

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

No. 27.

## FORLORN NEW YEAR.

This little lad has had a very forlorn New Year. He has been gathering materials for New Year decorations for others, but, alas, the New Year has brought little joy to him. He has crawled forlornly to the church door and there has fallen asleep in the snow. You who have a happy New Year yourselves should pity those who are poor, neglected and forgotten.

## THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Mrs. Nelson gave each of her children, Robbie and Lulu, a New Year's gift of a story. The books were prettily bound, and on the cover of each was the owner's name in gilt letters. The children were delighted and turned over the useless leaves with great satisfaction.

"I shall begin writing in mine this very day," said Lulu.

"I shall write in mine to-day and every day," said Robbie, gravely. "M a m m a I'll not be pleased if

got tired of them after awhile and throw them to one side."

"I don't mean to," said Lulu, warmly. "I shall write all the nice things that happen to me through the year, and how pleasant that will be to read in the future!"

"I think I shall write the things that are not pleasant, and the failures I make," said Robbie. "It will do me good to read them in the future."

"The idea!" cried Lulu. "I'll not write any but nice things in my book."



A FORLORN NEW YEAR.

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at her case-loving little daughter, but she sighed also.

"Then be sure, dear child," she said, "that only 'nice things' are found in your life. There is no use in trying to shirk the truth, and where there is wrong and failure it is best to face it openly and fearlessly. I think Robbie is right in keeping a record of his failures, and I hope he will never be afraid to look at it, and to let others see it too. Those who try

to hide and cover up wrongdoing are the ones who suffer most. God wants us to be true to him, true to ourselves, and true to one another."

Let us hope that Robbie and Lulu will enter upon the New Year with hearts in love with truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

## A NEW YEAR.

The years are born in heaven. They are the thoughts of God, and they are blessings provided for his creatures. He rounds up the seasons each in its time. He brings the springtime with its thrill of new life, its bud and bloom and beautiful promise. He brings the summer with its noontide splendor, the autumn with its ripened fullness, and the winter with its severe grandeur. He gives twelve richly laden months; three hundred and sixty-five days, each morning a blessing new from his hand; and he floods our life with golden moments in uncounted myriads. To the bounty of God's giving there is no limit.

And the blessings he gives are committed to our trust. They are talents or pounds of the Saviour's parables, given us that we may make gain by their use. At some time he will call us to give an account of the use we have made of them. To the faithful ones—faithful over a few things—there is pledged an abundant reward. To the negligent and unprofitable servant will be assigned the portion of outer darkness. Let us all strive to make the best use of the blessings we receive.

## A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.  
—Psa. 90. 9.

We spend our years as a tale that is told;  
And which shall this new year be,  
A tale of gladness, or one of sadness,  
To be told of you and me?

Will its pages glow with unselfish deeds,  
With a record undefiled,  
A story sweet, with a cheer replete  
That would gladden the heart of a child?

Or can it be, when the year is done,  
That its record will be marred  
By wasted hours or misused powers,  
Or by words that have cut and jarred?

God gives us each day as a pure white page,  
But write dear heart, with care,  
For thy doings all are beyond recall,  
When once imprinted there.  
Corinth, Ont.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

## OTHER LITTLE ONES.

"Happy New Year's, Harry."  
"Ho!" grumbled Harry. "Don't say Happy New Year's to me."  
"Why not, little brother?"  
"Mamma says I can not go out of doors at all to-day, because I have such a cold."  
"Well, that's too bad. But I wouldn't mind it—at least not so very much."  
"But I do."  
"Just think of all the pleasant things inside the house. All our nice presents. Aunties and cousins and all coming to dinner. See the sunshine on the carpet."

"Just as the brightness of the day ought to shine from little eyes," said mamma, who was sitting near. "Think of its being the first day of the year—a new year which God has given us. Don't you think we ought to try and begin it well—with loving, thankful hearts for all the sweet and pleasant things about us? And with resolving to show it by beginning the year as well as we can?"

"I think so," said Elsie.  
Harry gave a little grunt. He was not quite prepared to say that he did not agree with mamma and Elsie, but could not yet bring himself to say that he did.

Later in the morning the two children stood at the window, looking out upon the bright winter landscape.

"Yes—there they go," said Harry, still with the grumble in his voice. "All the boys, to skate. Just what I wanted to do to-day."

"But perhaps you can go to-morrow," said Elsie.

"Been waiting to ever since I got my new skates Christmas, and the ice didn't freeze hard enough till last night. And now I'm tied up here."

"Who are those boys going by the gate?" asked Elsie. "Do you know them? See that poor little fellow—he is crying."

"He's got only one mitten," said Harry. "I guess he's cold. They're the Collins boys."

"Oh, their mother died last week," said mamma, coming to look out.

"At this moment the little boys saw them. "Happy New Year's," cried the older boy. The other one was wiping his tears with his mittened hand, but drew the bare one from under his coat to join his brother in waving at the window.

"Poor little things," said mamma. "I don't believe there's much cheer at their home this New Year's Day."

"Say, mamma," said Harry, eagerly. "Can't I ask them in to see me? I'll show them all my new things and we'll have a real jolly time. May I?"

"That is well thought of," said mamma. Her heart ached for the motherless children. Some of the buttons were off little Ted's coat, while Jacky had come out without his scarf.

Very soon they were all in the midst of merry play.

"Did you get nice things on Christmas?" asked Harry.

"No," said Jacky. "Susan hasn't time for nice things, and papa forgets."

"Then you must come often and play with mine."

Two or three hours passed very happily. Then Jacky said it was time for them to go home.

"Are you going to have a tip-top good dinner?" asked Harry.

"With turkey and cranberry sauce?" said Elsie.

"And mince pie?" added Harry.

"I guess not," said Ted. "Susan doesn't have time."

Mamma had sewn on the buttons and tucked a pair of Harry's mittens into the coat pocket. And a pretty little basket was put into Jacky's hand, which Elsie felt sure would help to give a New Year's flavor to their dinner, even though Susan might not have time.

"O mamma," said Elsie, looking after the two as they trotted away, "how glad I am that we have helped to make a Happy New Year for them."

"How glad I am," said Harry, going with a sober face, to put his arms around mamma, "that we've got mamma and everything else here at home. I don't mind it if I can't go out."

"But, mamma," said Elsie, "when we are so happy and thankful because of our Happy New Year I can't help thinking poor Jacky and Ted. Why don't you want them to be happy, too, instead of taking away their dear mamma?"

"Oh, my darling," said mamma, drawing the two very near her, "we cannot understand our Lord's way with his children. We must only feel sure, sure that all things he is ordering the way best for them, even when we cannot see how it will be."—Selected.

## HELEN AND LITTLE LUCY.

BY ELLA AMSDEN BARR.

Helen is a little girl of six years, with yellow hair, brown eyes, and a sweet winning smile. Being such a wee little girlie, most of her waking hours are spent in play. As her home is in southern California, much of this is outdoors among the butterflies, or with little Helen who lives in the next yard to her own, when Helen is not allowed to visit at home, their play goes on just the same with the fence between them. The fence is a low one with a beam across the top, so it is just the thing to make a course if they wish to play store.

When evening comes and the short hours of the clock points to seven, auntie says, "Come, Helen; bedtime, and I have begun preaching to the peepers," and Helen adds, "About Lapsed, and soon crowds from Jacky and all the country round were in."

So up the stairs they go, and from near the words of the new prophetic time the undressing begins until after the little curls are combed, the little prayer book, and Helen snugly tucked in bed, sure, but he said, "I am not the story goes on."

As Lucy is only a make-believe girl, she can be anywhere or doing anything that Helen requests. So they talk of Lucy at the seashore, or in an automobile, or having a party with her friends.

As auntie stoops for the good-night Helen says, "You haven't finished your story," and auntie replies, "That's all there is to-night about little Lucy."

## NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

There were three little folks,  
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 tell  
More than two or three pieces of news."  
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  
But right there she stopped,  
And fast asleep dropped  
Ere she came to a single conclusion."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF

## LESSON II.—JANUARY 8.

THE WITNESS OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

John 1. 19-34. Memorize verses

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the Lamb of God who

takes away the sin of the world.—John

1:29

THE LESSON STORY.

Four hundred years is a long

time had passed since a pro-

phet had been sent to Israel. Then John,

a Baptist, came to make the way

for the Christ of the world. His

mother, the mother of John,

was a prophet of the Lord.

The great silent places of nature

were full of his presence.

When evening comes and the short

hours of the clock points to seven, auntie

says, "Come, Helen; bedtime, and I

have begun preaching to the peepers,"

and Helen adds, "About Lapsed, and

soon crowds from Jacky and all the

country round were in."

So up the stairs they go, and from

near the words of the new prophetic

time the undressing begins until after

the little curls are combed, the little

prayer book, and Helen snugly tucked

in bed, sure, but he said, "I am not

the story goes on."

As Lucy is only a make-believe girl,

she can be anywhere or doing anything

that Helen requests. So they talk of

Lucy at the seashore, or in an auto-

mobile, or having a party with her

friends.

As auntie stoops for the good-night

Helen says, "You haven't finished

your story," and auntie replies, "That's

all there is to-night about little Lucy."

Each other, but he knew him by

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.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 8.

THE WITNESS OF JOHN THE BAPTIST TO JESUS.

John 1. 19-34. Memorize verses 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1. 29.

THE LESSON STORY.

Four hundred years is a long time, and that time had passed since a prophet had been sent to Israel. Then John, called the Baptist, came to make the way plain for not allowed to visit the Saviour of the world. His mother was Mary, the mother of Jesus, and between them. The feast his father and mother knew that he was to be a prophet of the Lord. He had to make a journey away into the wilderness to live, so that the great silent places of nature might come and the short hours his schoolroom while the Lord taught him to seven, auntie said. Then he came to the fords of Jordan, and I had begun preaching to the people who then adds, "About the words of the new prophet. Many begins until after he would be the great Prophet. The little prayer Messiah, that was promised in the Scriptures tucked in bed, sure, but he said, "I am not the Christ."

And when they said, "Who art thou?" he said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of the Lord.' The people wondered why he was on the seashore, or in an baptized if he was not the Christ, but he said, "I baptize with water; in the midst of you standeth One whom ye know not, even he that cometh after me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

John did not know Jesus as we know each other, but he knew him by the know-

ledge of the Spirit of God, and the next day, when Jesus stood among the crowds on the banks of Jordan (for Jesus came to John for baptism as others did), John cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" Then he told them plainly that he was only one preparing the way for the Redeemer of the world. He said, "I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him." This he saw when Jesus was baptized, but perhaps the people could not see heavenly things so well. It was in this way that John witnessed for Jesus.

WHO CAN TELL?

How long had Israel been without a prophet? Who was called then? What did he come to do? How was he related to the mother of Jesus? Where had he learned to be a prophet? Who was his Teacher? Where did he begin to preach? Had he many hearers? How was he clothed? In a coarse camel's hair garment and a belt of leather. What did the people hope? What did John say in reply to their question? What did he say that he was? How did he witness for Jesus? What had he seen?

LESSON III.—JANUARY 15.

JESUS WINS HIS FIRST DISCIPLES.

John 1. 35-51. Memorize verses 40, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.—John 1. 49.

THE LESSON STORY.

This is the way Jesus began to build his Church upon earth. When John the Baptist again (the next day) pointed to Jesus, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God," two young men turned and followed him. They had been disciples of John. One was, no doubt, John, who writes the story of it, and the other was Simon Peter's brother, Andrew. Jesus also turned to them and said, not "Whom seek ye?" but "What seek ye?" He wanted to have them know that it was the kingdom of heaven that we must seek. They said, "Master, where dwellest thou?" Jesus said, "Come and see," and so they went with him to the booth, or tent, where he was staying and were with him all the rest of the day. There they first heard the new doctrine that we call the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Andrew thought of his brother Simon, and went to bring him to Jesus also, and Jesus, seeing that he had a faithful heart, gave him the new name of Peter, which means a stone, or a rock to build on.

The next day Jesus found another young man named Philip, who came from the town of Andrew and Peter—Bethsaida (Fishtown). Jesus said to him, "Follow me," and after Philip's obedience to that word, he went for his friend Nathanael, a good man, telling him that they had found the Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth. Nathanael could not believe that any good thing

could come out of Nazareth, but he went, and Jesus, when he saw him coming, said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." This surprised Nathanael, but when Jesus told him that he saw him under the fig tree before Philip called him, he said, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."

WHO CAN TELL?

Where was the scene of our lesson? At the fords of the Jordan. Who followed Jesus? What did Jesus say to them? What question did they ask him? How did Jesus answer? What did they do? Whom did Andrew then think about? What did Jesus give to Simon? Whom did Jesus meet the next day? What did he say to Philip? Where did these young men live? What is the meaning of Bethsaida? Had Philip a friend? What was his name? What did Jesus say to Nathanael? How did he show that he could read Nathanael's heart? Did Nathanael believe in him?

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 ye new years  
come?  
And where do ye 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 Winnie 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 Sandman's power;  
And two little fringed, white curtains,  
Were dropping 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 Deeg Rolfe,  
Not so did Baby Winnie,  
"O, mamma, hear ye New Year,  
A-strachin' to get in!"

Once, when there was a very great sickness among the people of Bristol, no one dared to go into the town for fear of catching this plague. So farmers brought corn and vegetables to a big stone, and money was pitched over to pay for it. The stone is still called "Pitch and Pay."

" said Ted. "Susie  
own on the buttons  
Harry's mittens into  
d a pretty little bush  
sky's hand, which Elsie  
elp to give a New Year  
anner, even though Susie  
me.  
said Elsie, looking aft  
rotted away, "how gl  
helped to make a Happ  
m."  
am," said Harry, goin  
to put his arms arou  
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re at home. I don't mi  
ut."  
said Elsie, "when v  
thankful because of  
I can't help thinkin  
Ted. Why don't G  
happy, too, instea  
dear mamma?"  
ng," said mamma, dr  
y near her, "we can  
Lord's way with his  
nly feel sure, sure that  
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we cannot see how it

D LITTLE LUCY.

AMSDEN BARR.  
girl of six years, w  
own eyes, and a su  
Being such a wee li  
r waking hours are spe  
home is in south  
h of this is outd  
flies, or with little  
next yard to her  
not allowed to visit  
ay goes on just the  
between them. The  
a beam across the  
thing to make a cou  
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hat the great silen  
comes and the shor  
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bedtime, and I hav  
en adds, "About  
rs they go, and from  
ng begins until after  
omb, the little prae  
nngly tucked in bed,  
ure, but he said, "I  
And when they said,  
ly a make-believe li  
anywhere or doing  
requests. So they  
seashore, or in an  
g a party with her  
ps for the good-nigh  
on haven't finished  
tie replies, "That's  
about little Luey."



#### A COLD NEW YEAR.

Cold as it may be, our merry little friend sings his blithe carol of Happy New Year, fearless of the frost, trusting God for his daily food. So, too, surely may we trust God for all things needful for this year, and every year of our lives.

#### NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

O year that lies before us,  
What shall thy record be,  
As thy short months roll o'er us,  
And swift thy moments flee?  
Now thou art fair and spotless  
As childhood's opening hour,  
Thy bud so pure and stainless,  
Say, what shall be thy flower?

Thou bring'st new hope to cheer us,  
New visions fair and bright,  
Of higher aims and conquests,  
And purer, clearer light;  
New strength for fresh endeavor,  
New purpose, firm and high,  
New dreams of holy pleasures  
Which wait us in the sky.

So, year by year, in mercy,  
To us it hath been given,  
To climb from our past failures  
Up one step nearer heaven;  
To strive each year we journey  
Upon our pilgrim way  
That each new fair to-morrow  
Be better than to-day.

Lord, grant us grace to serve thee  
In serving each and all;  
Our hearts keep warm and trustful,  
Protect us lest we fall;  
And if this year's last moments  
On earth we may not see,  
We know no harm will reach us,  
For we shall be with thee.



#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

How lightly the words are said, and yet how much they mean! How few stop to ask what kind of happiness they desire for themselves or for their friends! No doubt there is a general desire in the hearts of all for success in the world, for comfort at home. And this is right enough, as far as it goes. But how far is that? Only to the end of the year, if our lives are spared; and so to another year, and another, while life goes on. And then—what then? There will come a last year; and all worldly happiness will be over. A new world and a new life will open before us; but who will say to us, as we go down into the valley of death, "A Happy New Year!" Let us give a moment to this thought. Will this be a Happy New Year for us, if it should carry us to the shores of eternity? Happiness

in the next world, that is what we should endeavor to attain. And it is within the power of every one to make sure of entering that new life with joy.

No one can make sure that he will prosper in this world, or will enjoy good health. But he can make sure of a happy eternity. The Psalmist says: "The Lord, hath never failed them that seek thee." Precious and beautiful words; but not more beautiful than true. A holy life is the only way to a happy eternity—life of thankful trust in Jesus Christ; life of earnest striving against all sin by the help of the Holy Spirit; a life of simple walking in the ways of God, seeking to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven, and all the while doing our work heartily and enjoying thankfully the pleasures that God gives us. This is the way to ensure a Happy New Year and to prepare for a happy hereafter.

#### HIS HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Harry didn't want to come in one year when mamma called him. He was having the finest time building a snow-house, as he rolled and tugged and piled one block on another, as he panted and glowed and blew clouds of fog from his red lips, he kept thinking how nice it would be to have a house of his own to live in, and he really meant to finish it and live in it.

But the rowdy had gone out without his great-coat, or leggings or rubber shoes, so of course mamma had to call him in, and to drive away his pouting fit she began to tell him that he already had a beautiful house all his own. It had two windows and two doors for visitors to enter, and one door for himself to come through; it was of beautiful shape and color, and as he grew older the house would be enlarged for his use. Moreover it was furnished with four good servants.

By this time Harry's eyes were stretched so wide that the mother could not help laughing.

"Why, mother, where in the world did I get that house?"

"God gave it to you, my little boy," said she; "it is your body, don't you see? Your blue eyes are the windows from which your mind looks out; your two ears are the doors through which your friends' words and thoughts enter; your mouth is the door through which your spirit goes forth with words for wheels, and your hands and feet are your willing, obedient servants."

Harry was laughing himself now at the queer fancy.

"But God means you to take care of the Home Beautiful," continued the mother. "If you catch cold and get sick, you injure it, and God will be displeased to see you so careless of his good gift."

The little boy sat down on the floor, and pulled off his wet stockings with a very thoughtful face. "I 'spect I'd better take care of my house," he said to himself.