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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

[No. 24.]

SANTA AND HIS REINDEER.

BY MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

Come, little people, and listen here,
While I tell you of Santa and his reindeer;
How he comes flying down to the snowy
ground,
In the dead of night when there's not a
sound;
And in great big books, on his library
shelf,
There's the names of boys and girls like
yourself.
But for each bad deed that is done,
From his list of presents he strikes off one,
So look out for the things that you do and
say
If you want a merry Christmas Day.

SENTRY HUT, BORNEO.

Different people have different kinds of houses to live in, but it seems to me the people who live on the island of Borneo have the funniest houses of all. They are made out of bamboo and raised on poles a considerable height above the ground, something like our bird-houses, only, of course, *la. or.* Here is a picture of a sentry hut, and the sentry is outside watching. Do you notice the ladders by which he goes up and comes down from his home, and the funny little door in the corner of the hut for him to pass in and out. How strange we would think it to have our houses so high up, and yet how glad we would be if there were dangerous animals around as there are over there.

THE PARKS' THANKSGIVING.

"Jack Frost's been about here," said Davy; "just look at the burrs! He gives 'em a pinch and down they have to come."
"And oh! see the chestnuts," said Roger. "Father likes them, and he is coming down to dinner on Thanksgiving Day. I say, let's get some for him!"
"Agreed," said Davy.

Thanksgiving was indeed a happy day to the Park family, for the father who had been ill for a long time was able to take his place again at the table.

The chestnuts which Jack and Davy had gathered and boiled were placed in the centre of a pretty basket which was first partly filled with grapes, some of the rich purple clusters hanging over the side.

This made a pretty ornament for the table and their father was much pleased with the attention from his boys. It pays, children, to remember the things that father or mother likes and try to get them.

"Who knows why we have a Thanksgiving Day?" asked Mr. Park as they were eating the nuts.

"'Cause you are well again, papa," said shy little Josie, in a soft voice.

"Yes, my dear; we all have a special reason to be thankful to-day," said Mr. Park, "and we do bless God for his mercies of healing. But I want you to know something of the history of the day."

"Please tell us about it, papa," said Davy.

"The first Thanksgiving was kept by the Puritans amid much want and sorrow. Many of the little company, who came across the ocean to this land in order to find freedom to worship God, had died. Of those who were left a large number were sick. The men were obliged to fight the Indians as well as to work in the fields, while their wives and little children suffered for want of the comforts to which they had been accustomed in their homes beyond the sea. But in spite of all these hardships those noble Christian men appointed a day of thanksgiving to God for the crops which he had permitted them to gather.

"And so every year we follow their example; and when the grain which was planted in the springtime and has grown during the summer has ripened, and been taken into the storehouse in autumn, we set apart a day in which to acknowledge the hand of God in all our blessings.

"It is because he has not withheld the early and the latter rain, as well as sun and heat, that the grapes, half hidden by their leaves, have grown first red and then a beautiful purple, a colour like the robes of kings. The sun has sent his bright rays also down into the apple trees, and their fruit is rosy red, while low down on the ground the lusty pumpkin has become more yellow than even the rays of the sun.

"While we crown our feast with fruit and good things let there not fail in our hearts a truly thankful spirit."



SENTRY HUT, BORNEO.

TWO LITTLE STORIES SIDE BY SIDE.

One day the water, boiling in the kettle, decided it would take a sail. So some of it came out through the spout, and sailed away and away, off through the balmy air, in its white dress of vapour, away, away to Cloudland. There it stayed for a while, when it decided to change its dress and come back again. Then everybody said, "It is raining." But it was only the little

drops of water, that had floated away in vapour, come back again.

Another day, a little girl's trembling fingers dropped a penny into the missionary box, all she had to give. She almost cried as she dropped it in. It seemed so little, but it was all she had, that made it really a great gift, did it not?

Well, the penny was taken up and sent away to a large publishing house, where it bought a little leaflet, such a leaflet as you use in your missionary societies. The leaflet was sent away, away over the deep blue sea. It fell into the hands of a young chief, in Africa, who had learned to read. It made him a Christian. He crossed the ocean to know more of the wonderful country whence the tidings had come. He studied to be a missionary, and went back to teach his people; and when they heard the glorious message of salvation, they cried: "O, it is raining, joy and peace and happiness! O, it is raining, showers of blessings for every one!"

And it was, after all, the little penny that had brought these showers of blessings, just as the little drops of water, sailing away from the kettle, had brought the rain.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

ACTING A LIE.

Olive had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase that stood on a bracket over the piano. "It will break very easily," her mother said.

One day when Olive was alone she took the vase down, but on trying to put it back the bracket slipped off its nail, and the vase fell to the floor and was broken into a dozen pieces.

Olive was frightened. As she stood there her pugdog came into the room.

"I'll shut Spotty in the parlour, and mother will think he did it," said Olive.

So the doggie was shut up in the parlour, and when Olive's mother came home she found the dog there and the broken vase.

"Do you suppose Spotty did it?" asked Olive.

"I think he must have done so," answered her mother. "You don't know anything about it, do you?"

Olive pretended she did not hear. But that night she could not sleep. She got up and went to her mother's bed. "Mother, I broke the vase," she said. "I thought if I acted a lie you wouldn't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking God knows, if you don't."

Ah, that's it—God knows. We cannot deceive him.

TIM, THE TRADER.

Timothy Travers is his right name, but all of his playmates called him "Tim, the Trader," because of his fondness for trading with the boys. No matter what article he possessed, Tim was always ready to trade it for something else. It was noticed, too, that Tim always got the better of the bargain in these exchanges. In fact, it was even hinted that he was dishonest, and would cheat, and was not at all like the good Timothy that St. Paul writes about. Of course all this finally led to Tim being shunned by the other boys, and losing his place as a jolly good fellow among them.

One day a new boy and girl moved into the neighbourhood, and Tim became friends with them. The new boy owned a large number of rabbits. He had white rabbits and black rabbits and grey rabbits. Then he also owned a large flock of pigeons, and the cutest little trick dog that Tim had ever seen. Of course Tim saw in the new boy's friendship an opportunity for trading.

One day the new boy and his sister were out near the rabbit hutch, when Tim came along.

"Hallo! Want to sell a rabbit?" said Tim.

"What will you give me for one?" asked the new boy.

Then Tim went down in his pockets, and brought up and successively offered six broken agates, a fish-line without hooks, a pocket knife with broken blades, a piece of a chandelier ornament, three broken lead pencils, two pieces of coloured chalk and a small sponge, a leather slung shot, and a small penknife with one side of the handle missing.

As Tim offered each lot the new boy placed his hands in his pockets, and quietly shook his head.

When Tim discovered that the new boy could not be tempted to part with the rabbit for any of the trashy articles which he had offered, he finally said that he would give him twenty-five cents for one; and, after fumbling around in his pockets, tendered something that looked like a silver twenty-five-cent piece,

The new boy took it, examined it closely, and bit it with his teeth.

"Lead!" he said, as he tossed it back to the crestfallen Tim.

"Timothy," said the new boy very gravely, "always remember that honesty is not only the best policy, but strive to be honest because honesty is the right way."

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

There are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre, in Syria. Up to twenty years ago, there had not been a Bible for a missionary teacher among them.

At Beirut there was a little Syrian girl, going to a mission school. She had learned of Jesus, and how to read the Bible, the precious Book that told of him. O how she loved her Bible! and the more she learned to love it, the more she wanted others to know about it, to love it too. Are you that way, little reader?

When vacation came, she went to her home, which was in one of those villages of Tyre, of which I have told you. She sat under the trees, reading her precious Book. The people came to her and asked what it was she was reading. "O such a beautiful, beautiful Book!" she replied. "Do you not want to hear it?" They told her they did. She began to read. Soon the crowd increased.

Every time she sat under the trees, reading, the people would come flocking about her, hungry to have the messages in the precious Book. So many hungry ones, and only one little girl to give them the words of eternal life! But how patiently and how faithfully she had done her part, what one little girl could do!

When she went back to the mission school, the hungry people sent a message by her, begging for a teacher who could come and stay with them. O how piteously they begged! But there was no teacher to go. There was really not enough for the mission school itself.

The next year the people begged again, and again the next, and the next year.

At the end of five years what do you think happened? A missionary teacher was sent to them. And whom do you think it was? No less a person than the little girl who had read to them the precious words of truth sitting under the shade of the village trees, the little girl now grown to be a woman. What a glad day that was!

There are now in that city, where the little girl first taught and read the Bible, twenty-nine Christian schools, and over three thousand children who know of Jesus; and it has all come about through that one little girl's patient and earnest seed-sowing.

A little boy attending Sunday-school for the first time went home and said to his mamma: "Mamma, they passed the money around, but I didn't take any."

A SECRET.

Shall I be like grandmamma when I am old?
 Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—
 No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold,
 With a little white edging upon it?
 Shall I sit in the easy-chair all the day long,
 With a great ball of wool and a stocking?
 Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,
 And dirt and disorder quite shocking?
 Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said—
 I hope you won't think me crazy—
 It happened one day when they sent me to bed
 For being ill-tempered and lazy.
 She came and sat by me and patted my hand,
 And told me, "There's no use in crying;
 It's by stumbling, my pet, that we know how to stand,
 And we always grow better by trying."
 "Was any one ever so wicked as me?"
 I asked her between my sobbing.
 Then grandmamma laughed just as hard as could be,
 And her little white curls went bobbing.
 "Was any one ever so naughty as you?
 I'm sure that I know of one other."
 "Who was it?" I asked, "Oh, please tell me, do."
 She whispered, "Your own grandmother."
 Now isn't it strange? But of course it is true.
 I can tell you just one thing about it—
 She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do,
 And we'd only be silly to doubt it.
 But of course I feel certain you never will tell,
 For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
 To have people know, who all love her so well,
 That grandma was ever like me.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X. [Dec. 5.]

CHRIST'S HUMILITY AND EXALTATION.

Phil. 2. 1-11. Memory verses 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Loving Mind, v. 1, 2.
2. The Lowly Mind, v. 3-8.
3. The Royal Mind, v. 9-11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember how Paul was called to preach at Philippi? (Acts 16. 9.) It was here that Lydia and the gaoler were converted. The Christian Church grew to be large and flourishing, and Paul wrote a letter to it from which this lesson is taken.

Paul teaches the Philippians (and us) that the law of Christ's kingdom is love. If we have had consolation in Christ, or if we want to be consoled by him, we should love one another. If we have comfort in God's love, or in the love of friends, it is our duty to pass on the comfort to some one else. Love from God makes us lowly, loving, and honouring others more than ourselves. Christ our Master has such a mind, lowly, loving, peaceable. He showed his lowly mind by taking the form of a servant and being made in the likeness of man. He showed his loving mind by dying on the cross for us. He showed his peaceable mind by bearing patiently the cruel treatment of his enemies. His lowliness exalted him, and now his name is above every name. At that great name every name shall yet bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord of all.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read the beautiful lesson verses. Phil. 2. 1-11.
- Tues. Learn why to forgive. Col. 3. 13.
- Wed. Find what is better than strife. James 3. 14-17.
- Thur. Read the love chapter. 1 Cor. 13.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find to whom we should look. Heb. 12. 2.
- Sun. Learn the true object of life. Rom. 14. 7-9.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

How was Paul called to preach at Philippi? What did the Church become there? What is the law of Christ's kingdom? If we have received comfort from love, what should we do? What does love cause us to be? What kind of a mind had Jesus? How did he show his lowly mind? How did he show his loving mind? How did he show his peaceable mind? How has he been exalted? What does true lowliness do? Lifts up, or exalts. What shall every tongue yet confess?

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER TO YOURSELF.

Jesus had a lowly mind. Have I?
 Jesus had a loving mind. Have I?
 Jesus was a peacemaker. Am I?

LESSON XI. [Dec. 12.]

PAUL'S LAST WORDS.

2 Tim. 4. 1-8, 16-18. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 Tim. 4. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Final Charge, v. 1-5.
2. The Finished Work, v. 6-8.
3. The Lord's Deliverance, v. 16-18.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul wrote two letters to Timothy, whom he calls his "dearly beloved son." The second one, from which our lesson is taken, is believed to be the last one he wrote. He was in Rome, having been brought before Nero for the second time. He thought that the time of his death was not far off, and it is likely that he was beheaded not much later.

In this letter Paul urges Timothy to work earnestly and constantly for God. It is his business to teach God's word, to tell people their sin, and to call them to repent and live better lives. He must help those who have begun to follow Christ, and teach them to grow in the knowledge of him. There is need of diligence, Paul says, for the time is coming when false teachers will creep into the Church, and many will be turned from the faith.

Paul believed that he would soon die, and he says he is ready to go, for he says there is a crown waiting which the Lord will give him. When Paul was called before Nero no man stood by to speak for him, but the Lord stood by and strengthened him to speak boldly for Christ, and he felt sure that God would save him from evil and preserve him in his heavenly kingdom.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Learn how Paul loved Timothy. 2 Tim. 1. 1-6.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. 2 Tim. 4. 1-8, 16-18.
- Wed. Find Paul's advice to Timothy. 2 Tim. 2. 15.
- Thur. Learn why Paul did not fear to die. Golden Text.
- Fri. Read Peter's advice to ministers. 1 Peter 5. 1-4.
- Sat. Find another time when the Lord stood by Paul. Acts 23. 11.
- Sun. Read a beautiful song of hope. Psalm 121. 1-8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

To whom did Paul write two letters? Where was this one written? What did Paul think when he wrote it? What probably happened not long after? To what does Paul urge Timothy in this letter? What was Timothy's work? What should we all be? Earnest in good work. What did Paul say of himself? Why did he not fear to die? What made Paul sad? Verse 16. Who did stand by him? What good hope did Paul have? Verse 18.

COMFORT FOR YOU.

God will stand by a child as well as by an apostle.
 God loves to deliver from evil.
 God loves to preserve to his heavenly kingdom.

GRANDMA.

Daisy Dutton,
A maiden of four,
Started one day
To bring from the store
A basket of eggs,
For mamma to make
A beautiful frosted
Birthday cake.

Swinging the basket
To and fro,
Skipping along,
She tripped her toe.
Quickly the basket
Flew from her hand;
Eggs, all broken,
Lay in the sand.

Daisy's brother,
Seeing the wreck,
Cried, "Now you'll have
A whipping, I speak."
"I'm not a bit
Afraid," laughed she,
"For I've a grandma
At home, you see."

KITTY.

BY NALLY CAMPBELL.

Kitty started to go to school this fall. She thinks that it is fine fun. She just loves it. Every morning she meets Margie and Alice Sloane at the corner, and they go the rest of the way together; then after school they all come back to the corner, where they say good-bye.

The other day a new girl, Jessie Foster, walked home with them, too.

"Come on to my house," she said to the other three, when they got to the corner. "My grandma is going to be there and bring me some candy. "Don't you like candy?"

They most certainly did, and Margie and Alice very gladly accepted the invitation. But Kitty hung back.

"I guess I must go home," she said. "Mother will be expecting me."

"Oh no, Kitty," said Margie. "We will bring you back to the corner."

"But mother told me to come right home."

"She meant after we left you, and we

for, though my daughter is very little, she is not too little to be trusted."

And, oh! wasn't Kitty glad that she had come straight home!

TWO FRIENDS.

Dr. Smith has a horse which he rides when visiting his patients, and he also has a fine large Newfoundland dog named Caesar. The dog lives in the same stable with the horse, and runs by his side when the doctor goes on his rounds. When they come to the house of a patient, the doctor puts the bridle rein in Caesar's mouth, and the horse stands quietly beside his friend until his master returns.

Sometimes the doctor will go to the stable, put the bridle on the horse and tell Caesar to take the horse to the water. Caesar takes the rein in his mouth and off they will trot, frisking and capering and playing with each other until they reach a little stream back of the stable yard. After the horse has quenched his thirst, both come back in the same playful manner. The doctor says they play together like two boys.

TIBBS, THE MISSIONARY CAT.

BY A. M. BARNES.

Tibbs was a large gray cat, with the softest blue eyes and the sleekest fur. We loved him dearly, for he was kind and gentle and never gave any of us a scratch. He was smart, too. I know you'll say so when you hear what he did.

Well, one day, after Auntie had dropped her spool of silk two or three times, and none of us were in the room to pick it up for her, she said as she got up:

"O, I do wish some of the children were here to pick up my spool for me every time I drop it. I'd be willing to give them a half-cent each time for their missionary money.

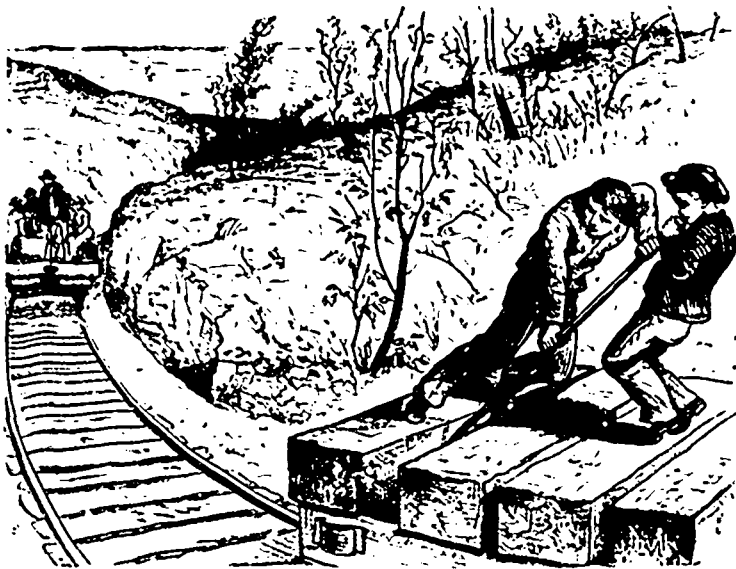
Then what do you think happened? Why, the very next time Auntie dropped her spool, Tibbs, who had been asleep on the rug, jumped up and ran and stopped it as it was rolling away, and began to push it back it back gently towards Auntie, as though he had understood every word of what she had said, and wanted to make the missionary money himself.

"Well done, Tibbs!" said Auntie, as the spool came to where she could reach it. "There's a half-cent to your credit for the missionaries. Smart cat."

Now—will you believe it?—in one month's time Tibbs had earned twenty cents by pushing Auntie's spools back to her when they had rolled away. Didn't we have a big time putting it in the missionary box! We cut out a cat's head and pasted it on the box. James, he's my brother, said it was very much like Tibbs. On the box we wrote:

THE OFFERING OF TIBBS.

A cat who loves the missionaries, and
wants to help them.



IN DANGER.

IN DANGER.

Can anyone guess what this picture means? What do you suppose these two boys are doing? Evidently they are in some danger which they seem to realize and which they are trying to prevent. They are at the rear end of a car laden with short, heavy beams. Approaching them is a hand-car, carrying six or seven persons. This car is going at a great speed, as it is coming down a steep grade. Even though they have put on their brake and have stopped working, the speed was so great that they are still going at a great rate.

The car carrying the beams is also going fast, but in the opposite direction. As the two cars approach the danger becomes greater, when the boys conceive the idea of shoving off the beams, thereby breaking the force of the shock.

will bring you the very same distance that we do other days."

"Come on," said Jessie, "that won't be not minding her. Don't you see it won't?"

But while Jessie spoke, Kitty remembered a Bible verse that she had learned not long ago, and her mind was made up.

"I can't go," she said. "Mother would think something had happened, and it would worry her. It wouldn't be 'honouring' your mother, I guess, to make her worry."

Off she scampered. When she got home there was a lady in the parlour who called her in and said, "Why you are a very little girl to come home from school by yourself."

"She comes only part of the way alone," said her mother. "It is a very short and a very safe walk from the corner. And I know that she will not go anywhere else;