

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

No. 26



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.

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Happy Days.

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THE STAR OF THE EAST.

The night when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, a star of unusual brilliancy appeared in the distant East, and the wise men or heathen sages came, by its direction, to pay their homage to the new-born babe. This star led them to where the young child was, and, having found him, they presented gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. This star is truly typical of the Saviour himself. He is the bright and morning star which has arisen to guide the Gentiles to the knowledge of salvation. It goes before men to lead them through the darkness of this world to the palace of the Great King. This star shines brighter than any other, and so Christ shines brighter in his life than all other men. He is light, and in him is no dark-

ness at all. If men follow his light, they will find peace and safety.

FREDA'S CHRISTMAS.

Hans Stridbe was not a good father to the little ones, for he had learned to frequent the saloon on the corner, and it is easy to believe that, when he came staggering home, he did not bring much happiness with him; this is very sad, but it is true.

But Minna took great comfort with her boy Carl. Even when he was only a ten-year-old boy he would carry a pail of water from the pump, though it was to be so full, and he would chop away at the knottiest sticks that he found in the lean-to behind the kitchen, so that his mother's wood-box was always full. And when baby Freda cried, he took her up so carefully and sang to her so gently that her tears ceased to flow, and she would lie in his arms quite satisfied with the care that she received.

It would take a long time to tell all about them, so we must be satisfied to know that while Hans went from bad to worse, until he was arrested and locked up, Minna was striving hard to keep a home for the children, as well as to bring them up in the fear of God. And when Christmas came, Carl was sixteen years old, while Freda was but seven. As to Hans—none of them know where he is, nor do they wish to do so.

Freda had been playing with some children in the yard, and they had been bragging of what wonders they would find in their stockings. And that brought her into the house. "Mamma, why cannot I hang up my stocking as well as the other girls?"

Minna thought a moment before she spoke, and in that time she remembered how difficult it was to get enough for the children to eat, and then she thought of the toe of Freda's shoe that needed to be mended; besides, she looked down at the knee of Carl's pants that had to be pieced very carefully, because the cloth was so thin that it would hardly hold the stitches; then she thought of how far on the coal would be gone, and whatever she did she must keep a fire, for the weather was cold and the snow was coming.

No doubt this seems a long thought to you, but then the mind is quick in passing over thoughts, and a mother's thoughts come very swiftly sometimes, and when she did speak she said:

"My darling, God has not given us the money to keep any Christmas."

Her voice was low and sweet, but Freda looked greatly distressed, and the bright smile died out of her face.

"Who wants to hear a story?" the mother asked. Now, if there was anything that Carl and Freda really did like, it was a story; so Carl, on his footstool, and Freda, nestled in her mother's lap, were eager listeners.

And Minna told the sweet story of the Christ-child, of his birth, life and death, not forgetting to remind them of his taking the little ones in his arms and saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When the story was ended, she told Carl that she would like him to read at home while she took Freda for a look at the stores. The child's delight was great, never greater than when before a confectioner's window. "Oh! look, mamma, look at the lovely box—it is only eleven cents; do buy it, mamma!"

But Minna shook her head and wiped away a tear with the corner of her shawl. She could not spare even the few pennies. Did you ever notice how God often prepares for our needs, just as he brought Fred Gay to the window at the same moment that Minna came there with Freda. Now, Fred had some money that he had saved to buy presents with, but he felt sorry for the little girl, and, taking a bright half-dollar from his store, he handed it to the child, saying, "Take this, little girl; it is for you."

But the child was frightened and hid her face against her mother. "Yes, take it, little girl; it is for your own self."

Minna looked into his brown eyes, and seeing them full of kindness, put her hand on the child's head, and said, "Take the money, darling, and thank the gentleman."

You would be astonished, if you could know, how many things that half-dollar paid for, tree and all. But you ought not to be surprised to know that this is a true story, or that Fred's Christmas was a great deal nicer than it would have been if he had not felt that it was more blessed to give than to receive.—*New York Observer*

"MARY CHRISTMAS."

BY MRS. G. ARCHIBALD.

Bessie Gray was four years old—
Mamma's black-eyed, only daughter;
Cunning ways and odd conceits
Bessie's four short years had brought her

Loving faith in Santa Claus,
Childish tale and song had taught her,
And on Christmas morn she rose,
Sure the saint some joy had wrought her

Smiling at her stocking full,
Papa found her when he sought her;
"Merry Christmas, Bessie Gray!"
And he kissed her as he caught her.

"Mamma," said the happy child,
When the day to night had brought her,
"Mary Christmas surely is
Santa Claus's lovely daughter!"

Every wrong you do to another you commit against yourself.

JIMMIEBOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, if you could bring
A patent doll to dance and sing,
A five-pound box of caramels,
A set of reins with silver bells;

An elephant that roars and walks,
A Brownie doll that laughs and talks,
A humming-top that I can spin,
A desk to keep my treasures in;

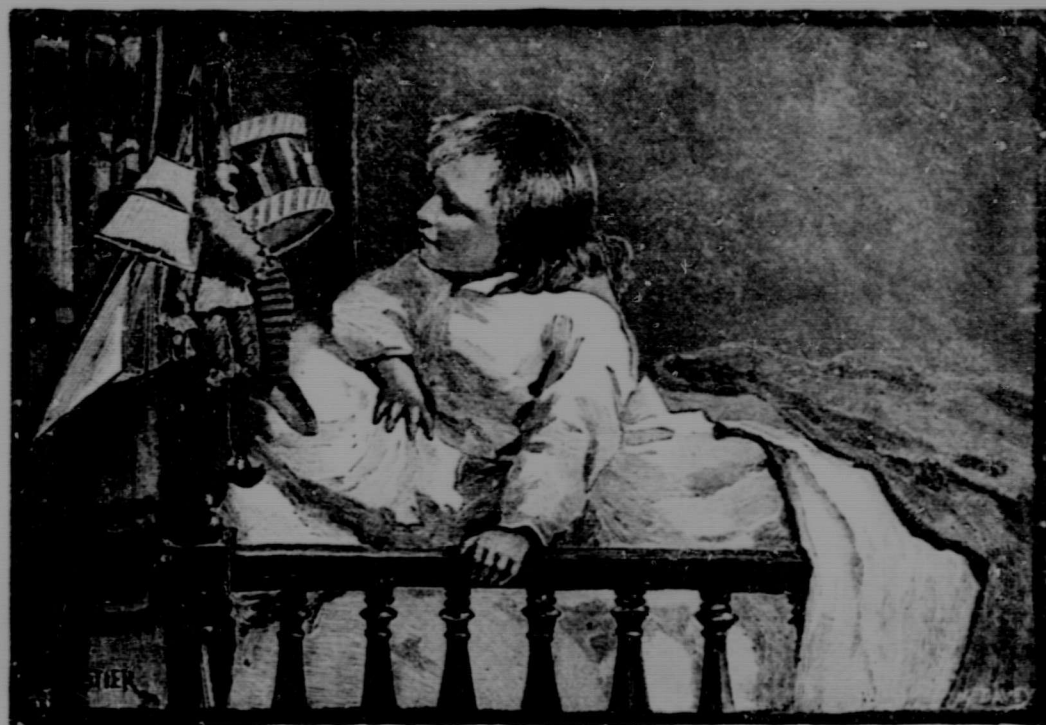
A boat or two that I can sail,
A dog to bark and wag his tail,
A pair of little bantam chicks,
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;

A scarlet suit of soldier togs,
A spear and net for catching frogs,
A bicycle and silver watch,
A pound or two of butterscotch;

A small toy farm with lots of trees,
A gun to load with beans and peas,
An organ and a music box,
A double set of building-blocks;

If you will bring me these, I say,
Before the coming Christmas Day,
I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd
Be pretty nearly satisfied.

—*Harper's Young People.*



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16. 31.

THE LESSON STORY.

Let us take up the story of the apostles where we left it last June. Do you remember that Paul and some of his friends had been making long missionary journeys? They did not have railroads and steamboats in those days. They often suffered from hunger and thirst and shipwreck, but they were joyful and full of courage, for the Lord was with them.

Paul and Silas had gone to Macedonia, and there Paul had cast an evil spirit out of a poor girl who told fortunes, and so brought money to her masters. They caught Paul and Silas and brought them before the city judge, who had them beaten and put in prison. Though they were in the inner prison, and their feet fast in the stocks, they sang hymns of praise to God. Then an earthquake came. Did it harm or frighten them? No. Nothing can harm a child of God, not even death. It only set them free, for all doors were shaken open and all chains broken. They did not run away, though, for the Lord meant them to lead the jailer and his family to Christ. They were baptized that same night, and all the trouble was turned to joy.

If we trust in God in a time of trouble we shall soon praise him in a time of joy.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What trouble fell upon Paul and Silas? They were brought to the rulers.

By whom? By the masters of a fortune teller.

Why? They had cast an evil spirit out of her.

What had she done? Made money for her masters.

What did the judge do? Put Paul and Silas in jail.

What did they do? Sang songs of praise. At what time? At midnight.

What then came? An earthquake. What did it do? Set them all free.

Did they run away? No. What did the jailer say? "What must I do to be saved?"

What did Paul answer? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

CHRISTMAS.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

Soft and easy in thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable
And his softest bed was hay.

Was there nothing but a manger
Wretched sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

See the joyful shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

Little Pauline had been reproved for some misconduct, and was sitting by the window looking very disconsolate. "Hello!" said papa, chancing to come in just as two big tears were about to fall; "look at Pauline. Why, what is going to happen?" "It has happened already, papa," said Pauline quize solemnly.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 28.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Psa. 90. 1.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. J. E. Be strong and—
2. C. the J. When thou passest—
3. The F. of J. By faith the—
4. J. and C. He wholly—
5. C. of R. God is our—
6. J. P. A. Choose you this—
7. The T. of the J. They cry unto—
8. W. T. L. They also have—
9. G. and the T.H. It is better to—
10. R. and N. Be kindly—
11. The B. S. Speak, Lord; for—
12. S. the J. Prepare your—
12. C. L. For unto you—

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON I. [Jan. 4.]

PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI.

Acts 16. 22-34. Memorize verses 29-32.



ST. NICHOLAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS.

THE BIRTHDAY OF JESUS.

"I saw a stable and star-lamps light,
Early this Christmas morning."

Whose birthday do we keep on Christmas Day?

You will tell me, at once, that it is the birthday of our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

You are right. Our Saviour came down from heaven, and on this blessed anniversary he was born at Bethlehem. Well might the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." (Luke 2. 14.)

Now, dear children, you who love this precious Saviour—our brave young Junior soldiers—remember Jesus! remember Jesus! give him a birthday present; yes, give him the best of all you have. Save your money, candies, toys and do all you can for the Christ-child. You can never do enough.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. 9. 15.

The Lord loves the youth. He sees in them great possibilities, and is ready to help them to reach a high standard, if they will only realize the need of his help and lay a foundation of character that cannot be moved.

A LITTLE DISCIPLE.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were pretty good boys, and would have been angry if anybody had called them deceitful. Their Cousin Willie came to live with them, and attended their school. Before the close of school one day the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "Ten" if he had not whispered during the day he replied: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly.

After school Johnnie said to Willie: "Why, I did not see you whisper once."

"Well, I did do it anyway," said Willie; "I saw others doing it, and I supposed it was allowed."

"O, we all do it," said Burt. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; nobody keeps it."

"I will keep it, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'" said Willie.

In a short time it made the boys ashamed of themselves.

seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. They called him "Scotch Granite" because he was so firm in doing right.—*Westminster Junior Lessons.*

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,

They have tracked the Red Sea shore,
and have swum the torrents broad;

Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,

Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;

The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,

Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

The very heart of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,

And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track the star;

They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them mad;

Messiah's star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.

And they have knelt at Bethlehem! The Everlasting Child

They saw upon his mother's lap, earth's Monarch meek and mild;

His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with loving kiss,

Oh, what are thrones! Oh, what are crowns, to such a joy as this!

Ah, me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive,

How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;

'Tis the noonday of his sunshine, of his sun that setteth never;

Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is for ever.

Oh, glory be to God on high, for these Arabian kings—

These miracles of royal faith with eastern offerings;

For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazar, who from far

Found Mary out and Jesus, by the shining of a star.

—Faber.



THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.