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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

[No. 1

BEING PHOTO-GRAPHED.

SOME people dislike being photographed very much. They think it a great trial and a waste of time to go and spend half-an-hour in a photographer's studio, just to have their picture taken. But they forget that it is not being done for themselves, but for their friends, who are anxious to have a good likeness as a remembrance of them when they are gone. The wonderful progress of the photographer's art has now made it possible to have photos taken with all manner of contrivances. They can be taken with electric light, and in half a second or so the picture is transferred to the glass plate. From this it is taken off on to paper and the photograph is then finished. This little girl seems thoroughly to enjoy having her photo taken, standing there smiling so pleasantly with her dolly by her side. What a good picture she will make if the photographer does his work well. Some people look so cross and unhappy when they are being photographed, that you would think they were at the dentist's instead of at the studio; then, of course, their picture is not like them, and they are disappointed. When next you have your picture taken remember to "look pleasant."



BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

WHOSO walketh uprightly shall be saved, but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.

THE RUNAWAY KNOCKS.

"TEACHER," said a bright, earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"Did you ever sit by your cheerful parlour fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a loud knocking

at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out into the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering feet of some mischievous boy who knocked, but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but do not really expect them. We fear that Jesus will not hear us, that he will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah! I see," said the earnest-faced boy. "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep on knocking until he cannot help opening the door."

IN A MINUTE.

CHILDREN, don't say "In a minute," when mamma or papa tells you to do something. It is a very bad habit, and gives them a great deal of trouble. It does not take any longer to pick up a basket of chips or run to the store as soon as you are told the first time, than it will after you have been spoken to half a dozen times. And neither God, your parents nor yourself

will be as well pleased with work done that way as with that done cheerfully and promptly. Promptly means right off, you know.

"UNCLE," said Johnny, "why are boys like railroad cars?" "I don't know; why are they?" "Because they sometimes can only be kept on the right track by the proper use of switches."

CANDYMANTOWN

BY T. B. HOLMES.

A WONDERFUL place is Candyriantown ;
Its streets are paved with joy,
And on the corner, wherever you turn,
Stands a beautiful sugar toy

A peaceful place is Candymantown ,
There is never a street brawl there,
And, strange to say, the peppermint lamb
Lies down with the cinnamon bear.

The cats that live in Candymantown
Are made of sugar and spice ;
And they never think of such a thing
As eating the chocolate mice.

The dogs that live in Candymantown
Are as good as good can be,
For they, like the sweet-natured cats, are
made
Of sugar and spice, you see.

There are lions and tigers in Candyman-
town,
Rabbits and elephants too ;
They live together in houses of glass,
And are happy the whole year through.

A wonderful place is Candymantown,
With its beautiful sugar toys ;
And it was built to please the hearts
Of little girls and boys.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

SALLY'S OFFERING.

"DON'T you think that you could spare at least a penny a week for the little brown sisters across the sea?" The teacher asked the question as she looked into the bright, interested faces before her in the class. It was Missionary Sunday, and Miss Moore had been taking her girls a "pretence" journey to far-away India. They had crossed the sea, visited some of the beautiful temples and palaces, and

peeped into some of the homes. They had seen the tiny child wives and the poor, sad little widows shut up in their dull, miserable lives, and the warm, loving hearts were touched with pity for these little India sisters, and they all wanted to help in some way or somehow.

The missionary box was passed around, and right merrily did the brown coins tumble into its open mouth. But when it came to one little girl she could only shake her head and let it pass. Then, looking into her teacher's face, with eyes big with tears, she whispered: "Please, teacher, I's never got nothing to give; I never does have a cent of my very own."

"Never mind, dear; Jesus Christ knows all about it; he quite understands."

But little Sally's heart was very sad as she went to her poor attic home. It did seem a bit hard to be the only one every Missionary Sunday who had nothing to give, she thought. Not once in her whole life had Sally ever possessed a penny that she could call her own. No; not for her were the delights of the candy shops or the ice cream stands. But this never troubled her. It was just to help the dear Lord's other children that she wanted it.

As she sat at home that evening her mother noticed that the usually sunshiny face wore a cloudy look, and she asked her what was the matter. Then Sally told her all about it.

Now Sally's mother was very poor indeed, but after a little thought she said: "I'll tell yer what I'll do. If yer gits up every mornin', without missin', at five o'clock and lights the fire and cleans up a bit, I'll give yer a penny a week, I will."

With one shriek of delight Sally rushed at her mother and gave her a hug. "O mamma! you dear, I will do it real well."

So every morning, day after day, all through the cold winter, too, little Sally was down by five o'clock. When you and I were still fast asleep in our warm beds she was working away with a will, and I believe that there is no happier maid in all the city than Sally when on Sunday afternoons she drops her penny into the Sunday-school missionary box.

WINDMILLS.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

IN Asia Minor, windmills had their origin; so the historian Gibbon tells us. The Saracens brought them into Europe, where in some countries they have been largely used. Indeed, in our thoughts we picture Holland as the especial home of windmills.

Until recent years, windmills have been rare in America, and the few ancient ones were considered curious landmarks, their quaintness worthy of the artist's sketch-book.

A windmill may be described, in general terms, as a pyramidal tower, with a revolving dome. To this dome, vanes or sails are attached, which, being struck by the wind, cause it to move. It is connected with machinery at the base of the

tower, which machinery is thus set in motion.

The old-time windmills had four arms or sails extending from an axis. These were not "flapping" sails, but were fastened securely on their frames. As a rule the towers were not very high. In appearance these towers resembled odd-shaped buildings, pierced with small windows. The modern windmill, now become so common a sight, hardly needs description. It is usually a tall, lattice-like structure, the vanes set as fans in a great wheel.

The highest windmill tower in the world is claimed to be over a well of mineral water, at Well's River, Vermont. This tower is 176½ feet high, and the well is 80 feet deep; making the extent of machinery 256½ feet.

Longfellow has a fine, sturdy poem, entitled "The Windmill." This was the old-fashioned kind, not one of the airy, modern structures. One stanza of the poem is a lesson in courage:

"I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe."

A SMART DOG.

ONE afternoon a group of little children were playing on a pier which ran far out into the water of a deep lake.

While engaged in a game of romps, one of the boys stepped back and fell into the water. His little friends cried loudly for assistance, but no one came.

As he was sinking for the third time, however, a noble Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier, jumped into the water and pulled the little boy out.

The children now divided into two bands. One was to take the rescued child to his mother and father; the other was to lead the dog to a baker's shop, where he was fed on cakes until he could eat no more.

The next afternoon the same group of children were playing on the pier. The brave dog came trotting down to them with many friendly wags and nods.

The children stroked and petted him, but offered no refreshments. "Why do they give me nothing to eat?" the dog asked himself. "Ah, I see! it is because I have pulled no little child out of the water to-day."

Upon this he went up to a little girl who stood near the edge of the pier, and gave her a gentle push into the water. Then he sprang in after her and gravely brought her to the shore. Of course he was treated to cakes again.

But on the next day the children were forbidden to play on the pier, so he had no further chance to earn his supper by rescuing a child from the water. Was he not a smart dog?

GIVE God your heart; for he asks it, and it is his due.

LITTLE SAILORS.

HAPPY little sailors
 Going out to sea,
 Full of love and laughter,
 Hoist your flags with glee;
 While the morning breezes
 Sing a roundelay,
 Join your voices with them
 Through the rising spray.

Take your compass with you,
 For the Polar Star
 Oftentimes is hidden,
 And the way is far;
 Ask on board the pilot,
 For he knows the shoals;
 He who made the ocean
 All its rage controls.

Take the Living Water,
 For the seas are brine,
 You could never drink them,
 Though so clear they shine;
 Surely take the anchor,
 It would never do
 To sail far without it
 All the surges through.

Broader seas and deeper
 Farther from the shore;
 Go, ye little sailors,
 Where the breakers roar.
 To the heavenly country,
 Spread the snow-white sail,
 O'er the waters wafted
 Angels you will hail.

Happy little sailors!
 Jesus is the Star,
 Jesus is the Pilot
 To that land afar;
 Listen! for he calls you,
 Happy shall you be
 Till you drop the anchor
 In the golden sea.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX. [Feb. 28.]

THE DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

Acts 8. 1-17. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The Church Scattered, v. 1-4.
2. The Church Growing, v. 5-17.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Stephen's death the wicked Jews went on persecuting the Christians. Saul, the young man who was present when Stephen died, was the worst persecutor of all. He would go into any house where

Christians lived and drag them away, men or women, to prison. A great many believers went away to other places, but the apostles stayed in Jerusalem and kept on preaching Jesus.

Philip, one of the deacons, went to Samaria, and preached and did wonderful miracles. When the people saw what he could do they believed his words about Jesus, and there was great joy in the city. One of the new converts was a wicked man named Simon. He had been a great deceiver, and many, both old and young, said that he had the great power of God. Instead, he had help from Satan. This man believed and was baptized, and stayed with Philip, watching to see the miracles he did.

Now, when the apostles at Jerusalem heard that the Samaritans received the Gospel, they sent Peter and John there. When they came they prayed that the Holy Ghost might come upon these new believers, and the prayer was answered when the apostles laid their hands upon them.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read about the persecution. Acts 8. 1-17.
- Tues.* Learn the good that came from it. Golden Text.
- Wed.* Find how far the Gospel was carried. Acts 11. 19.
- Thur.* Tell some one what great works Philip did.
- Fri.* Find what was the trouble with Simon. Acts 8. 18-23.
- Sat.* Learn why Philip was able to help so many. Acts 1. 8.
- Sun.* Pray that this may be true of you. Isa. 43. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What followed Stephen's death? Who was very active in persecuting Christians? What did many believers do? What good came from this? [See Helps for Tuesday.] What did the apostles do? Where did Philip go? Who was Philip? Why did the people believe what he said? Why was there great joy in Samaria? There is always joy where Christ is received. Who was Simon? What had he been? What did he now claim to be? Who came from Jerusalem to help Philip? For what did they pray? When did the Holy Ghost come upon the believers? Why could not Philip do this? He was not an apostle?

LEARN FROM THE LESSON—

That trials may do great good.
 That it is easy for a true disciple to help others.
 That Christ will not dwell in a false heart.

LESSON X. [March 7.]

THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERT.

Acts 8. 26-40. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then Philip opened his mouth, and be-

gan at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.—Acts 8. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. A Student, v. 26-30.
2. A Teacher, v. 31-35.
3. A Believer, v. 36-40.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter and John went back to Jerusalem, but Philip went toward the south through a desert place. Perhaps he wondered why he was sent through a desert, but an angel of the Lord told him the way to go, and he knew it was right. While he was walking through the wild country he saw a fine carriage and a great lord reading in the carriage. The great man was the chief servant of the Queen of Ethiopia, whose name was Candace. He had been to Jerusalem to worship, and he was reading the roll of the prophet Isaiah.

The Holy Spirit put it into Philip's heart to go and speak to this man, and he asked if he understood what he was reading. The great man had a humble heart, and he invited Philip to come and sit by him and explain Isaiah's words. So Philip came and preached Jesus to him, and the man believed, and when they came to water asked to be baptized. The carriage stopped, and Philip baptized this Gentile stranger, and then the Spirit took him away and he saw him no more. But he went home full of joy, to tell Queen Candace and her people about Jesus, the Son of God. So the Gospel came into Africa, and many people learned to know and love Jesus.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 8. 26-40.
- Tues.* Find why Philip heard the Lord speak. Hab. 2. 1.
- Wed.* Read what the great man was reading. Isa. 53.
- Thur.* Find what a humble heart may expect. Psalm 25. 9.
- Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat.* Find why it is wise to believe in Jesus. Luke 16. 16.
- Sun.* What kind of an evangelist was Philip?

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Peter and John go from Samaria? Where did Philip go? Who told him the way? What strange sight did he see in the desert? Who was traveling here? What country did he come from? Where was he going? Where had he been? What had he brought with him? Upon what were the words of Isaiah written? Why were they not in a book? There were no books in those days. What did Philip ask the stranger? What was he invited to do? Whom did Philip preach? What was the result? In whose name was the Gentile baptized? What did he carry home with him?

LESSONS FOR ME.

To be always ready to speak for Jesus.
 To always go where the Lord sends me.
 To think less of self and more of Christ.

A DEAR LITTLE SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up close, and whispers loud,
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts a door
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor.

Olimbs on the fence, and tears her clothes,
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate, and makes mud pies—
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair:
"Somebody's me," she
says, "but this
Somebody doesn't
care."

STEALING A WHISTLE.

A GENTLEMAN who has a steam-mill in Waldo, purchased a large steam-whistle, which he carried home and placed on his mill.

A number of boys conceived the idea of stealing this whistle, and the owner, hearing of their plan, remained in his mill all night. Sixty pounds of steam was kept up. About midnight the boys put in an appearance, and climbed up on the roof of the building. Just as one applied a wrench to the whistle, Mr Sanborn opened the throttle wide, and there went up into the stillness of the night such a screech as was never before heard in Waldo. People jumped from their beds in a fright, and wondered what was up. The boys tumbled off the roof of that mill as though shot, and departed as rapidly as their legs could carry them, while Mr. Sanborn fired a gun after them to hasten their retreat. The whistle is still on the mill, and the boys will probably think twice before they again undertake to steal anything as noisy as a steam-boat whistle.

Boys who are at home and in bed as they should be, at night, keep out of such scrapes and other worse ones.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

MR. FOX one day met his friend, Mrs Cat, and said to her, "You think you know a great deal. I have in my sack ten times

ten tricks." Mrs. Cat said, "As for me, I have but one trick, but I think when the time comes my one trick will be as good as your sackful."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Mr. Fox. "Well, we'll see," said Mrs. Cat.

Just then they heard the blast of a horn, and up came a pack of hounds barking and yelping.

Mrs. Cat said, "Look! this my one trick." As she said the words she ran up a high tree. She saw Mr. Fox run this way and then that way, until he had tried all his tricks, but at last the hounds caught him.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cat, "I see that my one trick is worth your hundred."

Moral: One good trick is worth a hundred poor ones.



RABBIT AND YOUNG ONES.

RABBIT AND YOUNG ONES.

THE commonest little animal that one sees out in the fields and woods of the country is the rabbit. This is the common sort, but there are other kinds which are often kept as pets. These are very pretty, with thick, soft fur, and sometimes have very attractive colouring on their backs. In the evening, before it grows dark, the rabbits come out by hundreds and crop the short grass and play about together until the night comes on, when they go into their holes again.

A LITTLE boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?

THE UNSEEN WITNESS.

THERE is a little machine, made something like a clock, which can be fastened upon a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles anyone went who hired it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words, and all our thoughts.

We sometimes seek to deceive our friends, but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By-and-bye God will touch the spring, and all that is written will then be seen. Many things we do we should not, if we knew the eye of another person were looking upon us. We always carry a witness with us.

A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know of it. "Yes, somebody will," said the little fellow, "myself will know it."

We cannot dismiss the witness. God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience, and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we should attempt, in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our actions, there upon our hearts they will appear, written down, when we did not know it, by the unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every step in our life.

Think daily, little readers, of that instrument which we carry with us, out of sight, on which is written everything we do.

Think how you will feel when God opens it, that its records may be seen by all the world.