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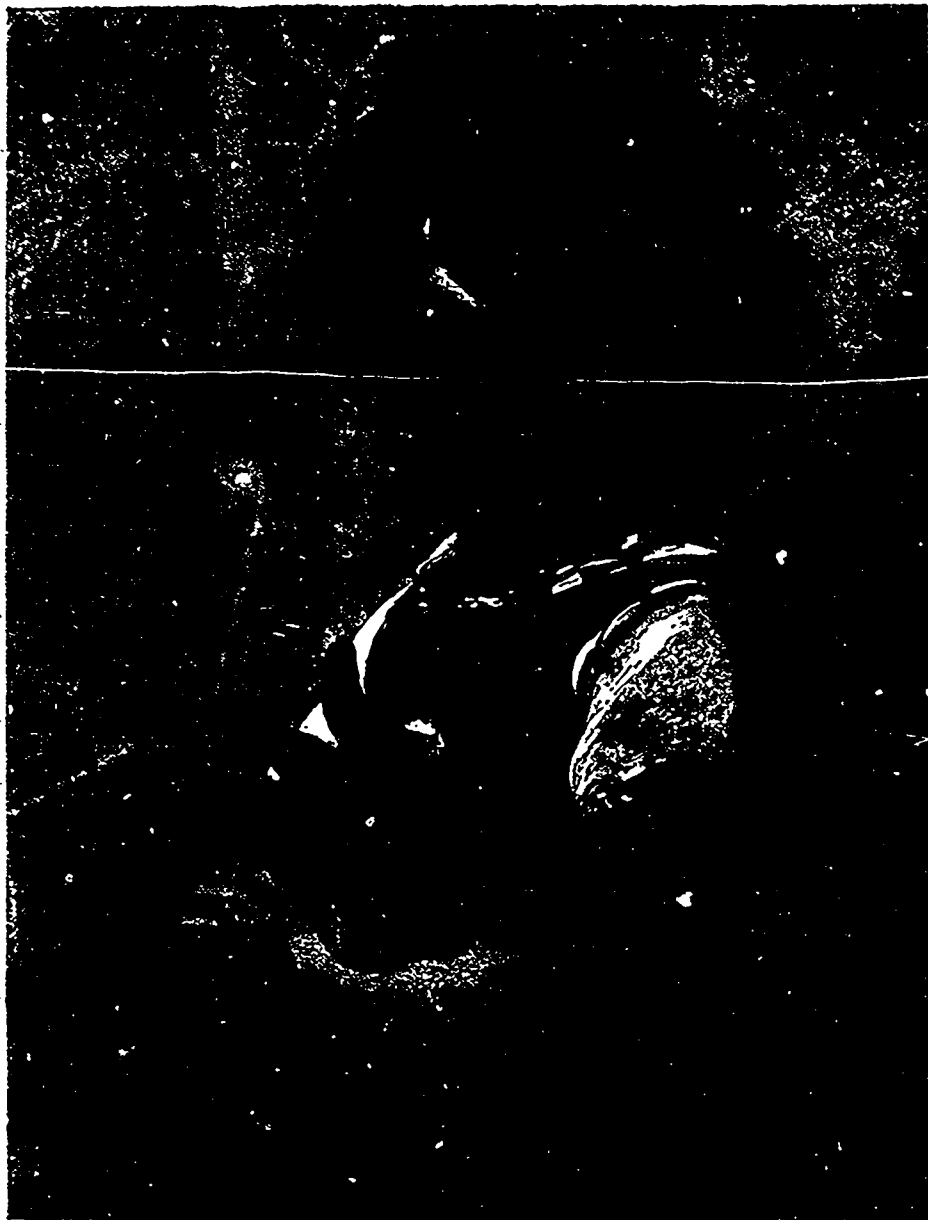
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Happy Days

A LITTLE GIPSY.

Now, we don't suppose this unkempt little girl really belongs to the roving, half-civilized class her nickname describes. No doubt she is just the careless little happy-go-lucky of some perhaps respectable, even refined family. But what a savage spectacle she does manage to make of herself with her tumbled hair and careless dress! She seems, by far, a more untamed little animal than the shy rabbit she is holding in her arms. How many of our little readers, we wonder, will go about through the two coming months, in the same wild fashion? None, we hope at all events, for though it is really no great harm in itself, yet it becomes no light fault when it defies the wishes and direction of parents; which of course is generally the case. Moreover, the tendency, is very bad which couples relaxation with slovenliness.



A LITTLE GIPSY.

One can and should be neat at all times, whether at rest, at work, or at play.

To be employed is to be happy.

THE FORGIVING DOG.

WHEN the dog-tax was first imposed in France, many of the people set to work to get rid of their useless dogs, so as to avoid

paying a tax for them.

A Frenchman had an old Newfoundland dog which he coaxed to the river side, told him to lie down, tied all his four feet together with a rope, and pushed him into the Seine. The dog in his struggles loosened the rope, and with great difficulty scrambled up the steep bank. There stood his master, stick in hand to drive him back. He struck out at the dog, and then coming to close quarters, gave him a violent push, in doing which he somehow lost his own balance, and himself fell into the water. His hopes of life would have been very few indeed, if the dog had not been "the better man of the two." But the dog, forgetting the treatment he had received, plunged of his own accord into the river, where he had so nearly met his death, and spent his remaining strength in saving his would-be

murderer. It was a hard struggle, but he came off conqueror; and the two walked home together, the one triumphant, the other, let us hope, repentant.

IN A GLASS HOUSE

BY AGNES M. LEWIS.

THEY'VE got a glass house in the garden,
A little house out in the sun;
I watched while the gardener built it
Until it was finally done.

Now, what do you think it was made for?
I do not believe that you know;
But I do. Now isn't it funny?
'Tis to hurry the flowers to grow!

And I'm sure that it does, for the pansies
Have blossomed as full as can be,
And there isn't a flower in the garden,
And scarcely a leaf on a tree.

So I've wondered and wondered a long
time—

Please answer me this if you can:
Do you think if I lived in one like it
I should hurry and grow to a man?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1902.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT.

IN these days by far the greater number of those who become Christians become such in childhood and early life. Jonathan Edwards was converted at seven years of age, Robert Hall at twelve, and Isaac Watts at nine. Christianity is the only religion that touches childhood. Its founder passed through the various stages of child-life, and in after years took up little children in his arms and blessed them. Conversion should be the aim of every Sunday-school teacher. We are not simply to impart a knowledge of biblical history, geography, and doctrine,

but to bring the hearts of our scholars in contact with the living Christ. With the greater number it is "now or never." Many come from anything but Christian homes. The world has them six days and twenty-three hours in the week. Whatever we do has to be done quickly. We have no time to discuss last month's concert or next month's picnic; no time to waste in mere chit-chat and local gossip. Let everything converge to this focus: our personal relation to Jesus Christ. We find Christ directly or by fair inference in every lesson. It should be our aim to bring out that central truth and press it home upon the hearts of our scholars. There is no grander work upon earth. So shall our children be taught of God and "great shall be the peace" of our children.

NELLY'S TEMPTATION AND PRAYER.

LITTLE Nelly was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instil into her mind principles of right and truth.

One day she stood at the door of the dining-room, looking with great earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which was on the table. Nelly knew she should not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her little hands.

"What ails you, Nelly?" she said.

The child started, not knowing she was watched.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but first I thought I would ask God if he had any objection."

Dear little Nelly, what a path of integrity and honour will be yours through life, if in all your conduct you seek to know your heavenly Father's will, and do no action upon which you cannot seek his blessing.

"AS JESUS DOES."

PERCY was a little blind boy. He had never seen his mother's face, but her foot-step was easily distinguished by him; and her voice was as music in his ear. He never saw the birds or flowers, but yet he learned to love and delight in them far more than most children who have perfect eyesight. Nor is this unusual. For almost always it is found that when one door of knowledge is shut the other senses become more keen and heedful.

Deprived of eyesight, Percy had great

delight in listening to others. His mother treasured up many little incidents from her reading and observation, and in leisure moments told them to her dear blind son. One day she saw a stray lamb brought home, for they were then living in the country, and on inquiry she learned all its history. The foolish little thing had got through a hole in the fence where its big mother could not follow it; had wandered away into dangerous, rough roads; been torn by brambles and frightened by strange dogs; and, at last, when almost dead by fear and cold, had been found by the shepherd and carried back to its sorrowing mother. All this she told to Percy. He immediately exclaimed, "Oh, mother, isn't that exactly as Jesus does? When we wander into sin he goes out to seek and save us; and when he finds us he takes us up in his arms, and brings us home rejoicing."

Little Percy, although he was blind, had got, you see, spiritual vision, or soul-sight.

BELIEVING IS TRUSTING.

BY REV. J. H. WILSON.

THERE is a boy whose father was buried yesterday. To-day he is wearing his father's gold watch. Some wicked lads are trying to take it from him. He is struggling to keep it, but they are too strong for him. He is just about to lose it when I come up and say, "Give it to me, my boy, and I'll keep it safe for you." For a moment he looks at me with doubtful eye; but as I say to him, "Trust me!" and he sees that I am earnest and sincere, he hands it over to me and I prevent him from being robbed.

That is just what the Apostle Paul says of himself. He had, as you have, something far more precious than a gold watch—an immortal soul, and he was afraid of losing it; he could not keep it himself. Jesus said, "Give it to me," and he gave it to him; and then you hear him saying rejoicingly, "I know whom I have believed" (which is the same thing as whom I have trusted) "and am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

You, my dear friends, have souls too, and they are in danger of being lost; there is only one way of getting them saved—giving them into the keeping of Jesus, "trusting" him with them. What warrant have you for trusting him? Just what Paul had,—his own word; and that is always enough.

BUT thou, Lord, art most high for ever more.

A NOBLE COWARD.

I KNOW a little hero,
Whose years are only ten;
A brave and manly fellow,
This boy whose name is Ben.
I will tell you of his bravery
And how he won the fight,
As you may when you are tempted
To do what isn't right.

"Such a jolly lark," his comrades
Said yesterday to Ben;
"No fun like this all winter
If things work well;" and then
They told him of some mischief
They were planning out to do.
"Rare sport," the name they gave it,
"Of course you'll help us through."

Ben stood and thought a moment,
And then he shook his head;
"No, boys, you are quite mistaken,"
This little fellow said;
"I cannot help you in it"—
And then his face grew bright
With the courage of a hero—
"Because it isn't right."

His comrades were indignant.
"That's a good excuse!" they cried,
"You're afraid, that's all the reason!"
Then my little man replied,
"You may say that I'm a coward,
If you like, but I won't do
What's not right because you dare me
To take part in it with you!"

Nobly spoken, little hero!
He's a coward who would do
Wrong for fear of being laughed at;
To your manliness be true.
He is brave who in temptation
For the right takes sturdy stand.
Give us many more such cowards,
For their cowardice is grand.

FUN IN WINTER.

THE ground was white with snow. The sky looked black, as though another storm was coming. The day was very cold; but the tough boys and girls did not mind the cold weather. They were out to have some fun.

Their rubber boots and thick coats and mittens kept them dry and warm. One of the boys, though, had come out bare-headed. He was the boy who never could find his cap when he wanted it. His name was Tom.

"Now look here, Tom," said his brother Sam, a sturdy little chap, who was always trying to keep Tom in order; "this isn't

do. You go into the house, and get your cap. Go quick or you will get this snowball right in your face."

"Fire away!" said Tom, dancing around, and putting up his arm to keep off the snowball.

"I'm going to have a hand in this game," said Joe, aiming a snowball at Sam. "Look out for yourself, old fellow."

"Clear the track," cried Bill and Ned, rolling a huge snowball down the hill.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, who was just going up the back steps to ask for cold victuals, looked around to see what was going on; while Charles had his own fun in dragging his little sister up the hill on her sled.

Some children when they are having pleasure in picnics, or gathering berries and nuts in the country, or in boating and bathing at the seashore, wish that summer would always remain.

But when winter comes, bringing its share of sports in the coasting and skating, the sleighing parties and Christmas gifts, they are quite as earnest in their desire that it would always be winter.

Well is it that God orders the seasons with their blessings and pleasures. We should ever remember him as the author of all these things, and who faileth not to keep his covenant, that "summer and winter, seed time and harvest, day and night, shall not cease."

"He causeth the grass to grow on the mountain, and covereth the valleys with corn;" so also does he "bring the cold out of the north, and saith to the snow, 'be thou on the earth.'"

OBEDIENCE.

JOSEPHA was not in a very good humour that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not a chance to get any little present ready for her. It was true that it was only put off—the present was to come—but still Josepha felt out of sorts; and when mamma called her to get her Bible verse, she broke out in a reluctant pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humour, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a sermon instead. 'Once there was a little boy who used

to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again.'"

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All? Why, I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it's a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that," exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come?'"

"'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,'" repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said the listener, slowly.

"Of course, we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident, I am sure they do it promptly, I am sure they do it cheerfully, I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text on the nursery wall. "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give any verses to-day," she said, gently, "but I will give you this little sermon to learn by heart. Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Phila. Presbyterian.*

A BOY'S CONFIDENCE.

A LITTLE boy came to his father looking very much in earnest and asked, "Father, is Satan bigger than I am?" "Yes, my boy," said the father. "Is he bigger than you, father?" "Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your father." The boy looked surprised, but thought again and then asked, "Is he bigger than Jesus?" "No, my boy," answered the father, "Jesus is bigger than he is." The little fellow, as he turned away, said with a smile, "Then I am not afraid of him."



HELPING HANG THE CLOTHES OUT.

BLUE AND RED.

BY MRS. ANNA TANNER.

TEMPERANCE children in a row,
Each with a badge of blue;
Toss the ball to and fro,
That matches the badge in hue.

Brightly blue as the summer sky,
Blue as spring violets;
Throw the ball, but not too high,
Dainty temperance pets.

Now we'll take another ball,
Red as the blooming rose;
Toss it lightly; don't let it fall,
Up and down it goes.

Look not on the red, red wine,
Temperance children true,
With rosy cheeks and eyes that shine,
Toss both the red and blue.

GOOD INSIDE OF ME.

A LITTLE girl once said to her mother.
"Papa calls me good, aunty calls me
good, and every body calls me good, but I
am not good."

"I am very sorry," said her mother.

"And so am I," said the child, "but I
have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?"

"My think is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother inquiring what she
meant, she said:

"Why, when I could not ride yesterday,
I did not cry nor anything, but when you
was gone I wished the carriage would
turn over and the horses would run away
and everything bad. Nobody knew it,
but God knew it, and he cannot call me
good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be
good inside of me?"

SEWING-ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew.
She was making a pillow-case for her own
little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented
tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl
who has a work-basket of her own," said
her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has
given me a work basket, and I ought to
be willing to sew," and with that she took
a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side,"
said Jessie, in a few moments. "My
thumb is very sore," she said in a few
moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired,"
that was next. And with that she laid
down her work. Next there was some-
thing the matter with her foot, and then
her eye.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie
brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for the doc-
tor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the
little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly," said her mother; "a little
girl so full of pains and aches must be
sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the
better."

"O, mother!" said Jessie, laughing,
"they were sewing aches. I am well
enough now."

These aches and pains do show sick-
ness. They are symptoms of a bad dis-
ease, a disease that eats some people
up. This disease is called "selfishness."
It makes children cross, and fretful, and
disobliging, and troublesome and unhappy,
and I am sure it makes those unhappy
who have the charge of them.

THE CROW.

EVERYBODY, I dare say, knows that a
crow is a big black bird with a keen eye and
a strong, sharp beak. The farmer doesn't
like the crow, because he pulls up his corn.
But then I suppose he does even the far-
mer more good than harm; for he eats a
great many bugs and worms that spoil his
crops. The crow is really useful in the
swamps and meadows where he walks
about picking up the young snakes that
make a home of such places.

We mustn't blame the crow too much
for the mischief he sometimes does; he is
only acting out the nature God gave to
him. If he robs the hen's nest of its eggs,
that is only what we do ourselves, and he
feels the same right to a stolen dinner that
we feel and do not call it stealing.

The crow in this country is shy and shy;
he likes to do things when nobody sees.
But in Japan he is very bold. He lives in
the cities of that land and makes himself
at home in the streets and around the
houses. If a child goes out with a cake
in his hand, perhaps a crow will pounce
down and snatch the cake away. If a hotel
waiter should carry a tray of dinner to a
guest in another house, a crow might light
on the tray and help himself by the way.

The crow is a very knowing sort of a
bird, and he is very much afraid of things
that he does not understand. A line of
string passed round a cornfield will keep
him away, because he does not know what
the cord means. In Japan a man scattered
some corn in a line in his yard. It didn't
have the right look to the crows that saw
what he was doing; they were afraid and
took themselves away from the place.

Tame crows do very funny things. They
are too apt to go where they are not
wanted. A woman who was making cake
beat a large number of eggs into a foam
and left them in two bowls on her table
while she went out for a moment. When
she came back she found her crow had
come in by the window and was standing
in one of the bowls. She told him to go
away, and then he went over into the
other bowl.

A farmer boy who kept a pet crow used
to go a few miles from home, here and
there, wherever he found a day's work.
He never went so far but that the crow,
when set at liberty, would find him. He
flapped round the field all day and at
night followed his master home.

It is God who gives each bird its own
character and instinct. "O Lord, how
manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast
thou made them all!"