

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 3, 1903.

No. 1.

TOBOGGANING.

One of the healthiest and most invigorating of winter sports, made possible by the splendid climate of our country, is tobogganing. We are all so familiar with it that it needs no description.

The sensation of rushing downwards at such a headlong pace is like that of falling through the air, if any of you have ever experienced that not very enviable feeling. Tobogganing is a very fascinating sport, and young and old are alike equally fond of it. The exercise is an extremely healthy one, and the trudging up hill again is sufficient to keep every one warm and comfortable.

LITTLE "SCOTCHIE."

His real name was Jamie MacBride, but everybody called him "Scotchie," more on account of his staunch, upright principles than because he had first opened his eyes among the highlands of bonny Scotland. His father had been a shepherd in the fatherland, and when he emigrated to America he invested most of his hard-earned savings in sheep with which to stock the little farm upon which he settled.

Jamie soon became very much attached to the sheep and took great delight in helping to herd them when they were turned out into the woods to graze, as was frequently done in the spring when the pasture was short.

On bright afternoon when his father was setting out some young fruit trees in the lot adjoining the sheep pasture, he was called away, and as he expected to be back soon, he put the shepherd's crook in Jamie's hand and left him to guard the

gap. When he reached the house, he found he would be obliged to go to the village, and as it was several miles distant, he hurried off, forgetting all about the little sentinel at the gap.

At first Jamie felt very proud stepping back and forth with the big crook in his hand, but after awhile he got tired and hungry, and wished very hard for his father's return. An hour or two after he

was left alone, some of his boy friends came along and wanted him to go fishing with them.

"I can't," said "Scotchie." "Father left me to watch the gap, and I must stay here till he comes back."

"You can put up the bars so the sheep can't get into the orchard," argued the boys, but "Scotchie" was firm, and the boys went away muttering something about the stubborn Scotchmen.

The evening passed slowly away, and at last the sun went out of sight behind the western hills, and still his father did not come. Jamie was a good deal of a coward in the darkness, but he would not disobey his father, and so he kept up his pace back and forth across the opening, until a full hour after sunset, when he was relieved of his vigil by the appearance of his father.

"I forgot you, Jamie-boy, and mother thought you were with me," his father explained, as he clasped him in his arms. "But you are our brave Jamie now, and we love you better than ever because we know you can be trusted always to do what you know to be right. You are a real little hero, my dear boy."

"I never thought of being a hero," said Jamie. "I just did what you told me."

"That's the way heroes are made," returned his father, "and they do not know when they become heroes, either."

A little Scotch girl being examined at school, was asked: "What does patience mean?" Her answer was: "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."



TOBOGGANING.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Happy new year, little one!
Can it happy be?
Waste it not in idle fun,
Use your days well, every one,
Joy will follow thee.

Happy new year, little one!
Will it happy be?
Duty well and promptly done
Makes the time all smoothly run—
One long jubilee.

Happy new year, little one!
It shall happy be
If the path of ill you shun,
And a victory is won
O'er each enemy.

Happy new year, little one!
Happy it will be
If it is but well begun:
Then till its last day is done,
God will smile on thee.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

| | Yearly Subscription |
|---|------------------------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1.00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 26 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2.00 |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review | 2.75 |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together | 3.25 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1.50 |
| Canadian Epworth Era | 0.50 |
| Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly | 0.60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies | 0.50 |
| 5 copies and over | 0.20 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies | 0.25 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0.15 |
| Over 20 copies | 0.12 |
| Junbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0.12 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0.11 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0.12 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0.11 |
| new Drops, weekly | 0.25 |
| Berman Senior Quarterly (quarterly) | 0.25 |
| Berman Leaf, monthly | 0.05 |
| Berman Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly) | 0.06 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100. | |

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

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

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUENTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 3, 1903.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"Mamma, what do folks mean by the old year and the new? How can a year be old or new?" asked Emily, on the last day of December.

"I will try to tell you, dearie. You know we say the new day after the night has passed. We divide the day into hours because it is convenient to be able to measure time. You do not know when one hour passes into another, but you do know when the darkness comes and when the light. We also know that after day and night have come just so many times

the sun grows warmer, the ground softens, the grass springs up and the flowers bloom. After a certain number of days the fruits come; then the leaves turn gold and brown, and then fall off; and again the days grow cold, the snow falls, the ground is hard, the lakes are frozen. We call these changes seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter. We know that after these seasons have gone by, taking just three hundred and sixty-five days, the same changes will take place again in the same order. Spring will follow winter, summer will follow spring, autumn will follow summer, and winter will follow autumn. So it will go on as long as time will last. So we say at the end of the three hundred and sixty-five days that to-morrow will be a new year, and the days that have gone are the old year.

"Now, suppose you had a copy-book of three hundred and sixty-five pages, and you wrote one page every day. When it was filled you would lay aside the old book and take up the new. Wouldn't you want to make your next book look better than the old; with fewer mistakes; fewer blots; more like the copy at the top of each page?"

"I understand you, mamma. You mean, don't I want to be a better girl, more like Jesus this coming year than last? Yes, I do, and I will not forget to ask Jesus every morning to help me."

HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME.

Ethel and Alfred wanted to "watch the Old Year out and the New Year in." Mamma said "No" firmly, and then Auntie Bird pleaded. Mamma finally said they might sit up till nine o'clock and see how sleepy they would be then.

Auntie Bird was only a big girl herself; just the prettiest auntie, too. Ethel's great wish was to look like her, and Alfred admired her very much.

Alfred insisted on wearing his hat; "So I can run out to see the New Year the minute it comes."

"Aunt Bird," said Ethel, "what makes New Year's? Why wasn't it New Year's last Monday instead of to-morrow?"

Really, children will ask hard questions. The girl-auntie didn't know, but mamma whispered in her ear to look in an old scrap-book.

Bird was really Bertha, but the name was given when she was a baby because she cooed so sweetly, and it clung to the sweet-faced girl now. Bird read the page to herself, and then she told the children.

"You know," she said, "the earth goes round the sun, and that takes a year. The moon goes round the earth, and that takes a month. The moon goes round the earth twelve times while the earth is going round the sun once, so there are twelve months in a year.

"Many hundred years ago some people, called the Romans, named these months

January, February, etc. Your birthday comes in February, you know, Ethel."

"Mine is the first day of May," suggested Alfred.

"Yes, dear; auntie won't forget. The Romans were heathen people, and it was long before Christ was born. They called January after one of their gods, whose name was Janus. His image had two faces, one of an old man who looked backward, the other of a young man who looked forward. So they chose the first day of January for New Year's Day; the Old Year looking back over the past, the bright New Year looking toward the future.

"The book says that for many years after Christ was born the Christians wouldn't take January for the first month because it was named after a heathen god, but I suppose they decided at last that a name didn't matter much."

Alfred was blinking pretty hard by this time, and though Ethel declared she wasn't sleepy, she "thought she thought she could wait until morning to see that young Janus."—*The Young Idea.*

NEDDY'S NEW YEAR.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

A little shape came floating in
And paused by Neddy's bed;
"I'm half afraid to speak to you,
And yet I must," it said;
"I'm your New Year—and oh, I wish
I didn't have to be!
Because I've met outside the door
Your last Old Year, you see.

"He looked so weak and tired and sad,
And carried such a pack
Of angry words and foolish scrapes
Upon his weary back!
'Don't, don't go in!' he cried to me;
'For though you're young and strong,
That boy will make you just the wreck
That I am now, ere long!"

"He stumbled on, with sigh and groan,
I could not take, alas!
His wise advice, for come I must
Before the hour should pass.
But oh, if you would only try
A different plan with me,
I'm sure you'd be surprised to find
How happy we could be!"

Ned blushed; he knew the shape was right.
"I'll try!" he murmured low;
And when once Neddy says a thing
He means it, too, you know.
Quarrels and scrapes were put aside,
The year was free and glad.
And Ned vowed "'twas the jolliest year
A fellow ever had!"

—*Sabbath-School Visitor.*

Do not ask another to do what you would
not do under similar circumstances.

THE

Now is the
And kind
Be quick to
And try to
For, O, let
While we
Y

If all would
And do the
If from ha
What a g
see
And then
On each
Bo

STU

Phil. 4.

Rejoice

More
Silas was
wrote a
who were
He wrote
prisoner.
chained to
go about
of the G
this way
in Rome
from the
two or th
Rome, b
afterwar
through
friend w
the letter
his "dea
"joy an
fasc in t
joice in
anxious
and they
He also
that are
and of g
learned
could do
strengthe
qu
Who
peror N
Where
What
Gospel.

THE NEW YEAR BOOK.

Now is the time to be glad and bright,
And kind as we can from morn till night;
Be quick to smile and to frown be slow,
And try to learn what is good to know;
For, O, let us think how the days will look
While we write them down in our New
Year Book.

If all would be good and kind and true,
And do the work that is theirs to do;
If from hate and pride our hearts were free
What a glad New Year the world would
see!

And then I know we should love to look
On each bright page of the New Year
Book.

—Eudora S. Bumstead.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON II. [Jan. 11.]

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Phil. 4. 1-13. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.—Phil. 4. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

More than ten years after Paul and Silas were in a prison in Philippi, Paul wrote a letter to his Philippian friends, who were gathered together as a church. He wrote it from Rome, where he was a prisoner. He was not kept in a cell, but chained to a soldier. He was allowed to go about and to talk with all whom he met of the Gospel he was sent to preach. In this way a church was gathered together in Rome, and some of its members were from the household of the emperor. In two or three years he was put to death at Rome, but he left a church there that afterward took in all Rome and spread through the world. He had a Philippian friend with him, whom he sent home with the letter. He calls the Philippian church his "dearly beloved and longed for," his "joy and crown," and bids them "stand fast in the Lord." He tells them to "rejoice in the Lord alway;" to have no anxious care; to look to God for all things, and they should know the peace of God. He also told them to think of all things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. He said that he had learned to be content in any state, and could do all things through Christ, who strengthened him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST

Who made Paul a prisoner? The emperor Nero.

Where? At Rome.

What did he do there? Preached the Gospel.

To whom did he write letters? To the churches.

To whom is he here writing? To the church at Philippi.

How does he write to them? With great love.

What does he call them? His "joy and crown."

What does he bid them do? "Stand fast in the Lord."

What does he tell them three times? To "rejoice."

To whom does he bid them look? To God.

What are the six good things to think about? (Verse 8.)

Who was Paul's strength? Christ.

LESSON III. [Jan. 18.]

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BERECA.

Acts 17. 1-12. Memorize verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—Psa. 119. 105.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Paul and Silas had been set free by the Philippians they went away, for the rulers of Philippi begged them to go. The earthquake made them afraid of men whose God would shake the prisons open to free his children. They went to Thessalonica. Paul's custom was to find the Jewish synagogue, that might be found in many of the cities of Asia Minor, and there preach the news and glad tidings of a Saviour who had come first to the Jews, but was the Saviour of the world. He preached for three Sabbaths to the Thessalonian Jews, proving to them from their own Scriptures that "Christ must needs have suffered and risen from the dead." Some believed, and some did not. Among the believers were many Greeks and some of the noble women of the city. It was the Jews who, if they did not believe in Jesus, were always his greatest enemies, and these stirred up the lower classes to attack the house of Jason, where Paul and Silas stayed, and the rulers were very much troubled. Paul and Silas went away by night to Bereca. Here they found nobler men and women than at Thessalonica, and together they studied the word of God daily to see if the things that Paul preached were true.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Paul and Silas next go? To Thessalonica.

What did they first find there? A Jewish synagogue.

What did Paul do there? He preached about Jesus.

How long? For three Sabbaths.

What book did he use? Their own Scriptures.

What is that? The Old Testament.

What did the Jews think? Some of them believed.

What did other Jews do? Stirred up the city.

Where did Paul and Silas go? To Bereca.

What is said of the Bereans? They were "more noble."

What did they do? Searched the Scriptures daily.

What followed? Many believed.

AT BEDTIME JUNCTION.

"Change cars for Dreamland!"

Boy roused up a little. He moved his hand, and it touched the arm of the low rocker. He felt for his picture-book. It was gone. He thought that it had dropped on the floor. Still he did not open his eyes.

"Passengers for Dreamland change cars!"

Boy knew the voice. He wanted to answer. He tried to lift his head, but it was so heavy that he could not move it. His lips parted, and after a while he said: "What?"

"This is the place where we change cars," said the voice; "it is Bedtime Junction. We reach here at seven fifty-nine. The gentleman called Mr. Charles Albert has taken the Dreamland car. I came back after you, and we must go at once."

Boy felt himself lifted by strong arms. The next thing he knew he was laid in a soft bed, and a soft hand was drawing a white sheet over him, while a soft voice said: "This is the Dreamland car. You do not change again till morning. I will let you know. I look after all the passengers. I am the conductor."

Boy's eyes opened wide. "You're mamma!" he said.

Mamma kissed Boy's plump pink cheeks. His eyes closed again, and the Dreamland car moved on, carrying Boy, with a through ticket in his nightcap.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PUNCTUAL BIRD.

What tempts the little hummingbird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the Arctic Circle, leaving behind him, as he does, for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming-birds that pluckily leaves the land of gaily coloured birds to go into voluntary exile in the north, east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird-life, moving above the range of human sight, through the vast dome of the sky. Borne swiftly onward by rapidly vibrating wings, he covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages and arrives at his chosen destination, weather permitting, at approximately the same date year after year.



THE FAITHLESS UMBRELLA.

THE FAITHLESS UMBRELLA.

Poor little fellow! How we pity him in his misfortune. He is, it seems, just coming home from the market, for there is his basket on the side of the road full of the different things which his mother has probably sent him to buy for the house.

But what shall we say for the unfaithful umbrella? The fault is probably as much the little boy's as the umbrella's. A heavy basket and so big an umbrella were too much for the little man, and the wind caught it and with one strong gust blew it inside out. It will be no more use to him now, for the stays are broken, so the best thing he can do will be to take up his basket, put a brave face on it, and run home out of the storm as fast as his little legs can carry him.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Happy New Year to all the dear children!

A new year to be good and happy in.

A new year to do good and make others happy in!

This is what all who love the children want and ask for them.

Is it what the children want? And are they asking God for such a year as this?

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Mrs. Nelson gave each of her children, Robbie and Lulu, a New Year's gift of a diary. The books were prettily bound, and on the cover of each book was the owner's name in beautiful things in my pretty book!" were delighted, and turned over the spotless leaves with great satisfaction.

"I shall begin writing in mine this very day," said Lulu.

"I shall write in mine to-day and every day," said Robbie, gravely. "Mamma will not be pleased if we get tired of them after a while, and throw them to one side."

"I don't mean to," said Lulu, warmly. "I shall write all the nice things that happen to me all through the year, and how pleasant that will be to read in the future!"

"I think I shall write the things that are not pleasant, and the failures I make," said Robbie. "It will do me good to read them in the future."

"The idea!" cried Lulu. "I'll not write any but nice gift letters. The children

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at her case-loving little daughter, but she sighed also.

"Then be sure, dear child," she said, "that only 'nice things' are found in your life. There is no use in trying to shirk the truth, and where there is wrong and

failure it is best to face it openly and fearlessly. I think Robbie is right in keeping a record of his failures, and I hope he will never be afraid to look at it, and to let others see it, too. Those who try to hide and cover up wrong-doing are the ones who suffer most. God wants us to be true to him, true to ourselves, and true to one another."

Let us hope that Robbie and Lulu will enter upon the New Year with hearts in love with truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

THE OLD YEAR.

Another year has gone,

With swift and noiseless tread,

Winter and spring have glided on,

Summer and autumn sped—

Each season with its joys and pain;

And they will never come again.

I mourn its wasted time,

If I could live it o'er,

Its sad mistakes I'd try to shun,

Its wrongs would do no more.

But, no; the loss none can repair,

'Tis gone for ever, the old year.

This only can I do:

Be sorry for the past,

And at my loving Saviour's feet

My weary burden cast,

He will blot out sin's crimson stain,

And strengthen me to try again.

And as a bright new year

Comes with its hope and joy,

I'll seek to live aright, and all

My hours for God employ;

And this new year will try to live

That it a record fair may give.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.