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Happy Days

VII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

[No. 27.]

ANGE FRIEND- SHIPS.

rhinoceros is a very safe nor companion for or beast. When ed, he charges terrible fury up- anything that hap- to be in his way, ling it underfoot aring it to pieces his great horn. natives, however, ve in the country he is found, him for his flesh, they eat; for rns, which they into drinking nd various other e, and for his hich is so im- able that noth- an be found of to make shields ill so well pro- heir naked bodies he arrows and of their er mies as, however, one a lovely, little bird, that, in- of living in trees; r birds do, select ck of the rhino- or her home, and to build her nest ch no one has er succeeded in g—and while g her young, sel- nits it.

strange pair of indeed. But eat, ugly beast molest his little companion, but her to ride upon his back wherever and even to probe and prick into avy skin; and when he lies down d turn on one side, and then on the o enable the bird to search for the that troubles him. tura for this accommodation, the eature keeps a faithful watch over e friend. As the rhinoceros cannot



NEW YEARS MORNING.

when the hunters draw near, the faithful little creature pulls at the ear of her unconscious friend, and strikes it to it until she succeeds in awakening him and making him aware of his peril.

IT MAY BE YOUR OWN COWS.

A GENTLEMAN who was riding in the country saw a drove of cows in a field of young cabbages. They had broken a fence, and were rapidly destroying the tender plants. Driving to tell the man who owned the field, the gentleman was surprised to hear the man say, "Well, those cows belong to neighbour Parks, and he's able to stand it. I'll make him pay roundly for damage they will do."

"But it may be your own cows," suggested the gentleman.

"Oh, no, they ain't. Hell smart for this."

The cows were allowed to stay in the field. They ruined the cabbage crop, and were injured themselves by over-eating, and the man found, to his great chagrin, that they were his own cows.

When parents keep wines and liquors in their houses because it is fashionable, or rent stores for saloons, or try by any sharp practice to get the better of their neighbours, their own children often learn to drink or gamble, and sorrow and suffering is induced. They may find it was their cows that destroyed the garden.

see very well with his small and deep set eyes, partly on account of their position in his strangely-shaped head, and partly because his great horn is in the way, it is not difficult to approach him. But the bird's eyesight is very keen, and flying away at the first approach of danger, she awakens the short-sighted brute's attention by a shrill cry of warning.

If the rhinoceros happens to be asleep

THE only source of help is in God.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

HARK! oh, hark! those sounds ascending
Heaven and earth one anthem raise
"God of love our lives defending,
Through a year of happy days"

"God of seasons still providing
Summer's heat and winter's cheer,
Giving light and love and gladdening,
Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

"Still with grateful love confessing,
By thee fed and feasted here,
Still we crave another blessing,
Grace to crown the circling year.

"Oh, may Jesus tune our voices,
Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
Till our every sense rejoices
In the Saviour's blest employ."

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

A NEW YEAR.

THE years are born in heaven. They are the thoughts of God, and they are blessings provided for his creatures. He rounds up the seasons each in its time. He brings the spring time with its thrill of new life, its bud and bloom and beautiful promise. He brings the summer with its noon-tide splendour, and autumn with its ripened fullness. He brings also winter with its severe grandeur. He gives twelve richly laden months, three hundred and sixty five days, each morning a blessing new from his hand, and he floods our life with golden moments in uncounted myriads. To the bounty of God's giving there is no limit. And the blessings he gives are committed to our trust. They are talents or pounds of the Saviour's parables, given us that we may make gain by their use. At sometime he will call us to give an account of the use we have made of them. To the faithful ones—faithful over a few things—there is

pledged an abundant reward. To the negligent and unprofitable servant will be assigned the portion of outer darkness.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, dear children, one and all, boys and girls, big ones and little ones. Throughout the year that has now begun may God keep you from all evil, and bless you with every good gift. Life is indeed "worth living," with God for our Father, Christ for our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit for our Teacher and Guide. And when we think of the many ways in which we may not only get good, but do good, we shall surely feel that it is a glad and happy thing to be alive.

You will remember that it is said of our Lord Jesus Christ that he "went about doing good." Should not all who love him imitate him in this? Could you begin the New Year better than by asking him to help you to follow in his steps? Alas! there are many who go about doing evil. Their example, their influence, the things they say and do, all tend to make the world worse than it is. It is, therefore, the more needful that Christians should be fully alive and awake, and do all the good they can, in all the ways they can, and be workers together with God in gathering the world into his fold.

Think well over the words of the Saviour when he was a child, "I must be about my Father's business." Make them your own. You also have a Father in heaven, and he has work for you to do at home, at school, on Sundays and weekdays, at work, at play, you may be about your Father's business. Try to help others. Be loving, and patient, and kind to those who are around you, and try to do something for the good of the heathen at home and abroad, of the sinful and sorrowful multitudes in this and other lands. Pray for them. Do not forget this. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Read what is written by the missionaries about their work, and you will feel how good a work it is, and long to help them. And you can help them. Last year the money you collected went to support many missionaries to the heathen, to provide schools and teachers for the children, homes for orphans, and hospitals for the sick. Your work carried help to many lands, and joy to many hearts. We thank you for what you have done, and we ask you to go on and do still better if you can. We want many new collectors this year, and the old ones to take care they are not left behind.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

IN Madagascar there are many curious plants and trees. A man who was once travelling there had emptied his water-flask and was suffering from thirst. "Where can we get water?" he asked of one of the natives.

"Right here, sir, any time you like," said the man.

Then he led him to a group of tall, standing quite near, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves growing out of both sides of the stalk, making the tree appear like a great fan.

"You think this a fine tree," said the native, "and so it is; now I shall show you what it is good for."

He pierced one of the leaf stems at a point where it joined the tree, and a stream of clear water spurted out, and the traveller caught in his water and found to be a cool, fresh, excellent drink.

The native went on to say, "This which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the 'traveller's tree.' The leaves drink in the rain that fall on them and store it for the thirsty traveller's use."

Did that native know the good God had provided for the wants of his creatures in such a curious way? We think "The Lord is good to all and his mercies are over all his works."

THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving,
Thy presence "all the days"

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year with thee.

FATHER KNOWS.

A GENTLEMAN was one day opening a box of goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box he laid them upon the arms of the boy. A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear that his load was becoming too heavy, and said: "Johnny, don't think you have got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Johnny, in a happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trustful little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under his burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of trust in him that God desires all his children to possess.

YOU, dear child, never lose by doing a good act.

DARLING'S QUESTIONS.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma, when it has passed away? It was a good Old Year, I wish that it could stay."

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma? I cannot understand." "No, it goes to join the years safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year when the good Old Year is dead? Now all my birds and all my flowers with the Old Year have fled."

"I do not think that I shall love this New Year at all." "Yes, dear, it, too, will bring the spring, the summer and the fall."

"Where will it come from, mamma? I do not understand." "It comes from where all coming years are hidden in God's hand."

FATHER'S LETTER.

"READ it, Frankie dear," and the pale mother laid back her head against the pillow and folded her hands to listen.

Father had been gone from his home for four months. He was in Colorado, hundreds of miles away, seeking business in that new country, and hoped soon to come back for his wife and little boy. He felt sure the change would restore his wife's health, though she feared she would never be any better.

Frank was their only child, and a good-natured, obedient, pleasant boy he was.

"You have only to look into his face to see that Frank Harmon is a good boy," said the postman would say, he always met him with such a pleasant smile when he took the weekly letter from the mail-carrier. Mr. Harmon wrote a letter to them every week. Just as regularly as Wednesday morning came, came papa's letter. Sometimes it arrived just before breakfast and sometimes just after, but mother and son always calculated on it as a part, and the best part of their breakfast. And Frankie always was allowed the pleasure of opening the letter and reading it to mamma.

This was New Year's morning and the postman's whistle was sounding in the street.

"I guess that's a letter from papa; run, Frankie."

"Why, no, mamma, how can it be? It's papa's."

"But papa meant that we should get it on New Year's day for a surprise, I'm sure," said mamma.

"True enough, and the letter was doubly precious as a New Year's gift."

"Wish you a happy New Year!"

shouted Frankie, as he opened the door and received the letter.

"Wish you a great many, my good little lad," returned the postman. The next moment the letter was opened and he was reading it.

"I'm writing this on Monday evening, so that you may get it New Year's day," wrote father, "and I send you a heart full of good wishes. I hope this will be the best year we have ever had," and then he told them of a Sabbath-school meeting he had just attended. A preacher from England addressed us, and one thing he said I must write you Frankie. He said he blessed God that the new book about to open for him in 1892 had two pages for each day. One was for the account of each day's doings and the other was blood red, which blotted out all the sin. At night this leaf was turned over on the other and left each day's record 'under the blood.'"

Mother and Frank talked it over and concluded that this was the best part of the letter.

"It is short and we can easily remember it," said mother; and Frank said he would be glad to remember it, for sometimes the thought of what he had done wrong during the day "bothered him," and made him real unhappy.

"Through Jesus we can always keep our record clean," said mother, "and always have a free, quiet conscience," and she repeated a verse she loved to sing.

"I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free. But when I had ceased from my struggle His peace Jesus gave unto me."

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God."

"I wish, my dear boy," continued mother, "that you might have this clean heart, washed clean in the precious blood, and the quiet conscience, free from all condemnation, for a New Year's gift today from your Heavenly Father."

Frankie wished it too, and I think he asked for and received it. We know there is nothing the dear Heavenly Father so loves to give.

THE NOSE ON CHARLIE'S FACE.

"If you don't let me bounce it free more times I won't pay wis you any more at all, ever," screamed a high little voice, in the great wide hall at Clover Hill.

"You've bounced it lots oftener than the rest of us, Charlie," said a gentler voice, "and every time we ask you for it you say 'just three more.' No, Louise, don't give it to him, mother makes us all play fair."

"I won't pay wis you any more, never any more, you see," cried Charlie, and then a pair of little heeled boots could be heard stamping up the wide stairway. But as nobody called him to come back, and Essie and Louise seemed to be having a very good time without him, Charlie did not get

any farther than the first landing. There he stopped, peeping down at the merry little players, and wishing himself back again.

"Charlie, what's happened to your nose?" asked a voice from the stair window. The little fellow started in surprise, he had not known that mamma was seated there reading.

"I thought I saw you cut it off just now," said mamma.

"Fwat's the matter wis my nose?" he said, giving the little pug nose a pull.

Charlie forgot the ball game and ran across the landing to lean against mamma's lap. "I never tut my nose," he protested.

"When I was a little girl," said mamma, every time I pouted and wouldn't play with the others, my old grandmother used to tell me I was cutting off a piece of my nose to spite my face. If that was really so, Charles Metcalf Kelly, I know a little boy that wouldn't have any nose left at all!"

Charlie hung his head and said nothing. "And if you keep on behaving this way my little son, you will lose something more valuable than the nose on your face."

"Fwat?" asked Charlie in a depressed tone.

"The favour of God, and the love of your fellow men," answered mamma.

I am not sure that Charlie understood mamma's answer, but it sounded as solemn as a catechism question, and the ugly temper was completely routed. Mamma smiled with pleasure to hear him call down between the banisters, "Onise - Ess - I'm tummin down to pay fair wis 'u."

A LOST LIFE.

A YOUNG man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though this was not apprehended when he seemed to give his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation, and among some other requests, asked his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room, he was heard to say, "Lost, lost, lost!" This surprised his mother, and caused the immediate inquiry: "My son, are your hopes feeble?" "No, mother; but oh, my lost lifetime! I'm twenty four, and until a few weeks since nothing has been done for Christ, and everything for myself and my pleasure. My companions will think I've made a profession in view of death. Oh, that I could live to meet this remark, and do something to show my sincerity, and to redeem my lost, lost, lost life!"

A TOUCHING REPLY.

A CHINESE convert being asked, "Who is the children's friend?" replied, "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God the Father is their Friend, and the Holy Spirit too, but I think Jesus Christ is their best Friend."



CHRISTMAS TOYS.

ERNEST and Grace are having such fun this afternoon! Santa Claus brought Ernest a splendid train of cars that will run along a little track on the floor for a long time when Ernest winds it up. Ernest says it is a very fast express train and stops at a great many stations. Gracie has seated "Margaret Jane," the doll Santa Claus gave, on the stool so that she may see the train pass by. Pussy sits enjoying the fun and listening to the names of the stations that Ernest or Grace calls out whenever the train stops. The children are trying to remember the names of all the towns and cities they hear so that they may be able to have new names to call out. Ernest tries to call out the names like a brakeman he heard on the train one day and he has just roared out "Halifax" next station, "All change cars." Do you know where Halifax is?

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

MRS. NELSON gave each of her children, Robbie and Lulu, a New Year's gift of a diary. The books were prettily bound, the edges were gilt, and on the cover of each book was the owners name in beautiful gilt letters. The children were delighted, and turned over the spotless leaves with great satisfaction.

"I shall begin writing in mine this very day," said Lulu.

"I shall write in mine to-day and every day," said Robbie, gravely. "Mamma will not be pleased if we get tired of them after a while, and throw them one side."

"I don't mean to," said Lulu, warmly. "I shall write all the nice things that happen to me all through the year, and how pleasant that will be to read in the future!"

"I think I shall write the things that are not pleasant, and the failures I make," said Robbie. "It will do me good to read them in the future."

"The idea!" cried Lulu. "I'll not write any but nice things in my pretty book!"

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at

her case-loving little daughter, but she sighed also.

"Then be sure, dear child," she said, "that only 'nice things' are found in your life. There is no use of trying to shirk the truth, and where there is wrong and failure it is best to face it openly and fearlessly. I think Robbie is right in keeping a record of his failures, and I hope he will never be afraid to look at it, and to let others see it, too. Those

who try to hide and cover up wrong doing are the ones who suffer most. God wants us to be true to him, true to ourselves, and true to one another."

Let us hope that Robbie and Lulu will enter upon the New Year with hearts in love and truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

HOW TIM WAS TAKEN CARE OF.

TIM'S father was a drunkard, and his mother was poor and pale and sad. How she did love her little boy! He was all she had, and she used to stroke his soft hair, and kiss his smooth forehead, and wonder what would become of him when she was gone. For Tim's mamma knew she had not long to live. Hard labour and sorrow and poverty had nearly done their work, and her step grew more feeble, while her eyes seemed to look farther and farther into the heavens each day.

But after all the poor drunken husband went first. While under the influence of liquor he slipped and fell from a high scaffolding, and never spoke again. A few weeks more and the heart-broken mother closed her eyes upon this earth.

"God take care of my boy," she said. "Don't be afraid. He says he will take care of the boy who has no father or mother."

Tim never forgot these words. He was left alone in the world. Only his faithful dog remained to him. A kind neighbour gave him lodging, and he earned the little bread he ate by selling papers.

After a few months a new trouble came. The kind women who had done what she could for the homeless boy died. Now Tim was desolate, indeed. His last friend was gone.

"What'll we do, old fellow?" said Tim to Rollo. "Mother said, 'Don't be afraid, God won't forget you,' and I don't believe he will."

No, God didn't forget. When Tim had no place to sleep but the street, and no pillow but his good Rollo, God sent a kind man along that way, who woke the pair, and took them to his own pleasant home until he could find a place for them.

And what do you think? Why never found another place for them! He never even looked for one! He looked around his own beautiful home and the of his boy Charley who had gone to with the angels, and he said, "Tim shall stay and be my boy, if you will." "Yes, sir," said Tim. "Mother said would take care of me."

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WE'VE been companions in the past,
Now I come to you again;
You've waited and you've watched for
And never watched in vain;
Let us take each other's hands for once
And have a word to say,
As we make a start together,
On this joyful New Year's day.

I have pictures, I have stories,
For the tiny ones who need;
I have words of holy teaching,
If only you will read.
I have stories of love abounding,
Old love, yet fresh and new,
Folding up within my pages,
This New Year's morn, for you.

I see your happy faces,
As you gather round the fire,
I hear your ringing voices,
As your greeting rises higher;
I watch your friends outpouring
Nice presents bought for you;
Dear children, I am wishing
A New Year's blessing, too.

Jesus, your Friend, to guide you,
Through all the future dim,
The past forgiven, the future safe,
Since both are safe with him.
If these be yours, you must be blest,
With sunshine on your way,
And happiest of all happy times
Shall be this New Year's day.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To the many thousand of its readers HAPPY DAYS heartily wishes a happy New Year. The way to be happy, however to be good. The reason why there is so much misery in the world is because there is so much sin. We would be glad to know that all our young readers have left their sins behind them with the old year. A good time now to turn over a new leaf if we have not done so before, and begin to live a new and better life.

But then we must remember that only God can save us from sin. He alone has power to forgive sin; and nothing but His grace can so change our hearts as to enable us to hate sin. If we would leave our sins behind us with the years that are past, we must come to Him confessing our sins, asking forgiveness from Him. If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to give us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Then with sins forgiven and hearts renewed, we may expect to have a new year.