

## A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE?

What shall I wish thee?  
Treasures of earth?  
Songs in the springtime?  
Pleasure or mirth?  
Flowers on thy pathway?  
Skies ever clear?  
Would this insure thee  
A happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?  
What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall insure thee  
A happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light;  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright,  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear—  
These shall insure thee  
A happy New Year.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	2 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	1 00
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Heroic Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HURSTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

## HAPPY DAYS.

OUR young readers will see by our new heading that we are determined to make HAPPY DAYS brighter and prettier than ever. This paper, while keeping all the good things it had, will add some more. It will give lessons especially adapted for the youngest class in the school—the little ones who can scarcely read, or perhaps not read at all. But they must ask their mamma or sisters to read the lesson story for them, if they cannot read it themselves. We hope our friends will like this paper better than ever, and that it may by God's

blessing be very useful, and that the lessons of the life of Jesus, who was once a little child, may sink into their hearts. May they all come to him, who called the children to his arms and said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

## A NEW YEAR'S "THINK."

"O DEAR!" sighed little Mary. "Papa sent me upstairs to think. I don't like to think, 'cause it makes me feel bad. I always 'member all the naughty things I've done. I would rather play and forget them. I wonder if big folks ever have to sit down and think of the things they've done that they didn't ought to do. I don't s'pose they ever do naughty things, though, so they can't know how bad it feels to sit and think about them."

"What did papa tell me to think about? He said I was to turn over a new leaf, 'cause this is New Year's Day. He said my life from to-day was like a clean, fresh page in my writing book, and I could write in it just what I wanted to. He showed me my old writing book. It did look just awful. I was so shamed to have him see it, all blots and crooked lines, and places where I didn't care a bit how I wrote. O dear, how he did talk to me. It makes me cry just to 'member it. He didn't scold one bit, only looked so sorry. I'd rather he'd whipped me."

"What did he say? That big blot was like the blot on my life's book the day when I told a lie. Oh, I never, never will have such a blot again. That other was when I stayed all the afternoon with Grace, 'stead of coming home, when I knew mamma wanted me to carry a basket of things to old Granny Brown. That don't-care place was one where I was naughty and hateful all day. Another was where I wouldn't look at my copy. That means I wouldn't read my Bible and pray."

In a few minutes, little Mary ran down to her father, and said:

"I did think about all you said to me, and I will turn over a new leaf, papa dear."

And papa whispered, as he kissed her: "Ask Jesus to help you."

## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

WHEN God made this world it was very beautiful. God called it "very good." Everything that grew out of the ground was good, and there were no thistles nor briars nor weeds. The beasts and birds were not as they are now. The great lions and tigers were gentle and kind, like the kittens and dogs you love to play with.

But when man sinned and became wicked, God could not bless the earth any more, but made thistles grow where the roses had grown before, and briars came up in the place of the beautiful vines. The animals, too, were changed. Before sin came they loved man and were glad to obey him. But when Adam sinned and did not

obey God then the animals ceased to love and obey him. They were changed and became fierce and wild; the strong animals will kill the weak ones, and even man is not safe where they are. All these things were to show to men, how bad sin is, and what a world it has made.

But this will not be so always. God has promised that he will make this earth all over new, and it will be good and beautiful again, as it was before Adam sinned. And Jesus is making a wonderful city in heaven, which is called New Jerusalem, and Jesus will bring it down from heaven to the new earth. If you will read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation you will learn all about it.

And then all will be peace and happiness everywhere; and the animals will love and obey man, and the little child will play with the lions and savage tigers; and then all will be joyful together.

## ESKIMO RAY.

RAY had often seen pictures of the homes of the Eskimos, and thought snow-houses must be very nice indeed, so nice that he decided to make one for himself.

He began New Year's morning, when the snow was very deep. He made a small ball and rolled it over and over until it was as high as his head. Then papa helped push it along. Ray took his shovel then, and before night the big snowball was hollowed out and changed into the cutest snow hut you ever saw, with a Canadian flag stuck into the top of it.

Ray did not want to leave his hut when night came, and he travelled to the window many times before he went to bed.

The next day was bright and clear, and Ray begged a candle to keep in his house. Then he harnessed Fido into his sled and thought he was a real Eskimo.

Suddenly there was a scream and a yelp. Mamma ran to the window. Some snow had fallen off the roof and buried the snow hut, Eskimo Ray and Fido and all. Fido scratched his way out, and mamma got the shovel and dug for the little Eskimo. Ray says he is sorry for the poor Eskimos, and he would rather be a Canadian.

## HOW PARROTS ARE CAUGHT.

I AM sure you could not guess how they catch parrots in the countries where they live, and so I am going to tell you.

You know their plumage is what makes them attractive, and the catchers must look out and not injure that.

After the parrots have perched in numbers upon some tree, the men light a good fire. Into it they throw a certain plant like our poppy. When it begins to burn, and the birds breathe in the smoke, it makes them stupid, and they fall to the ground. Then they are gathered up to be sold.

If the birds that have dropped are too young, their plumage too green and not showy enough, the men pull out the growing feathers. They rub the skin over with a kind of dye, which makes the next that come out a bright red and yellow.