

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1902.

No. 1.

YOUNG CANADA.

What a jolly little chap this is, to be sure. He doesn't look a bit afraid of the cold and the snow, does he? With his blanket coat and warm mitts, he can bid defiance to both. It is just such brisk winter sport that he is enjoying that makes strong, hardy, healthy men. He has a Christmas present of a pair of snowshoes. When the snow is deep, walking becomes exceedingly difficult. For this reason people make use of snowshoes, by which they are able to glide over the surface of the snow, without running any risk of sinking into it. Young Canada has one of his shoes in his hand, so you can at once see what they are like, and how they are made. They are from three to five feet long, and are fastened to the sole of the foot by leather thongs. Thus furnished, one who is accustomed to their use can travel more rapidly than an ordinary horse can trot.

HUNTING FOR MOTHER.

My! Did you ever see such red, angry cheeks, such flashing eyes, and such a tight little frown as Rosanna shows? And all because mother will not let her go out and play in the hot, mid-day sun, when she has been rather ill.

"I think I might go. It's mean I can't go. I wish I was big, and didn't have any body to keep me," cried the girl.



YOUNG CANADA.

"Do you wish you didn't have me?" asked mother, sorrowfully.

Rosanna hung her little curly head, but she still looked angry and sour.

"Very well," said mother; "you must lie down now, but you won't

girl sprang forward, and was clasped in mother's arms and held close to her breast.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she sobbed; "where have you been? I thought maybe God had taken you to heaven, and I felt so bad."

have me any more to-day."

Rosanna looked rather anxious; but mother did not seem angry. She softly drew off the shoes and stockings, arranged the pillow in the crib bed, kissed her little girl's cheek, and went out.

But when Rosanna waked up, there was no mother. She tried to put on her shoes and stockings herself, but the heel would keep coming in the toes' place and the seams always turned up in front; so she gave it up.

There was no mother at lunch, no mother all the afternoon, no mother when the long shadows began to fall across the grass, no mother at dinner; and poor little Rosanna felt a lump in her throat, and wanted to cry more than she wanted to eat soup. She dared not ask, for fear it would be found out that she had driven dear mother away; but as soon as dinner was over she slipped down off her high chair, and wandered out into the yard, where it was growing dark, and she could look up and see the stars shining through the trees.

But what was that white thing on the bench by the end door? Could it, oh, could it be mother? The little

"I have only been spending the day at Uncle John's," said mother, softly; "but I am glad to get back to my baby."

And now that Rosanna knew how it felt to be without mother, she thought she wouldn't mind what that mother told her to do or not to do, just so she could always see the sweet light shining in her eyes.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Happy, happy New Year!" Why do they call it so?

I've been guessing all the morning, and now I know, I know;

The reason is that everybody tries to find the way

To make somebody else enjoy a happy New Year's Day.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1902.

A FRESH START.

I dare say most of you little folk brought your copy-books home at Christmas to show your parents. I hope that, on the whole, they were creditable performances. However, I am much afraid that even in the best of them there was a bad copy or two. Who wrote all through, "Procrastination is the thief of time"? Ah, we know, though nothing shall ever draw the secret from us. Who shut his copy-book while it was wet, producing a series of smears and smudges that baffle description? Who dipped blotting-paper into the inkpot and reaped his own sowing in that enormous blot which fell right on the middle of the page with a great, thick body and little thin legs like a spider? Who was it—ah, who? Who scribbled his name all over the cover, and even—whisper it very low—drew some

strange animal—pig, horse or elephant, who shall determine?—in the right-hand corner?

Well, when we go back to school we shall start a new copy-book. There it will lie on the desk, clean and blank and beautiful, and we shall be able to make a fresh start. To-day, my dears, God puts into our hands such a new copy-book. May his grace enable us to keep it clean and free from blots, and to fill it with writing that he will love to see!

"A happy new year!" all our friends are wishing us. It will not be a happy new year unless it be a good new year. Let us strive with might and main to be better this year than we were the last.

New Year's Day is a great day for making good resolutions, and the day after is a great day for breaking them. So, when I ask you to-day to resolve to do certain things, I want you to remember that, while resolving is very easy, doing is very hard. You will want all the readiness that comes of watchfulness, and all the strength that comes of prayer, to keep any one good resolution.

Pray, then, every day, that God will help you to do right in this coming year—to overcome bad habits, to form good ones, to serve him faithfully. If you will do this it will be like taking the matter out of your own weak hands and putting it into God's strong hands. Then he will lead you and guide you through the day and through the year. He will enable you to start well and to run well, to press toward the mark, and finally to win the prize.—*Little Folks.*

STELLA'S NEW YEAR RESOLVE.

BY J. H. J.

Stella had been invited to join Miss Layton's Pansy Band. This was a band of girls that met every two weeks with Miss Layton. They recited pieces, listened to stories, had lovely games, did kindergarten work, and earned pennies for mission work. The Pansy bands are all named for "Pansy," the writer whose stories so many children love to read. The badge is a pansy, either on a ribbon or in the form of a pin.

The special thing that the members promise to do, on joining a Pansy Band, is to select some fault of their own and try to cure it "for Jesus' sake."

Stella was to attend the first meeting of the circle on New Year's Day, and now, on New Year's Eve, she was trying to think what fault she should try to cure. Mamma wished her to make up her mind about this herself.

She mentioned many things which she thought she ought to break off, as, for instance, choosing the best things, taking the best place, saying "I don't want to," and "I won't," and teasing Baby Ray.

"Do you remember," asked mamma, "that last year in your garden an ugly

weed kept sending up shoots as fast as you cut them off, and what I told you to do?"

"Oh, yes, mamma. You said, 'Cut it up by the roots,' and at last I pulled the big roots clear out."

"Well, dear, can you think of one fault that is like a bad root, which these other things grow out of? What makes you want your own way?"

"Oh, mamma, you've often told me; I know—it is selfishness. Yes, I'll take that fault. I must pull it up by the roots, mustn't I?"

"Yes; that is the best New Year resolve you can make. But remember that it is 'for Jesus' sake,' Stella, and that only by his help can you do it."

FOR THE NEW YEAR FIRE.

Bob Furton and his little sister Mary trudged home laden with wood, broken branches of trees that they had gathered for their New Year fire. They were the children of poor parents, and they knew their mother would be glad to see them bring the fuel.

She was anxiously waiting for them in the house, for she had something to show them that would make their eyes sparkle and their hearts dance.

"Here we come, mother, with plenty of wood," cried Bob.

"That's right, children; come in, I've a pretty sight for you," said Mrs. Furton.

There was a good piece of beef, and there were vegetables, and tarts, and fruit, and some warm clothes.

Then Mrs. Furton told them that a very kind lady and two of her children had called, and left all these good things; and she said that little Miss Maud had also left a pretty picture-book for Mary. They were all very glad, and Mrs. Furton said: "The lady brought these things for our New Year dinner, and I thanked her heartily; but God sent them."

On New Year's Day, as they sat round the fire, they sang:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;

Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

"Do you know how to get to grandpa's?—I went on New Year's Day—

You climb the hill where the pine-trees grow,

And grandpa comes half way.

"He waits in the road for mamma and me,

And plays he's a robber bold,

Then, when I can't help laughing,

How grandpa pretends to scold!

"He threatens me with his cane, and says:

'A kiss or your life, my dear!'

And then with a regular bear-hug

I wish him a Happy New Year!"

THE NEW YEAR.

Will it run over with laughter,
Or will it be filled with tears,
Will it be careless and merry,
Or saddest of all the years?
Will there be lowering storm-clouds,
Or will there be rainbows bright,
Will there be blackness of midnight,
Or blush of the morning light?

Who knows what the day or the morrow
Will bring to the waiting heart?
Thy duty is but to press onward
And steadily do thy part,
Nor dream that the curtained future
Will yield to thy puny power.
God's angel is holding that curtain,
And lifting it hour by hour.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON II. [Jan. 12.]

THE PROMISE OF POWER FULFILLED.

Acts 2. 1-11. Memorize verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your children.—Acts 2. 39.

THE LESSON STORY.

For ten days the disciples had waited and prayed together in an upper room in Jerusalem. There were many besides the eleven there, for there were the believing women and many who loved Jesus, though they were not called to be teachers. One day they were all together, and all with one heart and mind looking to the Lord. It was the day of Pentecost, which came just fifty days after the Passover. This was the day of bringing in the first sheaves of wheat to offer to the Lord. While they prayed there came a sound as if a rushing mighty wind had blown over them, and they saw a bright light coming down upon each one in the room, and they were filled with great strength of heart, and great joy, and were given the power to speak in other languages, which they had never learned, or even heard. God gave them this power so that they might preach the Gospel to the people who had come from other countries to the feast of Pentecost. Some wondered as they came crowding around the disciples, but Peter told them that this was spoken of long before by the prophet Joel, and that they were now filled with the Holy Spirit. This was a great gift, worth much more to the disciples than riches or earthly power could be!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What had Jesus promised his disciples?
His Holy Spirit.

What did he tell them to do? To wait for it.

Where? In Jerusalem.

How long did they wait? Ten days.
What did they show by this? Their faith and obedience.

When did the Spirit come? On the day of Pentecost.

What did they do? They praised God joyfully.

Who heard them? A great crowd of people.

How did they speak? In many different languages.

What did Peter say? That the Holy Spirit had come.

Was Peter afraid now? No, not at all.

What prophet had told of this day? The prophet Joel.

LESSON III. [Jan. 19.]

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Acts 2. 37-47. Memorize verses 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.—Acts 2. 47.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember that Peter was once a coward, and was so much afraid of the Jews that he said he did not even know Jesus? But God can make the weak strong when he gives them his Holy Spirit. Peter was not afraid now to stand up and tell the people that they had killed the Lord of glory! The Holy Spirit moved also those who heard Peter, as well as Peter himself. They were troubled, and asked what they should do to be saved. Peter told them to turn away from sin and be baptized, and they should also have the gift of the Holy Spirit. About three thousand were baptized that day, and they saw that they were all children of one Father and loved each other so much that they lived as one family, the rich helping the poor, and all studying and praying together. It was so wonderful to see this great family of Christians living for each other and for God that people said of them "See how these Christians love." This is the only way the world can know that we truly love God—when we love one another. God can see our hearts, and he knows what we really are; but men look at what we do. If we show by our deeds that we really love God, then the world will "take knowledge of us" that we have really learned the heavenly way.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was once a coward and denied Jesus? Peter.

Who made him brave before enemies?
The Holy Spirit.

Who can make us strong to do right?
The same Spirit.

What made the people sorry? They saw they had done wrong in crucifying Jesus.

What did they do? They repented, and then they were baptized by the apostles.

How many were baptized that day?
Three thousand.

How did they then live? Like brothers and sisters.

Who was their great Friend? Their Father in heaven.

What did they do with their riches?
They divided them.

Why? So that the poor might enjoy them too.

What made them all rich? Faith in the Lord Jesus.

How may we be made rich? By believing in Jesus.

THE TARDY SANTA CLAUS.

I am a little Santa Claus
Who somehow got belated;
My reindeer didn't come in time,
And so of course I waited.
I found your chimneys plastered tight,
Your stockings put away.
I heard you talking of the gifts
You had on Christmas Day;
So will you please to take me in
And keep me till November?
I'd rather start Thanksgiving Day
Than miss you next December!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"A happy, happy New Year," said Mother Gray to little Ruth.

"O mother," said Ruth very earnestly when she had returned the New Year kiss with interest, "I'll tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to be the best little girl that ever was all this year! I am, truly."

"That's good news, little daughter," said mother, cheerfully. "And when are you going to begin?"

"Now, this very minute," said Ruth, springing out of bed.

"That's good, too," said Mother Gray. "Who is going to help you be good? Sometimes you say when you are naughty, 'I can't help it.'"

"Oh, but I will help it! I will be good. I can if I try real hard," said Ruth.

Haven't you tried sometimes, little girl, little boy, to be good all by yourself? And have you found that you could not do it?

Then you have learned, as Ruth must, to ask the dear Heavenly Father every day to keep you from sin in thought, or word, or act.

George Washington is said to have stopped his horse as he was riding along a country road to administer this rebuke to an angry ploughman, who was cursing: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of difficulty and danger, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me; but I have always found that it did no good to get angry, and that neither broken ploughs nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language."



A NEW-YEAR PARTNERSHIP.

A NEW-YEAR PARTNERSHIP.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Rosalie sat on her little cricket, with both elbows on her mother's knee, listening eagerly to the last pages of her Christmas book, "Ministering Children."

Her little heart swelled with the desire to be such a helper as these young folks she had read of. "But, mamma," she said, "I don't know any poor people; they don't live all round me like they did round those children."

"Ah, Rosalie," answered her mother, "in this big city there are thousands of poor, destitute people needing help; if we don't know them it is because we don't try to find them."

"How can I find them, mamma?"

"Suppose you set your own little head to work on that subject," said mamma, "and see what you can do for others?"

The next day was New Year's, and Rosalie got up full of her new plans. She did not have long to wait for her first chance; while they were at breakfast a

little sweep rang the bell and asked for the job of cleaning off the snow from the steps and pavement. The serving-man, as his custom was, made the bargain with him as to the pennies, and the lad went busily to work.

But Rosalie with eager fingers had filled up a coffee-cup, and, taking a smoking roll in the other hand, went out to the door on her first errand of ministering.

The sweep was about to decline the breakfast, but a glance at Rosalie's sweet face made him change his mind.

"Come into the entry," she said, coaxingly, "and let's sit on the inside step while you eat it."

"I'm feared you'll catch cold," replied the boy.

"Oh, no," said sturdy little Rosalie; "I want to ask you something." And, while he was putting away the roll and coffee, boy-fashion, she proposed, a little timidly, that he should come every morning and get his breakfast from her.

"Well," said the boy reflectively, "I'm much obleeged, but I ain't so certain 'bout

that; you see, I kin make my living out an' out, an' I don't like to take what I don't wuk fer. Now, if there was anything I could do!"

"But there is," cried the little girl; and then she told him her difficulty about not knowing who needed help, and proposed that he should come for his breakfast every morning and pay for it by finding out her poor people. "And you'll know," she added, "who's sure enough poor, and who is just pretending."

"That's so, as sure as my name's Andy!" he exclaimed; and so the partnership was formed.

Henceforth Rosalie had no cause to complain of not knowing any poor people. All the old socks she could darn, all the old clothes she could mend up, all the cold scraps she could save, could by no means meet the needs of all the needy that Andy told her of, though he carefully left out any that, in his judgment, could work for themselves.

Mamma had to be taken into this partnership, and Aunt Rosalie and Grandma and one after another of Rosalie's friends and acquaintances, until she became one of the busiest little girls I ever knew, all through her partnership with Andy.

As she grew older, when it was time for her dresses to get long and her hair to be turned up in a knot on her head, "Rosalie is a strange girl," said her playmates; "she never seems to care about learning to dance or going to the theatre; she says she hasn't time, there are so many people to help."

And if you could see Rosalie's bright face and hear her merry voice, you would surely think she had gained the blessing promised to him who considereth the poor."

THE NEW DAY.

O bells of the New Year, ring,
But ring us a rare, sweet song.
Oh, tell us some glad new thing
The world has waited for long.
Tell us that wrong shall be righted,
Tell us that right shall be might;
Tell us the heaven is sighted,
Where darkness gives place to the
light,
That the hopes for which we have striven
Shall not be for ever deferred,
That every soul shall be shriven,
And never a prayer unheard.
Then ring, O bells of the New Year,
But ring in a glad new day,
And tell us some great good is near
In the new and the untried way.

Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just so surely as you do, you will get into trouble. Sin always brings sorrow, sooner or later.

When you come to God for pardon, it is not necessary to waste time trying to explain why you did it.