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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1899.

No. 12

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mary and Katie are in great grief. Their little pet chick, that they have been feeding and taking such great care of, lies stretched out on the ground and seems cold and stiff. Little Kate bending over it said, "Little chookie, wake up and eat your dinner," when Mary quickly said, "O Kate, our chicken is dead and cannot eat the nice food we have brought." This sounded to the little sister very strange. It also seemed to her very sad that the poor little chick would not eat any dinner, and when she asked, "Won't it ever eat any more?" and Mary said gravely, "No," she rose up and stood as we see her, crying bitterly. Mary sits gazing at their dead pet with a most abstracted air. Early this morning she came and gave the chicken its breakfast and it seemed quite well, and they had taken such pains to scrape up all the nicest crumbs for its dinner—and it is dead.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

Children have their sorrows as well as grown-up folks, and they are very real sorrows too. These two little girls feel that their hearts are well-nigh broken, but childish sorrows are soon healed; and when chickie is buried and a new pet takes its place, Mary and Katie will be quite merry and light-hearted again, though it would not do to tell them that just now, for they feel that all the to

morrows will be most dreadfully lonely without that dear little chick.

GOD'S HEARING.

"How do you think God can hear so far off?" asked a child of his mother.

"O my darling, God can hear not only the words that rise from your lips, but the thoughts that rise in your heart. He has not ears such as we have, but the ears of feeling and sympathy. He is not far away from any of us. He is everywhere, and fills all space; and he wants to fill your heart. If you only let him in, don't you think he will be near enough to know all that goes on there, and to guide you, and to hear all your prayers before they are spoken?"

"But, mamma, he does not always do what I ask him."

"Perhaps not. I do not always do what you ask me. But it is because I know better than you do what is good for you that I sometimes say no. When God does not do what

you ask him, never think he does not hear. He says, 'No, you do not ask the thing that is good for you, or go the right way to attain it. What I will do for you is to open the right way to reach the right thing.'

A LITTLE GIRL.

A little girl
A little curl
A little dress of blue,
Ever so neat,
Ever so sweet,
Ever so kindly too.

Ever so wise
For one her size,
She seldom makes mistakes;
Ever so gay
With little to say,
Warm friends she ever makes.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1899.

A QUEER AUDIENCE.

It would seem very strange, children, to see a lot of monkeys coming into church to listen to the preaching, would it not? Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, a missionary in India, in his book entitled "In the Tiger Jungle," gives this novel account in one of his services. He was preaching in the street of a village in India. This is what he tells of his queer audience:

Behind the houses on the opposite side of the street there was a long row of trees growing in their back yards, the branches of which stretched out over the flat roofs.

Chancing to raise my eyes, I noticed many branches of these trees beginning to bend downward toward the roofs, and saw the faces of some old jack monkeys peering out through the foliage. Soon some of them jumped down and came forward to see what their "big brothers" in the street were about as they stood gazing so intently at these white men standing on the platform. Springing upon the parapet, they seated themselves with their hind feet hanging over in front, and gazing with fixedness at the preacher as they saw the people in the street doing.

Other monkeys followed, until there was a long row of them seated on the parapet. I could see the late comers walking along behind the parapet, looking for a place wide enough to get a seat. Failing to find a place wide enough between two already seated monkeys, they put up their hands and pushing each one sidewise, would seem to be saying, "Sit along a little, please, and give a fellow a seat," until the "bench" was crowded.

I noticed that many mother monkeys had brought their babies to church with them. These little baby monkeys sat upon the thigh of the mother, while her hand was placed around them in a very human fashion; but the sermon was evidently too high for these little folks to comprehend. Glancing up, I saw one of the little monkeys cautiously reach his hand around and, catching hold of another baby monkey's tail, give it a pull. The other little monkey struck back, but each mother monkey evidently disapproved of this levity in church, and each gave its own baby a box on the ear, as though saying: "Sit still! Don't you know how to behave in church?"

With the exception of a monkey now and then trying to catch a flea that was biting him, they thus sat demurely until the preacher finished his sermon and until we had distributed gospels and tracts among the audience, and bidding them a polite farewell, had started for our tents.

ARCHIE'S MISTAKE.

"A stormy Saturday! O dear!"

Archie's face was as doleful as the gloomy sky outside, as he fretted about in a way which made the weather in the house seem as dreary as that out of doors. I wonder how many children stop to think how much they have to do with the home weather.

"I must write in my diary," said Elsie.

"I did not do it last night."

"I think you ought to play with me," whimpered Archie.

"I will, afterwards."

"Then will you show me what you write?"

"No," said Elsie, laughing, "I never show it to anybody."

It was an old grievance. The only reason for Archie wishing very much to see his sister's diary was that she did not wish him to. It must have now been that the weather had affected him badly; for, almost without thinking, Archie did a very rude thing. He came behind Elsie and peeped over her shoulder.

"There, there!" he cried. "No wonder you don't want me to see your old diary!"

"What is the trouble, Archie?" asked his mother.

"She's writing mean things about me. She wrote: 'I do not like my brother!'"

With a merry little laugh, Elsie showed her diary to her mother, who laughed, too, and said: "Come here, Archie, and see what comes after the words you do not like."

Archie came and read: "I do not like

my brother to think I am unkind; so I will stop writing and go and play with him."

How Archie coloured with shame as his mother and Elsie still laughed! But I think it served him right for looking over Elsie's shoulder, don't you?

FAR-AWAY WORLDS.

Sir Robert Ball, astronomer and geometer, suggests the following aids in realizing the enormous distances from our earth to some of the stars: "The maximum speed of electricity," he says, "is one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second, or seven times round the earth at the equator. The first click of a message would reach the moon in a little more than one second, the sun in eight minutes, and the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri, in four years. If messages had been started at the time the events occurred, some stars would just be learning of the battle of Waterloo; others, of the achievement of Columbus, while some of those revealed by the photographic plate would not yet have heard the news of the birth of Christ."

A HIDDEN FOUNTAIN.

It is stated that one of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrein the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag round his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth: then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

WHAT MARY WROTE.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Mary to herself. She could not write very well, but she sat down and wrote, "A good girl." Then she took it and showed it to her mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said; "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write on my life, mother?" asked Mary.

"By being a good girl every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good girl tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who died and rose from the dead?
Jesus?

From what may we rise with Christ?
From the death of sin.

What must we seek then? The things
which are above.

What does this mean? The things
which please God.

What must we love first and best?
Things which God loves.

With whom may our life be hid? With
Christ in God.

When he appears where shall we be?
With him.

How then must we live? As he tells us
to do.

What must we put off? All wrong
things.

What must we put on? All right ways
and tempers.

Who will help us to do this? Jesus.

What will he put in our hearts if we
obey him? His own peace.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

Titles and Golden Texts should be
thoroughly studied.

1. The R. of L. - I am the resurrection.
2. The A. in B. - She hath done—
3. Jesus T. H. - I have given you—
4. J., W., T. & L. - Jesus saith unto—
5. The C. P. - I will pray the—
6. The V. and the B. I am the vine—
7. Christ B. and A. He is despised—
8. Christ B., H. P. He came unto his—
9. Christ B. P. - I find no fault—
10. Christ Crucified. The Son of God—
11. Christ R. - Now is Christ—
12. The N. L. in Chr. Let the peace—

WHAT TED DIDN'T KNOW.

"I wonder how many of the class know
how to clean a lead-pencil rubber."

Every one looked curious, but not a
hand was raised.

"'Tis often a convenient thing to know,"
continued Miss Morton, who told the
children so many interesting things.
"Sometimes one is obliged to erase a word
when there isn't possibly time to rewrite
very much, and then it is nice to know
how to do it so the paper will present a
clean appearance. How many present
have your rubbers with you?"

Into their pockets went every hand.

When all were ready, she said: "Now
write 'neatness' on your block of practice
paper."

It took but a moment.

"You may now erase your words."

When the papers were inspected, there
was on each a soiled rubber mark.

"Now rub your rubbers on the under
side of the blocks," directed Miss Morton.
"Be careful to rub the entire surface over.
Now each write 'neatness' again."

When the words were erased this time,
one could hardly see even a trace of the
rubber marks.

"I never heard of cleaning rubbers
before," said Ted to Willio Newcomb at
recess.

"Nor I," returned his little friend.

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

Mrs. Foster was busy dusting her dining-
room. She had a white cap over her hair,
and wore a long blue apron. Knock,
knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on
the door, and before she could whisk off
her cap, or say "Come in!" the door
opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so
early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh," as a
fair, curly head presented itself, "it's
Bruce Pettigrew! Well, Bruce, what can
I do for you to-day?"

"Mr. Foster," said the child, bringing
in a small tin plate, "won't you please,
ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple
cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, ma'am; the birds, you know. So
many of 'em comes now, since the snow,
that I don't have enough to give them;
so I thought I'd bring over my plate and
get you to help me. I'll come back for it
after dinner."

And the little boy was gone without
waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the
little tin plate travelled backward and
forward, and the birds flocked more and
more to the snow-covered ledge of that
third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed
the birds, more than he knew of, as is the
case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of help-
ing," thought Mrs. Foster. "He
gives all he can himself, and then he takes
the trouble to get other people to help.
Now there's Mrs. Irwin; she has enough
cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in
comfort. I'll just step over and ask for
them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a
friendly tone. "Why, to be sure, if you
think that red dress that Mary has just
laid aside would do any good."

And before the visit was over Mrs.
Foster had more than she could carry
home, enough to make the whole O'Connor
family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the
O'Connors, too, and in all those poor
people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds
and collecting his crumbs, knowing no
more than the birds of all this, but the
Heavenly Father, whose care is over all
his creatures, smiled down upon the little
boy.

Children, learn to be exact and careful
in little things.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON XII. [June 18.]

THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST.

Col. 3. 1-15. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.
—Col. 3. 15.

A LESSON TALK.

How can a child be "risen with Christ"?
Only in one way—by turning away from
self as he did, and following him in seek-
ing heavenly things. Try to think what
are the "things which are above." Selfish-
ness is not one, is it? or untruth? or ill-
will toward any one—even an enemy?
Remember that Jesus died for his enemies.
Cannot we be kind to them, and look out
for ways to do them good? You will find
in the Golden Text what the result will be
of doing just what this lesson tells us
to do.

If you wore very old, ragged garments,
and some one brought you new and beau-
tiful ones, telling you to "put off" the
old ones, and "put on" the new ones,
would you be long in doing it? Find in
the eighth and ninth verses of the lesson
what we are told to "put off," and in the
tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth verses what
we are told to "put on." What do you
think about it?



AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

BY E. H. T.

Dear little hands, so soft and small,
That set with loving care
Beside the little schoolhouse wall
These saplings brown and bare;
That plant them by the roadside, too,
And all along the dusty way—
What loving thoughts will follow you
For what you do to-day!

The traveller in the burning heat
Will thank the hands that made,
Above the dry and sultry street,
A green and pleasant shade.
Beneath these maples and these oaks
The children of a coming year
Will dream about the little folks
That set those old trees here.

The squirrel, chuckling all the way,
Will frisk the branches through,
The robin on the topmost spray
Will sing a song of you;
And all the tall and stately trees,
Each gently bowing as it stands,
Will murmur in the merry breeze,
"Thanks to the little hands!"

DOING AND UNDOING.

"Now we have paid Eddie back for being mean to us," said little Emily; but she did not look very happy.

"He'll be just awful mad!" said Margaret.

"I don't care," said Emily. "He teased us like everything, and we've paid him back."

"Emily! Margaret!" they heard their mother calling, and ran to find her.

"Eddy looked for you to say good-bye, little sisters, but we couldn't find you. Were you hiding?"

"Yes, mother," said Emily. "Eddy teased us, and we wouldn't tell him good-bye."

"O, you mustn't mind a little teasing," said the mother. "Eddy loves his little sisters dearly, and he left word that you might have his white rooster and two white hens for your own. Won't that be nice? Now you'll have two eggs a day to sell to the cook, or you can set your hens and have a whole lot of little chickens."

Mother expected her two little girls to dance for joy, but, instead of that, they stood and looked at one another most dolefully.

"Bless my heart!" said mother, suddenly. "What is the matter with your hands, and what are those black spots on your dress?"

Mothers have to be told things when they ask; so the two little girls explained after a good deal of hanging back, that they had been mad at Eddy for teasing them, and that they had taken the ink-bottle off the study table and splashed the ink on his white chickens.

"And some on ourselves," added Margaret, mournfully; and then both little girls began to weep and wail.

"I wish I hadn't spoiled the pretty chickens," sobbed Emily.

"I wish I hadn't been mad with Eddy," wailed Margaret.

When they looked up, mother had gone out and shut the door, and it really sounded as if she were laughing; but that could not be.

Mother did laugh, though, the next time she saw her little girls; for they had the "poor white chickies" in the nursery bath-tub, trying to get them white again. The chickens nearly died from that bath, and it did not make them white either.

Mother managed to stop laughing long enough to preach Emily and Margaret a little sermon about how easy it is to do things when you are mad that you can't undo when you pleased again.

DIDN'T PAY.

"Rollo, Rollo, Rollo! Come here, sir!"

Neil waited while the big dog came bounding to him. Then they ran off the terrace together, and leaped in and out of the watering trough. You see, there was no water in it, of course. Papa kept the plug in to keep back the water while the big trough "sweetened" in the sun.

What fun it was! though who would have thought so but a small boy and a big dog? In and out they hopped until they had to stop for breath. Then it was that mischief crept into Neil's brain. "I'll play a joke on Rollo," he thought. "He's dreadfully afraid of water."

He stole down the bank and pulled out the plug. When the trough was partly full, he called to Rollo again; but this time he took care to run down sidewise, just so the lilac bush hid the trough most of the way. And Neil didn't jump in this time—O no, indeed! Poor, unsuspecting Rollo did, though, and splashed out again, disgusted and dripping. He looked reproachfully at Neil and walked away; and not once again that day could Neil coax him to race and play.

"I can't trust you any more," Rollo's big, grieved eyes said, and his big tail spelled out the words one by one on the floor, in slow, solemn thumps: "I—can't—trust—you."

Dottie: "Mamma, I guess my dolly's mamma must have been a very unpius lady." Mamma: "Why so, Dot?" Dottie: "Why she made her so her knees won't bend, and I have to put her on her stummick to say her prayers."