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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. X.]

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1897.

[No. 5.]

ELIJAH.

We all know the interesting story of Elijah, the prophet, who, being in danger of his life at the hands of King Ahab, was commanded by God to go and hide himself in the country. We are told that "Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." As a punishment and an example, God at length commanded Elijah to prophesy before the wicked king that there should be no more rain or dew for a long time on the earth, until God again saw good to permit it. This, of course, was a very heavy punishment, for it simply meant that the earth would receive no moisture, and, in consequence, could produce no fruit, or corn, or the necessaries of life for man or beast. Knowing that the king would try to kill his prophet, God told Elijah to go and hide himself by the brook Cherith, near the river Jordan, saying that he could drink of the brook, and that the ravens would feed him. So Elijah, without



ELIJAH.

very mouths of the birds, which usually will not fly within arm's-length of any person.

"It's awful hot out, mamma!" he said, as he sat on the back steps fanning himself with his big straw hat. "My neck is all presbyterianism. See how wet it is!"

A LONG TONGUE.

BY O. T. MILLER.

WOULDN'T you think that yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your whole body? Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow who lives in Africa with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see he is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, only that he can dart out his tongue as quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of this droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches.

The little animal that I speak of is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head, and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways so as to see all around him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small fly which can escape these sharp eyes.

GIVE your heart and soul to the Holy Spirit, be made clean and new.

OVER THE RIVER OF DROOPING EYES.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful land of Dreams,
Where lillies grow as white as the snow,
And fields of green and warm winds blow,
And the tall reeds quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries;
For it's a beautiful place for girls and boys,
And there's no scolding, and lots of noise,
And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful land of Dreams.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful land of Dreams,
There are horns to blow and drums to beat,
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans their feet,
And no one ever tires!
There are plenty of grassy places for play,
And birds and bees, they throng all the day—
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful land of Dreams?

—The Interior.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1897.

PAPA KNEW BEST.

As soon as May Benson was old enough to hold a pencil in her tiny fingers she tried to draw. Papa made beautiful pictures with brushes and soft bright colours.

When May was very good, papa used to take her to his studio and let her watch him paint his pictures.

"Please, papa, let me paint," she often begged, but papa always said: "By-and-bye, little one. You must learn to draw first, and then some time I will teach you to paint."

But May was quite sure she could paint

without being taught, if papa would only let her try.

One day she ran up from the lawn to the studio to speak to papa. The door was open, but papa was not in the room.

"Now," said May to herself, "I'm just going to s'prise papa, and show him I can paint. It's as easy as nothing 'tall." She pulled a half-finished picture from the easel and put it on a chair, unscrewed the paint bottles, drew up a footstool, and began. Of course it was easy, but somehow May couldn't make her work look the same as papa's. It looked very bad indeed, and kept getting worse.

Suddenly the door opened, and there stood papa with such a sorry look on his face that it made May cry before he said one word.

"I—I wanted to s'prise you," she sobbed.

"And so you have," said papa. "I am very much surprised to find that I cannot trust my little girl. You have not only disobeyed papa, but ruined his picture too."

"Please forgive me, papa, and I'll never touch your paints again till you say I may," said May. And he did forgive her.

When May was ten years old, papa began to teach her to draw; but it took many years of hard work before she could paint as well as her father.

MR. DOANE'S SERMON.

Up among the White Mountains is a large pile of rocks like a pulpit; and when the young people go to the spot on a pleasure excursion, some one is sent up into the pulpit to preach. One day young Mr. Doane was chosen, and he preached a little sermon on temperance.

"There is nothing so good to drink," he said, "as the pure cold water of these mountain springs. If the people were only satisfied to drink water, a great part of the sorrow and sin of the world would be prevented.

"Intemperance is an evil hard to cure, but easy to prevent. Let us do all we can to prevent it. Beginning with ourselves, we can resolve never to touch, taste, or handle anything that can intoxicate. Then let us use our influence with our friends, and persuade every one we know to let it alone. Let us all join hands to-day in the temperance army."

He said more, but we cannot repeat it all. There was a lad in the company who was accustomed to see wine every day on the table. His father and his father's friends drank, and sometimes he was allowed to have a little; and he had learned to love it. But Mr. Doane's little sermon that day from Pulpit Rock convinced him that it was not wise for him to take it, and he determined then and there that he would never taste it again.

Some people say that they go into the country for fun, and need not try to do good there. But we can do good everywhere, and wherever we go we should let our light shine for Jesus, and never be

afraid to stand up for the truth. If Mr. Doane hadn't stood up for temperance that day, we do not know what would have become of Archie Treadwell. Perhaps he would have died a drunkard.

HONEST WITH HIMSELF.

LITTLE Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing machine; and as he was generally a pretty obedient boy, his mother, auntie, and his auntie's friend were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankie was without doubt the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankie, did you touch the sewing machine?" asked mamma severely.

"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous answer. He was such a mite; so frail and delicate, so utterly helpless, as he stood before us all with parted lips and big, frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity.

"Now, Frankie," continued his mother, "you know I said that I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came in a trembling whisper. Surely the little fellow was punished sufficiently, and yet we realized that justice must be enforced.

"It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine; perhaps he has forgotten," suggested his aunt.

"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother. "Did you forget, Frankie? I know that my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a passionate cry, as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength: "O mamma, mamma, I did remember; I shan't make believe to myself!"

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves!

"BERTIE'S DON'T CARE."

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," cried Bertie; "what is it?" "Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret, and hide it." Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Auntie Nell," and away he ran. I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet!

GIVE all you have to God—your body and your soul, your time, your health, and your moneys, your hands and feet, and eyes, and lips.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book,
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with promise in it,
That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
hearts
Since time the earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XI. [March 14

SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR, CONVERTED.

Acts 9. 1-12, 17-20. Memory verses, 17-20

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Old Life, v. 1, 2.
2. The Overwhelming Vision, v. 3-16.
3. The New Life, v. 17-20.

THE LESSON STORY.

You remember Saul, the persecutor. When he saw how the Christians were

fleeing to other cities he thought he would follow them. So he went to the high priest and received authority to arrest believers in Damascus and bring them bound to Jerusalem.

Several men went with Saul, and they had come in sight of Damascus at noon-day. Suddenly a light from heaven shone about them so dazzling that Saul fell on his face to the ground. A voice said, "Why persecutest thou me?" Saul answered, "Who art thou, Lord?" And when he knew that it was Jesus he cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Jesus told him to go into the city, and there he would learn what to do.

Then Saul arose, but he could not see the men who stood close by him. They led him into Damascus, for the light had not blinded them. For three days he was in the house of Judas in Straight Street, blind, and not able to eat or drink. Then the Lord told a good man named Ananias to go to him, for he was praying. Ananias went and put his hands on him, and Saul's eyes were opened and the Holy Spirit came into his heart. Then he was baptized, and soon he was preaching Christ in the synagogues of Damascus.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson very carefully. Acts 9. 1-12, 17-20.
- Tues.* Find what Paul says about it Acts 26. 9-16.
- Wed.* Learn what Paul found true. Golden Text.
- Thur.* Find a good thing to say to the Lord in verse 6.
- Fri.* Learn to what Paul was called. Acts 26. 16.
- Sat.* Find whom Paul saw when he was blind. 1 Cor. 15. 8.
- Sun.* Read another story of Paul's conversion. Acts 22. 6-16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who persecuted the believers? Why did he get letters to go to Damascus? What did the letters give him power to do? Who went with him to Damascus? What happened when they were in sight of the city? How do we know the light was a very bright one? Who fell to the ground? Who spoke to Saul? What did Saul ask? Where did the Lord tell him to go? What did he find when he arose? Who led him into the city? Where did he stay for three days? Who came to him then? What did Saul receive? What did he soon begin to do? What had the Lord given him? A new heart.

ANSWER TO YOURSELF.

Have you heard the Lord's voice?
Can Jesus open blind eyes now?
Do you want the eyes of your spirit opened?

LESSON XII. [March 21.

CHRISTIAN SELF-RESTRAINT.

1 Cor. 9. 19-27. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. For the Gospel's Sake, v. 19-23.
2. Temperate in All Things, v. 24-27.

THE LESSON STORY.

Saul became a new man from that wonderful day. He had been proud and haughty, but he became humble and loving, ready to be a servant to all if he could help people to know Jesus.

When he was with the Jews he tried to please them in innocent things so that he might win them to listen to the good words about Jesus. When he was with Gentiles he let them see that he was not bound by Jewish law, but by the law of Christ. The poor and weak and ignorant he did not despise, but was careful not to do anything that would harm them. He denied himself for Jesus' sake. Did he do right?

We who follow Christ are running a race. The one who runs an earthly race is willing to deny himself many things so as to win the prize. But it is a heavenly race we are called to run. Enemies try to keep us from winning the prize. The body is one great enemy. Paul said he kept his body under. He would not let his desire for pleasure rule him. Yet Paul was a brave, strong man. It takes a brave, earnest soul to deny self for Jesus' sake!

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Learn what Paul said about idols' meat. 1 Cor. 8. 10-13.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses. 1 Cor. 9. 19-27.
- Wed.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Thur.* Learn a good reason for temperance. Prov. 23. 20, 21.
- Fri.* Find the reward of the faithful. 1 Peter 5. 4.
- Sat.* Read words of encouragement. Rom. 8. 12-14.
- Sun.* Learn Hymn 594 in Methodist Hymnal.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What change did Saul's conversion make in him? What did the proud Jew become? How did he try to win the Jews? What did he show the Gentiles? How did he treat the weak? For whose sake did he deny self? What are we all running? What are those who run an earthly race striving for? What are they willing to do? What is the race Christians run? Who will try to hinder? What is one of our enemies? What must we put down? What must we be to deny self?

CALLED TO THE RACE.

"'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye."

Give yourself to God, to Father, Son and Spirit—the three one God.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule,
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things chiefly I despise—
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would too,
If I were you.

AN OLD STORY OF A LION.

ANDROCLE'S, the slave of a noble Roman, was doomed to die for a crime he had committed. The slave escaped to the deserts of Numidia, where he wandered among the sands, almost dead from heat and hunger. Suddenly he came upon a cave, and creeping in, found a place at the other end to sit down and rest.

But after a time a great lion came to the mouth of the cave, entered, and went straight to him. Androcles was sure his hour had come; but the lion came up to his side, laid his paw on his knee, and making a sort of cry began to lick his hand. Then Androcles saw that a sharp thorn was festering in the lion's paw. The slave pulled out the thorn, and squeezing the paw gently, relieved the fester.

The lion then left him, and soon returned with a fawn which he had just killed. For some days Androcles was kept from starving by the lion, but at last, in desperation, he gave himself up to his master.

His master was making a collection of large lions to send to Rome, and coolly ordered that Androcles be sent with the lions as soon as a certain number had been obtained. The slave was then to be exposed to fight with the lions in the amphitheatre.

One day Androcles stood in the arena awaiting his fate. The gate was opened, and a huge lion leaped out. Suddenly the kingly beast fell to the ground, and crept to the slave's feet with gentle, caressing motions. The lion was Androcles' old friend.

The authorities, on learning the story, ordered Androcles to be pardoned, and gave him the lion. Cassius tells us that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, crowds gathering about him, and repeating to one another: "This is the lion who was the man's guest; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

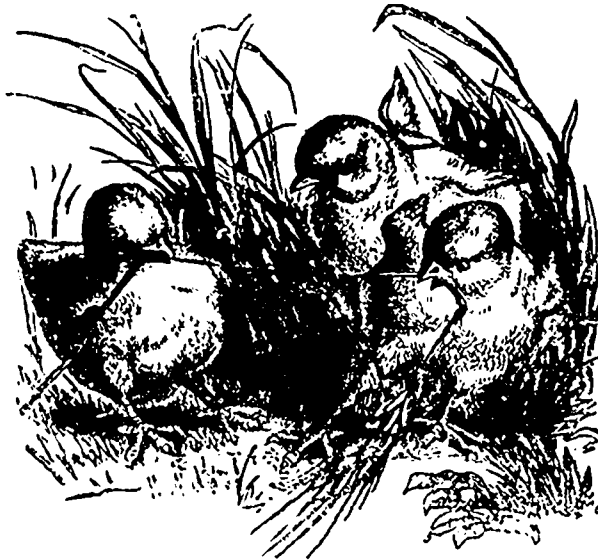
Lions can be tamed if taken young enough; but they may at any time break out with all their native fury, though seldom hurting their friends.—*Forward.*

TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

THERE is an old saying that lazy folks take the most pains. When I was very young I used to wonder how that could be true, for I knew some very lazy folks, and it seemed to me that they never took any pains at all; but I learned after awhile how it was that people who were too lazy to do things as they ought to be done, and at the right time, made themselves so much trouble that in the end they had to take ever so much more pains than if they had done the right thing at first.

A little girl was once too lazy to go to the house after a glass to drink out of. "It's too much trouble to go all the way to the house for a cup. I'll just tip up the pail and take a drink," said she. And so she did tip up the pail, but she didn't get a drink. She tipped it a little too far, and down her neck poured the whole pailful of water!

Dear! dear! How she did jump, and gasp, and sputter, and scream, as the great



THE TUG OF WAR.

stream of cold water ran into her face, down her neck, and all over her! She ran to the house gladly enough now, and as nurse changed her clothes, scolding her all the time, and rubbed her very hard with a crash towel to keep her from taking cold, she wished with all her heart that she had run to the house after a cup and saved herself such a disagreeable wetting.

THE TUG OF WAR.

HERE is an exciting scene, surely! Two little chicks fighting for a straw! Well, after all, silly as it seems, and useless to them as is the possession, the quarrel is just about as sensible and weighty as those creatures of the rational order often engage in. Do we not often see boys and girls, and grown people, too, wrangling and striving over things of little more consequence or worth to them when the battle is gained? See that you don't fight for straws, little friends, or for anything else, for that matter; for things worth winning are never so gained.

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them. "Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two. "Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" promptly replied sister. "Ah! that's not safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!" Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out: "Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"

VERY HAPPY.

CLARABEL is always happy. I have never heard her fret nor cry nor complain of anything. She sits on the rug and plays with her blocks. She goes out with Susan for a walk, or with brother Tom for a ride. She laughs so merrily when she hears the birds sing, that the birds might almost think she was one of their bright family. I do love Clarabel, for she is such a lovely child.

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had only numbered five summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?"

The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love anybody?"

With a look of surprise the child answered: "I love you; I love my father, my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands."

The child's face looked bright with a new thought.

"And you ought," continued his mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother, and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever."

AS early as a child can be made to understand that he is his mother's child he can understand that he is God's child, that he has been given to God, and that God has accepted him.

GIVE Christ your burdens to carry; for they are too heavy for you.