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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1899.

[No. 1.]

IT STINGS.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror; and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking.

"It stings, it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms and was sucking nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn, and when the pain was gone, she said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: Many pretty things have sharp stings. It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay, but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother. Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she said "No," got another pear, and felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says: "The sting of death is sin."

to him in increasing his usefulness to his fellowmen. A docile spirit learns, where the arrogant only despises.

Better and better every stitch must be
The last a little stronger than the
rest;
Good Master, help my eyes, that they may
see
To do my best.



If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting go to Jesus with it, and he will cure it. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.

o—

ALL MAY LEARN.

A little girl went to the study of a great philosopher for fire. But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took some cold ashes in her hand, and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his books, exclaiming: "With all my learning, I should never have thought of so simple an expedient."

And thus it is ever. There are none so ignorant or inexperienced but we may in spite of all this learn lessons of practical usefulness from them. The really wise person is ever ready to add to his stock of knowledge, no matter what the source is whence he gets it, only so that it will prove helpful

PS-31-11.

AT SLEEPY TIME

What do little chickens say
When the sun goes down /
They say, "Peep, peep, peep!"
We're so glad to go asleep,
These fuzzy little balls of yellow down.

What do little birdies say
When the sun goes down /
They say, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"
It's so good to go to sleep;
And they cuddle in their little beds so warm.

What does little Johnnie say
When the sun goes down /
Why, he cries, cries, cries,
And rubs his sleepy eyes;
And says he wishes bed-time wouldn't come.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1899.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

There was a poor man in Ireland who listened for the first time to the story you know so well, of how the Lord Jesus came to save us, and of his exceeding great love. And, instead of waiting to hear it over and over again, as some of you do, he believed it at once and said, "Glory be to God!" And then, with his ragged hat off, he went to the preacher and said, "Thank you, sir; you have taken the hunger off us to-day." You see it came true, what Jesus said so long ago—"He that cometh to me shall never hunger." And it will come true for you directly you come to him; he will "take the hunger off you."

You may thank God at once if he has made you "want Jesus" at all. For it is only the Holy Spirit that ever makes any one hungry for him. I never heard a

saider answer than a young lady gave me the other day. She said, "No, I don't want Jesus, at 'east not yet." She wanted all sorts of other things, but not Jesus. Are any of you saying that in your hearts? Oh, what will you do without him? What will you do when the day, not of wintry snow, but of fiery terror, is come? You will want him then, when "the great day of his wrath is come," but it will be too late. Will you not pray, "Lord Jesus, make me want thee now"?

Why should you do without him?

It is not yet too late;

He has not closed the day of grace,

He has not shut the gate.

He calls you! hush! he calls you!

He would not have you go

Another step without him,

Because he loves you so.

Why will you do without him?

He calls and calls again—

"Come unto me! Come unto me!"

Oh, shall he call in vain?

He wants to have you with him;

Do you not want him too?

You cannot do without him,

And he wants—even you.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

BY E. A. RAND.

(See last page.)

"Now I tell you, boys, this is nice!" exclaimed Sim Bartlett. "I just like this."

He was lying in his bunk when he said this. Above him was the roof of the old sugar camp which was built on one of the low-running slopes of Most Mountain. He heard the crackle of the fire on the broad open hearth at the foot of the camp-chimney. He caught the sound of the cold north-west wind echoing down from the rugged top of Most Mountain, and rejoiced in his shelter from the blast. The other occupants of this camp were Tim and Silas and John Borton, his cousins. In the sugar season, Farmer Borton and Farmer Bartlett came to the camp and worked by day, returning home at night. The boys loved to stay there both day and night.

Sim now continued his remarks: "I tell you what, fellows, it did look interesting when it was growing dark. I was back here in the camp and you could not see me. I looked out. There was Uncle Henry stirring the sap in the kettle. Father was sitting on a log. Our two hired men were coming up with big, bouncing pails of sap. You three boys were round, looking happy as kings."

"Were we?" asked a drowsy voice in the next bunk.

"Yes, get up there, Silas! Tim! John, wake up!"

"I am awake!" said a voice belonging to John.

"So am I awake!" exclaimed Tim,

"Well then, boys, keep awake!" urged Sim. "I have got some cider. Hold on! I'll get it."

Here Sim sprang out of his bunk, but quickly returned holding out to Silas by

the light of the still sparkling fire a mug of cider.

Silas rose up in his burk, shook his head and said decidedly, "None for me, thank you!"

"Why not?"

"Strong enough to knock you down, know where you got it."

"At Ransome Groton's, out on the back road. He has got a cider-mill. It's all right, Silas."

"No, sir!"

"Well, Tim, then?"

"No, sir!"

"Now, John, you are not a fool?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I should be if I took that."

Amid the laugh that followed, Sim pottishly said, "There, boys! you are making too much of it. I came out here to enjoy my liberty, and to have a good time and so on. Next month, I am going to Carlton Academy—"

It was known to be an honour to receive admission to Carlton Academy. The scholarship there was thorough; and only a limited number of students would Principal Spearhead receive. While graduation was an honour, so was admission. Sim had made application for admission. The principal had replied that the question was not decided fully, but "probably there would be an opening for Simon Bartlett."

Sim construed the word "probably" as "certainly," and now wished in this unworthy way to celebrate the event. He was compelled to be content with a personal celebration that night.

Who should appear, the next day, at the camp but Principal Spearhead himself!

"I have often wanted," he told Mr. Bartlett, "to see a sugar-orchard turned into a sugar-house, the trees giving sap, and you sugar-makers turning it into syrup and sugar."

"You are very welcome," said Mr. Bartlett, who felt that it was a high honour to entertain the principal of Carlton Academy. Sim was jubilant.

"Just the time," he said to the others, "to make sure of my admission to the Academy! I will improve the chance."

Sim certainly endeavoured to improve his chance to secure Principal Spearhead's good opinion, and every one allowed that Sim made himself very agreeable.

The principal left the camp as the twilight shadows were falling, saying that as he had snow-shoes, he thought he would "just run to Sunset Ridge and get a look at the western sky."

One by one, the older members of the sugar-orchard party started for their homes, leaving the boys in supremacy of the camp.

"There," said Sim to his companions, "I have been on my good behaviour about long enough. Entertaining that principal was dull music, though I doubt it has got me into the Academy. I knew what I was up to, I tell you. Now for a little treat."

He took an old blue mug out to a hiding-place where he kept his cider, filled his mug, and returned. He offered the mug

to his companions, but an invariable "no, sir," met every proffer from Sim.

"He is getting too much," one said to another as they saw Sim drinking. "The stuff is strong."

Sim did stop, but his tongue was loosened and his talk was silly by this time.

"Hush!" he said. "What's that noise outside? I'll go out."

He took the lantern in one hand, his empty blue cider mug in the other, and he went out. He was gone about fifteen minutes and then returned.

"Where have you been, Sim?" asked Silas.

"Been?" he replied. "Oh, I went to the road with some old fool——"

"Who was it?" asked John.

"Couldn't say, John. Some old fool, and I intimated as much to him. You see I could not make him out, for he had on a long ulster, and the collar was turned up and the rim of his hat turned down. I think he said he had lost his way."

"Lost his way?" said Tim. "Wonder who it could have been? Oh, I tell you, the man that carries the mail to Tyler-ville! He comes across the mountain-spur, as we call it, and folks have said it was foolhardy."

"Fact is—ha—ha!" said Sim, "I gave him to understand that it was about as silly a thing as he could do—his getting lost—yes, I told him. Then he said to me it was not so silly as getting lost through the old mug in my hand, for he said he thought it was a cider mug, judging by the smell——"

"He had you there!" cried Tim.

"He had me? I gave him a shot then," replied Sim.

"How?" asked Silas. "Fire the mug at him?"

"Gave him a piece of my mind, sir."

The conversation soon ceased, and the boys had supper.

It was about a week after this, when the boys were at home, that Sim and Silas chanced to meet. Silas remarked, "What makes you look so blue? Got your death sentence?"

"Yes," said Sim moodily. "Have just had a note from the Academy where I was going to attend, you know. Whom do you think I saw that night at the camp, that man who had lost his way?"

"Mail-carrier?"

"No, Principal Spear!"

"You don't say!"

"But I do say it, and all is lost through that old cider mug. You wanted to know, or somebody did, if I fired my mug at him. I am going to get it and fire it at something and never touch one of the kind again."

In a few minutes Farmer Bartlett, who was reading his paper in the kitchen of his comfortable home, looked up and said to his wife, "Huldah, what's that sound outside, of a sort of smashing?"

"I heard it, but don't know," said his wife.

Sim knew.

Honour thy father and mother.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON XI. [March 12

CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND MAN

John 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—John 9. 25.

A LESSON TALK.

Our lesson to-day is the story of a man who learned to believe in Jesus. He was a poor man, a beggar, and blind. Do you wonder that a whole chapter of the New Testament is given up to the story? But this poor blind man did what many great, strong, brave men do not do—he believed and obeyed Jesus! This is the greatest and wisest thing any one can do. There were many blind, and many beggars in Palestine. In hot countries there are always many who become blind from the fierce rays of the sun. It was the Sabbath when Jesus cured him. Notice how Jesus let the man do what he could to help himself. The clay did not cure him; washing in the pool of Siloam did not cure him. But faith and obedience did! First, he wanted to be cured, and then he was willing to be cured in God's own way. Do you see how Jesus could call himself the light of the world?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did Jesus cure one Sabbath day? A blind beggar.

How long had he been blind? All his life.

What did Jesus put on his eyes? Some clay.

What did he send him to do? To wash in the pool of Siloam.

How did he come back? Seeing.

Did the clay cure him? No.

Did washing in Siloam do it? No.

What did cure him? The great power of God.

How did the blind man help? He heard and obeyed Jesus.

What does Jesus call himself? The light of the world.

How may dark hearts be made light? By believing in Jesus.

Who can open our blind eyes? Jesus, our Saviour.

LESSON XII. [March 19.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD

John 10. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

A LESSON TALK.

In the land where Jesus lived there are many sheep and many shepherds. It was

a wild country in many parts, and it was necessary to guard the sheep at night, not only from wild beasts, but from thieves. The sheepfold, or place of protection, was not a covered building, but a rude inclosure surrounded by stone walls, and entered by a single door which is well guarded by a porter and his dog. In the morning the shepherd comes, calls his own sheep, and they know his voice and follow him out to the pasture fields. What king once said, "The Lord is my shepherd" Here Jesus calls himself the Good Shepherd. Think of all the ways you can in which Jesus showed himself like a watchful shepherd. Jesus has a flock now. What is it? There are enemies ready to destroy his flock. Who is the great thief? Think how Jesus proved his love for his sheep by laying down his life for them, and make sure that you are safe in his fold. It is easy for a child to find this way into the fold, for it is the way of love and obedience.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who is the Good Shepherd? Jesus, our Saviour.

Who are his sheep? Those who follow him.

What is the sheepfold? His own Church.

Who is the door of the sheepfold? Jesus himself.

Who may enter the fold? All who come to Jesus.

Who is the great thief? Satan.

What did Jesus give for his sheep? His own life.

Why did he do this? Because he loved them.

Does Jesus know his flock? He knows them all by name.

Do his sheep know him? Yes, they know and love him.

Who tenderly cares for the lambs of the flock? Jesus.

What should every child do? Come into the fold, if he is not there.

HOW UBECHÉ FOUND A FRIEND.

Ubeche lived away off in a village in Africa. There was a fence built around the village to keep off lions and tigers, and the little boys and girls played inside the fence. But one day Ubeche went out with his mother to gather berries. Some men came by on camels, and they carried Ubeche off hundreds of miles, intending to sell him, for they were cruel slave-dealers. But one night they lost him.

The next day a good missionary lady was sitting by the bank of a river, when a poor ragged boy came up to her and asked her for something to eat. It was Ubeche. The missionary was so sorry for him that she took him home with her. Ubeche had never heard about the Good Shepherd, and the missionaries told him about Jesus, and taught him to read and write. He lived with the missionaries for many years, and when he died everybody remembered him as a noble Christian.



PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Have you noticed, little children,
When the fire is burning low,
As the embers flash and darken,
How the pictures come and go?
Strange the shapes and strange the fancies,
As beyond the bars you gaze,
Bringing back some olden memories,
Thoughts of half-forgotten days!

There's the church across the meadows,
Shadow'd by the spreading yew;
There's the quaintly carven pulpit,
And the olden oaken pew.
Changed the scene, and on the ocean
Sails a ship amid the spray;
'Tis the one you watched departing,
When some lov'd one went away!

Yes! and there are faces plenty,
Faces dear, both old and young,
And they cause you to remember
Words their lips oft said or sung.

Fancy even brings the voices,
Tho' they may be far away,
Only pictures, only fancies,
Yes, but very sweet are they!

MASTER PIN AND LADY NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle, being neighbours in
a work-basket, and, both being idle folk,
began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do.
"I should like to know," said the pin,
"what you are good for, and how you expect
to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied
the needle, rather sharply, "if you have
no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin,
"if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through
more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long, because
you have always a stitch in your side,"
said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said
the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't
bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me
again."

"I'll pull your eye if you touch me, re-
member, your life hangs on a single
thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little
girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she
very soon broke off the needle at the eye.
She then tied the thread around the neck
of the pin and attempted to sew with it,
but pulled its head off and threw it into
the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now,"
said the pin. "It seems misfortune has
brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them
sooner," said the needle. "How much we
resemble human beings, who quarrel about
their blessings till they lose them, and
never find that they are brothers till they
lie down in the dust together, as we do."

MARY'S PRAYER.

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and
make them twinkle happy, bless my two
ears, and help them hear mother call me;
bless my two lips and make them speak
kind and true; bless my two hands, and
make them good, and not touch what they
mustn't; bless my feet, and make them go
where they ought to, bless my heart, and
make it love God, mother, father, George,
and everybody. Please let ugly sin never
get hold of me, never!"

HOW HELEN HELPED.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

Sister Belle and her friends were plan-
ning to earn some money for the Babies'
Hospital. Helen listened to the talk, then
asked, "Can't I help, too, Sister Belle?"

"Why couldn't she sing her little songs?"
said Belle's friend Amy.

Helen's mother did not quite like to
have her little girl sing at an entertain-
ment, before so many people, but as it was
to be in their own house and Helen
begged so eagerly to help, she said "Yes"
at last.

The night came and the big rooms were
full of people. Helen wore her best white
dress, and came out on the little platform
to sing "When baby goes a-walking."

She didn't raise her eyes until the third
verse, and then—dear me! she saw so
many pairs of eyes looking at her that two
big tears came, and she called out, "Oh,
mother, mother!" and began to cry.

Some one took the little girl behind the
curtains, but every one clapped and called
her back. The curtains parted and there
stood a little tear-stained maid seeming very
much afraid. And so pretty and sweet
did she look that the people threw bou-
quets of flowers at her feet. Then Helen
smiled at them and was comforted, for she
had helped after all.