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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1899.

[No. 1.

## THE PRICKED PALM-LEAF.

Mrs. Good-Manners was about to give a party. The goodies had been going in the basement-door for an hour or more, and the band were tuning their instruments for the music as I sat down under one of the big palms which decorated the hall to watch the fun.

"Oh, there comes the Polite family!" exclaimed Mrs. Good-Manners. "I am so glad to see you," she graciously said, as each one greeted her and made way for the Pleases. There were If-You-Please, Yes-Please, and Do-Please. I can't remember them all. Another carriage came to the door, and I was taken up watching an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Courtesy. About them soon gathered a most interesting group. I recognized Mr. Kindly Tact and Miss Consideration.

Above the sweet strains of the music I presently heard the firm tones of the butler: "No, sir; no, ma'am," he was saying, "I have strict orders to admit only those who were bidden, and I do not see your names on the list." I listened: Mr. Imp O. Lite, Mr. and Mrs. Rude, the Misses Willful, Mr. and Mrs. Think-of-Nobody, Mr. Hoyden, Miss Thoughtless. They were turned away, every one, and I was glad. I felt sure that, if even one of them had been allowed to come in, the party would have been spoiled.

Then I fell into a reverie, and decided I too would give a party, only it should be for children instead of grown-ups. I gathered a palm-leaf, and began to prick on it the names of those I could ask. I soon

threw it down, dashing a tear from my eye. Why? Because of all the Roxes and Lilies and Marys and Dorothys, the Toms and Johns and Franks and Williams, I knew I could think of so few who were altogether the right guests for such a party as I wished. Do you think that I could have invited you

"I was a great rough sailor and had been knocked about ever since I was a little lad, as my parents had died when I was a baby. I ran off to sea early, and I didn't learn much good from those around me," Ben began. "I worked hard though, for I always did things with all my heart. I couldn't be half-way about anything.

"One voyage the captain took his little boy along. He was the brightest, handsomest little chap, and as brave a little fellow as ever I see. He hadn't any mother, and the captain and all of us thought a lot of him.

"So you may know how I felt when one day he fell overboard. No one ever knew how it happened. One of the sailors missed him and screamed that 'Victor was drowned.' Before I knew it I was in the water fighting the waves and determined to find him.

"I had never thought much about God, but I cried out to him then, and he must have listened even to such a sinner as I was, for when I had nearly given up, I caught hold of Victor's little body

At first we thought he was dead, but he came to. I had often been in danger before, but

this sobered me more than all the rest. I decided then to seek for God as hard as I had sought wickedness before, and while I've had my dark days, I've tried to serve my great Captain ever since with my whole heart."

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak harshly, or use a naughty word.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

## "SAILOR BEN."

Mabel, Sue, Archie and Herman ran down the walk laughing and dancing along. They were going to see "Sailor Ben" who lived close by the river. "Sailor Ben" always had wonderful stories of the sea at his tongue's end. One story the children never tired of hearing; so, as soon as they saw him, they urged him to tell it.

## THE WISE ELEPHANT.

BY E. C. H.

An elephant sat midway of the stairs,  
He looked them up and he looked them  
down:

"'Twill sure break my back  
To carry that pack  
To the top'" he said to himself with a  
frown.

Then came o'er his face a broad, broad  
smile

And he went on again right merrily,  
"I'll no'er make a stop  
Till I get to the top,  
For then I can slide down again!" laughed  
he.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1899.

## COURTESY TO WOMEN.

This does not refer to such acts as taking off one's hat to every woman or girl one knows, says Harper's Round Table, nor to any of the ordinary acts of politeness. Such are understood in these days. It does refer, however, to slight matters that mark the man or boy who knows what good manners are, and who invariably bears himself well in the presence of others. Such a boy never speaks to a girl or woman, if she is standing, without rising himself.

I saw at a large restaurant, a short time ago, a man approaching three women and three men who were eating supper. No one of the three men knew the fourth personally, but as he approached and spoke to a friend among the women, all three arose, and remained standing until the newcomer was gone. It was not a mark of courtesy to the fourth man; it was a signification to the three ladies that for the time being the new arrival was allowed the privilege of speaking to any of them if they chose to invite it.

That is merely an example of a small point, which, perhaps, was not necessary; but the action not only pleased the women, but certainly stamped the men as gentlemen.

Many a boy fails to rise from his chair when his mother enters the room, while he would get up at once if a stranger entered; and one would suppose that his mother, who is more to him than the rest of womankind put together, should, to say the least, have from him the same marks of courtesy as strangers.

In fact, you can tell a boy's character pretty accurately in the way in which he treats his mother; for, as a mother has done and will do more for her son than any other woman, with perhaps one exception, will ever do, so he ought, in return, to treat her as his most valuable possession. His courtesy, his chivalrous and knightly bearing, toward her are never thrown away.

## HEART SUGAR.

"I think it's mean!" exclaimed Marian, leaning against the window and watching the sleety rain that spoiled her day's outing.

It was a sullen-faced little girl who followed mother up to the morning-room, and seemed to find comfort in making every one else uncomfortable. Arnold was soon in tears from Marian's crossness, and even laughing Baby Ruth resented six pinches by a lusty yell.

"Marian," said mother at last, "go to your room and stay alone till your heart gets sweeter."

Marian flung out and into her room. Soon happy sounds floated across from the one she had left. Baby cooed and talked happily to herself. Arnold was lost in a mimic captain of imaginary soldiers, and mother's sweet voice sang a bit of ballad. It all made Marian very lonely.

"Mother said to stay till my heart got sweeter!" she thought. "How funny! I haven't any heart sugar."

She put her head out of the door.

"Mother!"

"What is it?" called mother's ready voice.

"When shall I know that my heart's sweeter?"

"When you want to do kind things instead of ugly ones."

A few minutes passed, and then a cheerful voice said, "I am ready now, mother."

"Come then," said mother. Drawing the little girl to her, she said, "We've missed the sweet-hearted Marian this morning."

"What do you mean by that?" puzzled.

"Well," said mother, "it's out of our hearts that our doings come. You know if you feel happy and loving, you can't find enough kindness to do."

"No," assented Marian.

"Some hearts," said mother, "make me think of stagnant pools, covered with slimy green, and bringing disease and evil to every one near. And some are like springs of sweet water that bring blessing w<sup>h</sup>ether

they stay in pools or overflow. God can make our hearts like pure springs, but we must not let ugly thoughts and feelings get in and defile them, or our deeds will be ugly."

## A LITTLE GIRL'S VICTORY.

Two little girls were playing together. The older one had a beautiful doll in her arms, which she was tenderly caressing.

The younger crept up softly behind her, and gave her a sharp slap upon her cheek.

A visitor, unseen and unheard, was sitting in the adjoining room and saw it all. She expected to see and hear another slap, a harder one, in retaliation. But no! The victim's face flushed, and her eyes had a momentary flash of indignation. She rubbed her hurt cheek with one hand, while she held the doll close with the other. Then, in a tone of gentle reproof, she said: "O, Sallie, I didn't think you'd do that!"

Sallie looked ashamed, as well she might, but made no reply.

"Here, Sallie," continued the elder girl, "sit down here in sister's chair. I'll let you hold dolly a while, if you'll be very careful."

Sallie's face looked just then as if there were some "coals of fire" somewhere around; but she sat down with the doll on her lap, giving her sister a glance of real appreciation, although it was mingled with shame.

The hidden looker-on was deeply touched by the scene. It was unusual, she thought, to see a mere child show such calm dignity and forgiveness under persecution. Presently she called the child and questioned her: "How can you be so patient with Sallie, my dear?"

"O," was the loving answer, "I guess it's 'cause I love Sallie so much. You see, Sallie's a dear girl," excusingly, "but she's got a quick temper, and--Sallie forgets herself sometimes. Mamma said if Sallie would do angry things to me, and I should do angry things to her we'd have a dreadful time; and I think we would. Mamma said I should learn to give the 'soft answer,' and I'm trying to."

The lady took her in her arms and kissed her.

"My little dear," she said, fondly and earnestly, "I think you have already learned the lesson."

## THE SWEETNESS OF GIRLHOOD.

Girlhood and young womanhood are such pure and sweet and beautiful things, when they are what God intended them to be, that it fills one with unspeakable regret to see a young girl's life fall short of its appointed beauty, and every young girl's life falls short of this beauty if it lacks in modesty, in dignity, in purity of thought and speech, in gentleness and kindness. The bold girl of pronounced dress and speech, the girl who is noisy and who seeks to be "dashing," the girl whose parents sorrowfully admit that she is "beyond them"—this girl is treading on dangerous ground, and her life is falling far short of the sweetness of girlhood.

## BLESSED IS THE DAY.

BY KATHARINE DOORIS SHARP.

O blessed is the day when Christ was born!

Dreary was the darkness, mankind forlorn;  
But grandly in the East his star arose,  
Still its waxing splendour forever glows.

The shepherds on the hillside heard the song:

"Glory in the highest!" it pealed along.  
Angel hosts, enraptured, welcomed the morn,  
So blessed was the day when Christ was born!

Hail him, little children! He bids you come—

He, of life the centre, of joy the sum.  
Raise your shout symphonic, your anthems gay,  
Christ, a babe in Bethlehem, was born to-day!

In his arms of mercy, tender and mild,  
Blessing them, loving them, he takes each child.

Sing it, little children, this holy morn,  
"O blessed is the day when Christ was born!"

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

## LESSON III. [Jan. 15.]

## CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.

John 2. 1-11. Memory verse, 11.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And his disciples believed on him.—  
John 2. 11.

## A LESSON TALK.

A wedding feast in the land where Jesus lived lasted a whole week. Jesus and his disciples were invited to such a feast in Cana of Galilee, a little city among the hills. It was only three days after the first disciples were called. Can you tell how many there were? It was thought to be a disgrace if the wine or food gave out during the feast days, and so you will see how troubled the household was when the servants came to say that the wine was all gone! Mary, the mother of Jesus, was there, and she told him about it. Perhaps she thought he could help in some way, for she knew he had wonderful power. You will see in the fifth verse that she had faith in her son. Do you think it strange that Jesus could turn the water into wine? Perhaps some one wonders why he did it. A reason is given in last verse of the lesson. But you must not think because Jesus made new, pure wine for the feast that he wants us to use any kind of drink that has alcohol in it! He never meant that we should let the demon of alcohol come through the door of decay into the pure juice of the grape!

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST

To what feast was Jesus invited? To a wedding feast.

Who went with him? His new disciples.

Where was this feast? In Cana of Galilee.

What gave out one day? The wine for the feast.

Who told Jesus about it? His mother, Mary.

What should we do when in trouble? Tell Jesus.

What did Jesus tell the servants to do? Fill the waterpots with water.

What did he do to the water? He changed it into wine.

Why could he do this? Because he was God.

What do we call such a wonderful work? A miracle.

What did this miracle show? The power of Jesus.

Why should we not drink wine? Because it causes so much sin and sorrow.

## LESSON IV. [Jan. 22.]

## CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

## A LESSON TALK.

Nicodemus was a Pharisee, and a teacher of the law among the Jews. He thought himself a very good man, and other people thought he was good too. But when he went to Jesus to learn the way to heaven Jesus told him he must be "born again." He meant by this that the heart he had was not right, and that it must be made new and clean. It shows that the heart of Nicodemus was not right, that he was afraid, or ashamed to go openly to Jesus, but went in the night. Do you wonder that Nicodemus did not know what Jesus meant? The selfish heart finds it hard to think that anything can be wrong with it. But notice how kindly Jesus taught this man who thought himself good and great, that the sinful and selfish heart can only be made clean and good by the power of a new life coming into it from above. Jesus told him of the serpent lifted up in the wilderness. Do you know the story? Then think how Jesus was lifted up for our salvation, and how he tells us to "look and live" Have you looked at the "lifted-up" Saviour?

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who came to Jesus by night? Nicodemus.

Who was Nicodemus? A ruler of the Jews.

What did he want to ask Jesus? How to find the way to heaven.

What did Jesus tell him? "Ye must be born again."

What did he mean? That Nicodemus must have a new heart.

What can never enter heaven? Sin.

Who only can take it away? God.

How can we get the new heart? By asking God for it.

How were the Israelites once cured of sin? By looking at a brazen serpent.

Did the serpent cure them? No; God cured them.

Who was sent to cure us of sin? Jesus.

How may we be cured? By looking to Jesus.

## DO AS YOU' ARE BID.

"Do as you are bid." Do you remember mother or nurse saying this to you when you were quite a little child, and you perhaps feeling that you did not want to do the thing? Why should you—why, why?

A little child cannot always understand the "why" of obedience, and, indeed, it is best that it should learn to do as it is bid, without asking "why," since it is a plain duty that children should do as they are told. When they grow older they will see the answer to that "why," and realize that it is all for their good that they should do exactly what their parents or their nurse tell them. A little boy I will tell you of would have lost his life if he had not learned to be obedient to his father's first word.

His name was Tommy, and one winter's day his father, Mr. Fraser Tytler, took him and his brother Sandy to skate on the lake in Regent's Park. The ice broke and Tommy and his father fell through into deep water. As he sank into the cold water little Tommy caught hold of his father, who told him not to cry or to struggle.

His father wrote in a letter soon after: "Certainly nothing could be better than Tommy's behaviour. . . . The little man implicitly obeyed me, not shedding a tear or uttering a sound, which the people who saw his diminutive size seemed much astonished at, one gentleman calling him 'a little hero.'"

If Tommy had not learned to be obedient on dry land, he never would have been able to keep quiet in cold water, as his father bade him, and if he had screamed or struggled, he would probably have been drowned.

## HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.

"Mamma," said Alfred, "I prayed three prayers, and the Lord has answered two of them. Do you think he'll answer the other?"

"I think he will, my dear. What were the prayers?"

"One was that he would make you well, and not let you be sick any more. another was to make papa more kind."

"Yes dear. Now what was the third?"

"I prayed that God would keep us children from quarrelling, but he hasn't answered that yet, for Daisy and I quarrelled dreadfully to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."



THE SNOW FORT

## THE SNOW FORT.

BY ETHELBERT STAFFORD—(Ipsid. nunc.)

Fred and Frank one day made a fort. First, they took a spade and made bricks of snow. then piling them up they poured cold water on them, and in the night they froze so hard that Fred could not knock it over with an axe, and could not break a single piece off it. A lot of boys came along and had a snow ball fight, and Fred was never hit once, for the fort was near and he jumped onto it.

## TOM'S BICYCLE.

BY R. L. E.

Tom was a little boy who lived very far away from most of his relations, for Tom's father and mother had gone out to China as missionaries, and Tom and his older sister, Elsie, were born and brought up in that strange, far-off country where people eat bird's-nest soup and wear their hair in long queues down their backs.

But Tom was a little American boy just the same; and, being an American boy, of course he wanted a bicycle. He knew that his father could not afford to give him one, but he asked his mother if he might pray for a bicycle.

"Yes, dear," she said, "you may ask God

just as freely for anything as you would ask your father or me. He is able to give you anything in the wide world. Perhaps he will not think it best that you should have one, but he likes you to ask him."

So Tom, and Elsie, too, prayed for a bicycle. And meanwhile Tom was quite happy wheeling himself about on two wheels that had been part of somebody's old tricycle and that he had found one day.

Just a few weeks after Tom had commenced to pray for his bicycle, a lady from America came to the Chinese city where they lived, and brought a letter to Tom's mother from a friend, introducing her. This lady took quite a fancy to Tom, and he found she had a little nephew at home in America who was very fond of stamps, and had not many Eastern ones. So Tom, who had a good many duplicates, and who was a very generous little boy, sorted out ever so many stamps for her to take home.

He explained to her that he didn't have an album, and so couldn't arrange the stamps very well for her, but that her nephew would know all about them. The next day the lady left the city, but before she went she sent an envelope to Tom with the message that what was in it "might help toward an album." And what do

you think was in that envelope. A one-hundred-dollar bill! for the lady was rich, and just as generous as Tom was. Do you wonder that the first thing that Tom and Elsie did was kneel together and thank the Lord for the answer he had sent to their childish prayers?

And the best of it is, that this is a real, true story.

## THE YEAR ROUND.

January brings the snow,  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.  
February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lakes again.  
March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
Stirs the dancing daffodil.  
April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.  
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
Skipping by their fleecy dams.  
June brings lilies, tulips, roses,  
Fills the children's hands with posies.  
Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots, and gillyflowers.  
August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne.  
Warm September brings the fruit,  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.  
Chill October brings the pheasant,  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.  
Dull November brings the blast,  
Makes the leaves go whirling past.  
Cold December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fires and Christmas treat.

## POOR BOYS.

There is no doubt about it; it is "as true as preaching" that the large majority of the men of to-day who count for most in the world, who fill the high places, and who are most useful, began life as poor boys. Many of them were so poor that, in their boyhood, they went without shoes the greater part of the year, and anything like luxury was unknown to them. The average boy of to-day spends more for things to amuse him than the boys of half a century ago spent for clothing.

No one wants or expects the boys of our day to live as the boys of long ago lived. No one argues that going ragged and bare-footed adds to one's mental vigour or increases one's chances of success in life; but some "old foggy fellows" are of the opinion that the desire to simply have a good time dominates a good many boys of our day, and keeps them from being the bright and useful men they might be if they made the right effort. We incline to this opinion, that many of the boys of to-day look with utter indifference on golden opportunities that some of the boys of long ago would have seized with delight and made the most of immediately.

Every true and loyal Canadian is proud of the fact that poverty is not an insurmountable barrier to the highest positions of trust and honour in our country, and it ought to encourage every poor boy when he reflects on the fact that many of the men who are highest in public trust and confidence to-day were once very poor boys.