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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

[No. 25.]

## THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does  
not cry  
When out of her sleep  
she wakes,  
But holds up her mouth  
for her morning  
kiss  
And then her break-  
fast takes.

She romps and plays  
about all day;  
But I want to tell you  
this,  
That every morning she  
wakes up  
She must have her  
morning kiss.

Her face and hands get  
very smeared,  
But she never looks  
amiss,  
And it does not hinder  
mother from giving  
Her darling a morning  
kiss.

—o—

## A STORY OF THE DEEP.

Little Norman . . . es-  
mere and his sister Kath-  
leen sat listening to a  
young Bill Balham,  
whose father was a  
fisherman, and who him-  
self had been for some  
months a fisher-lad.

"Tell us a tale, Bill,  
about the sea," said Nor-  
man. So Bill sat down  
on the stool, and the  
children sat near him.

"Now," said Bill, "you  
know our boat 'The Beauty.' Well, my  
father and cousin Jim, and Tom Wills and  
I, all went out in her one night. It was  
calm and fine when we started, and we  
had got a good way out and were hoping  
for a lot of fish, when all of a sudden the  
wind arose, and the darkness was as black  
as blackness, and 'The Beauty' was tossed  
about dreadfully. We pulled as hard as  
we could, hoping to get back again, but it  
was of no use. We could not get on at all.  
Up and down, up and down, went the boat.



THE MORNING KISS.

Then there were lightning flashes; and  
when the darkness passed away we saw we  
were very much further from home than we  
thought. But the storm lasted and my  
father said: 'Now, boys, you must pull for  
your very lives, or else "The Beauty" will  
be on the rock.' We all did our best, for we  
knew that many a poor fisherman's life  
had been lost at that rock, and many a  
boat destroyed."

"O Bill," said Kathleen, "make haste and  
tell us if 'The Beauty' was dashed on the

rock, and if any one was  
drowned."

"Nobody was drowned,  
I know," said little Nor-  
man, "because Bill is here  
telling his tale, and his  
father and his cousin are  
standing on the beach  
yonder now, and Tom  
Wills showed me his bird  
this morning; so I know  
none of them were  
drowned."

"Ah, you are a sharp  
little customer to think  
of all that; no we were  
not drowned," said Bill.

"O, I am so glad," said  
Kathleen, "but tell us  
all about it, Bill."

"Well, we pulled very  
hard; I saw that father,  
who is no coward, looked  
anxious; so I asked him  
if he thought we were  
in any danger. 'Ay, ay,  
lad,' he said, 'we are, and  
none but the sailor's God  
can save. Pull hard, all  
of you, as hard as you  
can,' he said, 'and while  
you are pulling say your  
prayers.' So Tom Wills,  
who is a good sort of a  
lad, called out, 'Let us  
say what Peter said, it  
is short and powerful,  
"Lord, save, I perish!"'  
So we all said that. Well,  
after a little while, I  
heard my father heave a  
sigh, and he said, 'Folks  
may say what they like,  
lads, against religion,  
but I say Jesus Christ  
is alive to-day and hears  
men pray in "The

Beauty" as sure as he heard sinking  
Peter pray, and saves them too. We are  
safe, boys!'"

"Did you get to land then?" asked  
Kathleen.

"Ay, ay, we did; and right glad my  
mother was to see us, for she had been  
watching and was troubled, but she had  
been praying too; so we always think of  
God when we think of the storm."

"We should always think of him," said  
little Norman.

## A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—  
For such boys are not found nowadays,  
you know—  
Whose friends were as troubled as they  
could be  
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,  
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried  
away;  
But he met a man with a musical top,  
And his mother's words through that hole  
did drop.

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me!  
For a boy with a hole in his memory!—  
When he rose to recite he was all in a  
doubt,  
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!  
He could speak only two words: "I for-  
got."

Would it not be sad, indeed, to be  
A boy with a hole in his memory?

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

## THE LADY OF THE UGLY HOUSE.

BY J. B. COLEMAN.

A sweet lady once lived in an ugly  
house. Her house was once as pretty as  
any, but one day the cruel flame enveloped  
it, and when they put it out the house was  
scarred and seamed. To strangers it looked  
forbidding, but to those who had learned  
to love the sweet lady who abode there it  
was not so. They would look in at the  
windows and see her sad, sweet eyes, or  
listen at the door, when it opened, to hear  
her gentle voice, and they knew that she  
was both beautiful and good. All the little  
boys and girls knew and loved her well,

for she loved them and was over their  
friend in time of need; and many a tale  
was told of her loving intercession with  
teacher and stern parent, and of her peace-  
making, when they called her "blessed."  
The man of God, too, loved the sweet lady,  
for she loved God and read much in his  
Word, and sometimes she told the minister  
things which he had not read in books.

Now, 'tis strange, but true, that nobody  
ever saw the sweet lady outside of her  
ugly house. But one day she told the  
minister that she was going to move. And  
he asked, "Whither?" And she said, "I  
go to live in a mansion." And the man of  
God said, "It is well." And the sweet  
said, "It is best." And the day she  
moved out the ugly house fell in ruins,  
and all the little boys and girls came to  
see the ruins and wept over them, for  
they remembered the sweet lady who  
abode there.

Now, can any little boy or girl tell truly  
what was the house the sweet lady lived  
in, what were the windows, what was the  
door, what really happened to make it  
look so ugly, why the house fell in ruins  
when the sweet lady went out at last, and  
where is the mansion she went to live in?

## LOOKING AT THE STARS.

"Let us look at the stars, mamma, be-  
fore I go to bed," said Harry. "I know  
the Dipper, and you can find the North  
Star from the Dipper; and I know Scor-  
pio too, from that bright red star in his  
tail."

"The study of the stars is a beautiful  
one, my boy, and should lead you to think  
of God who 'calleth them all by name,'"  
said Harry's mamma. "I hope you will  
be as constant in all things as are those  
beautiful orbs. Each one is always in its  
place"

## WATCHES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

At first the watch was about the size of  
a dessert plate. It had weights, and was  
used as a "pocket clock." The earliest  
known use of the modern name occurs in  
the record of 1552, which mentions that  
Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of  
iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt,  
with two plummetts of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed  
to have been of rude execution. The first  
great improvement—the substitution of  
springs for weights—was in 1560. The  
earliest springs were not coiled, but only  
straight pieces of steel. Early watches  
had only one hand; and being wound up  
twice a day, they could not be expected to  
keep the time nearer than fifteen or  
twenty minutes in twelve hours. The  
dials were of silver and brass; the cases  
had no crystals, but opened at the back  
and front, and were four or five inches in  
diameter. A plain watch cost more than  
one hundred pounds; and after one was  
ordered it took a year to make it up.

## THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

"I must not go into the parlour," said  
something in Helen's heart; but she went  
right in.

"Mamma told me not to," it said again  
right in her breast; but she walked in a  
little farther.

Mamma's fan lay on the table. "Mam-  
ma doesn't let me take that," it said again;  
but she took the fan and opened it. It  
stuck and she pulled it—when she heard  
the fan snap.

"You would better go out of the par-  
lour," said the voice in Helen's heart again.  
It was the voice of conscience. But just  
then Helen saw mamma's dog, and ran to  
the chair where Tommy was. She patted  
him, but he growled at her.

Tommy would not leave the chair in  
which his mistress had told him to stay,  
although Helen wanted him to. She threw  
the fan on the floor and tried to hug him.  
Then he growled again.

When mamma called Tommy he ran to  
her gladly, but Helen hung her head. Do-  
ing wrong had made her ashamed.

## WHAT WILL?

Dr. Barnardo, of London, the great phil-  
anthropist, relates that he was once stand-  
ing at his front door on a bitter day in  
winter, when a little ragged chap came up  
to him and asked for an order of admission  
into his home.

To test the boy, he pretended to be  
rather rough with him. "How do I  
know," he said, "if what you tell me is  
true? Have you any friends to speak for  
you?"

"Friends!" the little fellow shouted;  
"no, I ain't got no friends. But if these  
'ere rags,"—and he waved his arms about  
as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothing  
else will."

O, if the woes, the misery, the wretched-  
ness of the heathen—of those who are  
without Christ—do not speak to you, do  
not appeal to you, young reader, what will?

## A LITTLE GIRL LED THEM.

This is how a little girl started a great  
meeting: Among the people gathered for  
worship one evening was a little girl of  
not more than seven summers. Yet she  
was designed to be the leader of that meet-  
ing. When it seemed as though no one  
wanted to speak, sing, or pray, the little  
girl rose to her feet, and with one little  
sentence she broke the spell that bound us  
by simply repeating these words: "I love  
Jesus." It was enough. We had testi-  
mony after testimony, song after song,  
and prayer after prayer, until the very  
windows of heaven were opened and the  
Lord came down. It beautifully illustrates  
the fact that we are to become as little  
children if we would enter into the  
kingdom.

God has said that he will bless those  
children who love and obey their parents,  
but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.

THE KING OF LAPLAND.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I know a tiny monarch who has taken his command  
Within a quiet region, where a faithful little band  
Of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true,  
And watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms,  
And keeping in their shelter, he is safe from all alarms;  
This land is sometimes "rocky" if he feels inclined for jest,  
Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow,  
While east and west are twin-gray lakes, reflecting, I avow,  
The prettiest bit of Nature that a human heart can see  
Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state,  
Or bowing to his subjects and serfs impertunate,  
Retiring to the castle, his regal head, our King  
Lays down in princely grandeur, while loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat, you need not sail the sea,  
For—strange enough—his throne is set in this home of the free.  
Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to the command  
Of the loving little monarch, who is King of all Lapland.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 19.]

JOHN'S MESSAGE ABOUT SIN AND SALVATION.

1 John 1. 5 to 2. 6. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.—1 John 1. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. Light and Darkness, v. 6.
2. Sin and Forgiveness, 7-10, 1, 2.
3. Love and Obedience, v. 3-6.

THE LESSON STORY.

John, the "beloved disciple," wrote a

letter to be read in many churches, and it is therefore called a general epistle, or letter. It contains a message which God sends to the Christians of that time (and to us) by John.

This is the message—that "God is light," and his children may walk in the light and so be saved from the darkness of sin. If we do this we shall love one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, shed for us, will wash all our sins away. But we must not think that we are without sin. Jesus came to save sinners, not righteous people. Our part is to confess that we are sinners, that in us there is no good, and to look to Jesus to give us his goodness which he shows in the forgiveness of our sins. John says we must not sin, thinking we may be easily forgiven; but if we do fall into sin he wants us to know that we have a great Friend in heaven who is on our side, Jesus, our Saviour.

It is a wonderful thing to know Jesus, and we may be sure that we know him if we keep his commandments. Jesus, our example, kept his Father's commandments, and if we are his followers we must "walk as he walked;" that is, do as he did.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

*Mon.* Read why John writes to the churches. 1 John 1. 1-4.

*Tues.* Read the message in the lesson verses. 1 John 1. 5 to 2. 6.

*Wed.* Read about the Light of the world. John 1. 4-9.

*Thur.* Learn what Jesus says to us. John 12. 35.

*Fri.* Learn what we have to do. Golden Text.

*Sat.* Learn how we may be Jesus' friends. John 15. 14.

*Sun.* Find how we may be fruitful Christians. John 15. 1-8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What is John's letter to the churches called? Who was John? What is he sometimes called? What do we find in this letter of John's? To whom was this message sent? What is the message? How may we keep out of darkness? What is the cure for sin? Whom did Jesus Christ come to save? What is our part in the salvation? Who is our friend when we fall into sin. How may we know that we know Jesus? How must a Christian walk? Who is our perfect example?

LITTLE CHRISTIANS—

May walk in the heavenly light.  
May have their sins washed away.  
May obey Jesus as he obeyed his Father.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

December 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever be-

lieveth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P. L. J. to J. - - I am ready not—
2. P. a P. at J. - - If any man—
3. P. B. the R. G. - - Fear thou not—
4. P. B. K. A. - - Whosoever there—
5. P. V. and S. - - Be of good—
6. P. in M. and R. - - We know that—
7. P. M. in R. - - I am not—
8. The C. A. - - Be strong in—
9. S. W. - - Be ye therefore—
10. C. H. and E. - - Let this mind—
11. P. L. W. - - I have fought—
12. J. M. about S. and S. - - If we confess—

PUT-IT-OFF AND BY-AND-BYE.

Put-It-Off and By-and-Bye are cousins, who look so much alike that the sharp eyes of little people can scarcely tell them apart. They both travel the same road, and will end at the same place: Never-Done. But we warn you that it is not safe to trust them with anything you wish done.

How many little workers know of these two cousins? Nay, more! how many linger to keep company with them? How many times have you put off doing the something in the missionary meeting your lady manager asked you to do? How many times have you said: "I will do it 'by-and-bye,' or 'after a while'?"

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

A blind man in Madras was able to repeat the first few chapters in St. John's Gospel. When asked how he had been able to learn them, he said that a little lad who had been taught in a mission school had been working in that village, and had brought with him a part of the New Testament. He had so often read this aloud that the blind man had learned it by heart, and although the boy had since left the village, not a word of the precious message had been forgotten.

TAKING JESUS' WAY.

Paul, big man that he was, was willing to do just as Jesus said. He had planned to go into Asia; but when his Lord said "No," he went instead to the place he pointed out. Jesus takes your life into his keeping just as he took Paul's. He has planned out what he wants you to do to-day. Are you not willing?

A little girl had a kitten. She was very fond of it, and it was a great delight to her to hear it purr. One night she was restless, and her mother said: "Cynthia, why don't you lie still and go to sleep?" "I can't?" answered the little one, "papa purrs so loud."

## FILIPO.

"Here he is! Here's Filipo, mamma, and our week is up; please give us our money," said Rose.

Every day old Filipo came with his guitar to play at the door, and although his fingers were stiff from age he could still bring forth from the strings the airs that he loved.

Rose saw how old his clothes were, and she was sorry because he had no little children to make him happy.

"I should like to give him something," she said one day to her mother, "and so would Carl; may we?"

"If you will deny yourselves some enjoyment, in order to give something to Filipo," said her mother, "that will be really helping him yourself."

Rose thought for a moment and then said:

"I think I will deny myself sugar, for that is one of my great enjoyments."

"Milk is my greatest enjoyment," said little Carl, "so I will give that to Filipo."

"Not the milk, Carl," said Rose, laughing, "but the money mamma will pay you for giving it up for one week."

While the children were denying themselves in order to give some money to Filipo, their mother gave him some pennies each day. But now Rose and Carl came down the steps quickly, each holding a bright silver piece, and stood quite near listening to the sweet sounds from Filipo's guitar.

When he had finished he took off his tattered old hat, expecting to receive a few pennies as usual, but Rose dropped her silver piece into it and Carl followed with his.

"Bless you, little lady; bless you, little man," said Filipo; and two happy children ran up the steps and joined their mother. Better than their own selfish enjoyment was the thought that they had been able to give something to a poor man. Try it, children. It will make you happy.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

## TOO "SMART."

There is such a thing as being too smart, and yet it is a form of bad breeding which is affected by some boys and girls of a certain age. Everybody likes to see young people bright, but that is different from being offensive and impertinent.

A port boy of this kind was employed at the office of a general manager of a certain railroad. The manager was usually absent between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and the boy was left to answer the questions of all callers as politely and clearly as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed and



## NEW ZEALAND

Fair are New-Zealand's wooded mountains,  
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steep;  
But sweeter than the murmuring fountains  
Rises the song from holy lips:  
"By blood did Jesus come to save us,  
So deeply stained with brother's blood:  
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us  
Deliverance from the fiery flood."

quietly spoken old gentleman came into the office and asked for the manager.

"He's out," replied the boy, never raising his eyes from the paper that he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?" queried the old gentleman.

"Nope."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that time now, isn't it?"

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"O yes, thank you!" replied the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I reckon you can, though this isn't a hotel," and he indulged in a chuckle.

The gentleman was still standing, and the boy was still seated and reading.

"I would like to write a letter while I am waiting," said the caller. "Will you please get me a sheet of paper and an envelope?"

The boy condescended to get these articles; and, as he handed them to the gentleman, he asked, "Anything else?"

"Well, yes," was the answer. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by this, and, eager to show how smart he could be, said: "I'm the youngest of old Thompson's kids. William is the name that was given to me by my godfathers and godmothers at my baptism, but I 'most always answer to the call of 'Billy.' See? But here comes the boss."

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, walked up to him and said: "Why, Mr. Harrison, how do you do? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I—"

But the youngest of old Thompson's kids heard no more. He was looking for his hat.

Mr. Harrison was president of the railroad, and the boy heard from him that day.

Anybody who needs a boy like "Billy" could no doubt secure him, for he is at present out of employment.

## GUILTY GILBERT.

BY H. LLOYD.

"Where did you get the strawberries?  
Gilbert, Gilbert, say!"

"I didn't hab no strawberries,  
Nebber seed one to-day."  
"O naughty, naughty Gilbert,  
You cause my heart much pain;  
Strawberry juice is on your lips,  
And strawberry juice on your finger tips  
So it's Guilty Gilbert again."

"Where did you get the apples from?  
Gilbert, Gilbert, say!"  
"Have nebber been near de apple trees,  
Nebber not once to-day."  
"O naughty, naughty Gilbert,  
You cause my heart much pain;  
Pips of apples are on your clo's,  
And half a pip is stuck on your nose,  
So it's Guilty Gilbert again."

"Where did you get the currants black?  
Gilbert, Gilbert, say!"  
"I habbent seen de currant trees,  
Ebbber since yesterday."  
"O naughty, naughty Gilbert,  
You cause my heart much pain;  
Stains are on your brown arms bare,  
And three black currants are in your hair,  
So it's Guilty Gilbert again."

"Be courteous" is not a matter of choice; it is a Bible command. Boys and girls, begin now to keep that commandment, and it will be more of a pleasure than a duty.