

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

No. 28.

THE NEW YEAR.

Little children, don't you hear
Some one knocking at the door?
Don't you know the glad New Year
Comes to you and me once more.

Comes with treasures ever new,
Spread out at our waiting feet;
High resolves and purpose new
Round our lives to music sweet.

Ours to choose the thorns
of flowers,
If we but mind our
duty.
Spend aright the priceless
hours,
And life will glow with
beauty.

Let us then the portals
fling,
Heaping high the lib-
eral cheer,
Let us laugh, and shout,
sing,
Welcome, welcome, glad
New Year.

JEM.

BY E. L. S. THOMPSON.

Only a little boy herding cows from early in the spring until the snows of winter fell. "Jem" everybody called him. If he had any other name, he did not know what it was. He wore a red flannel shirt; the cuffs were torn off. His brown arms and brown hands needed soap-suds as badly as the soiled and ragged shirt.

"I've lived in as many States as I'm years old, an' I'm twelve. Pap (that's my 'dopted father) is a mover, he is!"

"Does your father work?"

"No, ma'am, he don't! Work makes him sick. He 'lows to rest up awhile, cos' Patty an' I like to work."

"Who's Patty?"

"That's pap's sister. She smokes a pipe an' drinks beer pap gets in a tin bucket. I 'low they'd both be better

'thout the pipes 'an the beer. Seems like smokin' an' drinkin' makes 'em cross and ugly; an' Sundays they don't act like 'twas Sunday at all."

"Have you ever been to school?"

Jem's face brightened up at once. "Yes; out in Iowa I lived with Mrs. Bales, an' she sent me for a year. She died, an' Patty, who was in the same

bucket that he carried had in it only two cold potatoes, a slice of rye bread, and a piece of bacon. A lady who lived near where he herded cows took him out a tray of warm dinner one spring mornin', with a pint tin of sweet Jersey milk. Jem cried for joy.

"A boy told me one day to milk the cows and get what I wanted. I wouldn't do it. They're not my cows. I'm awful hungry sometimes, but I never steal. Pap says beer's good for me, but I won't drink it. I know it ain't true, or he'd be decenter than he is. I come out of the 'sylum first, but Mrs. Bales she said my father was a soldier an' my mother a nice woman. I don't forget what she told me, either. I'm goin' to school some day. I'm gettin' awful old, though, and I'm ashamed of my rough ways." Jem's bright brown eyes smiled back at the lady who had given him the dinner.

The very next day she went to see "Pap" and "Patty," who said they were willing to give up the boy if they were paid a certain sum.

When Jem was bathed, his hair cut, and he was dressed in a new suit of clothes he looked so well that three or four persons offered to adopt him. Pap and Patty said "keepin' him at work had been the makin' of him," and that they were going to get him back. Mrs. Lynn adopted Jem by law, and the Wolleys asked for him in vain.

In Jem's travels from state to state he had picked up a variety of knowledge. He knew about birds and trees and rocks and animals, though he could not give the book names. How fast he learned! From the foot of the class the little herd-boy soon went to the head. God had raised up friends to aid him, and he will make a useful man.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

house, said she'd keep me. I went another time 'fore that, but I can't remember how old I was. I can read, but my writin's like hen tracks."

Jem cracked his whip as the cows started down the bank toward the river. His old blue coat, large enough for a man, and a hat that was down on his ears, made him look like a little old man. He wore no shoes, and his trousers were in a ragged fringe around the bottom. The dinner

A NEW YEAR.

"It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The Grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in, to gain and give in;
A year for trying, and not for sighing;
A bright New Year! Oh, hold it dear!
For God who sendeth, he only lendeth."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub's
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 30 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Oward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Km.	0 50	
Sunday school banner, 65 pp. 8vo. monthly	0 20	
Oward, 4 pp. 8vo. weekly under 5 copies	0 00	
5 copies and 1 over	0 20	
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 20	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 20	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 15	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 15	
How Drops, weekly	0 05	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Quarterly Review Service, 6 By the year, 24 cents a dozen: \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen: 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 33 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
278 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HURSTIA,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN'S SERMON.

"We are by far the most beautiful flowers!" declared the Cornflowers.

But the Black-eyed Susans shook their satin petals scornfully. "No, you are not!" they said.

"Oh, yes, we are!" declared the Cornflowers. "We are blue like the clear sky above, and you—"

"We are yellow like the sun," exclaimed the Black-eyed Susans, "and the sun dazzles everybody and everything, with his wonderful light. What is the blue sky beside him, and what are you, beside us?"

"Sh!" said a grasshopper who had perched himself on a great green blade of grass. "If the sky were yellow and the sun were blue, whatever in the world would people do! And if I should change my green coat, which is colored like the grass, and wore a bright pink one instead, what do you think would happen! The first hungry bird or runaway chicken that spied me would gobble me up in a trice, and wouldn't that be nice?"

"Listen to me," said the grasshopper solemnly; "God made us every one, the

flowers, sky, and sun. And he wants us all to be contented, for that is the only way we can ever be truly happy!" And then away he hopped to find his brother locust.

The Black-eyed Susans shook their yellow heads. "Grasshopper Green was right," they said. "It's best to be contented."

And the Cornflowers waved their blue-fringed petals to and fro. "It is surely best," said they, "and we shall be contented."

SILLY SHEEP.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet. "Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough!" he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked auntie.

"'Cause all the other boys did," said Joe.

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down behind the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after him, and the next and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"What silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe.

Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.

HER DIAMONDS.

A pretty story is told of Eugenie, a princess of Sweden.

She was very much interested in the building of a hospital. As the work on the building proceeded, it was found that it was going to take much more money to finish it than had at first been expected. The building must be delayed!

When Eugenie heard this, rather than see work on the building stopped, she sold some of her precious diamonds that she might give the money that was needed to complete it.

One day after the hospital was completed the princess went to visit one of the wards.

As she stood beside the bed of one of the patients, tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the sick man as he looked into the face

of the princess whose kindness had given him the comforts he was enjoying.

Suddenly the princess exclaimed, as she saw his tears, "Oh, now I see my diamonds again!"

A USEFUL FISH.

There is scarcely a fish that is more useful to man than the cod. As an article of diet—whether fresh or salted and dried—it is a most important addition to our food supplies, and is made use of in various ways for the support of man and beast over a widely extended area. The tongue is regarded as a delicacy, the swimming bladder furnishes isinglass almost equal to that of the sturgeon, and the liver gives us the oil which is so much recommended as a tonic and a food in all wasting complaints.

The Norwegians give cod's heads mixed with marine plants to cows to increase the yield of milk; the Icelanders give the bones to their cattle; in Kamschatka dogs are fed on them; and in icy wastes they are frequently dried and used as fuel. The cod is prolific enough to admit of this extensive use, for one fish will produce 9,000,000 eggs.

LITTLE BUTTERBALL.

They liked to go to the vegetable garden for Uncle Temus always had something to give to "de young missies,"—peanuts, which grow well in that sandy southern soil, or a pomegranate, or maybe a handful of the fragrant tiny magnolias.

"I wonder what it is this time?" said mother, as the two little girls came up the path, walking more carefully than usual.

"What have you in your dress, dearie? Did Uncle Temus give you some popcorn or peanuts this time?"

"Peanuts! O mother, just see! Not peanuts!" Juliet laughingly opened her dress, and there lay a tiny ball of a kitten, just the color of Elsie's sandy hair. Such a tiny mite of a kitten, with big blue eyes!

"That's better than peanuts or popcorn, isn't it, mother? And he said we might keep it for our very own," and Juliet and Elsie danced about with joy, for it was their very first live plaything.

"And, mother, we're going to feed it now."

But first Alice, the nurse, gave it a nice warm bath; then they brought milk in a tiny taffy pan.

It did not know how to lap it up, so they put their little pink fingers into the warm milk and let the kitten lick it off; in that way it learned to feed itself nicely, and was soon so round and fat that Elsie called it "Little Butterball."

Read nothing from which you cannot learn something.

LADY LAZY BONES.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Lives in city Shirk;
She would have a fit, I fear,
If you mentioned work.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Yawns the livelong day;
She can hardly be induced
To take part in play.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Sighs in discontent;
She is certain that for her
A luckier lot was meant.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Never wins a prize,
Never learns the pleasure that
In emulation lies.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Finds to her disgrace,
In the ledger book of life
She fills a cipher's place.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—January 7.

THE SHEPHERDS FIND JESUS.

Luke 2. 1-20. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

THE LESSON STORY.

We all know the sweet story of the coming of the Saviour of the world as a little babe to Bethlehem. How he was born in a manger in the stable of an inn, and how the shepherds and the wise men came and worshipped him. What a wonderful light for those shepherds, when as they were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks, lo! an angel appeared and told them the good tidings of great joy, of a Saviour having come. There presently with the angel appeared a heavenly host, and what a glorious message did they bring of peace on earth, good-will toward men! That angels' song has come down to us through the ages, keeping us ever mindful that it was the coming of a world's Saviour brought the offer of peace to mankind and put in people's hearts love and good will toward their neighbors.

How glad were the shepherds when they heard this blessed news and with what joy did they tell it to others! Let us glorify and praise God throughout his glad New Year as did the shepherds of old.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Jesus born? In a manger in Bethlehem.
2. What had he come to be? The Saviour of the world.
3. What were the shepherds doing? Watching their flocks by night.
4. Who appeared to them? An angel surrounded by a bright light.
5. What did the angel say? Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.
6. What appeared with the angel? An heavenly host.
7. What was their message? Peace on earth, good will to men.
8. What did the shepherds do? They worshipped Jesus and told their neighbors of them.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 14.

THE WISE MEN FIND JESUS.

Matt. 2. 1-12. Memorize verse 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. 23. 26.

THE LESSON STORY.

A strange thing happened one day a long time ago in the city of Jerusalem. Some wise men came there looking for a baby King of the Jews. There was already a king named Herod, who ruled over the people, and he was a very wicked man. You can believe that it troubled him to hear that men from far away were looking for a new king. These wise men said that they had seen the star of the baby King in the east, and had come to worship him.

Herod sent for the priests who knew the Old Testament Scriptures to come and tell where Christ was to be born. They said that the prophet had foretold that he would be born in Bethlehem. Then Herod told the wise men to go there and find the new king and come back and tell him so he could worship him too. He meant so that he could go and kill him.

When the wise men started to go to Bethlehem the star went ahead of them and stopped over the stable where the young child lay. The wise men gave him presents of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and worshipped him. But God told them in a dream not to go back and tell Herod, and so they went home by another way, and Herod was disappointed in his evil plans.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who came to Jerusalem long ago?
2. For whom were they looking?
3. What had they seen in the east?
4. Who had sent them to look for Jesus? The great God.
5. Who was king at this time?
6. Why was he troubled?
7. What did he ask the priests to do?
8. What did they say?
9. Where did they go to find out?

10. What did Herod tell the wise men to do?

11. What did he mean in his heart?
12. How did the wise men find the place in Bethlehem?
13. What gifts did they offer to the young child?
14. Why did they offer gifts to him? Because he was a king.
15. Why did they not go back and tell Herod?
16. What gifts may we offer to our King?

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian one of giving on Christmas Day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the poorest will contrive to have a handful set for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter.

BEGINNING WITH THE YEAR.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Little Year at the foot of the stair,
Shall we climb to the top, say you?
Shall we start with a smile to share,
And a pleasant word or two?
Shall we start, little Year, and upward climb,
With our hearts and steps both keeping time?

Little Year, if we work to-day
With a purpose glad and true,
Little Year—it's the only way
We can keep along, all through.
From the very first, let's begin right here,
As we climb the stairway of the year.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY DINAH M. MULOCK.

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cozy—
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

Live to be useful; live to give light;
For those who are enabled through grace
to shine as lights here, shall, in the world
to come, shine as suns and stars for ever
and ever.

Little Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now, Russell," she said, drawing down her face, and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "dust your remember, never, never, to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."

AT THE DOOR.

"We will watch the old year out to night,
And the new year in!" Ned cried.
Then three-year-old Baby Winnie
Crept up to her mother's side,
And out from under her curly pate,
Where queer little questions grow,
Came: "Mamma, how do ve new years
come?
And where do ve old ones go?"

And mamma, with a bright smile, told her,
"My dear little Winnie-wee,
That is very hard to
answer:

You shall watch with
us and see!"
And so when night drew
the curtains dark
And snug upon every
side,
Little Win climbed into
her high chair,
Her blue eyes bright
and wide.

But the minutes passed
so slowly,
With so many in an
hour,
That long before it was
over
She felt the Sand-
man's power;
And two little fringed
white curtains
Were drooping low
and lower,
When there came a
timid summons
Against the outer door.

She was wide-awake that
instant,
And gazing all around.
When once again she
heard it.
That gentle, asking
sound.
Mamma knew 'twas Dog
Rollo;
Not so did Baby Win.
"Oh, mamma, hear ve
New Year,
A-stratchin' to get in!"

A DREAM PLAY.

The teething baby boy was cross and peevish, and a very tired mother was trying to rock him to sleep. Betsy and Peggy, the ten-year-old twins, were also putting their children to sleep.

"Peggy," said Betsy, as she laid their last child in its little doll crib, "let's play we are dreaming, and go out and do up the dishes for mamma."

"Let's do!" responded Peggy. "And O, Betsy, we'll have to walk in our sleep. That will be so nice."

"Yes," said Betsy, "and we will have to talk in our sleep. And that will be ever so jolly, too."

The tired mother overheard every word said, and smiled at their loving thoughtfulness. "How kind of them!" she said to herself. "I must be very careful not to go out and startle them. If they should become frightened when asleep, with dishes in their hands, then in all probability they would drop them; and what a calamity that would be! I think I had

"who has washed my dishes for me! Could it have been the dolls? Could it have been a fairy? Surely it could not have been Betsy and Peggy, for they— are fast asleep! Just hear them snore!"

Then how the little girls laughed! laughed right out in their sleep.

"Are you sure, mamma," asked the roguish Betty, "that you did not wash 'em up, and not know about it?"

"Quite sure!" laughed mamma.
Then the little girls got up and danced about. "We know, mamma!"

"Oh, do tell me, quick!" said mamma.

"Why two little girls dreamed they were awake, and did them up with their eyes closed."

"Well, that was nice!" said mamma, taking the two little girls in her arms and hugging them. "You helped mamma lots to-day."

Then the two little girls went out to the barn to hunt for eggs.

"Wasn't it splendid?" said Betsy.

"Oh, it was just lovely!" responded Peggy.

And that is what mamma told papa at night when he came home.

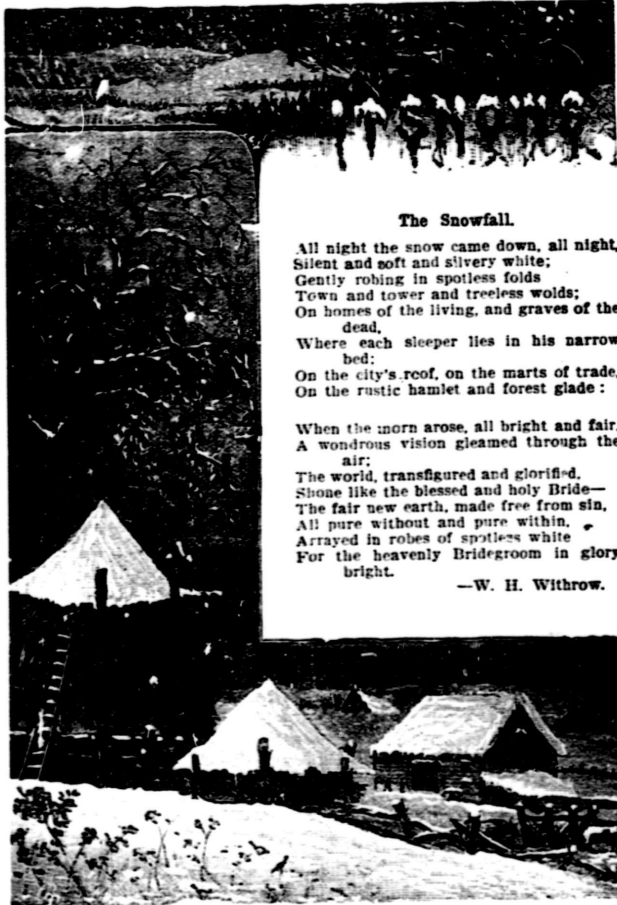
GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE.

A poor field negro with a wooden leg hobbled up to the collection table to lay his offering upon it. He took from a pocket a handful of silver and said, "That's for me, massa;" from another pocket another handful, "That's for my wife, massa;" and from still another pocket yet another handful, "That's for my child, massa." The pastor remonstrated with him for giving so

much. "O massa!" said he, "God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it."

Commenting on this incident, Ida Q. Moulton says: "You and I want a part in it. Heaven's treasures will be given us throughout the eternal ages for a brief life of self-denial and self-sacrifice here, out of love for our dear Master. Take this motto to your strong, true, loving heart, fellow-Christian: 'God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it.'"

Religion is a good thing without theology; but theology is not worth a fig without religion.



The Snowfall.

All night the snow came down, all night,
Silent and soft and silvery white;
Gently robing in spotless folds
Town and tower and treeless wolds;
On homes of the living, and graves of the
dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow
bed:
On the city's roof, on the marts of trade,
On the rustic hamlet and forest glade:

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the
air:
The world, transfigured and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—
The fair new earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white
For the heavenly Bridegroom in glory
bright.

—W. H. Withrow.

better stay in this room. I shall just drop down beside little Frank and take a nap myself."

The little dream-workers did beautifully. Even mamma could not have washed, rinsed, and set away the dishes any better than did Betsy and Peggy. When the last crumb was brushed up and the kitchen and dining-room put in shape, then the little sleeping girls went back and lay down beside their own drowsy little children. They snored so loudly that mamma woke up and came into the dining-room.

"Why! why! why!" she exclaimed;