

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1904.

No. 1.

SEALS:

The harp seal is so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not until their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover his face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you.

Seals are very intelligent, and may be tamed and taught many tricks, as shown in the picture on this page.

At a time when all other northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which in a couple of months a million (and at times a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not interfere with the summer cod-fishery nor with the cultivation of the soil. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

WHAT KILLED THE TREE.

Along the street in a pretty little country village is a row of maple trees. They are fine large trees, and cast a beautiful shade, which is very refreshing in the

and not a leaf is to be seen upon them anywhere. What do you suppose is the trouble? Only a little thing, you might say, and yet this little thing has destroyed the life in every one of these dead trees.

One day a little worm, called a borer, began to bore its way into the heart of each of these trees. The worm was perhaps only an inch long, but it kept on steadily boring its way in, until it reached the very heart of the tree, and out of the hole which the worm had made the sap began to run. Now the sap is the very life-blood of the tree, and to make a hole right into the heart of the tree was like making a hole right into the heart of a man, so you can see it was no wonder that every one of those trees attacked by the borers died very soon after the borers had pierced to the heart of the tree.

Some one has suggested that sin is like one of these worms that attack a tree. A very small sin may destroy a beautiful life; and just as gardeners must be on the watch all the time against the borers, so we must ever be on our watch against the sins which would enter into our hearts, and destroy our lives for time and for eternity if we were not con-



A TAME SEAL.

summer time, when the sun is hot and strong.

There is only one thing to spoil the beauty of this row of trees, and that is the fact that some of them are dead. Their branches are withered and lifeless,

Never be afraid to do right because you think that your playmates will laugh at you. Be a hero for the right.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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

"Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at his feet,
Smile of his countenance,
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in his presence!
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A happy New Year."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1904.

LOOKING FOR JESUS.

Charley thought he would like to find Jesus and be his disciple. One morning he left this note on the table and started on his journey: "Dear father and mother: I am going to find Jesus. I want to be one of his disciples. I am very little, but I can do something. I can bring him water when he is thirsty, and wash his feet when he is tired of walking, and by and by I will come home and tell you all about it." After walking a while he was hungry and went into a house and asked for some bread and milk. While he was eating it, he held the people whom he was going to find. The old people said, "Is it not strange that this little boy should be trying to find Jesus, and we have never

tried at all!" Then the boy found two men disputing about Jesus, and he told them to stop and come and help him to find Jesus. They went with him, and soon found a sick man by the roadside, whom they kindly nursed. But Jesus did not come, and the little boy began to get discouraged. Then they found a poor beggar by the roadside, and they gave him food. When Charley reached his home he went to bed, and he dreamed that Jesus came to him and said: "You have looked for me all day, and I have been near you all the time. I was with you when you went to see the old man and woman, and the two men who disputed, and the sick man, and the beggar. Go on, little boy, and always do good, and I shall always be with you. Though you cannot see me, you shall feel me in your heart."

KENNETH'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

Kenneth lived in a beautiful house, and all his life he had been surrounded by beautiful things. He was as happy and sweet-hearted a little boy as could be found, for his father and mother were too loving and wise to spoil him. Kenneth was seven years old.

One evening, in the bedtime hour, Kenneth's mother told him that she was going to make a New Year's party, and that he could invite whom he chose.

"Think it over," she said, "and decide on the guests; then to-morrow morning I will write the invitations."

"May I ask whoever I like?"

"Certainly," his mother answered.

"Then," said Kenneth, after a moment's thought, "I'll invite Mr. Butler for one."

"Mr. Butler!" repeated Mrs. Houston, looking puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, the grocer down on Chestnut Street. He is always giving me red apples and dates and almonds, and I've thought for a good while I'd like to do something for him."

Mrs. Houston was about to speak, but Kenneth went on:

"Then there is the postman—I think he deserves an invitation. You know how many valentines he brought me last February, and such a lot of birthday and Christmas presents. Yes; I'll surely ask him. Oh! and I must have Mrs. Fielding. I don't believe she has a chance to go to parties very often, and don't you think she'd like to come to mine, mamma?"

Mrs. Fielding was a poor widow who came to Kenneth's home every week to do the mending. She was white-haired and wrinkled and lame, but her heart was still young and cheery, and she could tell the most wonderful stories while her needle plied in and out of the rents in Ken-

neth's garments. It was no wonder that the little boy loved her.

By this time Mrs. Houston had become interested in Kenneth's list of guests, and she said that she thought Mrs. Fielding would be delighted to receive an invitation.

"Let me see," and Kenneth rested his chin in his small hand, "I think I must ask Mr. Waters. He is such a pleasant man and he brought me that gingerbread boy, you know, and those cookie twins."

Mr. Waters was the baker who supplied the Houstons with home-made bread and pastry.

"Then I want the cologne lady—what is her name, mamma? I always forget."

"Miss McIntyre, I suppose you mean."

"Yes; the one that you buy your cologne of. I like her. She gave me such a dear little bottle once—don't you remember? And she always smiles at me on the street. How many can I have? I've got five now," and Kenneth counted them off on his fingers.

"I thought we would invite six—that with you will make seven, and you are seven years old."

"There are a good many more I'd like to ask," said Kenneth, "but I think—perhaps—I'd rather have the paper-boy than anybody else. He's a nice, clean boy, mamma; but I'm afraid he's poor, and I'd like him to have a splendid party supper for once. Oh! it will be a beautiful party, mamma! I do hope they'll all come!"

They all did come, and if their clothes were not of the latest cut, nobody cared. The party was a success. Mrs. Houston had spared neither labour nor money in arranging for Kenneth's guests, and never were efforts better appreciated.

"It's just like a big, beautiful flower garden!" Mrs. Fielding declared, as she limped from room to room, hand in hand with the little host.

As for the supper—it is safe to say that not one of the guests had ever seen just such a table, and the paper-boy's appetite fully satisfied Kenneth.

When, at last, the music was hushed, and the good-nights had all been said, the little boy turned to his mother, his face radiant with happiness:

"Wasn't it beautiful to see them enjoy it all so? I'm glad we asked the folks that don't go to parties every week or two—aren't you, mamma?"—*Zion's Herald.*

Jesus is the best friend to have. He can always be with us; his eye ever sees us; his hand can protect, no matter where we may be.

A good word is easy, and not to speak ill requires only silence.

THE NEW BOOKS.

BY EMMA A. LENTE.

"I have blotted my book," the scholar said,
 "O Teacher, see, and see!
 There is scarcely a leaf but is soiled and torn—
 I am sorry as I can be!"
 "I see, my child. I will take the book,
 With its pages so much amiss,
 And give thee another whole and fair—
 Now, do thy best with this!"
 "I have blotted my book," I said with grief.
 "O Master, see, and see!
 Its leaves are crumpled and sadly worn—
 I am sorry as I can be!"
 "I know, my child. But I give thee now
 Another all fair instead,
 Its leaves are white as the drifted snow;
 Now, write thy best!" he said.
 Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 10.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Matt. 3. 1-12. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repeat ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 3. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus was a little boy he had a boy cousin living among the hills of Hebron whose name was John. He was six months older than Jesus, and was born to Elisabeth and Zachariah in their old age. He was called to be a prophet to go before Jesus and call the people to repent and get ready to enter the kingdom of heaven. He did not live among people as he grew up, but went away into a lonely wilderness to be taught of God. When the right time came he came to the edge of the wilderness, near the river Jordan and began to lift up his voice like a prophet, saying, "Repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He told the people that he was the "voice crying in the wilderness" of which Isaiah the prophet spoke, and that he had come to tell the people to "make ready the way of the Lord and make his paths straight."

How the people of Judea then came crowding down to the Jordan to see the new prophet? He was a strange-looking man, with a rough garment of camel's-hair cloth, bound by a leather belt around his waist. It is said that his food was

locusts and wild honey. He preached so wonderfully that many confessed their sins and were baptized by John, and he was called the "Baptist." He preached to all, plainly telling them of their sins. He called the Pharisees and Sadducees the "offspring of vipers" because they did not truly repent. "He that cometh after me," he said, "is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." He too will separate the good from the bad people, taking the good to himself into heaven.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Had Jesus a boy cousin. Yes.
 What was his name? John.
 Where did he live? In Hebron.
 Where did he go when he grew up? Into a wilderness.
 Why? To learn to be God's prophet.
 What was he to do? To tell them that Jesus was coming.
 What did he urge them to do? To repent of their sins.
 What did he wear? A garment of camel's-hair cloth and a leather belt.
 What was his food? Locusts and wild honey.
 What did he do for the people? He baptized them.
 What was he called? The Baptist.
 Whom did he call mightier than he? Jesus.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 17.

THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 3. 13 to 4. 11. Memorize verses 3, 4 of chapter 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3. 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

While John was baptizing the people, who came to him by the waters of Jordan, he must have wished sometimes to see the One whom he preached about, but he just did what the Lord had told him to do, and waited. One day a young man came to him to be baptized, and John knew that it was Jesus. He did not want to baptize him, but said, "I have need to be baptized of thee." Jesus wanted to do all that he would have us do, and when John understood this he baptized him. As Jesus went away from the water John saw the Spirit of God come upon him, like a dove out of the blue sky, and he heard a voice in the heavens saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

After this Jesus was led by the Spirit into a lonely desert place, to pass through a time of temptation. This also was for our sake, that he might conquer evil for

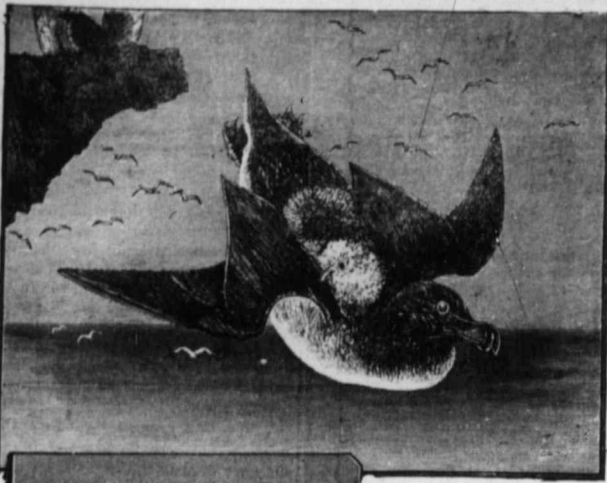
us in his own human nature. We do not know all he thought or felt, but after fasting forty days and forty nights he grew faint with hunger. Then the tempter came to him, and asked him to turn the stones into bread if he was the Son of God. But Jesus answered him with Scripture, and he was silent. Then he took Jesus to the temple, and from a high place upon it he asked Jesus to cast himself down, as the Scripture had said that angels should bear him up and save him, but Jesus told him again from the Word that he must not tempt God. Then from a high mountain Satan showed Jesus the glory of the world, and said he would give it all to him if he would fall down and worship him. But Jesus again quoted the Word, and said, "Get thee hence, Satan." Then angels came and ministered to Jesus.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did John come to preach? To the river Jordan.
 What else did he do? He baptized the people.
 Who came to him one day? Jesus.
 Did John want to baptize Jesus? No.
 What did he think? That Jesus should baptize him.
 Why did he finally do it? To "fulfil all righteousness."
 What came upon Jesus? The Holy Spirit, like a dove.
 What was then heard? A voice from heaven.
 Where did Jesus go after this? Into the wilderness.
 How long did he fast? Forty days and forty nights.
 Who then tempted him? Satan.
 How did Jesus answer him? From the Word of God.

NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"What wilt thou give to me, dear child?"
 The Saviour asks in accents mild;
 "Close by thy side I stand, so near
 The faintest whisper I can hear.
 "I gave my life, dear child, for thee,
 I shed my blood on Calvary;
 A gift unspeakable is mine,
 Come now, and tell me what is thine."
 "Dear Jesus, take my young, warm heart,
 My feet that shall from sin depart,
 My will to serve thee and obey,
 My hands to work for thee alway.
 "Earth's paths are dark, my need is great,
 I come before it is too late;
 Gladly I give myself away
 And take thy gift this New Year's Day."



Guillemot (as its name is) is not so very foolish after all, is it?

There is no pretence of nest building, that is left to the denizens of the woods. A slight hollow scooped out is all they want, and sometimes there is not even this, the single egg is laid simply on the shelf of rock, and there the mother tends it.

In due time, if all goes well, the little downy creature appears, and then what is to be done next? Nothing but the

mother's wing protects it on that rocky ledge, if she leaves it for a minute it will be over. It will not be able to fly for many a day yet; and though it could swim if only on the sea, what of that, when the sea lies five or six hundred feet below; so that now we can come back to the question with which we began. How are we to get them down?

We may ask the question, but the seabird does not. She has no need, for all arrangements are made, and there's a carriage ready for the journey, soft and pillow as the most tender nestling could desire. Perhaps in her own language she has a little motherly talk, reassuring and comforting, with her offspring.

Then it mounts on her back, and down, down they go, mother and child, to the surface of the waiting deep below, nor to the surface only. The Razor-Bill, another species, are divers, so that there is yet a deeper depth to which they can descend. Most likely diving as well as swimming comes natural to these infants. They never go back to their birthplace on the rock, the waters are now their home

till another season or two, when they have turned from downy chicks into full-plumaged birds, and have become in their turn parents and protectors.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

What shall you do in the year that is new,

Little maid?

Shall you make it a happy New Year to you,

Little maid?

Shall you keep your heart full of sunshine, dear,

Though skies be cloudy and days be drear?

Shall you help the mother, and lighten her care?

Be ready in duties to take your share?

Shall you aim to make little ones happy and glad?

Be cheery and hopeful when others are sad?

Shall you aim to have life hold a little less pain

For those whom sickness or want enchain?
Shall you strive to be gentle, brave and sweet,

And to follow the Master with willing feet,

Little maid?

If this you do in the year that is new,
'Twill be truly a happy New Year to you,
Little maid!

—Our Youth.

THE CHILDREN MAY COME.

Shall I tell you something true about a real little girl? She is a grown lady now, and the dear mamma of some happy boys and girls. When she was quite a little girl—just five, I think it was—one day she leaned on her aunt's knee, and said: "Aunt Margaret, what does it mean to have religion?" And the grown-up aunt told the little child in words she could understand about Jesus's calling even the little children to love him with all their hearts and to keep his beautiful laws. When she had finished, the little girl cried joyfully: "O, I have it already! I have religion already!" Jesus says: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." You see, Jesus wants the little children to come to him; he says that there is no need for them to wait.

Happy is he who speaks little, for words beget accidents, gloom, and interior trouble.

THE RAZOR-BILL.

We are standing on the sea-side, and turning our back to the waves we look up to a rocky cliff rising in front of us to the height of five or six hundred feet. Lonely is it? Oh, no, it is a peopled city, or rather it is a vast house tenanted by living creatures to the very attics. Only the tenants are not men and women, but birds.

Yes, the house belongs to birds, at least there they are, and story after story, ledge above ledge, is occupied by a different race, and they keep themselves to themselves, never visiting or interfering with their fellow-lodgers above or below them.

As we look again at the towering cliff, we see a row of black spots on every tier, which we know are the heads of sitting birds. Some are called Guillemots, some Razor-Bills, some by other names, but the strange thing is that not only does each species keep to the same ledge, but that each separate bird knows its own mate. To us they all look alike, but the birds are wiser than we think. The "foolish"