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# Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER]22, 1888.

[No. 26.

"NO ROOM IN THE  
INN."

"No room for the  
stranger, no room in  
the inn,"

The friendless may  
lodge with the beasts  
of the stall;

The manger his cradle,  
the night for his  
screen:

No room in the inn  
for the monarch of  
all!

No room in the inn,—  
yet the angels on high  
Through all their  
bright ranks pro-  
claim the glad morn,  
And loud their hosan-  
nas are shaking the  
sky,  
To herald the tidings,  
"A Saviour is born!"

No room in the inn,—  
yet the wise men afar  
See the sign of his  
coming whom proph-  
ets foretold,  
And low at his feet, by  
the light of his star,  
The sages are bending  
with spices and gold.

No room in the inn,—  
no room with the  
great;  
The proud ones and  
lofty discern not his  
grace;

But they that are meek  
and of lowly estate  
Their King they behold in the light of  
his face.

O, Babe of the manger! "no room in the  
inn?"



SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

O, wipe the reproach from my heart, and  
abide  
Where Love would enthrone her Redeemer  
within,  
And the bridegroom rejoice in the joy of  
his bride!

ent on charity, yet performing his mission,  
doing in his measure the Master's will!  
Patiently waiting for the future, he shall  
by-and-by "mount up with wings" as eagles:  
shall run and not be weary, shall walk and  
not faint,

WINGS BY-AND-  
BY.

"WALTER," said a  
gentleman on a ferry  
boat to a poor, helpless  
cripple, "How is it  
when you cannot walk  
that your shoes get  
worn?"

A blush came over  
the boy's pale face, but  
after hesitating a mo-  
ment, he said.

"My mother has  
younger children, sir;  
and while she is out  
washing, I amuse them  
by creeping about on  
the floor and play-  
ing."

"Poor boy," said a  
lady standing near, not  
loud enough, as she  
thought, to be over-  
heard, "What a life to  
lead! What has he in  
all the future to look  
forward to?"

The tear started to  
his eye, and the bright  
smile that chased it  
away showed that he  
did hear her. As she  
passed by him to step  
on shore he said, in a  
low voice, but with a  
smile:

"I'm looking for-  
ward to having wings  
some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor,  
crippled, and depend-

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY Christmas! Happy Christmas!  
Day of joy to all the earth!  
Listen to the angelic chorus—  
Hail the infant Saviour's birth!  
Hallelujah! Let us sing  
Joyous anthems to our King.

Glory, glory in the highest!  
Children, catch the enraptured strain:  
Peace on earth, goodwill to mortals,  
Christ has stooped our bliss to gain.  
Hallelujah! Praise our King:  
Life and hope from Jesus spring.

See the shepherds seek the Saviour—  
See the magi from afar  
Bring their gifts and bow before him,  
Guided by the earthly star.  
Hallelujah! Let us bring  
Grateful off-rings to our King.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THANK God for Christmas! It has a face so cheery that our own faces brighten as we look into it. It is so merry with bell-music and carol-singing that we find ourselves joining in its songs. And it is a friend so true and warm that we welcome it with all our hearts.

Christmas is coming; let us make it a merry one. Let sorrow chasten and subdue, but not render us selfish and hard. Rather let us be more tender because of its presence—more anxious to lighten the burden of it for others. Let us do without something that a sick child may be fed, or a cold room warmed. Let us invite as the guest of the festival some solitary individual; let us send parcels to the poor, and greetings to the aged. Let us think what he whose birthday we celebrate would do if he were in our

place, and then let us do it joyfully and for his sake. What did he do? Feed the hungry? Heal the sick? Yes; and when he could no longer do this he said, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Dear friends, God give you a happy Christmas!—*Marianna Farnham.*

## BE TRUTHFUL.

"WILLIE," said little Annie one day, after working for a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this rule means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Willie. "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Willie," he said, "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right. Of course I've time," cried Willie, springing up and flinging his books away. "I'll put off my studying until evening."

And within five minutes he was on his way to the woods. Should you call Willie a very truthful little boy that afternoon?

## THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It was the day before Christmas, and the children were all preparing their presents—each one a present for every other one in the family. Although little Annie (as we shall call her) was but nine years old, and attending school at the time, she had employed her spare moments for months in preparing the gifts; nor was it her intention to confine them to her family, but grandma and uncles and aunts were also to be included in the list. Papa's slippers, which cost her so much labour—perhaps more than all the rest together—were finished, and returned from the shoemaker's all complete. Annie felt then that her task was done, and that the pleasure of presenting the gifts the next morning would amply repay her for all her toil.

After retiring that night she said to herself: "Now I have a present ready for every one I love dearly." After a moment's reflection she added: "Except Jesus—and I love him—I wish I could send him a present." Musing in this way she fell asleep, but was first to waken in the morning. She was in great trouble. She felt that her best friend had been neglected by her, and presently began to sob with grief. But just then a

new and happy thought took possession of her—the thought was this: "I will give myself to him." And kneeling at her bedside, she said: "Dear Jesus, I have no present for you but myself—take me." That Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," was pleased with the gift, and gave her in return such joy as she never before experienced; and as she gave her friends the paltry gifts that morning, she added: "I have given myself to Jesus."

More than a dozen years have passed away. Annie is now a "sunbeam" Christian woman and the wife of a minister, and says she will ever remember with joy the bright Christmas morning on which she and her Saviour exchanged gifts.

## WATCHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LITTLE Miss Blue-eyes shook her head  
At nurse's call, "Come, time for bed!"

"O no! O no, indeed! not yet!  
I'm 'stonished at you! you forget  
That I and all my family  
Must watch the old year out, you see,  
And I must be the first to say  
To all, 'A happy New Year's day!'"

"O bless your little heart, my dear!"  
Said nurse, "the new year won't be here  
Till midnight hour; your curly head  
Must long ere then be snug in bed."  
But Blue-eyes answered, "No, no, no!  
Please, nurse, do not make me go!  
I mean to keep awake, and hear  
The bells that ring in the new year."

But, when the nurse came back to peep,  
A minute later, sound asleep  
Was little Blue-eyes on the floor;  
And still she slept while nurse bore  
Her softly to her pretty bed  
Which waited for the curly head.  
And the new year was bright with sun  
Ere little Blue-eyes' sleep was done.

Then the gay sunbeams kissing her  
Caused the small, drowsy limbs to stir,  
Caused the blue eyes to open wide,  
And see her mother at her side;  
And "Happy New Year!" all things said  
To this same little sleepy head,  
Who meant to be the first to say,  
'To all a happy New Year's day!'"

THE minister was returning from his appointment on a Sabbath evening. The evening star was shining brightly before him. His little boy, Willie, was watching it with much delight, when suddenly a cloud passed over it. He cried out, "There, it's gone in a hole."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ELLEN ISABELLE TUPPER.

LISTEN to the wondrous story,  
How, upon the Christmas morn,  
Jesus left the realms of glory,  
As a little babe was born;  
Left those bright and happy regions  
Of his Father's home above,  
And the glorious angel legions,  
In his great and boundless love.

Came into a lowly manger,  
Dwelt beneath a humble shed,  
And among his own a stranger,  
Had not where to lay his head:  
Went from city unto city,  
All his life was doing good,  
Weeping o'er his friend with pity,  
When beside his grave he stood.

Love, all human love exceeding,  
Brought him to a cruel death,  
Even then, though hanging bleeding  
On the cross, his latest breath  
Spent he for his murderers, praying  
To his Father to forgive;  
To the thief repentant saying,  
"Thou in Paradise shalt live."

Oh, what love in God the Father,  
To bestow his only Son!  
Oh, what love in Christ, who, rather  
Than the world should be undone,  
Came himself to seek and save us,  
Came to earth to claim his own;  
Freely all our sins forgave us,  
Raised us to his glorious throne.

HOW MILDRED'S CHRISTMAS  
SPILLED OVER.

If you could have peeped into Mildred's playroom the day after Christmas, you would have thought that it belonged to a little princess in a fairy story.

There was a doll's house almost as big as Mildred, with pretty little rooms and furniture just like a real house, only so tiny, and a doll's trunk full of clothes directed to "Miss Mar. Lee," who was Mildred's dearest doll; then there were ever so many new dolls sent by aunties and cousins, and a dear little bureau, and books and candies and toys of every sort scattered all over the room.

Now, shouldn't you think that a little girl who had all these things would have been happy? Well, she was not; indeed, I must say, she was rather cross. But at last, after a little shower of tears because mamma had told her to set the playroom in order, a little sunshine came into Mildred's face, and she ran to find mamma.

"Mamma! mamma!" said she, "I know why I'm not happier, I didn't let my Christmas spill over on anybody else. Don't you know Uncle Henry says we ought to let our good times spill over? Do you believe I could spill it a little the day after Christmas?"

Mamma tried not to laugh at this funny plan, because it was such a very good one, and she and her little girl soon had on their hats and coats and were on their way to ask Mary and Hattie Green, the dressmaker's little girls, to spend the day.

Oh, such a good time as those three little lassies had! their dollies were sick and married and had parties and went visiting all day long.

When Mary and Hattie went away they both had n'co little bundles in their arms. Of course I can't say what was in them, but I think a little of Mildred's Christmas had been "spilled" into them. Don't you think that Mildred's plan is a good one?

UNCLE JOE'S LETTER.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS! Aye! aye! Yes, a Merry Christmas, dear boys and girls, nephews and nieces all. So the long wished-for day has come, and how it warms the cold blood in old Uncle Joe's heart, to see so many bright, happy faces, and to feel that there are still more happy hearts into which his big spectacles cannot penetrate, but which he knows are there! Did not all his dear little ones make ready for the happiness of this great day? And where is the little heart, be it ever so poor and small, that the sweet Infant Jesus did not enter after such loving invitations as you have extended to him?

So, then, enjoy yourselves while you may, dear children; but let your joy be a holy joy, and let it reflect itself upon others by remembering those who are not so largely blessed. Be you ever so poor, there are some poorer than you; as much as you can make others share in your joy.

Yours affectionately,  
UNCLE JOE.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A LAD in Boston, rather small for his years, worked as an errand boy for four gentlemen doing business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him, "You never will amount to much; you can never do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you large men can do." "Ah! what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on that point.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

BY ALICE M. BALL.

DEAR little children, there was once a babe  
So pure, so fair, methinks the angels  
smiled,  
Above the spot where'er the babe was laid,  
While beauteous peace shed halos o'er the  
child.

We love to read of Simeon's love and praise  
As he beheld the infant child divine;  
We wonder if in any of its ways  
Our babyhood was like this—yours and  
mine.

We love to read and think about the Star  
That all resplendent o'er this babe arose,  
That lit and led the wise men from afar,  
From gorgeous halls to lowly Love's  
repose.

Sometimes we seem to see him as he grew  
From babyhood into maturer years,  
This strange, shy child, that no one ever  
knew,  
Save those, through faith, to whom the  
*Light appears.*

We think this boy in quiet grandeur passed  
Within the temple, at his parents' side,  
And doubtless, with a candour unsurpassed,  
Hearkened to much his purity desired.

Passover ended, as all homeward bound  
Were those whom Jesus' parents were  
among;  
The boy brought with them could nowhere  
be found;  
The blessed Christ-child was no longer  
young.

Amidst the doctors and the learned men  
They found their child, those parents in  
dismay,  
And doubtless saw Christ's work beginning  
then,  
While mother-love began its grief that  
day.

You know the story, little children, well:  
The Babe of Bethlehem is now Christ the  
King,  
His wondrous love no pen nor tongue can  
tell,  
But every heart may glad some praise  
sing.



TELLING THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

## A GOOD THING TO WRITE.

"WHAT shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself.

He could not write very well, but he sat down, and did the best he could.

This is what he wrote:

"A GOOD BOY."

He took it and showed it to his mamma.

"That looks very well," she said. "That is a good thing to write. I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write on my life, mamma?" he said, laughing.

"By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks kind and bright and happy."

"Where else can I write it, mamma?"

"If you write 'a good boy' on your life, my darling, there will be something still better written for you."

"What is that, mamma?"

"Your name in the Lamb's book of life. No name can ever be written in a higher, better place."

I hope every little boy who reads this will try to have his own name written in the book of life by the Saviour's loving hand.

## CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"I WISH I had a real wax doll with real hair, and real eyes that would open and close; and, let me see—oh, yes!—and a real sun-bonnet like Ellie's; and, oh! wouldn't I dress her up, though. It is so cold, I have to stay in the house and play with nothing all day long. I wish I had something to play with."

This was said by a little blue-eyed golden-haired girl, who was standing at the window the day before Christmas, looking out at some boys coasting on a hill near her father's house.

A few minutes after she saw her pa going out of the front door and down the street.

"Fossie," her mother called out from the kitchen.

"Yes, ma, I am coming."

"Come and help me to get tea ready. Pa has gone down town and will be back soon. He will be cold and hungry, so let us have a nice hot tea for him when he comes."

"Yes, ma," says Fossie, as she ran off to get the knives and forks, for, you see, she was an obedient little girl, and tried to help when she could.

When pa came home that night Fossie saw he did not go straight into the dining-room as usual, but went upstairs for a few minutes.

When he came down he said to his wife, "Oh! but it's cold out;" and, addressing his little girl, said, "You had better hurry to bed, and wake up early in the morning and see what Santa Claus will give you."

Next morning, before pa was up, he heard Fossie calling out, "Pa, just see what he has left me. Oh! such a nice doll, just what I was wishing for yesterday; and Punch, with his bugle and cymbals, and two or three other dolls."

She did not know it, but her father had overheard what she was saying the day before, and had gone out and bought a lot of toys for his little daughter.

## THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

You may think it rather cold comfort for the birds to be out of doors, in the snow, trying to pick out the seeds from the cones of the spruce tree. But they enjoy the feast just as much as you do your candy-laden Christmas tree. God feeds and cares for them, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father. Can we not trust that same kind Father in heaven to love and care for us? This Christmas time reminds us of his great Christmas gift to the world, the gift of his dear Son. Let us, then, give him our hearts, and love him with our whole soul and mind and strength.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A MERRY Christmas to all the boys and girls! May the joy of this happy time last all the year, and grow deeper, and stronger, and sweeter, with every new day!

This can only be the case where the true Christmas spirit is found—the spirit of love and helpfulness.

What but this sent the Holy Babe, whose birth we celebrate at this glad time, into our

cold, sad world? Surely, if he had not loved us very dearly, and wanted to help us, he would not have left his bright home in the skies to be born in a manger, and to grow up to suffer the scorn and ill-treatment of wicked men!

## FANNIE CROSBY'S CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

HAPPY children, Sunday scholars,  
In our favoured Christian land—  
How I wish, for just a moment,  
I could clasp each tiny hand!  
But that pleasure is denied me,  
For you live too far away;  
So I send my yearly greeting  
On this merry Christmas Day.

I have prayed that heavenly blessings  
On your heads, like dew, might fall  
O I have a heart, dear children,  
Large enough to hold you all!  
And its wealth of love divided  
Gives to each a goodly share;  
I will call my heart a casket,  
You the gems that sparkle there.

I am thinking of a story,  
That you all remember well—  
How a little helpless baby  
Jesus came on earth to dwell;  
How an angel told the shepherds,  
While a chorus in the sky  
Sang goodwill to man forever,  
"Glory be to God on high!"

With these festive hours returning,  
Let us lift our souls above;  
Let us thank our kind Redeemer  
For his rich and boundless love.  
I am sure you all are grateful,  
And I hope, my children dear,  
You will have a merry Christmas,  
And a cloudless, bright New Year.

## CHRISTMAS.

THERE is no part of the world in which Christmas is not kept. Even in pagan lands are found some Christians who do not forget when the day comes which celebrates the birth of Christ. Though doubtless everywhere there are those who see in it only a day for feasting and merry-making, yet many others in the midst of the feasting remember what the day means, and thank God for the heaven-sent Babe and for the angels' song. Let every heart unite in the chorus of "Glory to God in the highest."

At a lawn party some weeks ago, a little boy three years old had his first taste of ice-cream. "Mamma," said he, "why don't you warm this puddin'—it is so slippery!"