've got to earn it before you claim it. But that isn't the way you get any other gift is it? Wouldn't your Sunday-school superintendent laugh at you if, when he was distributing Christmas gifts next week, you should hesitate to take your share because you hadn't earned it? "Earn it," he would exclaim, "why wouldn't be a gift if you had earned it? So just take this and enjoy it." And then if the superintendent himself had really taken the gift, he would probably tell you that you couldn't really take what he offered you without doing as he had done. To really take a gift, that is, to get out of it all that God puts into it, you must see back of it, and in it, the Gift. John 4:19

Or, may be, you think it is too big, too wonderful, a gift to be given to you. And your thought would be just right if it wasn't for that little word, "too." The Christmas gift is a wonderful gift to be given anybody, old or young. But not too wonderful to be given, because the Giver is so wonderful, and because he wants us all to know something of his wonderfulness. His very name as a child Saviour is "Wonderful." God says, 'Thou shalt call his name Wonderful.' But before he says that he makes the prophet say something else: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given!" Only those who take the gift know how really wonderful he is.

God says this wonderful gift is for you dear one, and he means it. Will you take it?

THE QUAIL.

I SHOULD like to know, Mr. Quail, how many aunts and uncles and cousins you have? There are quails all over the world. The quails in warm countries are called *home quails*. In other countries they fly from place to place. Sometimes they fly in great flocks along the sea-coast and over islands. But men watch for them, and shoot many of them before they get through the long journey. So, take care, little quail!

Why don't you perch on a tree? You don't know, except that it is a way with quails always to alight on the ground. You have cousins in China only four inches long—quarrelsome little creatures. I am sorry to say people there keep them on purpose to see them fight. We hear about you in the Bible. Boys and girls, can you tell me where?

LIGHTING UP THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

LIGHTING up the Christmas tree
So its treasures all may see;
Here's a whistle, there a ball,
Here's a book, and there a doll,
Here's a basket and a knife,
Here's a soldier's cap and fife.

Now attend is every ear,
All—a name, their own, to hear;
Quick and glad the gift they take;
Tis for them, there's no mistake.
"Thank you," "Thank you," hear them say;
Oh, this happy Christmas day!

Eager children, standing there,
Tell me, did you ever hear
Of the Christmas gift of God?
Have you, children, understood
Tis for you? Have you believed
And the wondrous gift received?

Once the happy angels came
With glad music to proclaim
God's great gift to sinful man;
How the joyful tidings ran!
We have caught the precious word
Of the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

God his only Son has given
To redeem our souls for heaven;
For this rich, amazing gift,
Children, let us ever lift
Voices tuned to love and praise
On these happy Christmas days!

PLEASING JESUS.

"MAMMA," began Harry, as he dropped
his wheelbarrow and came into the kitchen.

"What, my dear?" said his mother.

"Mamma," he repeated, "I wish I could
do something to please Jesus. Can't you
think of anything?"

"It pleases him to have you good and
kind," his mother replied.

"I know it mamma, but I want to do
something." Then he happened to see the
empty chip-basket, and his face brightened
up as he said, "Would it please Jesus if I
should get you a basket of chips?"

"Yes, if you get it on purpose to please
him," said his mother.

So Harry ran out to the wood-pile, and
pretty soon returned with both hands
toggling at the full basket, for he was
only six years old. "There!" said he, as
he put it in the chimney, "ain't they nice
ones? I did not scabble them up; but
picked them up one by one, because I did
not want to get any but nice ones for
Jesus."

His mother said, "That is right. Always

do your best when you do anything for
Jesus."

Won't other little boys and girls remem-
ber this, even if they are only going to
pick up chips, wash dishes, or learn their
lessons?—"Always do your best for the
sake of pleasing Jesus."

"LOTS OF GOOD THINGS IN HEAVEN."

It was breakfast-time. Mrs. Forest
placed the little three-year-old Lily in her
high chair, tied her bib on as usual; but
what should she give her to eat? The
delicate Lily could not relish the dry bread
as her brother Charlie did.

"Mamma hasn't anything nice for her
darling this morning," said Mrs. Forest,
sorrowfully; "can Lily eat this bread if
mamma puts a little hot water on it?"

Lily's face brightened as she tried to
swallow a few mouthfuls of the bread and
water, and looking up with a sweet smile,
she said: "Mamma, God has *lots* of good
things in heaven."

HE SEES.

EMMA GRAY, on her way to school, passed
a little boy whose hand was through the
railings of a gentleman's front garden, trying
to pick a flower. "Oh, little boy!" said
Emma, kindly, "are you not taking that
without leave?" "Nobody sees me," replied
the little boy. "Somebody sees you from
the blue sky," said Emma. "God says we
must not take what does not belong to us
without leave; and you will grieve him
if you do so." "Shall I?" said he; "then
I won't." He drew back his hand and went
away. One way of doing good is to prevent
others from doing wrong.—*Selected.*

WHAT SHALL WE GIVE TO GOD?

In this season of Christmas gifts, the
question often arises, "What shall I give?"
We think of parents and friends who have
given us many good things, for which we
cannot repay them, yet we want to show
them, by some simple gift, that we love
them.

There is one dear and precious Friend,
the best of all friends, who gave his Son to
be our Saviour. What shall we give to
him? In return for all he has done for us
he asks for but one thing, yet it is a gift
which means a great deal. "My son, give
me thy heart."

This is all we can give, less than this
we ought not to think of giving. When
we make this gift to God, our love and our
life go with it. We are his, and he is ours.
This is the true idea of a noble life, a life
"hid with Christ in God."

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

HANG up the baby's stocking,

Be sure you don't forget,

The dear little dimpled darling;

She never saw Christmas yet;

But I've told her all about it,

And she opened her big blue eyes,

And I'm sure she understood it,

She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!

It doesn't take much to hold

Such little pink toes as baby's

Away from the frost and cold.

But then for the baby's Christmas

It will never do at all.

Why Santa wouldn't be looking

For anything half so small?

I know what we'll do for the baby,

I've thought of the very best plan,

I'll borrow a stocking off grandma—

The longest that ever I can;

And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,

Right here in the corner, so,

And write a letter to Santa

And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,

That hangs in the corner here,

You never have seen her, Santa,

For she only came this year;

But she's just the blessedest baby!

And now, before you go,

Just cram her stocking with goodies

From the top clean down to the toe."

LITTLE ALICE.

LITTLE ALICE was one of my Sabbath-
school scholars, a fair-haired, blue-eyed
little girl, whose beautiful face and sweet
winning ways made her a favorite with all.
Methinks I can see now the soft, tender
look of her mild eyes fixed so earnestly upon
me, as I endeavoured to impress upon her
opening mind the gospel plan of salvation.
One day I said to her.

"Alice, what will you do when you die
and are called upon to stand before the
judgment-seat of God to answer for all the
sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion as she
answered:

"Christ died for sinners, I will hide be-
hind him. God will not look at me, He
will look at Christ.

Beautiful thought, to hide behind Christ,
to lose ourselves in him, and casting aside
our own impure works to rest solely and
entirely upon his finished work for salva-
tion!



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Ah, look at our baby on Christmas eve,
All dressed in his best to see and receive!
Now perched in his four-wheeled chair of
state,

So graciously smiling on small and great,
He takes to himself the whole applause
That people are giving to Santa Claus.

His eyes demanding whate'er they see,—
The candles, the dolls, and the Christmas
tree,

While mamma surveys, with a thrill of joy,
The whole as a frame for her baby boy,
And, baby, though living beyond four-score,
"First Christmas" can dazzle thine eyes no
more.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A DEAR LITTLE girl had been lame a long
time, so that she could not run and play
like other children. She was four years old,
and she loved the bright sunshine and
flowers as well as other little folks do, and
she wanted very much to be well, so as to
go out and enjoy them. One day she said
her little prayer as usual, and then, looking
earnestly at her mother, she said, "Mamma,
I want to tell Jesus I's lame yet. P'raps
he sinks I's walkin' now." You see she

felt so sure that Jesus would answer her
prayer, if he heard it. And so he had, in
giving her such sweet faith. You know,
Jesus does not always give us just what we
ask. Often he gives something better.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

MERRY Christmas! Why do we keep it
with so much joy and gladness? Is there
a little child anywhere who does not know
that it is the day when our dear Lord was
born? "Christ the Prince of glory slept
on Mary's knee." The whole beautiful
story is familiar to every one of us, and the
sweetest thing about Christmas is that it
belongs to every one of us, to the poorest
as well as the richest, for the infant Jesus
came to save the whole world.

The custom of hanging gifts on Christ-
mas trees comes to us from Germany.
There, for days beforehand, great prepar-
ations are made, and when the eve of
Christmas arrives, the tree is lighted with
tapers, and its boughs are loaded with pres-
ents for parents, children, teachers, friends
and servants. We are glad that many of
our Sunday-schools follow the pretty home
idea of the Fatherland to a wider conclu-
sion, and have Christmas trees in the
Sunday-school.—*The Child's World.*

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

CHILD.

"FATHER, I love Christmas Day,"
Said a little girl, one day;
"Tis my Saviour's birthday, too:
What can I for Jesus do?"

"Tis Jesus' birthday; let us bring
Some humble offering to our King:
You give us presents, father, dear—
Oh! is there none for Jesus here?"

FATHER.

"My little May a gift shall bring
To keep the birthday of her King;
'Give me thine heart,' you hear him say—
Make him this present, child, to-day.

"In all you do, and think, and say,
Oh! live for Jesus every day;
No better offering can you give
Than try each day like Christ to live."

AUGUSTA BUXTON.

SOLID ROCK AT THE BOTTOM.

A LITTLE boy dropped something in the
well, and trying to get it up fell in himself.
His mother heard his cry just as he was
down, and in another instant she was at the
well-side. "Horace!" she called in agony.

"I am not hurt, mother," said the boy
"but I shall drown in this water."

"No," said the mother quickly; "the
water is only a few feet deep. Stand up
it, my dear boy; mother will bring you
safely."

"But, mother, I shall sink in the mud,"
said Horace, still clinging to the slippery
stones.

"No, dear," said the mother again
cheerily, "there is solid rock at the bottom."

Then he felt he was safe. He stood up
as she directed, and pretty soon was brought
safely up.

A boy would not forget such an experi-
ence as that in a whole lifetime; do you
think he would?

"O mother, you don't know how glad
I was when you said to me, 'There's solid
rock at the bottom,'" he would say, when
they talked it over.

When he grew older, and many troubles
came into his life, he learned to look to
Jesus as the safe rock to bear him up
through them all. "There is solid rock
at the bottom," he would always say, and then
go on cheerfully and trustfully. You re-
member the houses Jesus told about—
one built on the rock and one on the sand. We
are all of us building on one foundation
or the other.