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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

No. 25.

"THE FIRST COMPOSITION."

Oh, dear! What a task it is! Don't you all remember a similar task, dear readers? Of course you do, and smile now to look back and think what a heavy undertaking it seemed. This is the way with every labour presented to us and every acquirement attained. It seems hard and well-nigh impossible when we look at it in the prospective, but just the contrary when the end is gained. Remember this, little friends, in pursuing your school tasks. When a lesson seems very difficult to you, or an essay hard to write, look back upon your first letter and consider how easy a little effort and practice will soon make any work.

White Feather Blue Eyes is a rag doll from head to foot. Her face is stained with the juice of some berry until it is brown as any little Indian girl's. Her cheeks are the color of brick-dust, and in each of her black ears is a wire, on which

white feathers, nearly the length of the doll. These are tipped with red.

The doll has no underclothes, but a doeskin dress, covered nearly all over with beads. The front of this dress has a beaded canoe and a tomahawk embroidered in the beads. The back has a very good Indian papoose, or baby, in its bark cradle.

A piece of red blanket, fringed with beads, and a pair of moccasins completes White Feather Blue Eyes' striking costume. The Indian doll is coveted by all the little girls in Hilda's neighbourhood; but she can not be borrowed, begged nor bought.

—o—

DO YOU PRAY FOR THEM?

"How is it that you and the girl across the aisle are such friends now? She seemed such a disagreeable girl. I thought you disliked her?"

"Well," replied the sister, "I was scolding about her one day to mamma, of course expecting her to sympathize with me. All she said was, 'I think you had better pray for her.' I was very much ashamed; for, though I had kept everything smooth on the outside, being polite to her, you know, and lending her my things, and keeping my side of the aisle clean, I was constantly in such a state of inward irritation that I had never

even thought of doing so. So I tried it, and I assure you that it has made things different. In the first place, I am different myself. You cannot honestly pray for any one and dislike them at the same time. It seems so—well, so sneaking, to



"THE FIRST COMPOSITION."

A QUEER DOLL.

BY E. S. THOMPSON.

Hilda Dill has dolls and dolls; but the one that occupies the place of honour is "White Feather Blue Eyes," which came to her as a birthday present all the way from a United States fort in Arizona. Hilda's uncle is a cavalry officer out there; and not long since, an Indian woman came to the fort with hornspoons, reed-covered bottles, beaded moccasins, and dolls, of which one was White Feather Blue Eyes.

A good many wanted that doll; but Col. Tom offered the most money (five silver dollars), and Mountain Bird (that was the Indian woman's name) sold it to him. "Her clothing was so soiled and greasy, and she looked so fierce and wild that she ought to have been called 'Carrion Crow,'" wrote Uncle Tom.

is fastened a large bead for an earring. Her blue eyes are large, blue glass beads. Her hands are black, with a red ring painted around each finger. In a band of doeskin which is fastened tightly around White Feather Blue Eyes' head are five

ask God to help a person when you are not willing to help her yourself if you have the opportunity. So I began by really trying to find something to like in her, and to do her kindnesses as if I meant them, instead of in the coldly considerate manner I discovered I had been using. Presently I took genuine pleasure in it. She seems like another girl to me. I suppose I do to her."

WHAT THIS WORLD IS LIKE.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

This world is like a looking-glass;
And if you want to see
People frown at you as you pass,
And use you slightly;
If you want quarrels, snubs, and foes,
Put on a fretful face;
Scowl at the world, you'll find it shows
The very same grimace.

This world is like a looking-glass;
And if you wish to be
On pleasant terms with all who pass,
Smile on them pleasantly;
Be helpful, generous, and true,
And very soon you'll find
Each face reflecting back to you
An image bright and kind.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

THE GIANT FALSEHOOD.

Willie and Freddy had been sent to a neighbouring house to bring a bucket of water. When they returned quite late their teacher asked: "Willie, why were you gone such a long time for the water?" Willie hesitated a moment and then looking down, replied: "We spilled it, and had to go back to fill the bucket again."

Turning to Freddy, she asked: "Were

you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?" He did not answer at first, for he did not like to show that Willie had not told the exact truth; but directly he said: "Yes, ma'am. We met Harry Bradon, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water, and had to go back to get some more."

Little friends, which do you think conquered the giant falsehood, and which let the giant conquer him? Which was the happier of the two, and which would the teacher be more likely to trust in the future. If we do not conquer the giants of evil, they will surely conquer us? Do not forget that

There are giants yet to kill,
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble at his will.

A PRETTY, HAPPY GIRL.

There are many plain young girls whose faces are lined with discontent and unhappiness. There is a drawn, perplexed expression between the eyes and the corners of the mouth have a decided droop. These are the girls who have a settled idea that they are plain beyond remedy, and the distressing belief has deepened the lines of dissatisfaction; but in reality there is only a cloud over the face, cast by the habit of unhappiness.

A pretty story, by which we can all profit, is as follows: One morning a certain girl whose face was under this cloud walked out across the sunshine of the common. For a moment the lightness of the morning had lifted the gloom, and her thoughts were unusually pleasant. "What a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed!" she heard one of the two ladies passing say to the other. She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. "Why, they mean me! No one ever called me pretty before! It must be because I'm smiling." Again, as she was getting on a horse-car, she heard (the fates were out in her favour): "Do you see that pretty, happy girl?" "Well, I declare, I am always going to look happy if this is what comes of it! I have been called homely all my life, and here, twice in one day I've been called pretty."

JUDGE NOT.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment, he is—'Thou shalt not steal'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said the mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"O-h," said mamma in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack;" and taking her little boy's hand, she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a

dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want to see how mistaken you are; you think you would not break a commandment, but because you are so ready to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma; you said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I 'spose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as though he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here's a letter for you. I saw the postman coming, and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack.

THE SICK BOOTBLACK.

The rich men who build hospitals are not the only benevolent ones. The New York shoeblack of whom Dr. Talmage tells this story showed a spirit of sweet unselfishness.

"A reporter sat down on one of the City Hall benches and whistled to one of the shiners. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun when a larger boy shoved him aside and began the work. The reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: 'Oh, that's all right: I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a month, so us boys turn in and give him a lift.'

"Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves, and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im, for he ain't strong yet, you see."

"How much percentage does he give you?" asked the reporter.

"The boy replied: 'I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneak as that. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would.'

"The reporter gave him a twenty-five cent piece, and said: 'You keep ten cents for yourself, and give the rest to Jim.'

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim."

HIS IDEA.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

"What are you going to be, dear Jack, when you're quite grown up?" I said.
"Will you be a lawyer, like papa; Or a soldier, like uncle Ned?"

He shook his curly head and smiled,
Then answered: "I think it is queer
Papa wanted to be a lawyer,
When he might be a pioneer.

"A pioneer, dear laddie?" I cried.
"Why, how brave and bold you must be!

But if you roam, you must come back home,
Your poor little mother to see.

"Oh, I'll not go far away," he cried:
"I can do it as well at home.
I don't think when I'm a pioneer
That I shall care to roam.

"I should think that a pioneer," he said,
With calmly smiling eyes,
"That a pioneer would have to do
Something 'r other with pies."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 17.]

FRUITS OF RIGHT AND WRONG DOING.

Mal. 3. 13 to 4. 6. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

A LESSON TALK.

There are two kinds of people in the world now, as there were when Malachi lived. One kind do not care to serve God. They say it is no use to keep his law, and they sometimes seem to be happy and to prosper.

The other kind fear God and speak to one another about him. Sometimes they have sorrow, and they grow weary with long labour, and wish for the time to come when their Lord and Master will take them to be with him. It often seems to us that the wicked people have very good times, but that is because we can only see a little way. Malachi could see a long way, for God opened his eyes, and he saw that in the end the people who fear God are the happy people.

Elijah the prophet, of whom Malachi speaks here, means John the Baptist. He had something else to say about him in the third chapter. Is it not wonderful that this prophet, living four hundred years before Christ, could foretell his coming so perfectly?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What can God see and know? Our most secret thoughts.

What do the wicked think? That it is no use to serve God.

What do good people do? Talk to one another about God.

Where does God keep their words? In his great book.

What will he do some day? Take them to be with him.

What does he call them? His jewels.

What is coming some day for bad people? A day of trouble.

Does God want them to be troubled? No; but they choose it.

What should children choose? To love God and follow him.

Whom did God say he would send? Elijah the prophet.

Who was meant by this? John the Baptist.

What did he come to tell? That Jesus was coming.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 24.]

CHRIST'S COMING FORETOLD.

Isa. 9. 2-7.

Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.

A LESSON TALK.

Think of all the different names of Jesus you know. There are some in this lesson which perhaps you have never heard. Will you try to put them away in your memory to keep always?

Isaiah the prophet, who lived seven hundred years before Jesus came, knew that he was coming, and tells of it in this lesson. He knew that the world was in darkness without Jesus, "the Light of the world," and looking far down the coming ages he said that the people who had been in the dark now saw a great light. That light was Jesus, and the beautiful names by which he calls him show how great was the light. The names all mean something very beautiful. Count them in verse 6 of the lesson, and try to find out what each one of them means. Though he was a child Isaiah said the government should be upon his shoulder, and that it should grow larger and stronger all the time. The most mighty king that ever lived has to come to the end of his power some day, but the kingdom and power of Christ go on growing forever. No wonder Isaiah calls him "Wonderful." Learn all of these names, and try to make each one mean something real and blessed to you.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Isaiah? A prophet of the Lord.

When did he live in this world? About seven hundred years before Christ.

What was he able to tell the world? That Christ was surely coming.

What did he say people in the dark saw? A great light.

Who was this great light? Jesus, the Light of the world.

Upon whom has the light shined? Upon all who have heard of Jesus.

What should we help do? Send the light to those who have not seen it.

How did Jesus come to the world? As a little child.

What is his kingdom? A kingdom of peace.

How long will it last? Forever.

Who may come into it? Any one who will.

When should we come into it? As soon as we hear of it.

THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me," she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk," cried Dollikins joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice; and you forget to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potatoes. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more?" It makes my head ache.

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins; I am very glad that you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother."

"DOD, ARE YOU DOWN HERE?"

Fred was afraid to go down-stairs into a dark room for a plaything. He said to baby Harry, "You go down: you know God will take care of you."

On his chubby little hands and knees, down he went, creeping into the dark room, encouraging himself and drawing comfort from the confiding question: "Dod, are you down here?"



A JAPANESE GIRL.

SOME OTHER DAY.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,

Some other day;

And harbours we hope to drift into,

Some other day.

With folded hands the oars that trail,
We watch and wait for a favouring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail,

Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win,

Some other day;

But we say to ourselves, There's time to begin,

Some other day;

And so, deferring, we loiter on,
Until at last we find withdrawn

The strength of the hope we leaned upon,
Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run,
Some other day,

We fret for the things that might have been done,
Some other day.

We trace the path that leads us where
The beckoning hand of grim despair
Leads us yonder out of the here,
Some other day.

THE PENITENT'S HYMN

"Depth of mercy can there be?"

An actress in one of the provincial towns, while passing along the street had her attention arrested by singing in a cottage. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, where she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom was reading the hymn:

"Depth of mercy can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

which they all joined in singing.

The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not; the words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless until she was invited to enter. She remained during a prayer which was offered by one

of the little company, and which, though uncouth in language, carried with it the conviction of sincerity. She quitted the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her, and she resolved to procure a copy of the book containing it. The hymn-book secured, she read and reread this hymn. Her convictions deepened; she attended the ministry of the gospel, and sought and found that pardon which alone could give her peace.

Having given her heart to God, she resolved henceforth to give her life to him also, at first for a time excused herself from attending on the stage. At last the manager of the theatre refused to release her from her engagements. She gave her reasons for refusing, but he ridiculed her scruples. He then represented the loss which her refusal would be to him, and promised if she would act on this occasion it would be his last request. She promised to appear at the theatre.

The character which she assumed required her to sing a song on her entrance; and as the curtain rose, the orchestra began the accompaniment. She stood like one lost in thought; the music ceased, but she did not sing; and, supposing she was embarrassed, the orchestra repeated the prelude, but she opened not her lips. A third time the air was played, and then, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she sung, not the song of the play, but:

"Depth of mercy can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

The performance suddenly ended: many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to consider their ways and reflect on the power of that religion which could so change the life. The transformation was as permanent as it was singular, and after some years of a consistent walk she at length became the wife of a minister of the gospel of Christ.

A STATESMAN'S SABBATH.

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the court of Holland he joined a society of learned men who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favourite; his finely trained mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and, receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always punctually present.

On one occasion however, so the story runs, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow members noticed and regretted his absence.

On the third Sunday evening it met, Mr. Adams' chair still vacant. Many were surprised that he who formerly was so prompt and punctual should thus suddenly break off. How did it happen? The press of business, it was supposed, kept him away.

At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and lo! there was Mr. Adams in his place, brilliant and delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back and expressed their sorrow that press of business, or the duties of his office, should so long have deprived them of his company. Did he let that go as the reason?

"Not business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

He told them how he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed; and from all that he had felt and seen he was convinced of the unspeakable advantages arising from a faithful observance of it.

John Quincy Adams' example of moral courage is a safe one to follow. How many youths, going from pious homes to the cities, the far West, on the sea and land, are thrown among Sabbath-breakers—reckless Sabbath-breakers and respectable, Sabbath-breakers,—before whom they fail to stand up for their Sabbath education.

A NAUGHTY HABIT.

Anna Jane has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in the next room she thinks they are saying something



JAPANESE TYPES.

that she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. Persons who do this are called eavesdroppers. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice.