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# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

No. 24.

## YOUNG CANADA.

These are, we think, very fair representatives of young Canada. No country in the world can have more pleasant winter weather than our fine bracing climate gives us; and no more healthful winter sports than the skating, sleighing, and tobogganing which our young folks enjoy so well.

### "I CANNOT HELP IT."

Do you ever make use of this phrase, dear young folks? You will plead guilty, we fear; and we older folks are very apt to do the same.

There is our friend Ruthie; the dressing-bell rings, and she hears it; she is conscious that she ought to spring up at once; that everything will go wrong if she does not; but still she lies, with folded hands, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

Late at breakfast, hurried in preparing for school, Ruthie meets her mother's reproachful look with, "I cannot help it; I mean to get up every morning as I am called, but, before I know it, I'm asleep again—I can't help it!"

Donald is charged with an errand which he is to attend to on his way to school, and, of course, Donald means to do it; but something diverts his mind, and, as has often been the case before, he forgets all about it until too late. "There! it's too bad, but I cannot help it!" he says, and so comforts himself for this one more "sin of unfaithfulness."

Harry and Josie are in a hot dispute. Now they forget themselves entirely;



YOUNG CANADA.

Josie's vexing words are uttered without restraint, and Harry, in a passion, gives her a fierce reply, and rushes out of the room.

The brother and sister meet no more until night, and, in the meantime they feel self-reproached and uncomfortable.

"Well, I cannot help it," says Harry to himself; "Josie is so provoking, and off I go in a rage before I know it." And Josie is wishing, over and over again, that she could recall her teasing words—"But there, it is just my nature, I cannot help it!"

Most likely all our young readers are conscious of some habit of wrong-doing which they feel to be just such a "band of sin" tying them down, so that they really cannot help doing just so.

And no wonder; for these habits of evil are just like strong bands, holding us back from the service and obedience which we owe to God.

And every time we indulge the habit of wrong-doing we strengthen the band, as it were, by another thread.

And, as Josie says, "It is our nature—we cannot help it."

Four boys were playing marbles in the street. One boy said: "That isn't fair play! You cheat, and I won't play with a boy who cheats!" The boy became very angry, and said that he didn't cheat, although he did. A minute after, he cheated again, and the first boy said: "You did cheat, and my mother won't let me play with a boy who cheats. If we can't have fair play, I

won't have any." So he gathered up his share of the marbles and left the players. That is right, boys. If you can't have fair play, don't play at all. Two of the other boys stayed and played, but they kept quarrelling all the time. It is better to not play at all than to quarrel.

## BED-TIME.

Three little girls are weary,  
Weary of books and of play;  
Sad is the world, and dreary,  
Slowly the time slips away.  
Six little feet are aching,  
Bowed is each little head;  
Yet they are up and shaking  
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,  
Just for a minute or two;  
Then, when they end their clatter,  
Sleep comes quickly to woo.  
Slowly their eyes are closing,  
Down again drops their head;  
Three little maids are dozing,  
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever;  
Night after night they protest,  
Claiming they're sleepy never,  
Never in need of their rest.  
Nodding and almost dreaming,  
Drowsily each little head  
Still is forever scheming,  
Merely to keep out of bed.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a moment to jeer, and loaded him with their insults. Poor boy, he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of! Certainly he did not deserve one;

but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart prompted her to stay and say a word to the boys who were joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?" He removed one black fist from his eye, and looked up. He recognized her. She had taught him at the Sunday-school. "O ma'am, I'm so bad!" She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visited him kindly and frequently.

A year passed. There was a fire one night. A dwelling-house was in flames. The engine had not yet arrived. The inmates would not be rescued. A boy looked on. Suddenly he shouted, "O, she lives here!" then he climbed up the heated, falling stairs. He fought against the suffocating smoke. He hunted about until he found what he sought. She had fainted, was dying, perhaps. No! he would save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she was safe in the cool air. The bystanders were struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walked away muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt." O friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

## TRAMPLING DOWN TEMPER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"I'm so glad. Oh, I'm so glad!"  
Herbert came to his mother at bedtime with a beaming face.

"What are you so glad about?" she asked.

"Oh, for something I did to-day. No, it was something I didn't do."

"Are you going to tell me about it?"

"Yes, of course I am, mamma. Don't I always tell you everything?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I do. But don't you know sometimes I have dreadful things to tell?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said with a smile.

"You don't know how it makes a fellow feel, mamma," Herbert went on very soberly, "to have to come and tell of something mean and wicked I've been doing. It makes me feel as though I wanted to creep away and hide and never show my face again. But I don't feel that way to-night, and it's because I've been trying to do just as you told me when I get angry."

"You find it a good way, do you?"

"Yes, your ways are always good. Well, this is how it was. Harvey Gray wanted me to play ball at school, and I just picked up his book to look at it for a minute. 'I'm coming,' I said, but he wouldn't wait, and snatched the book out of my hand and threw it out into the road in the dust. Then I laughed and said, 'It is your book.' He thought it was mine, and he was so mad he picked up my lunch basket and flung it after it, and everything rolled out in the dust. I tell you, mamma, I was as

mad as a hornet. I doubled up my fists and was just going at him. I was going to call him all the bad names I could. And just in time, mamma, I remembered what you told me about my bad temper."

"I'm glad!"

"But, mamma, I didn't want to remember a bit. I wanted more'n five dollars to give it to Harve like sixty. I wanted to wait to the next time to begin the tramping. But you said it would be harder and harder every time, and I just asked God, as you told me, to help me when I hated to stop being mad. And then I ran right by Harve, and ran and ran till I was clear away from the boys. And I stayed away till the school bell rang."

"That was very wise," said mamma, patting the small boy's head.

"Yes," said Herbert, "'cause, you see, I could not fight Harve if I wasn't there, and I couldn't fight him when school was called. And by noon I hardly felt mad at all, but I kept away from him. And after school this afternoon I felt all right to him and played with him just as I always did. And he came and told me he was sorry he was so mean, and gave me an apple, and now we are good friends. That's why I am so glad."

"It's enough to be glad for," said mamma, kissing him tenderly. "Try it again, dear. You will find it less hard every time you conquer your hasty temper, but I think you will find the same gladness in every victory."

## GOD IS HERE, TOO.

Nurse came in and found Bessie wide awake, lying very still in her bed.

"All alone in the dark," said nurse, "and not afraid at all, Bessie, are you?"

"No indeed," answered Bessie, "for I ain't all alone. God is here; and I look out of the window and see the stars, and God seems to me looking down with all his eyes, nurse."

"To be sure," said the nurse; "but God up in the sky is a great way off."

"No," spoke little Bessie, "God is here too, because he seems sometimes hugging me to his heart; then I am so happy."

Oh, how sweet to feel God near—to be resting on his bosom, like a little child in its father's arms! This is the blessed privilege of a believing child.

## FOREVER.

A little girl whom we know came in her night clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying: "Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I concluded that it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But [and there was a look of awe in the little face] a lie is forever."

PANSIES.

BY A. P. S.

I love a foxglove gently swaying;  
I love a rosebud blooming sweet;  
I love the honeysuckle climbing;  
I love the daisies at my feet.  
But I love pansies in the summer,  
I love a pansy in the fall,  
And when the snows of winter come,  
I love a pansy best of all.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON X. [Dec. 3.]

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Neh. 13. 15-22. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Exod. 20. 8.

A LESSON TALK.

Do you remember that Nehemiah's king hid not want to let his good servant go, and that Nehemiah set a time when he would return. He stayed twelve years in Jerusalem first, and all that time was governor of the city. Then he went back to Persia. It may be that the king sent for him. We do not know how long he stayed this time, but we do know that when he came back again to Jerusalem he found something which made him feel very sad. When the law was read to the people on their great day of thanksgiving they all heard what God said about keeping the Sabbath. They knew that it was one of his commands, and for a time they kept this and his other commands. But they grew careless, and now when Nehemiah came back he found that the holy law was broken in many ways, and especially that the Sabbath was broken. See how earnest Nehemiah was to have the people do right. He was not afraid that the people would be displeased. He was only afraid that God would be displeased. We may learn from this lesson how easy it is to grow careless about keeping God's law, and that we need to "set a watch" every day upon our own actions.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who gave the Sabbath to us? The good God.

What is the Sabbath? It is God's own day.

What is it for? A day of rest, in which we may learn about God.

What did Nehemiah teach the people to do? To keep God's law.

What did they do when he went away? Broke God's law.

How did they treat the Sabbath? They bought and sold, as on other days.

Who came back to Jerusalem after awhile? Nehemiah.

How did he feel when he saw what the people were doing? Very sad.

What did he say? That God would punish them.

What did he do? He made them stop their wrongdoings.

Was this right? Yes; for he was the governor of the city.

How should we keep the Sabbath? Just as God tells us to do.

LESSON XI. [Dec. 10.]

LESSONS IN GIVING.

Mal. 1. 6-11 and 3. 8-12. Memory verses, 3. 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9. 7.

A LESSON TALK.

The prophet of whom we are to learn now was the last Old Testament prophet. He lived four hundred years before Christ, and had many words to say about his coming. God gave him the light to see far down the future coming of a holy King and of a holy kingdom. Like John the Baptist, he wanted the people to get ready for the king and the kingdom. What did the prophet see? That the people of Israel had grown careless about the worship of God. They still went to his house and carried their offerings, but they were not careful to take right offerings, and they did not approach God in the right spirit. A father does not like to have his child treat him with small respect, and God, our Father, wants us, his children, to remember when we come to him that he is the high and holy One, and worship with true and clean hearts. This lesson teaches us that we are not to hold back from the Lord the gifts of our hearts and of our hands, which he asks of us. What do we owe to God? As soon as we find out, are we willing to pay our debt? If we give him our hearts we will want to give him all he asks besides.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Malachi? A prophet.

Who spoke through Malachi? The Lord.

How long before Jesus came did Malachi live? About four hundred years.

What did this prophet tell the people? That Jesus was coming.

What did he want them to do? To get ready for him.

What did the people bring to God? Poor offerings.

What ought we to bring to him? Pure offerings.

What is meant by a tithe? The tenth of what we have.

To whom does the tithe belong? To God.

What if we keep it for ourselves? God is not pleased.

What do we do when we keep what belongs to God? We rob him.

What does he want of us first of all? Our hearts.

CHEERFUL GIVING.

Polly Winship pledged twenty-five cents a year to send the gospel to the heathen. Her brother Sam asked, "Why did you promise so much? You know you haven't five cents in the world, and you can't earn any." "Yes, I can," replied Polly. Early the next morning she went to her uncle's, and asked him to hire her to pick up potatoes. Her uncle said: "I was going to hire Sam for two cents a bushel; but a girl ought to work for a cent a bushel." "If a basket is full of potatoes, does it make any difference whether a boy or a girl filled it?" asked Polly. Her uncle replied: "I'll pay you the same as I would Sam if you work as quickly as he does." Polly filled twenty-five baskets, and then stood beside her uncle, happy, tired, and dirty, as he counted out for her five bright dimes. "That's a good deal of money for a little girl to spend," said her uncle. "It isn't to spend," said Polly; "I am going to give twenty-five cents to the little heathen children this year, and the other twenty-five I am going to give for last year, because I didn't know then how much they needed it." Her uncle gave five dollars to the missionary collection, saying: "I was never so ashamed as when that little girl gave all her potato money for missions. I think it is about time for me to give something, too."

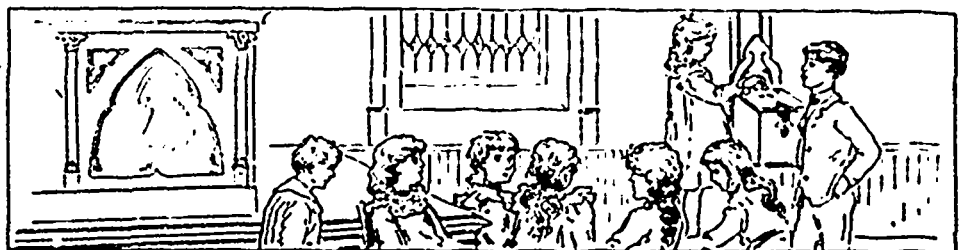
LENDING.

"Mother," said Johnny, "haven't you you a pie that you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" she asked; for she thought at first that it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord? I don't believe that old Betsy has had a pie for a long time, and I thought that perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her. Then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to Betsy. She was only sorry that she had not thought of sending one before.



## GOD'S BIRDS.

God's little birds! He knows them all,  
He will not let a sparrow fall  
From out his loving, watchful sight;  
He keeps his worlds by day and night.

His little birds fear not the storm,  
Their Father's breast is safe and warm.  
He feeds them from his bounty's store,  
And sends his sun when storms are o'er.

God's little birds! How wise are they!  
They do not question, but obey;  
God guides and feeds them, while they  
sing  
Perpetual praises to their King.

## A PRETTY FACE.

Just a few months ago, two little cousins, Sarah Singer and Marion Love, each about six years old, called to see their Aunt Lorinda, who was sick with rheumatism. The children were very fond of their aunt, so they came to see how she was. It so



GOD'S BIRDS.

happened that Aunt Lorinda's pastor, the Rev. George Goodwill, a plain, unassuming man, came to see her a few moments before the little cousins arrived. The minister kindly spoke to them when they came in, and asked them about their parents, brothers, and sisters. After a pleasant talk of thirty minutes with Aunt Lorinda and Mr. Goodwill, the little cousins said they must return home, because their mammas wanted to know how Aunt Lorinda was, and had charged them not to stay long. So they must go. Then the minister kindly said, "We will have worship before the children leave," so they all knelt down to pray.

Mr. Goodwill tenderly prayed for Aunt Lorinda that she might be comforted in her affliction and soon be well again, and for the rest of her family, and then for the little cousins who had kindly come to sympathize with their sick aunt, and to see the rest of the family.

"Heavenly Father," said the minister

in his prayer, "bless these dear little girls; keep them well and make them happy; help them to be good, and make their lives bright with the sunshine of thy love."

The idea that the minister should remember and pray especially for them was a happy thought to the children; so they talked about it on their way home.

"It was very kind in Aunt Lorinda's minister to pray for us, wasn't it?" said Marion, as they walked slowly and thoughtfully away from Aunt Lorinda's house.

"Yes," said Sarah, as she drew her cap over her ears to keep them warm, "it was very nice in him to pray for little children."

"But," said Marion, warmly, "her heart and mind on the personal nature of the minister's prayer, 'he did not just pray for little children, but for you and me,—'these dear little girls,' is what he said, for I was listening."

"Yes," said her cousin, "I believe he bid pray for us just in that way."

Then they walked on together nearly a square without speaking, each one thinking of their nice visit to Aunt Lorinda's, and especially of Mr. Goodwill's prayer for them. Presently Marion, who could not forget that the minister had prayed, not for children generally, but for them individually, resumed the conversation.

"Hasn't Aunt Lorinda's minister a lovely complexion?" looking earnestly into Sarah's face. "Do you know what complexion means?" she continued, without waiting for her cousin to answer her first question.

"Of course I do," said Sarah; "you mean that he has a pretty face."

"That's it," said Marion, with her own really beautiful face wreathed in smiles; "he has a nice complexion—a pretty face."

Just then the children reached Marion's home, and as she put her little hand on the door-knob she said: "I am glad we found Aunt Lorinda better, and that we met her minister. He has such a nice complexion. Good-bye, Sarah."

"Good-bye, Marion."

Thus the two little cousins separated. That visit to Aunt Lorinda's will likely remain a bright spot in their memory. They will never forget that minister because he prayed for their sick aunt, their uncle and their cousins, and for them.

Now, boys and girls, why did Marion and Sarah think and say that Mr. Goodwill had a "pretty face"? I have seen Mr. Goodwill several times, and I do not think his face is handsome; indeed, I consider it rather homely. I think it was the

minister's heart of kindness and love, and not his face, that pleased the children and made him appear so nice and pretty to them.

It is real nice to have a pretty face and form, but it is much better to have a good, kind heart. No matter how beautiful one's face may be, if the heart is selfish, unkind, disobedient, or boastful, that person cannot be really pretty. Remember, children, that a good heart always makes a good impression for the one in whose bosom it beats, and even makes a homely face appear beautiful. I know a girl with a beautiful face, but it is spoiled by a bad heart. All good children, and grown people, too, are truly beautiful—have "nice complexions," as Marion said.

## NOT FOR ME.

Others may drink of the poisoned glass,  
Cider, or wine, or gin,  
At first a little, then more and more  
(For they do if they once begin),  
But they will have headaches and shaking  
hands,  
And poor they will some day be;  
So they may drink, if they think it best,  
But never a drop for me!

Others may think that to smoke a pipe  
Or a cigarette is fine,  
But I know fellows that smoke are small,  
Too weak for a baseball nine.  
I know I should have a "tobacco heart,"  
And my brain befogged would be;  
So others may smoke, if they think it  
best,  
But no tobacco for me!

Others may take God's name in vain,  
And think it a manly thing,  
But I have noticed the manliest men  
Are reverent towards their King;  
And swearing, and smoking, and drinking  
go  
Together, I plainly see;  
So others may swear, if they think it best,  
But never an oath for me!

I'll taste of nothing that may be wrong;  
From smokers I'll keep away;  
I'll not say things that are like an oath  
That the fellows sometimes say.  
And I'll try as hard as ever I can  
That others the truth may see;  
Only, whatever the rest may say,  
None of those things for me.

Whisper songs will often calm down a turbulent mood, and are especially useful where the class has not a room to itself. The teacher whispers a line, and the children repeat it in a whisper. The following is an example:

Softly whisper, softly speak,  
Little children still and meek,  
Hush and listen, do not play,  
Hear what teacher has to say.  
When we sing and when we pray,  
When from sin we turn away,  
When our hearts to Jesus rise,  
Jesus answers from the skies.