

# HAPPY DAYS

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## FOXIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TRUE STORY.

Foxie was a very bright little collie that could do many things which not every dog can do. He lived in a village where there was no mail delivery, and was always sent to the postoffice 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, that were surly or ill-mannered or dishonest, but like all dogs—and most children, too—Foxie loved the street, and when Harry, his young master, was ready for a walk he would run to the hat-rack, bring Harry's hat, wag his tail, and smile in dog fashion, saying as plainly as a dog could speak: "Please let me go, too;" and he always went.

At noon he would scamper through the house ringing the dinner-bell, and when evening came Harry would say: "Now, Foxie it is time to say your prayers and go to bed." Then he would jump upon 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 parlor. 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 parlor 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 neighboring 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 upstairs. 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 at her night-



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.



PREPARING THE STOCKING.

dress, and even jumped on the bed, put his nose under her body, and 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.

**TROUBLE IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE.**

BY LAST YEAR'S CHRISTMAS DOLLY.

Oh, dear! I'm in such trouble I don't know what to say!

I heard somebody talking of a Christmas doll to-day!

I'm quite upset about it, for if Santa Claus should bring

Another doll to our house, 't would be a dreadful thing!

I'm certain no one wants her, and I don't see any need,

For I am just a Christmas doll myself—I am indeed!

Perhaps you don't believe it, but I know it cannot be

A year since I was hanging on a lovely Christmas tree,

And I'm sure I'm still a treasure for any little girl—

Though my nose is somewhat battered and my hair is out of curl;

My broken arm's been mended, and the eye that's left, you know,

Is just as blue and smiling as it was a year ago!

If another doll should come here, all beautifully dressed,

And my mamma should love her a little bit the best, My heart would just be broken, for little May and I

Have been such happy playmates in the year that's just gone by!

And I'm very sure no stranger, however fine and new,

Could love my little mother as dearly as I do.

No wonder I'm unhappy! It's dreadful to be told,

"You look forlorn and shabby, and are getting very old,"

When you feel so brisk and lively you know it can't be true!

Oh, dear! I wish that some one would make me something new,

And fix me up a little, 'r nobody would say

A Christmas doll was needed for dearest little May!

So if you meet with Santa, do tell him, please, for me,

That I and little mother are as happy as can be;

That I'm just as good to play with as any doll you know,

And not a minute older than I was a year ago;

Tell him not to bring a dolly, whatever he may do,

For whoever says we want one, I say it isn't true!

Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.



**EVA'S CHRISTMAS LESSON.**

Eva and Edith were twins, and their mother had promised to give them a Christmas party.

For days they discussed who should be invited. "We can have only twelve," said Eva. "We can't ask all the girls in our class. Of course we wouldn't ask the Long girls. They are too poor to go to a party, anyway."

"I should like to know why they are too poor," said Edith. "I should think it would be all the nicer to go to a party if you were too poor and didn't have any pretty things at home."

"You don't understand at all." You would have thought, from Eva's tone, that she was years older than her sister. "They have no nice clothes, and they would be ashamed. And there isn't room for them at the table, anyway."

"Then let some of the rich girls stay away," said Edith. "They can go to other parties and have parties of their own. I think there ought to be room for the poor children, especially at Christmas. Please, Eva, let me not sit down at the table, 'cause the Long girls are dreadfully little, and we can put them both in my place."

Eva kissed her sister. "You are so queer," she said. "You always talk just like a Sunday-school class. We'll have to have the Long girls, after you've said all those solemn things about it. It wouldn't seem like keeping a real Christmas if we didn't."—*Junior Builders.*

**BARBARA.**

It was Christmas eve, and all through the spacious country house, which was Barbara's home, joyous preparations were making to celebrate the birthday of the blessed Christ-child. The Christmas tree was all aglow with Christmas candles; the merry children danced and sang about it, and uttered cries of joy as the toys and

bonbons were gathered from its green boughs and put into their eager hands. Loving gifts were exchanged by each member of the family, and all faces were bright and all hearts happy at this, the blessed season of the year, when the Saviour came to bring peace on earth, good will to men.

Barbara smiled too, but only because she felt that she must, for she was not happy. Envy and discontent filled her heart, and every now and then she cast scornful glances instead of pleased and grateful looks at the gifts which had fallen to her share.

"Handkerchiefs and stockings and stuff gowns!" she said, bitterly, to herself. "Why must I be thankful and delighted over mere clothes, which everybody has, when Hilda has bracelets and rings and laces and dainty fans. A silver pin is good enough for me, and yet I am as young and as fair as she. But she is the daughter of rich people, while I am the child of a poor friend, taken in on charity, and expected to be content with mere food and clothes,

which of t could I hat grate Po bed f sobbe less d that and p prese took " " I rising opene the ro to the and t A paine his ea young him, flower " p " How go fr carn: And t he ha —O! She warm rejoice never " I ha womp Luke Wh from Luke For Chris his as time l of his him t them them they v

which other girls have without thinking of them. I don't see why my father couldn't have made money as well as hers. I hate being poor; I hate having to be grateful; I hate Christmas!"

Poor, naughty Barbara! She went to bed full of wicked thoughts like these and sobbed herself to sleep. But into her restless dreams by-and-bye there stole a strain that seemed like angel music. Louder and fuller swelled the glad song, until presently her eyes opened, and the words took meaning to her ear:

"The star, the star of Bethlehem,  
O'er the sad world is dawning;  
For Christ the Lord is born to-day,  
All in the Christmas morning!"

"It is the carol singers!" she said, and rising, she threw on her dressing gown, opened her window and looked out. All the road was white with snow; snow clung to the vines that twined about her lattice, and the air was bitter cold.

A little boy, thinly clad and looking pained and chilled, was standing below, his carol paper in his hand, and his clear, young voice uplifted. Barbara looked at him, and a wave of shame and pity overflowed her heart.

"Poor little fellow," she said to herself. "How frozen he looks, and yet he has to go from house to house in the snow to earn a few pennies to keep from starving. And the dear Christ, too, was so poor that he had not where to lay his head, while I—O how wicked I have been!"

She ran down to bring the child in, warmed and fed him, and sent him away rejoicing with Christmas gifts. And never again did she harbor the thought, "I hate Christmas."—*Sunlight.*

## LESSON NOTES.

### FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

#### LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 23.

JESUS ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN.

Luke 24. 36-53. Memory verses, 46-48.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

While he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.—Luke 24. 51.

#### LESSON STORY.

Forty days passed from the time of Christ's coming forth from the grave until his ascending into heaven. During that time he was busy doing good work. Some of his disciples had seen him and believed him to be the same Jesus. But others of them doubted. One day he appeared to them with the greeting, "Peace." At first they were full of fear and thought he was

a spirit. To prove to them that he was not he ate some fish and told them to look and see if he was not flesh and bones. And to Thomas who doubted he said to put his hands in the wound's prints.

Then he showed them how the Scriptures said all this should happen. He told them they were to be witnesses to all the world—and that they were to stay in Jerusalem until power from on high was given them.

Then he led them a little way, and he raised his hands to bless them, and as he did so he ascended out of their sight.

#### LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. How many days was Christ on the earth from his Resurrection to Ascension? Forty days.
2. Did he appear to his disciples? Yes.
3. Did all believe it was he? No.
4. To make the doubting believe what did he do? Eat fish and told Thomas to feel his wounds.
5. What did he say to them? That they must tell the world of his Resurrection.
6. What did he then do? Blessed them.
7. What happened then? He was received into heaven.

#### LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 30.

#### REVIEW.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9. 6.

#### LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first lesson about? The two great commandments.
2. What is the lesson for me? To love God and my neighbor.
3. What is the second lesson about? Ten virgins.
4. What is the lesson for me? Be always prepared.
5. What is the third lesson about? The talents.
6. What is the lesson for me? Make use of what I have.
7. What is the fourth lesson about? Jesus anointed in Bethany.
8. What is the lesson for me? I should sacrifice for Jesus.
9. What is the fifth lesson about? The Lord's Supper.
10. What is the lesson for me? Try to do all that Jesus asked.
11. What is the sixth lesson about? Jesus in Gethsemane.
12. What is the lesson for me? Try to say, "Thy will, not mine."
13. What is the seventh lesson about? Jesus before Caiaphas.
14. What is the lesson for me? Never bear false witness, which means never lie.
15. What is the eighth lesson about? Temperance.
16. What is the lesson for me? Take

care of my body, for it is the temple of God.

17. What is the ninth lesson about? Jesus before Pilate.

18. What is the lesson for me? Stand firm to what I believe is right and true.

19. What is the tenth lesson about? Jesus on the cross.

20. What is the lesson for me? Have Christ's forgiving spirit.

21. What is the eleventh lesson about? Jesus risen from the dead.

22. What is the lesson for me? Be swift to tell good news to others.

23. What is the twelfth lesson about? Jesus ascends into heaven.

24. What is the lesson for me? Because Jesus went to heaven I may go also.

#### OUTSIDE.

BY HANNAH G. FERNALD.

The toy-shop is a merry place  
At any time of year,  
But oh! it's quite like fairy-land  
When Christmas day is near.  
The music-boxes tinkle,  
And the trumpets add their noise,  
And up and down and everywhere  
Are toys and toys and toys!

The busy crowds that look and laugh  
And hurry to and fro,  
The dolls that walk, the dolls that talk,  
The cars that truly go,  
The tops that sing, the steeds that prance  
For children to bestride—  
How sad it seems that any child  
Should need to stand outside!

In prickly green of Christmas wreaths  
The holly berries glow,  
The Christmas trees will sparkle soon,  
With Christmas fruit bent low,  
And here's a thought will help us all  
At happy Christmas-tide,  
The very best of pleasures  
Are the pleasures we divide!

Wherever hearts are happy,  
'Tis a simple thing to do,  
To seek some other, sadder heart,  
And make it happy, too.  
The joy we share with others  
Is a joy that's multiplied,  
And 'twill make a perfect Christmas  
If there's no one left outside.

Once there was a fair apple, rosy-checked and mellow, but it was bad at the core, and had to be thrown away. A boy or girl may be ever so sweet for us to look upon, but the heavenly Father, who sees straight to the heart, may see bad thoughts and angry temper there. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," says the Bible.



## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

Come in! come in!

Come from near and come from far,  
Come from all the lands that are;  
Come from lonely realms of snow,  
Where no winds of summer blow;  
Come from golden Palestine,  
Vine-clad Alp and Apennine,  
Fabled shore and pilgrim shrine;  
Come from Asia's central steep,  
Afric's sand and jungle deep;  
Come from western prairie's sweep,  
Come from islands of the sea,  
Says the Christ-child unto me,  
Every child is bidden free.  
Come in! come in!



## JESUS' FOLKS.

By Helen Clendenen.

Little Charlie C. was taking his first railroad journey—at least, the first he could remember. He and his mamma were going East. It was such a sultry midsummer day that nearly all the passengers had fallen into a doze. Charlie wondered how anybody could sleep when there was so much to be seen and talked about. He wasn't sleepy, no, indeed! His blue eyes were wide open to catch everything going on, both inside and outside the car. There were so many things he wanted to know! At that particular moment he wanted to know if the train had left Pennsylvania yet; if it were any nearer New York. But his mamma, too, was asleep, and, being a menly little fellow, he would not disturb her.

"I can't ask anything," he thought. "Everybody's asleep. I do wish something would happen so I could talk!"

Presently something did happen. The train slowed up, and the porter called out, "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!" That

didn't seem to arouse anybody, not even Charlie's mamma; but Charlie was so much excited that he called out in his clear, high voice, "Mamma! mamma! you must wake up now! Here's where Jesus' folks live!"

When his mamma explained that this Bethlehem was not the Bethlehem where the Christ-child had lived, the little fellow was greatly disappointed; but the rest of that afternoon the passengers found pleasure in both entertaining and being entertained by the wide-awake little boy.

## A LETTER FOR ROY.

It was a pleasant morning, and little Roy was playing with Paul Martin on the pavement in front of their home. Presently, they saw the postman coming down the street, stopping at almost every door.

Roy ran up to him, and asked, eagerly, "Have you a letter for me?" Not that he was expecting one, but he thought, "Why shouldn't the postman

bring a letter to me, as well as to other folks?"

But the postman shook his head, kindly, and said, "Not to-day, my little man."

Roy felt quite disappointed, and ran indoors to tell his mother about it.

That evening, before bedtime, Mrs. Wilson said, "Come, Roy, I will teach you the Golden Text for next Sunday."

"I am tired of learning the Golden Text," said Roy.

"I thought you wanted a letter this morning," said Mrs. Wilson.

"What has that to do with the Golden Text?" asked Roy, curiously.

"A good deal," answered his mother. "Do you know, Roy, that the Bible is like a postman's bag, full of beautiful letters, and that some of these seem written just for children? The golden text is a bit out of our heavenly Father's letter to you. Don't you want to hear it?"

"Yes, I do," Roy said, with great interest. "If I learn this golden text, I will have another letter next week, will I not, mother?"

"Yes," Mrs. Wilson said; "and every letter will be full of love, because it is our Father's word."

The next Monday morning, Roy was playing out again, when the postman came down the street. This time he smiled at Roy, and said, "I have a letter for you to-day, my little man."

Roy could hardly believe the good news, but the postman handed him a white envelope, directed to Roy Wilson, Junior. So there could be no mistake. He ran into the house, shouting, "Mother, quick, quick! a letter for me!"

Mrs. Wilson opened the letter, and found that it was from Roy's father, telling the golden text for the next Sunday, and explaining it by a pretty story.

## WHAT HE WANTED MOST.

A lady who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "Cash" in the store, and, being interested in him, began to ask him questions. "Wouldn't you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she inquired.

"What does your little boy have?" asked the child, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her face.

"Oh! he has books and tops and a pony." And she enumerated a lot of things.

"Has he any papa?" asked the child. "Oh, yes! he has a dear, kind papa, who gives him all those things."

"Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child, gravely; "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things."

The lady, who had been merely talking with the child for amusement, had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.