

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1904

No. 26

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

You would have thought little Sara McKay would be as doleful as anything in her new home; she had been used to a whole houseful of brothers and sisters, and merry days all the year round. But the father and mother died within three weeks of each other, and homes had to be found for the children here and there, wherever there was anybody to take them.

Sara had been sent to Longwood, to live with Miss Juliet Saunders, an old maid, and Mr. Edward, her old bachelor brother; grim, quiet people; kind, if you please, but dreadfully set in their ways. And to make it sadder, the poor girl had travelled all Christmas Day and only got to her new home at nine o'clock at night.

Perhaps you think she cried herself to sleep, and waked up with red eyes and a headache! That's what Miss Juliet thought she would do, and the old lady was quite nervous about what she would do to entertain her.

But Sara was born thinking of other people, her dear mother used to say; and so, instead of pitying her lonely little self, she had not been in the plain, old-fash-



ioned house ten minutes, before she began to feel sorry for those old cousins.

"I don't 'spect they have any nice times at all," she said to herself, when Miss Juliet had awkwardly tucked her into the little cot by the big bed, and her brain went to work busily to find out what she could do to please them.

"Kiss me good-night when you come to

bed, Aunt Judy," she called out cheerfully, and the old maid felt a little glow of pleasure at the request and at the endearing title.

Early as Miss Juliet awoke, she found Sara's dark brown eyes wide open. "You haven't got any greens in your room, auntie," she said; "mav'n! I go over to those pretty woods and get some!"

"You'll get your feet wet, child, and catch your death o' cold."

"Oh, no'n, I won't, 'cause I've got some nice rubber boots in my trunk; mamma liked me to play in the snow."

Now Miss Juliet had never hung a green wreath on her walls in her life; she couldn't abide them; but anything would be better than letting this little orphan mope and pine; so she started her out after breakfast, and Sara came back with a bright face and a load of green things.

"Rat tat tat," sounded on old Mr. Saunders' study door. "Come in," he said, surprised. "Uncle Ed," said the little visitor fearlessly, "please come and tuck up my wreaths in the dining room, 'cause I can't reach, you know."

"Why, I should think not," said the old man, his face lighting up with a smile; "you haven't even reached five years!"

"Oh, yes, I'm most seven," said Sara, gravely. "I'm bigger than I look."

The pretty holly and ivy must have been surprised to find themselves on these bare walls, where no leaf or berry had ever hung before, but not more surprised than those dull old lives were to find the brightness this young life brought them.

"Who did you give Christmas presents to, Aunt Judy?" Sara asked, innocently.

She waited awhile, but the embarrassed Miss Juliet made no answer, and the child continued: "Cause you see, auntie, I didn't have a chance to give any, and I thought maybe Christmas wasn't quite over, and I could find somebody here to give one to."

Miss Juliet thought all children expected presents, but she had never heard of a child who made a practice of giving them.

"I haven't got much," said Sara, thoughtfully, but I've got a lovely card that sister Margaret gave me. Don't you think that would do?"

Old Mr. Edward thought it was time somebody was coming to his sister's rescue.

"A card?" he said. "Why, that is just the thing to give old Nancy Hickenbottom. She is tied up in bed with rheumatism, and if you make her a green wreath like ours, maybe she'll feel young again, as I do, when I look at it."

"All right, Uncle Ed," cried the little maid, dancing about, "and you'll have to come with me and hang it."

So the next day Nancy got a pretty card-tuck up on her bedpost, a green wreath on her smoked walls, and a round shining thing out of Mr. Edward's pocket, and in her heart she got a feeling of thankfulness worth a great deal.

"Uncle Ed," said Sara, as she tripped along by his side, across the snow, "haven't you got any chimies?"

The city child missed the glad bells. "Not in the church," he answered, "but I've got a little Christmas chime of my own."

"Oh, have you?" she exclaimed, wondering.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "it came to me Christmas night; it wears a coat, and a big black hat, and gum boots, sometimes, and it makes as sweet music in my ears as the poet heard from his happy bells across the snow. I wouldn't take a thousand-dollar chime of brazen-tongued bells for mine."

All the dimples were showing in Sara's bright face.

"Oh, you dear, old goosie, Uncle Ed," she said, "I ain't a bit like a Christmas chime!"

Nellie's brother had the toothache, and the next morning his face was badly swollen. When Nellie saw him she began to laugh. "O mamma," she cried, "just see how Frankie's mouth sags!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MARY FIELD WILLIAMS.
They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's knee,
Before the prophet princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey, and the ox that trod the corn,
Kneel down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born.
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship, and see the Christmas light.

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;
They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1904.

NANNIE'S GIFT.

Nannie Dane is a sweet little girl, just six years old. She is not a pretty child, for her face is very thin and freckled; but her heart is so good and loving that those who know her best love her dearly. Her father is a big, silent man, and her mother is always tired and busy; so Nannie does not have so many kisses and fond words as she would like. Her two little brothers are rather rough, and only the baby seems to

be as loving as Nannie herself. She is one of the best little girls in the school, learns very fast; not because she is quick, but because she tries so hard, and wants to do just what her teacher says.

One day, just before Christmas, all the children were talking about stockings and trees and Santa Claus, Miss Hart said to her class: "The principal is coming in to-day to hear you read and sing, and to-morrow to see how well you can do. I want you all to try hard, and to do the best I will give a Christmas present last day of school."

Nannie's eyes opened wide. She had never had a Christmas present in her life, for her father was poor, and it took a great deal of money to buy bread and clothes and rent. He had given her five cents the last time she was six, and that was the only present she had ever had. She had never spoken to her brothers; and she passed a store every day as she went to school.

When Miss Hart spoke about the Christmas present a delightful idea came into Nannie's mind, and she resolved to do the best of the five best; and so she was, although her heart beat so hard she could hardly read when the principal called her name.

The last day Miss Hart brought the children to school with her, and just before the children went home she took a basket of apples, and gave to the three girls and boys each a fine, large, red apple. Nannie all ate them on the way home, except one. She did not even show it to her mother, but hid it away in the closet, quietly that nobody knew anything about it. Her little brothers twitted her for being one of the five best, but she did not say a word.

On Christmas morning, while Mrs. Dane was out of the room, Nannie put her basket on the table, and five cents on her mother's plate. She looked with eyes full of love at the "Merry Christmas!" when she came in, and thought angels looked with eyes of love at little Nannie then.—Ex.

"My son," said an Arab chief, "I have a basket of water from the spring."

The boy tried and tried to fill the basket, and before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked out. At last he returned, and said: "Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in."

"My son," said the old chief, "you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is so will it be with your heart. You are not able to remember all the good things you hear; but keep trying to do them, and they will make your heart clean and pure."

"The way to keep your good resolutions is to put them into use."

CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas is coming!" they say,
Counting the weeks that are
Dear little children, who live
And do not guess what it is to
From morn to night, with stock
Up and down through the ice

"Christmas is coming!" they say,
But what can the Christmas do?
His home is a cellar, his daily
The crumbs that remain when
fed;

No mother to kiss when the day
No place to be glad in under

That wonderful fellow, old
Who never is idle a moment,
He is kept so busy with piling
Into the stockings of rich
No wonder he sometimes
know,

Into the homes of the poor to

But, dear little children, you
That the rich and the poor all
Have one dear Father who
And grieves or smiles at the
And some of his children are
And some are always merry

Christmas will bring to some
Food and plenty, frolic and
Christmas to some will bring
all;

In place of laughter the tears
Poor little Tim to your door
Your blessings are many; spa

The Christmas bells will swell
The songs that the angels love
The song that came with the
birth,

"Peace, good-will, and love of
Dear little children, ring, I
Sweet bells in some lonely hea

LESSON NOT

FOURTH QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER
THE PRINCE OF PEACE (C
LESSON).

Memorize

ILL. 9. 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name shall be called

Counsellor, The mighty God,

ing Father, the Prince of

9. 6.

THE LESSON STORY

More than seven hundred

our Lord came into the world

as Isaiah saw him coming. N

through all his wonderful

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the people, yet the light behin

CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas is coming!" the children cry. Counting the weeks that are hurrying by— Dear little children, who live at home, And do not guess what it is to roam From morn to night, with stockingless feet, Up and down through the ice and sleet.

"Christmas is coming!" thinks little Tim; But what can the Christmas do for him? His home is a cellar, his daily bread The crumbs that remain when the rich are fed;

No mother to kiss when the day is done; No place to be glad in under the sun.

That wonderful fellow, old "Santa Claus," Who never is idle a moment, because He is kept so busy with piling the toys Into the stockings of rich girls and boys, No wonder he sometimes forgets, you know, Into the homes of the poor to go.

But, dear little children, you understand That the rich and the poor all over the land Have one dear Father who watches you, And grieves or smiles at the things you do; And some of his children are poor and sad, And some are always merry and glad.

Christmas will bring to some of you joys, Food and plenty, frolic and toys; Christmas to some will bring nothing at all;

In place of laughter the tears will fall. Poor little Tim to your door may come; Your blessings are many; spare him some.

The Christmas bells will sweetly ring The songs that the angels love to sing, The song that came with the Saviour's birth,

"Peace, good-will, and love on earth." Dear little children, ring, I pray, Sweet bells in some lonely heart that day.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 25.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE (CHRISTMAS LESSON).

Isa. 9. 1-7. Memorize verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

More than seven hundred years before our Lord came into the world to redeem us, Isaiah saw him coming. Now and then through all his wonderful prophecies would break a saying about him that was like light from behind a cloud. There were many clouds, because of the sins of the people, yet the light behind them grew

brighter and brighter until at last they were—like clouds in a great sunset—bright with the glory of the Lord. He saw not only the time of the coming of Christ, and his sufferings and death, as we may read in the fifty-third chapter, but he looked far, far beyond to one time, and saw the nations of the earth coming to him "as doves to their windows," and a time still beyond us when there would be "a new heaven and a new earth," and our eyes should "see the king in his beauty" as well as in his humiliation. He tried to tell us the name of the Redeemer who should come to Zion, and, because he knew that he would be God as well as man, he gave us the five names in our Golden Text: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace," and then of him he said, "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end."

We know that all the first part of Isaiah's prophecies have come true, for the Lord was born of a virgin, as he said, and his kingdom is spreading over all the earth, and we will look joyfully for the day when the whole earth will be his, and all men shall love him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Why did God send prophets? To carry his word to the world.

What did he at last do? He came himself.

How do you get his word now? Through the Bible and preaching.

What was Isaiah? A great prophet.

Of what did he tell? The birth and death of Christ.

What else? The spread of his kingdom.

Does history show us that his words were true? Yes.

What did he say many things about? The far future.

What did he see? All the world redeemed from sin.

What does he call it? A "new heaven and a new earth."

What is said of that kingdom? It shall have no end.

What is this day? The birthday of the King.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 1.

CHRIST THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF MEN. John 1. 1-18. Memorize verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.—John 1. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

Did you ever think how much easier it is to think about Jesus as he lived among men than it is to think about him as God among his angels in his glorious heaven?

He knew that this would be hard for us, and that is why he came to live among us and make us acquainted with himself. He can always look upon us and within us, but he came that we might look upon him, follow him, love him. John tells us about this as he begins his gospel, and yet the truth in it is not John's, but is the Lord's own word to us. Many people say of these verses, "This is my creed, or faith," because it is so full of the truth about Jesus. He is called the "Word" because he was God's voice to men; and it is said of him that he was in the beginning, that he was God's voice to men; and it is said that he made all things. This is said that we might be sure that he is divine, and can save us from sin. He was the Life and Light of men, though when he came into their darkness of mind they did not know him and turn to him. There was another John, called the Baptist, who had been sent to preach about the coming of the Saviour of the world. The people turned to him, but they could not at first understand what the Life and the Light was, because it was spiritual. So the Lord came to his own, but his own received him not, except a few men who began to believe on him, and to these he gave power to become the sons of God. At first they were disciples, but they were afterward apostles, or missionaries.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the writer of our lesson? The Apostle John? Who told him what to write? The Spirit of God. Can you see God? No. Why did he come to earth as a man? That we might see and hear him. Did men believe in him? A few only. What were they called? Disciples, or learners. What did they become? Missions. "he was God." What else is he called? the Word? He was God's voice to men. What does the lesson say of him? That "he was God." What else is he called? Life and Light of men. What power did he give to his disciples? To become the sons of God. Does he still give that power to men? Yes.

A missionary, who travelled up the Zambezi a few months ago, tells that on one occasion a company of natives gathered in front of his hut and began an animated discussion. This grew hotter and hotter, till presently a fire was kindled and a large pot of water was set on it. "I was told," said he, "that this was a trial for witchcraft, and that the two persons charged had to wash their hands in the boiling water, and if the skin came off after twenty-four hours, the victims were to be burned alive. First one, then, the other dipped his hands in the fiercely boiling water, lifting some up and pouring it over the wrist. Twenty-four hours told its tale, and I saw the poor fellows marched off to be burned before a howling, cursing mob."



JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS.

JIMMIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY H. P. F.

It was Christmas Eve, and on every side was heard the "Peace on earth and good will to men." Happiness seemed to reign everywhere, and joy shone in every face. It was not so, however, with little Jimmie Murray. A few days before he had fallen on the ice, and his ankle was badly sprained. There was to be a Christmas tree at the Sunday-school to-morrow; but he could not walk, and his old grandmother with whom he lived was too feeble to carry him. If the day should be clear, he might manage it in some way, he thought; but in the early evening snow began to fall, and when he awoke on Christmas morning the earth was covered with white. It was a sad disappointment to Jimmie, for he had so longed to be at school.

But God is good, and in the hearts of

many of his children he has planted the beautiful spirit of thoughtfulness for others. Near by the cottage of Jimmie's grandmother lived Katie Gray. She knew of Jimmie's hurt, and also of Jimmie's hope. When she saw the falling snow, one of her first thoughts was of the disappointment that would come to the poor crippled boy. In the morning there came an heroic resolve: she would carry Jimmie if her mother would let her. It is not hard to persuade those who love us to let us do noble deeds, and soon the strong-limbed, tender-hearted girl was trudging bravely through the snow, bearing on her back the happiest boy in all the country-side. God has given to us no greater privilege than that of being a blessing to others. What will the little readers of *THE SUNBEAM* do to make others happy during these glad days?

A CHRISTMAS STUDY IN STOCKINGS.

There was a little daughter once
Whose feet were—oh, so small!
That when the Christmas Eve came 'round
They wouldn't do at all.
At least she said they wouldn't do,
And so she tried another's,
And folding her wee stocking up,
She slyly took her mother's.

"I'll pin this big one here," she said—
Then sat before the fire,
Watching the supple, dancing flames,
And shadows dancing by her,
Till silently she drifted off
To that queer land, you know,
Of "Nowhere in particular,"
Where sleepy children go.

She never knew the tumult rare
That came upon the roof!
She never heard the patter
Of a single reindeer hoof!
She never knew how Someone came
And looked his shrewd surprise
At the wee foot and the stocking—
So different in size!

She only knew, when morning dawned
That she was safe in bed,
"It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily
She raised her pretty head;
Then, wild with glee, she saw what
Old "Santa Claus" had done,
And ran to tell the joyful news
To each and every one.

"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look
A lovely doll and all!"
And "See how full the stocking is!
Mine would have been too small,
I borrowed this for Santa Claus,
It isn't fair, you know,
To make him wait for ever
For a little girl to grow."

A WISE BIRD.

A captain of a vessel had a canary who was much attached to him and was so tame he would frequently come and perch on the captain's hand or head.

One day the captain had company for dinner; the cage door was open, and the bird, after flying around the room, came and perched on the head of the captain.

The party were drinking wine, and the captain held up his glass, when the bird hopped on the edge of it and drank of the wine. The little creature soon showed the effects, and returned to his home completely intoxicated.

The sight of the little bird, fluttering and staggering about drunk, was such an amusing thing to them, that in a few minutes the captain tried to do the same again, but the bird, remembering what he had suffered before, would not taste the wine, and flew back to his cage.

How much better it would be if we who are wiser and ought to be wiser would profit by the example of the canary!