

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X | 14X | 18X | 22X | 26X | 30X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X | 16X | 20X | 24X | 28X | 32X |

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

[No. 26

PRETTY COCKY.

UNCLE EDWARD had been away for a long time. He had been ship's surgeon on a long coasting voyage all around South America and back. And now he had come home, and brought all sorts of mysterious-looking packages with him.

Mildred was very curious to know what he had for her, for he always brought her some present when he came to visit papa and mamma.

Uncle Edward and mamma disappeared soon after he arrived, carrying some of the big packages.

By-and-bye mamma came down, and said to Mildred, "Go to your room and brush your hair, Mildred, before supper."

Mildred obeyed rather reluctantly, for she thought Uncle Edward might come down before she could get back, and she was in such a hurry to know what he had brought her.

As she opened the door to her room, a voice from behind the table called out: "How-de-do? Pretty well, thank you. Ha, ha! Hope you're well. Mildred, O Mildred!"

Mildred looked all around, but saw no one. Again the voice came: "Pretty Cocky. Let me out! O dear me! Mildred, Mildred!"

Mildred, dreadfully frightened, turned and ran downstairs.

"O mother! there's a man hidden in my room, saying such strange things! It must be a drunken tramp."



Our New Year's Wish.

To all our readers of the HAPPY DAYS, to the young and old, the children and young men and young boys and maidens, the fathers and mothers, the uncles, and aunts, and cousins, to the scholars in the Sunday-schools and in the week day schools, to the busy toilers struggling in the race of life, to the strong and the weak, the courageous and the disheartened, the glad and joyous, the buoyant and the weary and heavy laden, the editor wishes a happy, thrice happy, NEW YEAR.

Uncle Edward appeared behind her, laughing heartily. "Come along, little girl, and I will promise you that the drunken tramp shall not hurt you," he said, leading the way to her room.

He reached down behind the table, and brought up—not a drunken tramp, but a beautiful cockatoo. "Here he is. Pretty Cocky, at your service. Give him a kind welcome for Uncle Edward's sake, who has spent many months in teaching him the name of his little mistress."

Mildred did give Pretty Cocky a welcome warm enough to satisfy both uncle and bird. And she thought him the most interesting "tramp" she had ever seen.

Slow to condemn—quick to excuse.

NAUGHTY BABY.

AUNT HELEN was visiting her sister. Of course, she took baby Emma Louise with her, and the little girl proved a great pet with her cousins.

One day, Aunt Helen and her sister were sitting in the nursery sewing, and baby Emma Louise was playing about quietly. Her mamma was very proud of her only little one, and said to her sister, "Now, isn't baby good? I'm sure none of your children were ever better than she is."

But the mother of four children is wiser in baby ways than the mother of only one: so she smiled to herself and said, "I've usually noticed that when babies are very good they are sure to be in mis-

chief. I'd better see what she is about and bring her to you."

What a sight the child was! She had gotten her Cousin Margaret's paints, and eaten almost every one. Those she had not eaten were smeared all over her face, hair, hands, dress, and white apron.

"A good baby! O you naughty, naughty baby!" exclaimed her mamma, between peals of laughter.

But the mamma of four children ran for medicine for baby, because paints are not made for babies to eat.

KATIE, four years old, asks a favour of her father. He says: "By-and-bye." She waits a while and she says: "Papa, can't I have t on the front side of by-and-bye."

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE ?

What shall I wish thee /
Treasures of earth ?
Songs in the springtime ?
Pleasure or mirth ?
Flowers on thy pathway ?
Skies ever clear ?
Would this insure thee
A happy New Year ?

What shall I wish thee /
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round ?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall insure thee
A happy New Year ?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light ;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright,
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear—
These shall insure thee
A happy New Year.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

| | |
|---|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, monthly | 2 00 |
| Guardian and Magazine together | 2 50 |
| Magazine, Guardian and Onward together | 4 00 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 50 |
| Sunday School Banner, monthly | 1 00 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 60 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 50 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 30 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 30 copies | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Heroic Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 50 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100 | 0 50 |

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURSTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

HAPPY DAYS.

OUR young readers will see by our new heading that we are determined to make HAPPY DAYS brighter and prettier than ever. This paper, while keeping all the good things it had, will add some more. It will give lessons especially adapted for the youngest class in the school—the little ones who can scarcely read, or perhaps not read at all. But they must ask their mamma or sisters to read the lesson story for them, if they cannot read it themselves. We hope our friends will like this paper better than ever, and that it may by God's

blessing be very useful, and that the lessons of the life of Jesus, who was once a little child, may sink into their hearts. May they all come to him, who called the children to his arms and said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

A NEW YEAR'S "THINK."

"O DEAR!" sighed little Mary. "Papa sent me upstairs to think. I don't like to think, 'cause it makes me feel bad. I always 'member all the naughty things I've done. I would rather play and forget them. I wonder if big folks ever have to sit down and think of the things they've done that they didn't ought to do. I don't s'pose they ever do naughty things, though, so they can't know how bad it feels to sit and think about them."

"What did papa tell me to think about? He said I was to turn over a new leaf, 'cause this is New Year's Day. He said my life from to-day was like a clean, fresh page in my writing book, and I could write in it just what I wanted to. He showed me my old writing book. It did look just awful. I was so shamed to have him see it, all blots and crooked lines, and places where I didn't care a bit how I wrote. O dear, how he did talk to me. It makes me cry just to 'member it. He didn't scold one bit, only looked so sorry. I'd rather he'd whipped me."

"What did he say? That big blot was like the blot on my life's book the day when I told a lie. Oh, I never, never will have such a blot again. That other was when I stayed all the afternoon with Grace, 'stead of coming home, when I knew mamma wanted me to carry a basket of things to old Granny Brown. That don't-care place was one where I was naughty and hateful all day. Another was where I wouldn't look at my copy. That means I wouldn't read my Bible and pray."

In a few minutes, little Mary ran down to her father, and said:

"I did think about all you said to me, and I will turn over a new leaf, papa dear."

And papa whispered, as he kissed her: "Ask Jesus to help you."

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

WHEN God made this world it was very beautiful. God called it "very good." Everything that grew out of the ground was good, and there were no thistles nor briars nor weeds. The beasts and birds were not as they are now. The great lions and tigers were gentle and kind, like the kittens and dogs you love to play with.

But when man sinned and became wicked, God could not bless the earth any more, but made thistles grow where the roses had grown before, and briars came up in the place of the beautiful vines. The animals, too, were changed. Before sin came they loved man and were glad to obey him. But when Adam sinned and did not

obey God then the animals ceased to love and obey him. They were changed and became fierce and wild; the strong animals will kill the weak ones, and even man is not safe where they are. All these things were to show to men, how bad sin is, and what a world it has made.

But this will not be so always. God has promised that he will make this earth all over new, and it will be good and beautiful again, as it was before Adam sinned. And Jesus is making a wonderful city in heaven, which is called New Jerusalem, and Jesus will bring it down from heaven to the new earth. If you will read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation you will learn all about it.

And then all will be peace and happiness everywhere; and the animals will love and obey man, and the little child will play with the lions and savage tigers; and then all will be joyful together.

ESKIMO RAY.

RAY had often seen pictures of the homes of the Eskimos, and thought snow-houses must be very nice indeed, so nice that he decided to make one for himself.

He began New Year's morning, when the snow was very deep. He made a small ball and rolled it over and over until it was as high as his head. Then papa helped push it along. Ray took his shovel then, and before night the big snowball was hollowed out and changed into the cutest snow hut you ever saw, with a Canadian flag stuck into the top of it.

Ray did not want to leave his hut when night came, and he travelled to the window many times before he went to bed.

The next day was bright and clear, and Ray begged a candle to keep in his house. Then he harnessed Fido into his sled and thought he was a real Eskimo.

Suddenly there was a scream and a yelp. Mamma ran to the window. Some snow had fallen off the roof and buried the snow hut, Eskimo Ray and Fido and all. Fido scratched his way out, and mamma got the shovel and dug for the little Eskimo. Ray says he is sorry for the poor Eskimos, and he would rather be a Canadian.

HOW PARROTS ARE CAUGHT.

I AM sure you could not guess how they catch parrots in the countries where they live, and so I am going to tell you.

You know their plumage is what makes them attractive, and the catchers must look out and not injure that.

After the parrots have perched in numbers upon some tree, the men light a good fire. Into it they throw a certain plant like our poppy. When it begins to burn, and the birds breathe in the smoke, it makes them stupid, and they fall to the ground. Then they are gathered up to be sold.

If the birds that have dropped are too young, their plumage too green and not showy enough, the men pull out the growing feathers. They rub the skin over with a kind of dye, which makes the next that come out a bright red and yellow.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

THERE were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved that I will,"
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON I. [Jan. 6.

JOHN THE BAPTIST BEHEADED.

Mark 6. 17-29. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—Matt. 10. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. John's Testimony, v. 17-20.
2. John's Death, v. 21-29.

THE LESSON STORY.

Perhaps you have seen a signboard, with a hand on it, pointing out the way.

We may think of John the Baptist as a hand pointing to Jesus. He was a good and fearless man, quick to rebuke sin wherever he saw it.

When King Herod took his own brother's wife and married her, John did not fear to rebuke the king. This made Herodias, the queen, very angry. She wanted to kill John, but Herod would only put him in prison. Herod feared John, knowing that he was a holy man.

After a while Herod made a great birthday party. Herodias had a daughter who came and danced before the king and his company. The king was so pleased that he promised to give her anything she should ask.

Her cruel mother told her what to say, and she asked for the head of John the Baptist on a charger, or platter. The king was very sorry, but he thought he must keep his word. So John's head was cut off and given to these two wicked women! Do you think, then, that God forgot his brave servant? Oh, no; he had a better

home for him there a dungeon, and the martyr John found a happy rest there.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully.

Mark 6. 17-29.

Tues. Read the same story in Matthew.

Matt. 14. 1-12.

Wed. Learn why John was not afraid.

Golden Text.

Thur. Find why the king feared John.

Verse 20.

Fri. Learn why John was called "the Baptist."

Mark 1. 4, 5.

Sat. Find a blessing pronounced upon such as John.

Matt. 5, 6.

Sun. Read Psalm 37. 7-14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

[Will you not try, dear child, to answer every one of these questions on the Lesson Story?]

How may we think of John the Baptist? What kind of a man was he? Is it right to rebuke sin?

Was this the King Herod who killed the babies? No; this was that king's son. Whom did he marry? What law did he break in doing this? God's law. Who rebuked him? Who became very angry? Why did not Herod kill John?

What party did Herod give? Who danced before him? What did he promise to do? Who told her what to say? For what did she ask? How did the king feel? Why did he grant her request? Did God forget his servant John?

REMEMBER—

"Prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Through whom do we receive the grace of the Holy Spirit? Only through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Does the Saviour care for children? Yes; for he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

A.D. 28.] LESSON II. [Jan. 13.

FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.

Mark 6. 30-44. Memory verses, 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath filled the hungry with good things.—Luke 1. 53.

OUTLINE.

1. Need, v. 30-36.
2. Abundance, v. 37-44.

LESSON STORY.

Jesus and the disciples went across the Sea of Galilee to find a quiet place in which to rest. But a great crowd of hungry, troubled people followed them. Some were sick, and all were weak and sinful.

Jesus needed rest, but he did not think of himself. All day long he taught, and healed the sick. When night came the disciples wished to send the people away.

But Jesus said no, "Give ye them to eat."

How surprised the disciples were! There were five thousand men besides women and children. They had not money enough to buy food for half so many!

Andrew said there was a boy who had five loaves and two fishes, but what could they do with so little?

But Jesus told them to make the people sit down on the green grass. Then he took the five loaves and the two small fishes and asked God to bless them. And he gave some to each of his disciples to pass to the people.

God blessed the simple meal so that each had enough, and there were twelve basketfuls left.

Jesus could have made this bread out of stones, but instead he used a little boy's lunch. Perhaps it was to show that little children may help.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

Mon. Read the lesson carefully. Mark 6. 30-44.

Tue. Read the same story in John 6. 1-14.

Wed. Read the story in Matt. 14. 13-21.

Thur. Find what Luke says about it. Luke 9. 10-17.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text and find who uttered it.

Sat. Find what Jesus called himself. John 6. 48.

Sun. Ask, "Have I eaten the Bread of Life?"

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Jesus go to rest? Who went with him? Who followed them? Why did they follow Jesus? What did Jesus do all day?

What did the disciples want to do at night? What did Jesus say? How many were there to be fed? Did the disciples have money enough to buy food for so many? No; Jesus and the disciples were poor.

What had Andrew seen a boy have? What did Jesus do? Who passed the food to the people? Did all have enough? How much was left over?

Who gives all the food we eat? Why do we call this a miracle? Because it is not the way we get our food now.

REMEMBER—

That Jesus cares about all our wants.
That Jesus said, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6. 35.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Was he once a child Himself? Yes, and we read about his infancy in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke.

Do you know anything about the Saviour when he was growing up? St. Luke tells us that when he was twelve years old he was found in the temple at Jerusalem.

The new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAPPY New Year! Now who will try
By each day's thoughtful caring,
By gentle ways, by loving words,
By patience and forbearing;—

By knightly service to the weak,
Thus growing truer, bolder,
By giving to the sinking wheel
A staunch and sturdy shoulder;—

By steadfastness in daily work
Until the task be done;
Then hearty zest for every game,
And fairness in the fun;—

By watching that the steps be right,
All the twelvemonth through,
To make in home, and school, and street,
Your New Year's wish come true?

—*Child's Hour.*

A LITTLE SISTER OF CHARITY.

NELLIE saw some women go by who wore strange flapping sorts of sun bonnets, and long, plain gowns, with beads and crosses hanging from their girdles, and she asked who and what they were.

"They are sisters of charity," was the reply.

"What are sisters of charity?" she insisted.

"They are women who go into a convent and vow never to marry, but to devote their lives to doing good, taking care of the sick, or orphans, or teaching poor girls to sew and work. They belong to the most noble Catholic Church," answered her mother.

"I should like to be a sister of charity," said Nellie. "When I grow up I will go

into a convent too, and devote my life to caring for orphans and the sick."

"It is not necessary to go into a convent for that, dear; nor to vow never to marry. Many a married woman is as truly a sister of charity in her own home and in the homes of the poor as if she had entered a convent and put on a queer dress. You, a little child, may be a sister of charity if you like, and not wait to grow up before learning to do good."

"How, mamma dear?" asked Nellie.

"Take this bunch of flowers to the little girl in the children's hospital who has broken her hip, and read to her for an hour. That will be a real act of charity."

Nelly went and returned with shining eyes.

"She was so lonely, and in such pain, mamma. She said I had done her so much good; and I am to go every afternoon, until she is able to leave. And, O mamma, she says you are a real angel of mercy to everybody in the hospital, and to hosts of

people besides. I am going to try to be like you, mother dear."

"There's a better model, little daughter, Don't try to be like anybody on earth, but only like Jesus," answered mother, softly.

JANIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

JANIE was just five years old. She opened her eyes very wide, and wondered why mamma did not come to see her and help her dress. She was just going to cry, when papa came in.

"Good morning, little daughter. Happy birthday to you. Let me dress you, and then we will go to see your birthday presents."

"Where's mamma? I want her to dress me," answered Janie.

"Come, try papa to-day for a birthday frolic," and papa made a dive for the little clothes.

"Why, papa, my dress doesn't go on first," and Janie laughed heartily. After a great deal of laughing and ever so many mistakes, Janie was at last properly dressed.

"Come now, and see the presents," said papa. "I shouldn't wonder if we found something worth looking at."

First there was a little tea-set, and a little table and chair. Then papa led her to a pretty cradle and said, "Look, Janie."

"What a funny, red, big doll!" she said.

The "big doll" squirmed, and opened its mouth, and cried.

Janie jumped. "My! it's a real, live baby. Where did it come from?"

"God sent it early this morning. A baby brother for Janie's birthday," answered papa.

"Well, that's a very nice birthday present. I'm pretty pleased," answered Janie, with a smiling nod of satisfaction.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year
Has borne its record to the skies;
Another year! another year,
Untried, unproved, before us lies;
We hail with smiles its dawning ray—
How shall we meet its final day?

Another year! another year!
Its squandered hours will ne'er return;
Oh! many a heart must quail with fear
O'er memory's blotted page to turn.
No record from that leaf will fade—
Not one erasure may be made.

Another year! another year!
How many a grief has marked its flight!
Some of whom we love are no more here—
Translated to the realms of light.
Ah! none can bless the coming year
Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year! another year!
Oh! many a blessing, too, was given
Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,
And antedate the joys of heaven;
But they, too, slumber with the past,
Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

Another year! another year!
Gaze we no longer on the past,
Nor let us shrink with faithless fear,
From the dark shade the future casts.
The past, the future—what are they
To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year! another year!
Perchance the last of life below;
Who ere its close death's call may hear,
None but the Lord of life can know.
Oh, to be found, when'er that day
May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year! another year!
Help us earth's thorny path to tread,
So may each moment bring us near
To thee, ere yet our lives are fled.
Saviour, we yield ourselves to thee,
For time and for eternity.

—*The Changed Cross.*

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

LITTLE Kitty Clover started up in bed just as the sun came peeping in the window. A very sweet little Kitty she was, and I will tell you why she got up so early. The old clock on the mantel was ticking away, as usual. But to-day it was not saying tick, tick, tick, no, indeed, the clock had a new tune this morning. "Kitty is five years old! Kitty is going to school!" over and over again. The little girl jumped out of bed and had her shoes and stockings on before Aunt Dinah came in. "Dear me!" said Aunt Dinah; "but my chile is a smart chile. If she larn to read fast as she put on dem shoes and stocking she'll make smart work in de schoolroom." "I guess I will, aunty," said Kitty, for I intend to try." As she started out the back gate and down the lane she heard the hens in the barnyard cackling out: "Kitty is going to school! Kitty is going to school!"