

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1906

No. 26

THE YEAR'S CROWN.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Nannie read the words carefully, hesitating over the word "crownest."

"What can it mean?" "How could you crown a year?"

"I wouldn't crown it with goodness, anyhow," said Harry, kicking his heels against the chair, and looking very cross.

"Mean old year, I'm glad it's 'most gone!"

"I can think of ever so many nice things that we have had this year," said Nannie.

"I can think of lots of ugly ones," said Harry.

"Try it," said grandmother. "Get four blocks, Nannie, and build two towers. Put up a block for every nice thing that we can think of that has come to us this year, and have another pile for every bad one, and the tower that is the highest we will crown with that wreath of holly."

Nannie ran for her blocks. "I'll put one down for mother's getting well," said Nannie, "and another for Uncle Steven's new baby, and one for grandmother's picture of Jesus, and one for my new doll-arrange, and — O grandmother, there are so many!"

"I think it's Harry's turn," said grandmother.

"Well," said Harry, who still looked cross, "put down a big one for this old sore throat that has spoiled all my fun."

"Shall I, grandmother?" asked Nannie. "Because, if he hadn't played in the wet, his throat wouldn't have been sore, other things."

After a little talk, they agreed to leave out the bad things that they had brought themselves by being careless or naughty.



NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

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

"I don't care," said Harry: "there are plenty of others. Put one for the tree that blew down, and smashed the window in my tool-house."

"Oh, no!" said Nannie, "I must put one on the other tower for that. Father said if the tree had fallen the other way, it would have killed all the chickens."

"If you turn the bad things into good

ones," said Harry, "of course you'll get the biggest tower. My sprained ankle was bad."

"Oh, Harry!" said grandmother. "The block for that ought to be crowned."

So Harry found only two bad things, while the other tower was crowned with the holly wreath.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT THAT WENT ANOTHER WAY.

It was New Year's Day and Ella's birthday, too.

"Hi, there, Ella! The first snowstorm—and it's on your birthday. Wrap up, and I'll give you the ride of your life." Van was covered with dust and cobwebs, as the result of a ransack through the stable loft, after the sled that had been stored away months before.

"O, how dear of you! And you really will?"

"Try me!"

"Me wants birthday rides, too!" Small Dannie scrambled up from among his blocks. "Van give Dannie birthday rides—heaps!" The small head nodded in sweet certainty.

"Yes, when your birthday comes. This one is Ella's. Be a good boy now! Don't bother!"

"Me likes to bozzer! Mamma, make Dannie ready! Van give Dannie birthday rides."

"No, no; not now, mother!" pleaded

Van. "We'll have to be too careful, if he goes. Ella likes a rough-and-tumble. That's why I want to take her—one reason why."

Dannie's lip came out and his fists sought the screwed-up eyes, as a loud wail smote the air.

"O, I can't do anything to make little brother cry—not on New Year's Day. I

PLAYMATE

A Paper for the Young Folks.

WEEKLY

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WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto

SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued after this issue and their places will be occupied by a new weekly paper to be called "Playmate." "Playmate" will be the same price as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" combined, and will be the size and form of this number. Our friends will therefore be getting better value in the new paper than ever, and the change will remove a source of much misunderstanding which has always arisen in the fortnightly papers. It will also bring this grade of paper into harmony with our other papers. We are convinced our subscribers will be pleased with the new paper.

Attention is particularly drawn to the changes in "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days." The fortnightly paper has been a source of misunderstanding to many of our subscribers. It is not in harmony with our other papers, nor the papers of other publishers, which are weekly. To bring these papers up-to-date it has been decided to merge the two fortnightly papers into one weekly, which will be called "Playmate." The price of "Playmate" will be the same as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" together were, and it will be enlarged and improved, making it better value than the papers which it displaces.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued with the December issues. "Playmate" will take their places with the January issue. We are convinced you will be well pleased with the new arrangement.

meant to turn over a new leaf to-day."

Van looked from one to another, pulled his cap over his ears, and said nothing. Dannie paused, in the very middle of a walk, to peer out of one eye, to judge whether his prospects were brightening.

"I'd—I'd like to take him," pleaded the sister. "And it's my birthday."

Dannie opened a corner of the other eye. "But it's my sled. And I'm giving the ride."

Screw-up went both eyes, and the broken wail was resumed.

"But are you giving the ride for your sister's pleasure, dear, or your own?"

After a second Van answered frankly: "Both."

"Then—"

"All right! But don't you dare to howl, Dannie, if you get tipped over! Ella is going to have the time of her life!"

"Me likes tipped over!" was the reassuring answer of the mite of humanity, that yet could express so many wishes and was capable of overturning so many well-formed plans.

A few minutes and away through the white flakes they went, Dannie seated contentedly upon Ella's knees. The ride proved all that had been promised—upset included; but Ella was equal to her brother's expressed opinion of her, and

Dannie surprised them both, with his manful readiness to accept whatever came. Their last upset was with direct intention. Then Van, as if suddenly conscious of their whereabouts, cried: "O, let's look in at the toy-shop window! Let's see what is left over from Christmas."

Ella ran up to stand with her dear little hands against the pane, and to gaze at the dollie that leaned forward, as if to greet her.

"The skates are inside," continued Van. "I want a nickel pair on my birthday. What will you want, Dannie, when your birthday comes? This'll be the first birthday that he's big enough to know about, won't it?"

Dannie reached up his small mittens to place them against the window as Sister Ella had done. "Me wants the moo-cow. An' the wagon. An' the too-toot cars. An' the little dog-kenny."

"That's a doll's house."

"Well, me wants it!" nodded Dannie, to whom the difference of a name mattered little.

"But you, Ella? Don't you like anything here?" queried Van; for the ride had been planned in order to learn what his sister most wished, that he might get it for that very day.

At this moment a woman, carrying a heavy basket filled with bits of wood that she had picked up in the streets, came near. A ragged, shivering child hung upon one arm, and drew her toward the bright window. "O, let's look! Just a minute, mamma! Isn't it pretty!"

The woman rested the basket on the walk, that she might change it to her other hand. Meanwhile the strange child went to stand beside Dannie. "O can't I have one of them? Only one? I never had a bought plaything—not ever! See the cunning little wagon!"

"Come on, child! I can't wait."

"Don't you believe I can have it?"

"I—I'm afraid not, child. Don't look at them! I didn't think, or I wouldn't have stopped here." The woman lifted the basket with her fresh hand, and reached the other toward the child. As they disappeared in the fluttering whiteness a plaintive voice was heard: "Not ever—a bought plaything!"

Van and Ella looked at each other, but said nothing. Little Dan felt the unhappiness that had come so near to him. "What did the ozzer baby want?"

Somehow the window was spoiled for them all. The homeward ride was not so merry as the outward one. Once Van turned about, "You—you didn't say what you liked, Ella?"

"I thought I wanted the dollie that held its hands to me. But now I'd like the wagon, to give to the little boy that—"

She stopped, but Van finished it for her: "Never had a bought plaything—not ever!"

After luncheon Van had a little conference with his mother. "I'm sure it was the Hannah we used to have to help Sarah when—when I was little."

"Then she has come back. I was afraid it would turn out so. Did you see where they went? We need her again. She was so faithful! And there are many things stored away that she can have. They seem to have been waiting for her."

"Yes, we came away slowly. I think they went up the steps of the Muldoon tenement. May I tell Ella? and may she do it?"

"Certainly, sweetheart! And we'll let her fill the wagon with some of the New Year's goodies—nuts, raisins, one of the roasted chickens, a piece of the birthday cake—if she wishes—and whatever seems best. I wonder if you could haul a bag of coal on your sled? That would help her through the day—until we can find out about the matter."

"Sure I can!" So Van scampered off, with his saved-up nickels, and the little wagon was soon standing before his delighted sister. Ella piled it full, put tissue paper under the heavy wrappings, and when Dannie was taking his afternoon nap, walked beside the sled with its precious load, while Van carefully drew it to the Muldoon tenement. There they found the little fellow that never had had a bought plaything. How happy he was! And how glad the sad-faced mother became!

"Then Mrs. White will let me work for her again? Surely better days are coming with the New Year!" she said.—Christian Advocate.

DON'T BE LAZY.

A little boy was once walking along a dusty road. The sun was very warm and oppressive; but, as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey. He soon heard a carriage coming; and when it had caught up with him the driver reined up his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation was gladly accepted. When he was seated in the wagon the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I should not have done so by any means." Boys, think of this; and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way.—Sunlight.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Come, Pussy, I've something to tell you.

You know it is New Year's Day; The big folks are down in the parlor.

And mother is just gone away.

We are all alone in the nursery.

And I want to talk to you, dear;

So you must come and sit by me

And make believe you hear.

You see there's a new year coming;

It only begins to-day.

Do you know, I often was naughty

In the year that is gone away?

You know I've some bad habits.

I'll just mention one or two;

But, really, there is quite a number

Of naughty things that I do.

You see I don't learn my lessons,

And, oh! I do hate them so;

I doubt if I know any more to-day

Than I did a year ago.

And, Pussy, when people scold me

I'm always so sulky, then;

If they only would tell me gently,

I never would do it again.

O Pussy! I know I am naughty,

And it often makes me cry;

I think it would count for something

If they knew how hard I try.

But I'll try again in the New Year,

And, oh! I shall be so glad

If I only can be a good little girl

And never do anything bad.

A NEW YEAR'S PACK.

When the New Year in at the front door
peens,
And out at the back door the Old Year
creeps,
I hope he will carry away on his back
A load as big as a pedler's pack;
We will put in the puckery little pout
That drives all the merry dimples out,
And the little quarrels that spoil the
plays,
And the little grumbles on rainy days.
And we'll throw in the bag some cross
little "don'ts,"
And most of the "can'ts" and all of the
"won'ts,"
If we get all these in the Old Year's pack.
And shut it so tight that they can't come
back,
To-morrow morning we'll surely see
A Happy New Year for you and me.
—Jewels.

Our Church has just sent over a score of
missionaries to China and Japan, the
largest number ever sent from Cana-
da. We want our young folk to
know a great deal about those
countries, so we print many pic-
tures of the people and their queer
customs. Fifty years ago Japan
was closed to outside nations. Now
it is the England of the East, one
of the most enterprising countries
in the world. Then the gentlemen
of high rank wore the queer silk
costume shown in the cut. Note
the fan and the odd headdress.
Now these gentlemen wear clothes
very much like those worn in Can-
ada. The working people, how-
ever, retain in large degree their
native costume.

WHAT CAME OF A SKATING PARTY.

It was Christmas morning about
ten o'clock. Mrs. Palmer was busy
rolling pie crust when the door sud-
denly burst open and a tall boy by
the name of James Scott entered.
"Good-morning, Mrs. Palmer,"
he began. "Isn't Jack ready yet?"
"He will be here in a minute,"
she answered. "He's gone after his
skates."

On this Christmas morning some
boys and girls had planned a skat-
ing party on Snake River, about
three miles distant.

In a few moments Jack entered, skates
in hand, and both boys started on a run
for the cross-roads where the sleigh was
waiting. They clambered in, and with
bells ringing merrily they started for the
river. In the course of half an hour they
arrived there, and then such a buckling on
of skates and gathering of twigs for a
fire was never seen before.

Harold Rodney and Jack Palmer were
the best skaters of the village, and they
were on the ice first. They were great
rivals. Harold hated Jack and often
abused him, but Jack was a good boy
and always tried to return good for evil.
Soon skating began, but one girl, hav-
ing fallen in, they decided that the ice
was too thin and said that they would go
home. As they neared the shore in a com-
pact body the ice began to crack and
broke into large cakes. All arrived ashore
safely but Harold Rodney, who was left
standing on a large block of ice. He

could not swim and near the mouth of
the river was a waterfall thirty feet high.
He would surely be dashed to pieces on
the rocks. Indeed, he was in great peril,
as the water became more and more
swift.

All were at their wits' end except Jack,
who gathered all the skate-straps, knotted
them together, and tying one end of this
leather rope to a tree and the other end
around his body, he plunged into the
river and swam toward Harold. Progress
was slow because of the floating ice
blocks, but at last he reached Harold,
and clambering on the block of ice, began
pulling it ashore, which was reached after
hard work.

Jack was taken home as quickly as pos-
sible. Pneumonia resulted from his cold
bath, but he recovered and is now rightly
treated as a warm friend by Harold.
—Ram's Horn.

Let God hold your hand, and trust Him
to lead you every step of the way in this
New Year.



JAPANESE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

HIS LITTLE RED BANK.

By John Ernest McCann.

Way up on the mantel it safely stands,
At the foot of his little bed.
To reach it there, he must climb a chair,
And danger he does not dread:
For he climbs and climbs, with his pence
and dimes,
And he bravely drops them in,
Day after day, in a lordly way,
Thro' his little red bank of tin!

Tink, tink, clink, clink,
Into the bank they go!
To hear the racket, you'd think he'd pack
it
With half a million or so!
The days go by, and Christmas draws
nigh.
He must count his dimes and pence.
Then he climbs his chair. There's a
million there?
No! Sixty or seventy cents.—Ex.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

THE CREATION, FALL AND FLOOD: THE
PATRIARCHS FROM NOAH TO JACOB.

Lesson 1.—January 6.

GOD THE CREATOR.

Gen. 1. 1-25. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In the beginning God created the heaven
and the earth.—Gen. 1. 1.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful world is this in which
we live. We are so used to its beauties
and wonders we fail sometimes to take
notice of them or to ask from where they
come. When we look at the blue sky, the
star-lit heavens, the mighty sea, the ma-
jestic mountains, the smiling plains, and
also at the many strange animals and
plants, we forget sometimes who it was
made them. It was God alone who is the
creator. The Heavens declare His
glory, and the firmament showeth
His handiwork. In wisdom did He
make it all. And in this great work
God used time and thought. It was
not all done in a week. The "Days"
of the different creations were not
just twenty-four hours long, but
long, long periods of time. Crea-
tion was a gradual and an orderly
process. God did not act like a
magician, and call things into
being by the wave of a wand, but
He used His great intelligence and
by a steady growth evolved the
universe. Nor has He left it to run
itself or given no further thought
to its progress. A divine purpose
is behind all God's works and He
doeth all things well.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST

1. Who created the universe? God.
2. In What state was the earth? Without form, and void, and dark-ness was over the sea.
3. What did God then decree? That there should be light.
4. What then was the first day's creation? Day and night.
5. What was the second day's creation? The separation of water in clouds above from the water over the still formless earth beneath.
6. What was the third day's creation? Dry land and vegetation.
7. What was the fourth day's creation? The sun, moon and stars.
8. What was the fifth day's creation? Fishes of the sea, birds of the air.
9. What was the sixth day's creation? Beasts of the earth and man.
10. What did God do on the seventh day? Rested.

There was a terrible storm of wind and
rain one night, awakening Tommy out of
sound sleep, and he was very much
frightened. Did he cry?

Not a bit of it. He just lay still and
repeated in a clear, sweet voice, his little
prayer, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear
me!" and then he turned over and went
to sleep, sure that the dear Jesus would
take care of him.—The Mayflower.



ST. NICHOLAS IN HIS TRAIN.

THE MISER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Hae ye heard o' the auld Scotch miser,
Who'd skimmed and saved sae lang.
His heart had grown cauld as his siller,
Till he ken'd nae ane's sorrow nor
wrag?

But a' that his hoard could gi' him,
Was a care, not restfu' peace,
Carkling care, lest a thief should rob him,
Till frae life he sought release.

In despair he gaed himsel' to drown
Ane Christmas Eve i' the burn;
To a pleadin' bairn he tossed some gold,
Scarce stopping his head to turn.

"For I can need it nae mair," he groaned,
"When gane frae this weasome world;"
But a sudden joy shot up i' his heart,
An' the flame round the embers curled.

Till a' his being grew bright and warm
Wi' the thoct that came as light:
That life was worth living an' gold was
good,
Did he but use it aright.

Then he bied him hame to his attic,
An' frae bag an' box, an' chest,
Took bank-notes, an' gold, an' silver,
In haste, for he could na' rest.

Till wi' lavish hand he had given
To a' the pair folk around—
They scarce could thank him for wonder,
Till, joyful, he said, "I hae found

Mair happiness come frae giein'!
Tho' sma' the giftie be,
Than frae all the hoarded treasure
Ye keep for yoursel' to see."

THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The popular saint of Christmas time, the children's beloved Santa Claus, takes his name from an early Bishop of the Greek Church, born at Lycia, who died about 340. The legendary story is that good Bishop Nicholas in making his pastoral rounds one day heard three children weeping in a house, on account of their poverty and wretchedness. According to the story he threw three purses, one for each, in through the window, or as some say, down the chimney, and thus relieved their necessities. He became the favorite patron saint of school boys, girls and children, and takes high rank as a saint in the Greek Church. His name has been contracted into Santa Claus, and in our picture he is shown bearing his pack of toys, and knocking at the window to reward the good children who dwell within.

The more orthodox view, however, is

that Santa Claus is a jolly old fellow who lives away up near the North Pole, and on Christmas Eve sets out with his reindeer team, on his world-wide mission. This is fairly maintained in the bas-relief picture on this page.

SANTA CLAUS IN OTHER LANDS.

By Katherine E. Megee.

In Germany the coming of Santa Claus is celebrated with more elaborateness than in any other country. From the imperial family in the palace to the most humble



ST. NICHOLAS.

cottage, the Christmas tree is the chief object of consideration. Among the well-to-do, presents for the servants and poor are on the same tree, or on a table beneath it, with those of the children and older members of the household. Early in life the children are taught to think of those who are less fortunate than themselves, and make the Christmas season

one of peace, good-will, and happiness to all.

A very pretty feature of the Christmas festivities in Sweden—where the yule-tide lasts until January, the twentieth—is the erection in every dooryard each Christmas morning of a pole, the top of which is tied with a large, full sheaf of grain—a feast for the little wild snow-birds. No family thinks of sitting down to the Christmas table until these little creatures have visited the children.

In Belgium the children have a graceful and interesting memorial custom connected with Santa Claus. Instead of driving from housetop to housetop in the wonderful sleigh, which is carried along by the famous reindeer, Santa Claus pays his visits to our little brothers and sisters over the sea astride a beautiful pony with silvery mane and flashing eyes. On Christmas Eve each child takes his best pair of sabots (wooden shoes), and placing them on the window ledge, fills them to overflowing with hay, oats, fodder—thank-offering to the Christmas pony. Next morning upon hurrying to the window they find that the offering has been accepted and the little sabots are brimming over with all the toys and sweetmeats so dear to a little Belgian's heart.

In France the children place their shoes in the chimney of Christmas night to obtain some glittering present in the darkness from their good fairy.

The Chinese—except those who have become acquainted with the Christian idea of that day—observe Christmas in much the same manner that the small boy in Canada does the First of July, i.e., by making all the noise they can, especially with fire-crackers which are supposed to frighten away evil spirits; crackers are also used by the Chinamen as an expression of good feeling, and are intimately associated with all of their festivals, and all occasions out of the ordinary routine.

PROVISIONS FROM TREES.

There is a tree that grows in Sumatra, Algeria, and China says The Philadelphia Public Ledger, that is known as the vegetable tallow tree. From its fruit large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted, and the fruit is gathered in November or December, when all the leaves have fallen. Excellent candles are made from the berries of a tree that grows in some parts of South Africa and the Azores. At Sierra Leone is found the cream fruit tree, the fruit of which is very agreeable in taste. In Ceylon there is the bread fruit tree, from which a food is made in the same way that we make bread. It is said to be equally good and nutritious. In South America we find the milk tree.—Morning Star.

The Sunday-school is the garden in which God grows noble characters.