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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. X

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1895.

[No. 6.]

IN MISCHIEF.

This little lassie has a somewhat guilty look, as if she felt she was doing something that was not exactly right. Bless her little heart! Let us hope it is not a valuable book she is tearing. We think, however, that any mamma would forgive a little girl who looks up in such a wistful, appealing way as this one. Blessings on the man who invented the untearable linen books with bright pictures, which so gladden the hours of the little folks, and make learning to read a perpetual delight instead of a tearful task. Children should learn, however, to take care of books, papers, their clothes, and everything they have.

PUTTING OFF.

WHEN I was a little girl learning to write, I had for a copy the line, "Procrastination is the thief of time." My teacher was kind enough to explain to me that "procrastination meant putting off," and was the opposite to "doing things at the right time," and that it was called the "thief of time" because it caused people to lose so much time. This "putting off" is a terribly bad habit, and one which, like other bad habits, grows with indulgence and often brings boys and girls as well as older people into a great deal of trouble. Molly has a little hole in her dress. She could mend it in five minutes, but she puts it off, and thinks that to-morrow will do just as well; but before to-morrow comes, the little hole has caught on a nail, and has become a great one. The frock is perhaps spoiled, or, at best, Molly must spend hours in doing what need not have taken as many minutes.

Jack has a lesson which must be learned before morning. If he sat down to the



IN MISCHIEF.

task at once, he would conquer it in an hour, but he thinks that it will do "by-and-bye;" so he goes out to play, instead of studying. The time slips away, as one thing after another engages his attention. Bedtime comes before he remembers the lesson. It is too late then, but Jack thinks that he can get up early in the morning and learn it; but, alas! he gets up only just in time to dress before breakfast. He must go to school unprepared, and is in disgrace.

Arthur has a letter to post, and is charged to do it at once; but he wishes to speak to Harry about the tennis match. It will do just as well when he comes

back, he thinks; but when he comes back, the mail is closed, and the important letter must wait a day.

Dear children, beware of "putting off." Many a man has lost his life in consequence of this evil habit. Many a man who thought that there was "time enough" to make his peace with God has been overtaken by death before the work was done. Remember that it was those who were ready who went in with the Master to the wedding feast, and that then the door was shut, not to be opened again.

"ONLY A BOY."

A MAN was cursing and swearing as he was whipping his horse, which was trying to draw a load altogether too heavy for him, when he was remonstrated with by someone for using such language, and he said: "No one will hear me but you, and you know who I am; at least, no one except that boy, and he is only a boy. He will never know; he will never understand. It won't make much difference if he does hear."

Some seem to think that if a boy hears vile language, if he hears oath upon oath, if he sees a bad example, he is only a boy, and it will not harm him. What is the difference? We hardly have time to draw our breath, when a thousand answers come from as many directions.

"That boy is only the beginning of a man. What he hears now he will treasure up; he will use it by-and-bye. He is watching every point; he is listening to every word he hears. He has an idea that everything he hears is right; at least, that he can use it if it isn't, anyhow."

No one has the right to disregard the feelings or the best interests of a boy, no matter if he is little. He has a soul and heart ready to take in everything. Do

not let us be deceived, no matter what our example may be, what our words are. It is bad enough for anyone to hear swearing or bad language of any kind, but tenfold worse where it is a boy, a child, who hears it.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1895.

A KINDERGARTEN IN SMYRNA.

MISS BARTLETT, our missionary in Smyrna, writes about her kindergarten like this. Does it sound like yours?

We had our kindergarten exhibition on Thursday and Friday, and I wish you could have been here. It was all in Armenian. Do you think you would have known what they were saying?

About one hundred people—fathers and mothers and friends—they came to see the little ones; and on the platform we had some "talks," some "gifts" and "occupations," some gymnastics, songs, and games. The babies' talk was on trees—about the nice shade they made for people, and what pretty homes they were for birds and a few animals. We asked the children what things they could think of that were made of trees. They spoke of houses, tables, chairs, and a good many other things. How many can you think of? Then they told all the fruits they could remember that grew on trees. Among others they spoke of a fruit-tree in the Bible that withered away because Jesus found no fruit on it. Then they recited this verse in concert:

We are vines, and God, our King,
Calls on us our fruit to bring;
This the fruit that we must bear—
Loving thought and loving prayer,
Loving word and loving deed,
Loving aid to all who need.

When they told about the winds blowing the leaves, they repeated the verse in Isaiah, "And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." You see this is a missionary kindergarten, so they use the

Bible a great deal. I think you would be surprised to know how many kindergarten things there are in the Bible, if you should look for them.

The children of the second division were about five years old, and they had a Bible talk about Jairus' daughter, showing how Jesus loved the children. They repeated: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." "And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them"—the very same lovely verses that you have, you see.

The class next older, zoology. They told about the deer, and recited, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." When they told a story about a busy ant, they said: "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;" and "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

There are seventy little boys and girls in the Smyrna kindergarten.

The missionaries want a new house for this kindergarten and for the young ladies who are learning to be kindergarten teachers. We think the children would like to help build it—don't you?—*Mission Day-spring.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

DEAR Aunt Jane: I've a very wonderful thing to tell you. I'm to be sent to Boston to school. You know how awfully I've wanted to go to school. Mother and father have taught me all they could, but that's not much. Father said he'd send me away to school if the fishing was good last year, but it wasn't, and I had cried lots about it. Father said maybe he could send me to a cheap school on the island, and that was better than nothing.

Well, one night there was an awful storm. You know there's an awfully dangerous bar out a little way from the island, and ships break all to pieces if they can't keep off it.

The night of the storm we were all asleep, when there came a great noise at the door.

"Captain Nokes, there's a big steamer on the bar. Come out and help save the crew," some one said.

It was an awful storm; and we couldn't be willing to let him go, but he shook us off, and said that he must do his duty. So he went; and we watched and prayed.

He got back after four hours, and all he had saved was a baby girl. She had nothing on but a night-dress.

Of course we kept the child, although I knew that I couldn't go to school. The money father had saved for me had to go for clothes and food for that child.

It was a dear little thing, and I grew really fond of it, and glad to give up school for its sake.

We had her nine months, when her father came for her. His wife and child were on the steamer, and it was told him that every soul was lost. Nine months after, a sailor told him about father, and

how brave and good he was, and about his saving the child. The gentleman came to see if the child could be his, and it was.

He is going to send me to school in Boston, and then to college, if I want to go. I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Just think how good God has been to me, when I was so selfish that I had to fight to be willing to let father keep that poor little child. It has taught me a lesson.

Your loving niece,
SADIE NOKES.

Nantucket, March 1.

ON DUTY.

"O WILD rose by the wayside,
How can you blossom there,
With none to note your beauty
Or praise your petals fair?
Your sisters in the garden
We cultivate with care;
But dusty and neglected,
How can you blossom there?"

"Ah, foolish little maiden,
The Master set me here!
He bade me grow and blossom
At this time every year.
'Tis not for me to murmur,
'Tis not for me to fear,
But do my best to please him;
The Master set me here."

O could we learn the lesson
The flowers teach all day,
Nor question what he sends us,
But only to obey.

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

A HINDOO was one day writing letters, with the doors all open because of the heat, and to let the breeze come in. His little boy, three years old, was playing near him. Presently a servant came to call the Hindoo gentleman to see a friend on business. He rose to settle the business, and calling the child outside, said: "Put your hand over my papers to keep them from blowing away, and hold fast till I come back."

Many Hindoo children are disobedient, but this child came at once and did as he was told. As he stood with his hand on his father's papers he counted first how many spiders he could see in the roof, then how many squares there were in the mats, and so on; but as the minutes went by he became so tired, though he kept changing the hand, and many a little sigh and big yawn said plainly, "I wish that father would come back." But the father had to stay more than an hour, and though many a time he remembered his child he supposed that some of the servants would go and put away his papers. When he came back at last, and saw the dear little thing still there, patiently standing, he snatched him up, feeling that he could not love him enough for his obedience.

Jesus has given us each something to hold fast till he comes. May each of us prove as faithful to our trust as a Hindoo child did to his.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples over-run his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry?
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.—Matt. 11. 29.

* TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
1. J. B. B.	Fear not them which kill—
2. F. F. T.	He hath filled the hungry—
3. C. B. L.	He gave them bread—
4. T. G. C.	Thou art the Christ—
5. T. T.	This is my beloved Son—
6. C. and C.	It is not the will—
7. T. G. S.	Thou shalt love thy—
8. C. M. B. B.	I am the light—
9. T. R. L.	I am the resurrection—
10. T. R. Y. R.	Seek ye first the kingdom—
11. Z. the P.	The Son of Man is come—
12. P. of L.	Abstain from all—

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 30.] LESSON I. [April 7.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Mark 11. 1-11. Memory verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Mark 11. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's Approach, v. 1-7.
2. The Popular Welcome, v. 8-11.

LESSON STORY.

Jesus and the disciples were near Jerusalem. They were going to the passover feast, and Jesus knew that the time of his death was near.

It was the Sunday before the crucifixion when Jesus and the twelve left the home at Bethany and went to Jerusalem. When they came near Bethphage, Jesus sent two of the disciples into the village. He said they would find a colt tied, and he asked them to go loose the colt and bring it to him. And he said that if anyone asked why they did this, to say, "The Lord hath need of him."

The disciples went and found it as Jesus said, and they brought the colt to Jesus. Then they spread their garments upon the colt, and Jesus sat upon him.

Long, long before a prophet had written that King Jesus would enter Jerusalem in this way. Read about it in the Helps for Thursday.

And now Jesus was about to enter the holy city as a King and Conqueror.

A procession came out to meet him, and branches of trees were thrown down before him. Some took off their garments and cast them in the way. And all sung joyful songs, even the children shouting "Hosanna!" And thus Jesus came to the temple—his Father's house!

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read what Jesus did after leaving Jericho. Mark 10. 46-52.
- Tues.* Read lesson verses. Mark 11. 1-11.
- Wed.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Thur.* Find what was foretold of Jesus. Zech. 9. 9.
- Fri.* Learn the song of which the Golden Text is a part. Verse 9, 10.
- Sat.* Read this story in Luke 19. 29-40.
- Sun.* Would you have sung praises had you been there?

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where were Jesus and the disciples going? What did Jesus know was very near?

Where had Jesus and the twelve stayed on the way? On what day did they leave Bethany?

To what village did they come? Whom did Jesus send ahead? What for?

What did the disciples bring to Jesus? Who sat upon the colt? What prophecy had been written long before?

How did Jesus enter Jerusalem? Who came out to meet him? How did they honour him? How did the children help?

OUR GLAD SONG.

"Hosanna to Jesus!" the children may sing;
"Hosanna to Jesus, our Saviour and King!"

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Which are the Ten Commandments? (Continued.)

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it

thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day. wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

"WHY, that's not four o'clock!" exclaimed Minnie, starting from the seat on which she had been amusing herself with a book, while her work lay neglected beside her. "I looked at the great clock not ten minutes ago, and I'm sure the long hand had not reached quarter past three."

"Oh, did you not know something was the matter with the great clock?" replied her aunt, who, with her bonnet and shawl on, had just come down-stairs, prepared to accompany her on a walk. "Since yesterday it has gone quite wrong; it strikes one hour, and points to another. I think that the hands must be loose."

"Something has gone wrong indeed," cried the child with impatience, "and I will never trust it again!"

She looked up and saw a quiet smile on the face of the lady. "Aunt, what are you thinking of?" she said quickly.

Her aunt glanced down at the unfinished seam, from which the needle and thread hung dangling down. "Did you not promise to have that ready before four?" said she.

"Yes," replied Minnie, looking a little ashamed; "but—but—"

"But there is somebody, I fear, besides the great clock whose hands are in fault; who is swift to promise, and slow to perform—whose words say one thing and whose actions say another. Shall I repeat your own words, Minnie, and say, 'Something has gone wrong indeed, and I will never trust her again?'"

Dear young reader, ever keep this in mind, that our words and our actions should agree together, as the hands of a good clock with the chime of its bell. Never make a promise rashly; but if once made, let no pleasure, no feeling of indolence, tempt you for one moment to break it. Let no one ever be able to say, in speaking of the word which you had given but not kept, "Something has gone wrong indeed, and I will never trust him again!" —*Children's Record.*

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.—*Dew Drop.*



GOD'S BIRDS.

GOD'S BIRDS.

BY M. M.

God's little birds! He knows them all,
He will not let a sparrow fall
From out his loving, watchful sight;
He keeps his words by day and night.

His little birds fear not the storm,
Their Father's breast is safe and warm,
He feeds them from his bounty's store,
And sends his sun when storms are o'er.

God's little birds! How wise are they!
They do not question, but obey;
God guides and feeds them, while they sing
Perpetual praises to their King.

HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think that they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know that he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation, the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for someone to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the

merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful protege busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know that you did not tell me so, but I thought that I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few days elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the door to seize something; but in a twinkling he found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied: "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more. "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm—*Presbyterian Banner*.

TOM'S BATTLE.

THERE isn't any use trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, one Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time that I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him in the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones that he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, be-

cause he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down; say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help, and strength."

"Well," said Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser; but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. Tom shut his eyes tightly together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but every victory makes you stronger, and him weaker; and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's house in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself by making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." And so he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this: that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make the man or woman good or not.