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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

[No. 20.

## TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.

There is no animal in the East that is capable of making such long journeys as the camel. The camel can go on and on in the very hottest weather without showing any of the signs of fatigue that a horse would for the same distance. They have very long legs indeed, and a broad pad on their feet that is well adapted to prevent sinking in the sand, and can cover the ground in enormous strides that soon lessen the distance to be traversed. Crossing the vast expanses of dry, sandy country, known as the desert, these hardy animals are always used, for they are so made that they can carry a quantity of water in a sort of pouch inside and draw on this when there is no sign of water for miles and miles. Thus they are able to last longer and do more work than most animals.

## A KITE LESSON.

The boys were out on the hill flying their kite when Uncle Henry came up and watched them.

"Boys," he said, "this reminds me of a story I read a few days ago. Here it is: A gentleman was speaking to the children at a mission school, and he said to the boys: 'There's a

time and a place to play, but the time and place is neither now nor here. Say, boys, a kite is a good thing, isn't it?' 'Yes, sir,' replied a little fellow, 'but it is not worth much if it breaks loose.' 'Stop

right there,' said the speaker. 'I want to ask you a question: How much is a boy worth when he breaks loose?' The story says those boys understood at once, do you, my little men?'

many things for which you ought to thank God?

The only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.



TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.

"I think I do," said Harry. "If it wasn't for this string I hold in my hand the kite would go ker-flop to the ground. It's the pull of the string that makes it go up true and steady. And I suppose you mean that a boy that is tied to his mother's apron-string goes up true and steady, and a fellow that breaks loose tumbles down to the gutter."

"Just so, my lad, but the Bible is the best string of all to be tied to, for that never breaks."

## BEING THANKFUL.

Round and round go the arms of the great windmill, as the November wind blows strong and sharp. But Ralph and Minnie and Carlo do not mind the wind. Shall I tell you of what they are talking? Of course, they have heard a good deal about Thanksgiving of late, and they are counting up the things for which they ought to be thankful. There are papa and mamma and each other, and kind friends, besides grandma, and a whole host of uncles, aunts and cousins. Then there's food and clothing, and light and sunshine, and the warm fire at home and school, and Carlo.

Have you, my little one, thought of the

## THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS.

I love to see the sky so blue,  
So beautiful and bright  
It seems to speak of heaven to me—  
A land without a night.

I love to see the glorious sun,  
So dazzling to my sight:  
It seems to speak of God's great power,  
His majesty and might.

I love to see the silvery moon,  
That makes the darkness light:  
It seems to speak of rest and peace  
To him who does the right.

I love to see the radiant stars,  
Those lesser worlds of light:  
They seem to speak of Bethlehem's babe;  
Oh, wondrous was the sight!

How truly did the Psalmist write  
In God's own holy word,  
"The heavens declare the glory—  
The glory of the Lord!"

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

## A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother, mother, there's something in my eye; please take it out quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother, as she put her arm around the child.

"I don't know. It's an awful big thing. The wind blew it into my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but she could find nothing except tears. "I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it is there, mother. Please do get it out; it makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again. Then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water, and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time, but the poor eye did not get any better. Something surely was in it—something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright, and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as she kept her eyelids open.

"Ah," said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is."

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't, either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It is just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after this Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humour; nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," asked her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you do not stop worrying, you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek. "I'm like that little grain of sand, mother. Don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people very uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand hurt me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself; but I can, and I will, right away."

## TEACHING THE WORSHIP OF IDOLS.

In China you see the mothers in their own houses and in the temples showing their children how to light the candles, burn the incense and spirit money, and present their offerings, and then, with hands clasped or laid together flat, palm to palm, bow and worship. They teach them to join their hands and worship any idol carried past in its chair.

One day, along with a native pastor, I was preaching outside the west gate of Chang-poo, when an idol, preceded by a man beating a gong, was carried past to visit a sick man. Several women were sitting listening to our preaching, but when the idol appeared they all rose up to their feet, put their hands together, and waved them several times toward the passing idol. Among them was a mother with a child just beginning to walk. After pay-

ing her own respects she took the child's hands in her own, laid them palm to palm, and waved them several times, just as she had done her own. In this way they are trained from their infancy to worship false gods.

## TIM'S DOVE.

One day when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbour going by the house and he went out and put the dove in her hand. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said, "she is so sick."

Then he ran in the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbour brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well again."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother should not hear, that he had no more doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbour could speak, there was a little rustle of wings, and fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see, I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

When Willie goes upstairs to sleep  
A wakoful ear he's sure to keep  
Upon the wind, who always knows  
What Willie does, and where he goes:  
If he's been good the whole day long,  
The wind sings over the same song  
In sweetest, softest lullabies  
As Willie gently shuts his eyes:  
"Good and true, good and true!  
Willie, you—Willie, y-o-u!"

But sometimes—ah, the truth is sad—  
Poor Willie's wilful, cross and bad;  
He breaks his mother's strictest rule,  
And even slips away from school;  
Then when he creeps into his bed,  
And pulls the pillow o'er his head,  
And listen—hark! the mad wind knows;  
Hear, how it whistles, storms and blows:  
"So untrue! so untrue!  
Willie, you—I mean y-o-u!"

Oh, then his heart begins to quake,  
And one long hour he lies awake,  
And wonders how the wise wind knew—  
The wisest wind that ever blew—  
Till something inside speaks out bold:  
"I am the monitor who told!  
O yes, 'twas I who told the wind,  
And both of us know you have sinned,  
Willie, you—Willie, y-o-u!"  
Wind and Conscience both say you!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II. [Oct. 10.]

PAUL A PRISONER AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 22. 17-30. Memory verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—1 Peter 4. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul the Persecutor, v. 17-21.
2. Paul the Persecuted, v. 22-30.

THE LESSON STORY.

There was great joy among the Christians in Jerusalem when Paul came. But it was soon turned to mourning, for all that the Holy Spirit had said by Agabus came to pass. The wicked Jews seized him and began beating him. They would have killed him, very likely, but the Roman captain took him away and bound him and led him to the tower, or castle, where prisoners were kept. The people were angry and kept crying, "Away with him!" as they did in the time of Jesus. As they went up the long stairs to the tower Paul asked the captain to let him speak to the people, and the captain said he might. Then Paul told the wonderful story of his life, how once he hated the

Christians until Jesus spoke to him and changed his heart, and how he had preached Jesus in Jerusalem until God had sent him to preach to the Gentiles.

Then the people began to cry out again that Paul ought to be killed, and the captain ordered a centurion to have him scourged to make him confess. Paul knew this was unlawful, for he had the rights of a Roman, though he was a Jew. He told the centurion this, and when the captain heard it he was afraid and sent away the soldiers. The next day he called a council of the Jews to come and examine Paul.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Find how Paul was welcomed at Jerusalem. Acts 21. 17-19.  
*Tues.* Learn the good advice they gave him. Acts 21. 20-25.  
*Wed.* Read how a great uproar was raised. Acts 21. 26-31.  
*Thur.* Read Paul's speech on the prison stairs. Acts 22. 1-21.  
*Fri.* Read the rest of the lesson verses. Acts 22. 22-30.  
*Sat.* Find why Paul was not ashamed? Golden Text.  
*Sun.* Find why Paul was not to be pitied. Matt. 5. 10-12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

How was Paul received in Jerusalem? Why was the joy soon turned to mourning? What did the apostles advise Paul to do? [See Helps for Tuesday.] What excuse did the Jews make for seizing Paul? Acts 21. 28. What unlawful deed did they do? Who put a stop to it? Where was Paul taken? Who gave him permission to speak? What story did Paul tell? How did the Jews receive it? What order did the captain give? Why was it not carried out? What right had a Roman citizen? Not to be punished before being tried and found guilty. What did the captain call the next day?

IN TIME OF DANGER—

Stand firm, trusting in God.  
Never be ashamed of the right.  
Do not be afraid; God knows.

LESSON III. [Oct. 17.]

PAUL BEFORE THE ROMAN GOVERNOR.

Acts 24. 10-25. Memory verses 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. A Good Confession, v. 10-16.
2. A Plain Statement v. 17-21.
3. A Long Delay, v. 22-25.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was brought before the Jewish council, but the seventy judges fell to quarrelling among themselves, and the captain took Paul back to the prison. That night the Lord stood by him and told him that he should be his witness at Rome.

So Paul knew that the Jews could not kill him at this time. But the Jews did not know this, and forty cruel men made a plot to fall upon him when he was next brought to the council, and kill him. Paul's sister's son heard of the plot and told it to the captain, and he sent Paul in the night, with a strong guard of soldiers, to Caesarea. The city was thirty-five miles from Jerusalem, and the Roman governor, Felix, lived there. Five days after Paul left Jerusalem the high priest, Ananias, and the elders of the Sanhedrin came to accuse him. They said that Paul went about trying to stir up rebellion among the Jews, and that he came to Jerusalem to profane the temple. Then Paul said that he had done no wrong, and that nothing could be proved against him except that he believed in the resurrection of the dead. Felix did not let the Jews take Paul back to Jerusalem. He kept him in Caesarea, and was kind to him. One day he and his wife, Drusilla, sent for Paul to speak to them of Jesus, and Felix trembled as he listened. But he would not repent then; he put it off till another time.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the charges against Paul. Acts 24. 1-9.  
*Tues.* See how Paul replied in the lesson verses. Acts 24. 10-25.  
*Wed.* Find why Paul was not afraid. Golden Text.  
*Thur.* Learn why the captain sent Paul to Felix. Acts 23. 25-30.  
*Fri.* Learn why Paul made Felix tremble. Heb. 4. 12.  
*Sat.* Read of others besides Felix who waited. Matt. 25. 1-10.  
*Sun.* Find the danger of putting off repentance. Prov. 1. 24-28.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What was the Jewish council before which Paul appeared? The Sanhedrin. What did the judges do after Paul spoke? Where did the captain take Paul? Who lived at Caesarea? What right had Paul as a Roman citizen? To be tried before a Roman judge. Where was Paul's trial held? Why did the Jews want Paul sent back to Jerusalem? So as to kill him. Where was he kept? Who trembled at his words? What mistake did Felix make?

AM I LIKE PAUL—

Always ready to hear God speak?  
Always ready to acknowledge a fault?  
Always ready to speak the word of God?

Johnny had been out in the yard playing ball, and suddenly came in and sat down to read. His father looked up, and seeing that Johnny had his Sunday-school book in his hand, thought it time to question him. "What did you do with the ball?" "It went over the fence into Mr. Brown's yard." "Did you go over after it?" "No, sir." "Why not?" "Because it went through the window."

## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Nanny has a hopeful way—  
Bright and busy Nanny,  
When I cracked the cup to-day,  
She cried out in her hopeful way,  
"It's only cracked—don't fret I pray."  
Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,  
So good and sweet and canny.  
When I broke the cup to-day,  
She answered in her hopeful way,  
"Well, 'twas cracked, I'm glad to say."  
Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way—  
Quite right, little Nanny,  
Cups will crack and break away,  
Fretting doesn't mend or pay.  
Do the best you can, I say,  
Busy, loving Nanny.



BITTER TEARS.

## BITTER TEARS.

The troubles of life begin early, almost sooner than the pleasures. The little man in our cut seems quite overwhelmed with one. He is on his way home from school and is taking his father's dinner to the hay field where he has been working and is now looking out for his son. Probably he is crying because something went wrong at school and his father may be displeased with him. It seems a pity to be unhappy on such a lovely day. The sun is shining brightly and the sweet scent of the fresh mown hay must be delicious. No doubt, when the father comes upon the scene the tears will be dried and all will be bright and happy again; anyhow, we will all hope so.

No man ever lost anything by attending to his own business, and few folks have ever made much by meddling with other people's business.

## HOW WILL FOUND THE TURKEY'S NEST.

In spite of the cold wind that came blowing in from the snow-covered Western plains, Will and Josephina wanted to go down and play at Mr. Blair's with Al and Rosa in the carpenter's shop behind his house. And no wonder, for of all play-places that lads and lassies can find, a carpenter's shop, with its clean wooden blocks, its sweet-smelling sawdust and its long curled shavings, is the nicest.

On the way down Mr. Wind had the impudence to jerk Josephina's little black felt hat from off her head and run off with it. Will spied it under the steps of an old stone cottage that nobody lived in, and ran his arm under to pull it out, when lo and behold, from the other side out rushed an old turkey-cock, cackling and fussing, "almost saying bad words," as Jo said.

We'll have turkey eggs for supper, and surprise mamma!" But when Will got home his big sister Janet pounced on him: "Mamma has gone out, Billy boy," she said, "and she left me word to make you get your Sunday-school lesson for tomorrow before you go out."

Will sat down rather crossly to study his lesson; and what do you think the Golden Text was? Why, that long one in Philippians about "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just," and the rest of the whatsovers. It was a long verse, and Will had time to think over it a good deal before he could say it perfectly. The upshot of it was that Will and Jo didn't have turkey eggs for supper, and the only person surprised was Mr. Clouser, who lived next door to the stone cottage, when Will told him where his turkey had made her nest.

## KIND WORDS.

A very touching incident came to my knowledge a few days ago, and to show the power a good man or woman may have over those with whom they come in contact, even with the little children, I will relate it here:

An old minister, over eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years of his life in a parish, met a little boy on the street who had never seen him before.

"Good-morning, my little child," he said, "what is your name?"

As he spoke he laid his hand upon the little fellow's head. The boy told his name, and the gentleman said:

"O, I am so glad to see you! I hoped to meet you; I have been looking for you. I knew your dear mother, who is now in heaven."

The child ran home, and, entering the room, almost breathlessly exclaimed:

"O auntie, dear, I met an angel from heaven, and he knows my dear mamma up there, and he stopped me on the street to tell me!"

The long silvery hair of the aged messenger of God, and the saintly face, with those kindly spoken words, made this beautiful impression upon the mind of the motherless child.

## KITTY AND POLLY.

BY DELIA HART STONE.

When Kitty had driven "pug" from the chairs,  
And draped the curtains with dainty airs,  
Her work she admired, but said she was tired  
Of having so many household cares.

Polly had washed the dishes all,  
Had dusted the furniture, cleaned the hall,  
And baked the bread. She was glad, she said,  
She could do a little, although she was small.

"You old goose!" cried Will, "if you had just stayed quietly in your dark hole I would never have known you were there."

Will poked his head under the steps and found eight eggs. "Oh, ho, Mrs. Turkey!" he said, "you are in too big a hurry to set up housekeeping; don't you know that your eggs will freeze out here if you don't look out?"

"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" said Mrs. Turkey, which meant, "I wish you would mind your own business."

"Whose eggs are they, Will?" asked the little sister.

"Whose? Why, mine," answered Will, quickly: "I found 'em, and they are under nobody's steps."

"But the turkey is somebody's," said Josephina.

"Well, goosie, I ain't going to touch the turkey," snapped Will; "you go on to Mr. Blair's, and I'll go back for a basket.