

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

No. 26.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A merry Christmas to all the boys and girls! May the joys 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!

## EARNING CHRISTMAS MONEY.

"O, grandma dear, I'm so unhappy," wailed little Sue, as she flung herself down on the hassock at the old lady's feet.

"Why, what is the matter with my singing bird?" asked her grandmother.

"Well, you see,



## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true,  
The year is going—let him go.

this is the way of it. You told me I'd be wanting money to spend for Christmas, and that I'd better save some of my allowance; and I did mean to, only—

Well, we girls all went to the ice-cream store together, and 'fore I knew it, I'd spent three whole dollars on ice cream and candy. You needn't look so at me, grandma, I know 'twas wrong. Well, to-day I found out that our janitor's little girls can't have any Christmas at all.

You see, their mother died a few weeks ago, and she'd been sick so long that poor Joe had lots of debts to pay, and he can't give his little girls any Christmas; not even a decent dinner. I do wish I hadn't spent that money. Now, grandma dear, I don't want you to give me any money, I truly don't, but can't you think of some way that I could earn some? I'd work real hard."

And grandma thought awhile.

"I could pay you what I pay a messenger boy, if you carried all my notes and small

bundles for me for the next week. But you wouldn't have a minute out of school for play."

"I'll do it," said Sue, sturdily. And so she did. Fortunately there were no stormy days, but the wind was sharp and keen, and sometimes treated her very rudely. But she persevered, and at the end of the week she had earned four dollars. And the janitor's little girls had a Christmas dinner, and Christmas toys in their stockings, too.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

### WORDS OF LOVE AND TRUST.

"If the flood comes and catches us, it will only carry us up to heaven the quicker." A little Chinese boy, Chengsah, said this. He, with his mother and her two other children, was watching the waters rise, while the rain came down in torrents. In the country where they lived there is a rainy season, when day after day dreadful rains fall. Suddenly during these rains of 1893 came an alarm such as is sounded in the great cities when fire breaks out. The neighbours cried, "Save your children! The flood is coming! An embankment has broken!" But the mother and her children could only watch and wait, while everybody around them was screaming and crying, and the flood seemed just going to sweep them away. Then this little boy spoke these words of love and trust in his Heavenly Father.

Suppose some dear little child, known to any one of us, was in such danger, and a mother's heart was aching to see his fear, and to think of the angry water coming nearer and nearer. How glad she would be to know that he was not afraid, but

was just looking across the great flood to heaven. She would be brave, too, if she was not brave before.

The flood passed by, and did not carry his mother and her children away. They are alive, to tell how sweet it is to have a Heavenly Father very near when fear and danger come, and to have his home all ready to take us in when the flood carries us out of this life.

### THE CANDY BUTTONS.

Grandma could not believe her eyes. She had herself sewed buttons on Margaret's and Dorothy's new clothes; and now here they were come to have their little waists and petticoats buttoned, and not a button to be seen. Grandma was sure they were good buttons, for she had taken them out of the package mamma brought home with a lot of Christmas shopping.

The little girls, with laughing faces, stood in front of her, holding up their little clothes from dropping down, watching her astonishment. Then Dorothy said: "I'm going to 'fess, grandma."

"And I will, too," said Margaret. "We ate the buttons, grandma!"

"Ate buttons! O Margaret! you'll die. When did you do it? Answer quickly!"

"O grandma, they were candy, and so good," and Margaret smacked her rosy lips. "Dorothy wetted her finger to rub a speck of black off of one, and it tasted sweet, and then we bit one, and it was just like yellow taffy, and we ate them all up before we thought, and our clothes fell down; and please won't you forgive us?"

Dear white-haired grandma laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks when mamma said she had bought the candy buttons for a Christmas joke, never dreaming grandma would be caught.

### LINCOLN AND "THE LITTLE GIRL."

A lady, who was a little girl in Springfield, Ill., before the war, tells this pleasing story of Abraham Lincoln's kindness, in "McClure's Magazine." He was then a lawyer and member of Congress, but he was not too proud to carry a trunk on his shoulder through the streets.

"The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. My first impression of Mr. Lincoln was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks.

"The day came, but as the hour of the train approached the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate—my hat and

gloves on—sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"How big's the trunk? There's still time if it isn't too big," and he pushed through the gate.

"My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood locked and tied.

"Oho!" he cried. "Wipe your eyes and come on quick!"

"And before I knew what he was going to do he had shouldered my trunk, was down-stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

### THE CRADLED KING.

Behold the Child of promise!

Behold the new-born King!

To-day his glorious advent

Let every creature sing.

Around his manger cradle

Adoring bend the knee;

For, though his birth is humble,

There's none so great as he.

He comes to lift the burden

From every soul oppressed;

To heal the broken-hearted,

And give the weary rest;

He comes the world to ransom,

And set its captives free;

He comes, the Lord anointed—

There's none so great as he.

### BELONGED TO THE "FLYING SQUADRON."

"Stay and have a game of ball," the boys urged Harry as he came down the schoolhouse steps at four o'clock.

"I can't to-night, boys," he answered cheerily.

"You don't *have* to go home," insisted Jim Carter.

"No, I don't have to," admitted Harry. "yes, I do too," he hastily corrected.

"Mother say you must?"

"No; but you see I belong to the flying squadron at our house, and I have to be at my post, ready for anything. I may get orders at any minute, and it would be a disgrace to be off fooling around when I'm needed."

That is the kind of a boy we like to hear of; a kind, too, that it is always handy to have about.—*Our Young Folks*

Whenever you see two ways before you at any point in life, you may be sure one of them is wrong, and it ought not to be any trouble to decide which one to take.—*Youth's Advocate*.

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

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You remember the visit of the wise men from the East, and of Herod's anxiety to find out where the infant Jesus was to be found. But the wise men, being warned of God in a dream, returned to their own land by a different way, so that they did not see Herod again. Not hearing from the wise men where the Christ-child was, Herod slew all the young children of Bethlehem, "and in all the coasts thereof." But Joseph and Mary, having been warned in a dream, were on their way to Egypt with the child. In the above picture we see the Holy Family journeying in the land of Egypt, while the angel of the Lord keeps a loving watch over them.

Little Ina, nearly five years of age, set out to visit school one day, gay as a lark, but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression on her countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said: "I did not like it." "Why not?" "O, I had to work awful hard." "What did you have to do?" "I had to keep still like everything."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 29.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8. 31.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. J. S. into E. . . . . The patriarchs—
2. J. in P. . . . . But the Lord was—
3. J. E. . . . . Them that honour—
4. J. and his B. . . . . Be not overcome—
5. D. of J. . . . . So teach us to—
6. I. O. in E. . . . . God heard their—
7. The C. of M. . . . . Train up a child—
8. W's T. L. . . . . Wee unto them—
9. The C. of M. . . . . Certainly I will—
10. M. and P. . . . . The angel of—
11. The P. . . . . Christ our Passover
12. The P. of the R.S. I will sing unto—

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON I. [Jan. 5.]

THE PROMISE OF POWER.

Acts 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.—Acts 1. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Our lessons for the last six months have been about the beginning of things and of people in the world. We learned about the world when it was new, and then about Noah, and Moses, and Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and their children; and after finding how Moses led the Lord's people out of Egypt, we leave them for a while to learn about the beginnings of the new Church on the earth, which we call the Christian Church.

The Jewish Church had almost lost sight of God when Jesus came into the world to live and teach, and to lay down his life for love of us, that he might make all things new.

Before he went back to heaven he made a great promise to his disciples. He said that they should "receive power." He meant that he would come as the Holy Spirit and live within them, and be their strength and comfort, and although they could not see him with their eyes as they had done before, they would know in their own spirits that he had come back to live within them. So after the Lord went away they all gathered in an upper room and with prayer and praise waited for the promise.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus about to go? To heaven.

When did he rise from the grave? Forty days before.

Why did he take the disciples to walk? To talk with them.

What did he tell them? What to do when they were alone.

What did he want them to remember? The Bible words about him.

Who wrote these words? Moses and the prophets.

What did he promise to do? Help them to understand.

What did he say they should be? Witnesses for him.

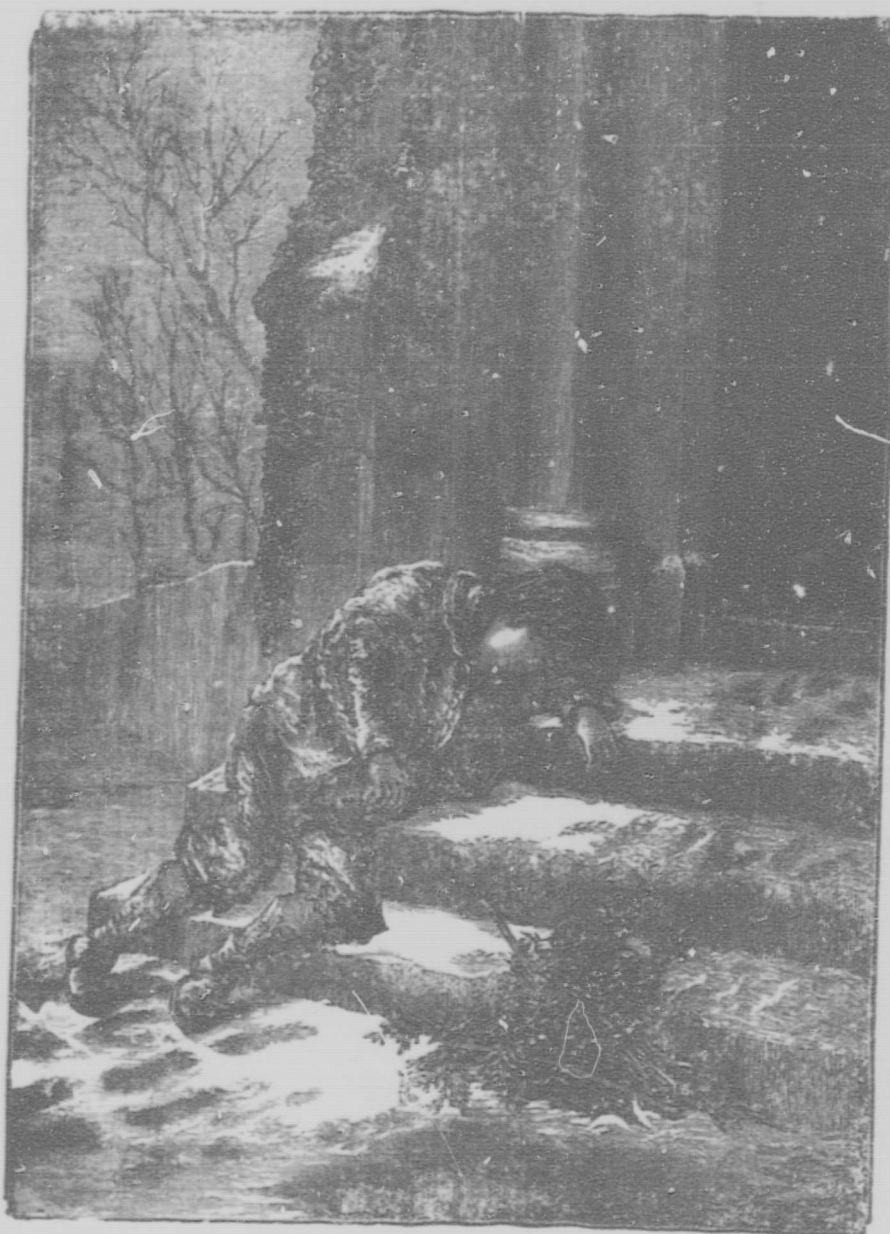
What were they to preach? That Jesus died and rose again.

Where were they to preach? In all the world.

Whom do we call witnesses? Those who tell about Jesus—ministers, missionaries, and all Christians.

For what did they wait in Jerusalem? The coming of the Holy Spirit.

Pride is founded on error and self-ignorance.



KIP'S CHRISTMAS.

## KIP'S CHRISTMAS.

BY F. IRENE REESE.

It was Christmas Eve, and Mr. Hardin, a prosperous city merchant, with his great-coat buttoned up to the chin, and a soft felt hat drawn over his eyes, was hurrying home. "Please, sir," piped a childish voice, "give me a nickle to buy me something to eat; I'm so cold and hungry." He paused in front of his stately home, and turned his keen gray eyes upon the figure crouching in the shelter of the stone steps. The thin summer clothes hung loosely upon the puny frame, and the hand, stretched out for the expected alms, was so bare of flesh that it suggested the skeleton hand of Death. Arnold Hardin had known poverty himself once, but so many years of prosperity had intervened that he had forgotten the sorrows of the past, and feeling secure in the present, pride compassed him about as a garment. So, with an impatient, "Move on from here, you little vagabond, or I'll call the police," he entered his home. The door was left

slightly ajar, and the poor waif, moving off in terror of Mr. Hardin's threat, was drawn back by the warmth and beauty streaming out in a long line of light. After watching the burly policeman move off on his beat, he again sought the shelter of the kindly steps, and peeped in at the beautiful scene. The rose-coloured wall, adorned with holly and mistletoe, the gilded pictures, the dainty children caressing their father, was like a glimpse of the heaven his mother used to talk about. He hadn't heard anything about it since she died, and he would have forgotten it long ago, but when on Sabbath mornings, listening to the bells chiming, he would creep into the shadow of great church, and hear it again in the solemn peal of the organ; or on quiet summer nights he would steal out from the stifling tenement-house, and, lying on the sidewalk, would watch the stars come out, and wonder, if the wrong side of heaven was so beautiful, what the right side must be.

The doors of the stately mansion were again and again thrown open to welcome

the youthful guests who were assembling for the Christmas party. Soon lovely harmonies floated out upon the night air, and Kip, forgetting his sorrow and climbing up by the basement window, peeped into the parlor. "Could heaven be so beautiful?" wondered he, as lovely children glided by the window, hand in hand, and keeping time to the music. Suddenly the folding-door opened, and the boy almost shouted aloud at the magical sight; for there in the centre of the room beyond grew a green tree blooming with fire, and bearing such fruit as enchanter never dreamed of. There were dolls and horses and trumpets and silver rings and gold chains pendent from the boughs, and above all stood a real angel with wings outspread. The children danced in glee till the jingle of sleigh-bells was heard, and through the window entered the queerest little old man with white hair falling around his shoulders, and long gray beard all sprinkled with sleet. Mr. Hardin's steely eyes glanced toward the window through which Kip was peeping. The boy slid down into his hiding-place, and trembled now with fear of the man's hard glance, for he was no longer cold. A feeling of rest stole over his aching limbs, his eyes would close in spite of all he could do, and soon, with a smile on the pinched lips, he had floated off into dreamland. Christmas Day was ushered in, like a bride dressed all in white to send a greeting to her bonny bridegroom the brave New Year. The wind drove away the clouds, and the sun flaunted his flaming banners over the snowy scene. Norah, Mr. Hardin's rosy-cheeked housemaid, unlocked the door and stepped out. "The saints have mercy! Death at the door this blessed Christmas!" she screamed, rushing back into the house. Her cries brought the inmates to her side. Pale with fright, she pointed to the door. Lying on the icy pavement just outside, they found poor Kip with steadfast gaze fixed upon the far-off skies. The Christ-child had pressed a kiss upon the distressed face; and while in this stately home Arnold Hardin's darlings slept, angels had hovered at his door to bear away the soul of the beggar boy to a bright, beautiful home in our Father's house above.

## LOVING AND HELPING.

We can never be of any help to one we do not love. If there is a scholar in your class for whom you do not really care, the first thing is to learn to love him. If you cannot do this, your teaching will not do him any good, and you will only do him a wrong if you keep him in your class. Instead, however, of asking that he be transferred to the care of another teacher who can love him, it were far better that you learn to do the loving yourself. This you can do if you become really filled with the mind and spirit of Christ.—*Westminster Teacher.*