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HAPPY DAYS

MOTHER'S TRUST.

Might they go down to the river that hot summer day, and paddle in the water?

"To the river? Oh, no," mother said; the river was so wide and deep; her darlings might never get back from such a dreadful place.

"But we won't go in deep," protested Ranny, "only so deep," measuring where his short legged trousers buttoned on to his shirt,

"You won't know where it is deep and where it isn't," answered mother, shaking her head: "it looks all level on top, and it reels level underfoot, while really it gets deeper and deeper, and before you know it you will be over your head."

"There is one place," spoke up Uncle Jack, "where they would be perfectly safe, if you could trust them not to go anywhere else."

"Trust them!" exclaimed mamma in a surprised tone, "where is this place?"

"Just above Sibley's landing," answered Uncle Jack, "there is a shallow little bay that is a perfectly safe place, if—" repeated emphatically,—"you can trust them to stay there."

Mother told them they might go, but they must not go beyond the limit Uncle Jack set them, and their uncle himself

undertook to show them the place. Net took the umbrella and doll, and Ranny carried his beloved raft, which had cost him and Uncle Jack—especially Uncle Jack—so much labour. Before their uncle left them, both children were absorbed in launching the craft, in which

believed, but she didn't say so, that Uncle Jack had been the "something" that pushed the raft beyond the limit, just to see how far her children could be trusted.

Keep innocent if you would be happy.



"Cora Dora Water-pine" was to take a sail.

They got the sails set and the little tow-headed lady finally seated, and by that time a new plan struck them, the point of rock was a fine place for the *Robinson Crusoe* play, so they moored the raft and struck out over the rocks. Later in the day a mournful little party came home, minus raft, doll baby and umbrella.

"When we quit being shipwrecked, mother," explained Ranny dolefully, "something had pushed our raft out in the tall woods, beyond the point of rocks. We could have waded out, mother, it was only a little way, and not deep, but it was beyond Uncle Jack's mark and we couldn't go."

"Of course not," answered the mother quickly, "not if you lost everything you owned. But let's look for Uncle Jack, and see if he can't get your things."

"Why there comes Uncle Jack," cried Net, "and he's got Dora Cora and the raft and the umbrella!"

Mother always

THE "SOMEBODIES."

The following sweet little lines, taken from Children's Home Missions, were written about a little girl in Canada, who, through a cold winter, used to go every day from her beautiful home to visit an old sick woman who was very poor:

Somebody came to see Nobody once;
Nobody's poor, you know,
And Nobody's old and Nobody's sad;
So Somebody came through the snow.

Nobody's days are drear and dark,
Like autumn days with rain;
When Somebody came it was sunshine
and showers,
Which glistened and gleamed again.

How many "Somebodies" will go on
these sunshine errands?

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1899.

HOW ARE YOUR SAILS SET?

Is our reader surprised that we should ask this question? Well, you will not be when you have read a little farther on.

Did it ever occur to you that you are a sailor? Not one of those who live upon a canal or river boat or a great ocean steamer, and whose business it is to go from one city and country to another and help in carrying forward the commerce of the world. No, not in this sense are you a sailor, but you are one in a much more important sense. You are a mariner upon the great sea of life. God has placed you in charge of a more costly ship and a more precious cargo than was ever committed to the captain of the finest merchant vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic. This ship is your own self, and this cargo is whatever this self possesses that is of real value and interest. Whether you are

travelling to the good or the bad, whether you make shipwreck or enter, after life's voyage is over, into the calm and peaceful harbour of rest, depends upon the proper use of your sails.

Do you know that the same winds may carry different vessels in almost directly opposite directions, the course pursued by the vessels depending upon the angle at which the sails are set? Just so it is that the same set of circumstances, the same trials and temptations to do wrong, may blow upon one boy and he may go in the right direction because he has determined to be master of the ship; while another boy, facing the same winds, may go in the wrong direction because he has either set his sails wrong or refused to use them at all and is content to drift.

The wise sailor uses the favourable breezes when they come, and takes advantage of those unfavourable by the adjustment of the sails of his ship. By this means adverse and contrary winds are made to speed him on his journey. So all wise young persons use all favourable circumstances to increase in knowledge, goodness and usefulness: while he so adjusts himself to the unfavourable that, instead of doing him harm, they really furnish the opportunity for the development of strength and the attainment of wisdom and experience which he would not otherwise acquire.

Our advice to all is: Instead of complaining that yours is a hard lot and that you have not as good a chance in life as others, so adjust yourselves to your surroundings and so determinedly go forward in the pathway of right as that you shall reach the high and the good despite the drawbacks of whatsoever kind.

WHAT THE OLD GARDENER SAID TO THE BOYS.

The old gardener was tired spading, and the boys were tired playing.

"What makes you work so hard all the time?" said Arthur, as they walked past the garden gate.

"I have to work hard," answered the kind old man, "to keep the weeds from getting ahead of me."

"Weeds?" said Carl. "Where are the weeds? I don't see a single one in all your garden."

"That's what comes of hard work and plenty of it. All I have to do is to keep out of my garden for a few days, and the weeds would soon begin to show their heads. Weeds grow faster than flowers and vegetables by far," said the gardener, as he plucked one of his nicest roses for each of the boys. "And there are other weeds than those that grow in garden beds," he went on, after the boys had kindly thanked him for the roses. "I saw some boys playing in the field south of my garden one day, and I am afraid from some words that came to my ears that there are some ugly weeds growing up in their hearts. I would never have thought so, either, to look at the boys with their natty

suits and their clean faces. They looked nigh as nice as my garden does after a warm shower, but the words I heard taught me that the weeds are there as certain as they are in my garden. They only need to be let alone, and they'll show their ugly heads pretty quick."

Arthur and Carl hung their heads; for they knew too well who the boys were who had been playing in the field south of the garden, and what some of the words were which the old gardener had heard. They had become angry at each other while they played, and used some very naughty words while they were in that temper. They both said as they went away that they would try to keep the weeds from growing in their gardens.

THE SQUIRREL'S FRIEND.

One day not long ago, I was walking in Central Park, and as I came down a certain path I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another one was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak tree; and from what happened soon after, I think he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call:

"Come! Come! Here I am!"

The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice, for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, thank you;" for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and drew out a nut, from which he took the shell. Then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel, the gentleman holding it between his lips.

VALUABLE MAIL PROTECTORS.

The United States Government is sometimes served for years by valuable servants who are not even boarded at the expense of the Government. These servants are cats. Rats are one of the persistent dangers that threaten the United States mail. They destroy the bags and the mail matter.

The post-office building in New York city, says The Outlook, is a large building, and now many years old. It is said that there are sixty cats in the building, cared for by the clerks. Some of the cats have never lived anywhere else; others have come in from the neighbourhood. The cats who have known only this home are very shy of strangers, and will come only to the clerks in the building. So you see that the Government is served without pay by these faithful servants who prevent the destruction by rats of valuable property, and all that is given them is shelter.

DOROTHY'S THEORY.

BY MATTIE INGALLS SHERMAN.

Dorothy sat on the nursery floor
With dolly on her knee.
"Now be perfectly quiet, dolly dear,
And pay attention to me.

"Last night I saw up in the sky,
A great big dipper, bright;
'Twas pinned with a few little stars,
But 'twas fastened very tight.

"Mamma showed it to me, dolly,
And I hadn't much to say,
But I was thinkin' lots about it,
And I've been thinkin' again to-day.

"And now I am quite, quite sure, dear,
(But we will ask mamma soon),
That a dipper so high in the sky
Must b'long to the Man in the Moon.

"I s'pose if he is thirsty at night,
When you and I are asleep,
He brings his dipper right down
And drinks from the ocean deep.

"And when he is tired of water,
As I am most every day,
He takes his dipper 'cross lots'
And drinks from the Milky Way."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 2.]

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

Hosea 14. 1-9. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord.—
Hosea 6. 1.

A LESSON TALK.

Have you ever wondered why there were prophets in the old Bible times, and what their work was? Before Christ came God told the people in different ways what he wanted them to know. One way was through prophets. These were good men by whom God sent messages to the people. Hosea was one of what is called the "Minor Prophets"—not because they were less useful and important than others, but because their writings were shorter than some others, such as Isaiah and Jeremiah. Do you know where to look in the Bible for the Book of Hosea? Be sure to find out if you do not, so that after this you will always be able to turn to it quickly.

This lesson is one of invitation and promise. If you remember the lessons in the last half of last year, you will know at once why the prophet is calling upon Israel to return to God. Think how good is the

Lord to receive the people who have turned away from him!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is this lesson? An invitation.
To whom is it given? To all who have gone away from God.
What causes people to go away from God. Sin.
What should we do when we have sinned? Come back to God.
What should we say to him? That we are sorry.
What is real sorrow for sin? The sorrow that makes us stop sinning.
What is true of every one of us? We cannot save ourselves from sin.
What does God promise? To save anyone who comes to him.
What does he say he will be like to us? The sweet dew of heaven.
How does he say we shall grow? Like the lily.
Where is true wisdom found? In God.
Who may have it? The one who will seek it.

LESSON II. [July 9.]

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Dan. 1. 8-21. Memory verses, 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

A LESSON TALK.

You have not forgotten the sad stories of the captivity of the Jews which we learned in the last half of 1898, have you? The heathen king, Nebuchadnezzar, who carried away the people of Jerusalem as prisoners, was a very rich and splendid king. He had made Babylon a city of wonders, with its elegant buildings and its hanging gardens. It was to this beautiful city the young princes were carried whom the king wanted to train to be his servants some day. In Dan. 1. 1-7, you may find the kind of boys he chose, and learn their names. You can easily see why Daniel was not willing to eat the king's meat and to drink his wine. He was a servant of the true God, and he would not eat food which had first been offered to idols. He was a manly boy and did not fear to do right. The danger always comes from wrong-doing and not from following the right. Notice what Daniel and his friends ate and drank, and then notice what was the result. God says, "Look not upon the wine," and if we want to be strong and clean in soul and body, as Daniel was, we must choose right ways of living, as he did.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What city was taken by a heathen king? Jerusalem.
What was the king's name? Nebuchadnezzar.
To what city were the prisoners taken? To Babylon.

What four boys were among the prisoners? Daniel and his three friends.

What did the king want them to become? His servants.

What did he want them taught? All the wisdom of the Chaldeans.

Where did he want them to eat? At his table.

What would they have had there? Very rich food.

What did Daniel know? That the food had been offered to idols.

What did he want to do? Eat very plain food.

Whom did Daniel want to please? God.

Whom should we try to please even in what we eat and drink? The good God.

FIRE AND FROST.

Suppose some cold morning you should go in into a neighbour's house and find him busy at work on his windows scratching away, and should ask him what he was doing, and he should reply: "Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another." Would you not say, "Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle a fire, and the frost will come off."

And have you not seen people try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows.

Let the fire of love to God, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in your heart, and the bad habits will soon melt away.

THE SCHOOL CLOCK.

When I look at the clock in school,
The minute hand goes so slow!
And the hour hand hardly moves at all!
You cannot see it go!

But when they have met at noon,
And I've only an hour for fun,
You ought to see how the spiteful hands
Just race from twelve to one.

ANNA AND THE MIRROR.

Anna caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror this morning and suddenly turned away. She sat down by the window, and though there were sunshine and a beautiful garden outside, and a lovely room all of blue and white within, yet she was very unhappy.

Perhaps you may think she had a step-mother who was unkind to her, or a father who was stern with her. No, she had the kindest and best of parents. What was the matter? Just nothing at all. To be sure her hair had a few snarls in it, and a button on her dress had come off, and mamma had been obliged to say that she would leave her little girl to entertain the little girl in the mirror for an hour. Anna wondered what that could mean and looked in the mirror. She saw a face so sullen and dark and unpleasant that she sat down to think about it. At the end of an hour she had conquered her spirit, and was bright-faced Anna again.



THE YOUNG CAPTAIN AND HIS QUEER CREW.

DOGS THAT WEAR SHOES.

In Alaska even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up, then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp, wolf-like teeth, and eats them up.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell for seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country.

They will draw two hundred pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely, or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close up to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.

LESS HASTE, MORE SPEED.

An eminent French surgeon used to say to his students when they were engaged in difficult and delicate operations: "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for there's no time to lose."

The people who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people. Those who are nervous and excited may be always busy; but in the end they do far less work than if they wrought calmly.

"Oh, what pretty chickens!" exclaimed Mabel, looking at some whose fluffy feathers had been dyed different colours. "Yes," explained seven-year-old Midge; "they were hatched out of Easter eggs."

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

There are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre, in Syria. Up to twenty years ago, there had not been a Bible or a missionary teacher among them.

At Beirut there was a little Syrian girl, going to a mission school. She had learned of Jesus and how to read the Bible, the precious book that told of Him. Oh, how she loved her Bible! and the more she learned to love it, the more she wanted others to know about it, to love it too. Are you that way, little reader?

When vacation came, she went to her home, which was one of those villages of Tyre, of which I have told you. She sat under the trees, reading her precious book. The people came to her and asked her what she was reading. "Oh such a beautiful, beautiful book!" she replied, "do you not want to hear it?" They told her they did. She began to read. Soon the crowd increased.

Every time she sat under the trees, reading, the people would come flocking about her, hungry to hear the messages in the precious book. So many hungry ones, and only one little girl to give them the words of eternal life! But how patiently and faithfully she did her part, all that one little child could do!

When she went back to the mission school, the hungry people sent a message by her, begging for a teacher who could come and stay with them. O how piteously they begged! but there was no teacher to go. There were really not enough for the mission school itself.

The next year the people begged again, and again the next and the next year.

At the end of five years what do you think happened? A missionary teacher was sent to them. And whom do think it

was? No less a person than the little girl who had first read to them the precious words of truth, sitting under the shade of the village trees, the little girl now grown to be a woman. What a glad day that was!

There are now in that city where the little girl first taught and read the Bible, twenty-nine Christian schools and over three thousand children who know Jesus, and it has all come about through that one little girl's patient and earnest seed-sowing.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

She's only a baby of three,
But she's all the big world to me!
Her loving blue eyes
Make my beautiful skies!
Her face is a flower
In bloom every hour:
Her kisses are sweet
As the honey you eat.
And she's, oh! such a comfort to me,
My bonny wee baby of three!
God help me to keep her all spotless and pure
As he spares her to me day by day
That her feet may be steady, while life shall endure,
To walk in life's true and best way;
And so shall I thank him for giving to me,
The wonderful gift of my girlie of three.

A girl's heart is a little garden, and there are good seeds planted in it; but she must watch every word and thought and act, for the naughty ones are like weeds, and will smother the good ones. She does not want to raise briars and nettles where sweet flowers can grow.