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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

No. 19.

JACK'S YARN.

I've sadly come to this belief,
That every cat is born a thief,
And thieves his whole life through.
Although they look so mild and meek,
A cat's idea of honour's weak,
And I can prove it too.

I used to think it very queer
That all my bones should disappear
When'er I went to sleep.
To find out why, I often tried,
So slept with one eye opened wide,
A sort of watch to keep.

Now near my kennel was a bone,
(With not much on it—that I own—
I'd had it all the day),
When with my open eye I saw,
Distinct and clear, a feline paw,
Which pulled that bone away.

What happened then I will not tell;
O'er what that thieving cat befell
We'd better draw a curtain.
But since that day we have not met,
I don't believe he's better yet.
He'll steal no more, that's certain.

But what I want to say is that
No honest folks should keep a cat—
They really are such thieves.

That it is better, don't you see,
To keep an honest dog, like me,
Yours truly "Jack," believes.

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.

MINKS.

Our readers have, doubtless, all seen and admired the rich brown fur of the mink, which is so much used in Canada for muffs, capes, trimmings, boas. The animals from which we get this fur live in burrows on the banks of streams and spend much of their time swimming and diving



MINKS.

in the water. Their food consists of frogs, fish, rats and small birds. Their fur is dark brown and very glossy, and their tails are almost black, long and pointed. They swim with most of their body under water, as shown in our picture, with their dark, bushy tails standing up like sails to catch the breeze

LIVING IN A CAVE.

People lived a great deal in caves in olden times, but now they have the best of houses. But the most amusing cave-dweller in America is a tiny owl which lives in a burrow made by the prairie dog out on our Western prairies. The prairie dog is an industrious fellow, who finds pleasure in digging a great many more rooms and passages than he can possibly use himself, while the owl, the wisest of birds, is perfectly willing to live in one of the superfluous caves. The two queer companions are entirely friendly and are often seen to go into one doorway, though whether they live in the same room down there in the dark is doubtful. Many passages start from one entrance, and probably the owl and the prairie dog have each his own private apartments.

The funniest thing about this bird, however, is not his living on friendly terms with an animal, but his comical ways as he sits, on a pleasant evening, upon the little mound beside his door.

Can you learn a lesson from this? Certainly you can. Live in peace with those around you. If the owl did not behave himself, the little prairie dog would not make a home for him; so it pays to live in peace.

—o—

A girl, wishing to let her canary fly through the room for a short time, opened the door of its cage. The bird, frightened by seeing her hand, flew against the bars

of the cage, trying to escape; but by-and-bye, weary of its useless efforts, it came gently out through the door. "Mother," said the little girl, "why did not the canary come out at the door at first when I opened it?" The mother replied. "Because it was trying to get out by a way of its own." Many people are trying to get to heaven by a way of their own.

HOW GRACIE EARNED HER PENNIES.

Some days I wiped the dishes,
I did it very nice;
Katie said she'd hire me,
And let me set my price.

One day I hemmed a towel,
One day I kept quite still,
Once I carried mamma's toast,
The time that she was ill.

I get so many pennies
My sister says that she
Believes I have been shaking
'The fairies' "Penny tree."

But she is wrong, for every one
I earned the best I could,
By working hard, and most of them
I got for being good.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

NELLIE'S TEMPTATION.

BY PANSY.

"What little girl is this?" the teacher asked, and she looked kindly at the child who wore a faded dress too small for her and a queer hat trimmed with faded ribbons.

"Nellie Potter knows her," said one of the scholars.

"I don't either!" said Nellie, and she drew her pretty dress away and looked ashamed and cross.

"Why, Nellie Potter! I saw you playing with her last Saturday."

"What of that?" said Nellie, her cheeks very red. "I tell you I don't know anything about her."

"Never mind," said the teacher, "she is a little new scholar, and we are glad to see her; we will all be very kind to her and make her want to come again."

So the children gathered about her and were very kind, all but Nellie Potter, who kept to one side and looked unhappy. No wonder! Poor, foolish, naughty Nellie had told what was not true.

The new little girl was the daughter of their washerwoman, who lived down on Lane Street; only the Saturday before she had been at Nellie's home with her mother and had played with Nellie for an hour. But because she came to Sunday-school in a faded dress and a queer bonnet, Nellie was ashamed to say that she knew her.

It was not strange that, as the lesson went on, she began to cry so hard that she could not hear what the teacher said, for the lesson was about Peter, how he said that he did not know Jesus.

"I was just like that naughty Peter," she told her mother, sobbing bitterly. Then mother turned the leaves of the Bible and found where it told how sorry Peter was, and how Jesus forgave him, and and Nellie promised that she would never, never be so mean again.

A GRASS POULTICE.

When Willie kicked his little sister his mother told him she would punish him. He forgot or did not care. So he kicked her again. His mother called him in the house.

"Didn't mother say that she would punish you if you kicked your sister again?"

"Yes, mother," Willie answered.

"Well, go into the dining-room and wait till mother comes."

Then his mother went out into the yard. There she pulled an apronful of grass. She came into the house with the big bundle. She found her little boy crying. He was very much scared. She told him what a naughty foot he had. She said she must put a poultice on it. So she put the grass on Willie's foot and tied it up in an apron. She made him lie down on the lounge. Poor Willie! He cried and he sobbed and he moaned. A gentleman came in just then.

"Why, what's the matter with Willie?" he asked.

"Oh, he has a naughty foot," his mother said. "It will kick his sister. I have put on it a grass poultice."

"Oh," the gentleman said, and he understood it all, and Willie was so ashamed that he didn't look up.

GOOD USE FOR MARBLES.

There was once a very poor little chimney-sweep in London who longed to learn to read. But how could he? He saw no way.

One morning he was going to his work and passed a number of boys who had hung their books on a fence, and were playing. Our little sweep began to look at the books. He couldn't understand anything, but how he wished he could! Presently one of the boys came up, and in a very unpleasant tone asked what he was about. But the poor child did not get

angry, he put his hand in his pocket, and took out a marble, and said, "See here, I'll give you this if you will let me look at the books, I won't hurt them."

When the boys had done playing, and came to get their books, he asked one of them to read a little to him. He did, and then a bright thought came into the little sweep's head.

"See here," said he, "tell me the letters. I'll give you a marble for every one."

The boy was pleased, and began; but in a day or two he came, saying he couldn't teach him any more; the black fingers soiled the books, and his parents had forbidden it.

The poor chimney-sweep turned sadly away. How disappointed he felt. But as he went down the street he passed a graveyard, and saw the letters on the tombstones. "I can learn there," said he. "My sooty fingers won't stain these; or if they do, the rain will wash them clean."

Again he went to the school-boy, and asked him to come to the grave-yard and teach him; and there he learned the alphabet. By this time the boys had become interested in their little scholar. They took him to Sunday-school, and soon he could read the Bible. And as he read he learned to love it. He became a Christian boy, and lived to be a useful, faithful Christian man.

Did he not put his marbles to very good use?

SNOWBALL AND THE HEN.

Something was the matter with Snowball, the mother cat. She cried round the kitchen door so loudly that Bridget thought she must be hungry and set out a saucer of cream.

Snow would not touch it. "I hope nothing's been after hurting yer babies, or sure Master Willie's heart will be broken entirely," said the cook.

Snowball was still crying when Willie came home, and he ran out to the waggon house to see if her kittens were there.

A barrel in a corner was Snow's home. Willie reached down his fat little hand. Something flew up and pecked him sharply.

Peter was in the harness room. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"A hen has gone and eaten Snowball's kittens, and now she wants to eat me!"

Peter reached down and brought up Mrs. Hen.

"Here's your kittens," he said; "the hen wanted to raise them for you."

AN EVENING PRAYER.

I thank thee, Lord, that all this day
Thou hast my footsteps led;
O, keep me through the night I pray,
In this my small white bed.
And when the day begins to dawn,
And birds and children wake,
O, keep me ever at thy side,
I ask for Jesus' sake.

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ABOUT FATHERS.

When fathers jump up and they holler,
 "Here, Jim! you rascal, you scamp!"
 And hustle you round by the collar,
 And waggie their canes and stamp,
 You can laugh right out at the riot—
 They like to be sass'd and dared;
 But when they say, "James," real quiet—
 Oo—oo that's the time to be scared!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34. 7.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. G. I. - - - Come, and let us.—
2. Dan. in B. - - - Daniel purposed in—
3. The H. in the F. F. Our God whom—
4. The H. on the W. God is the—
5. D. in the D. of L. The Lord is—
6. The N. H. - - - A new heart—
7. E.'s great V. - - I will put my—
8. The R. of S. - - Whosoever will let—
9. R. from C. - - The Lord hath done—
10. R. the T. - - - The Temple of God—
11. E. the B. - - - Be strong, all ye—
12. P. through the S. Not by might, nor—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [Oct. 1.

JOY IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Psalm 122. Memory verse, 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me,
 Let us go into the house of the Lord.
 Psalm 122. 1.

A LESSON TALK.

The people of Israel went to Jerusalem each year to worship God at the time of the great feasts. God said in his law that they should do this. You may find it in Exod. 23. 14-16. It may be that David wrote this beautiful hymn to be used when the people came to worship at these feasts. David was glad when the time came to go to the house of the Lord. He could worship God in his own house, to be sure, but God has said that we must go to his house and worship him there, and David was glad, because he loved to obey God.

The city of Jerusalem is the picture given to us by God of the heavenly city. It was a beautiful city, and the Bible tells us in glowing words of the beauty and glory of the city of God above. It was a holy city. It was the place to

which many people from distant places went to meet and praise the holy God. It was the city of the King, and he ruled his people with love and kindness. Not only is Jerusalem a picture of the holy city above, but also of the true Church of God in this world. Do you love the Church of God? Do you feel glad when the time comes to go to the church? Do you love to sing God's praise? Are you glad to pray to him? David says, "They shall prosper that love thee."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

- Who was David? A good king.
- Where did he live? In Jerusalem.
- What holy house was in Jerusalem? The temple.
- What did God command his people to do? To worship there.
- What did David say made him glad? To go to the house of God.
- Why did he love it? Because it was God's house.
- Who is always found in his house? The holy God.
- For what should we learn to pray? For the peace of God's house.
- When should children begin to go to church? As soon as they are old enough.
- Who are the happy and blessed people? Those who love God's house.
- What does God love to have us seek? The good of his church.
- What is the best way to seek it? By being good ourselves.

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE.

When the big snow came, Robbie put on one of his father's old overcoats and worked his way round to the front door, where he knocked with all the noise he could.

When his mother came to the door, he made believe that he was a beggar, and in a whining voice asked her for some bread. But, of course, his mother knew the little rogue at once. She laughed over his funny appearance, but she looked sober, too.

"I can't bear to see my little boy make fun of the beggars, even in play," she said, as she looked straight into Robbie's eyes. "Poor people! It is all so real and so dreadful to them, especially this kind of weather." She had talked until there were tears in Robbie's eyes; and when a sure-enough beggar came to the door an hour later, oh, what a heap of good things to eat Robbie gave him!

There wasn't any make-believe in that.

WHEN PLANTS SLEEP.

An interesting feature of plant life not generally known is that all plants have not the same hours for rest. Some trees sleep in the daytime and grow at night, whereas others sleep at night and grow in the daylight. For this reason some trees may be safely removed at night without even their leaves wilting. It is said also that flowers cut at night last longer than those cut in the daylight.

SPECKLY'S TRIUMPH.

"Of all the obstinate hens I ever did see, that Speckly is the worst," declared Mrs. Betty Chipley, who had been engaged in a novel kind of warfare for several weeks with her unmanageable fowl.

Speckly was determined to bring forth a brood of chickens in the house, while this resolve did not meet with favour on the part of Mrs. Chipley. "I'm not going to have hens settin' in my house," Mrs. Chipley would declare, day after day, as she drove Speckly forth with the soft end of the broom. Opposition had no effect on the resolute Speckly. When she was driven forth at one door she immediately appeared at another, or came flying and sputtering through an open window, only to be again ejected before she could conceal herself under the bed, which was her choice of spots for incubating purposes.

Speckly finally disappeared, and Mrs. Chipley felt confident that the hen had stolen her nest away and would in due time appear with a family brought into life in some more appropriate hatching place than any part of the house would have been.

Three weeks and one or two days passed, and Mrs. Chipley, who had kept a record of the time of Speckly's disappearance, began to expect her return.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipley were at the breakfast table one morning when Mrs. Chipley suddenly paused, with her coffee-cup half-way to her lips, and said:

"Where does that peepin' sound come from? I've heard it two or three times this morning, and—"

They left the kitchen and went into the sitting-room, the peeping sound having come from that direction. They stood still in the middle of the room and listened. The sound was repeated, and Mrs. Chipley stared in all directions trying to locate it.

Suddenly she sank into a chair and exclaimed: "Well, for pity's sake, Henry Chipley, look up there!"

Mr. Chipley looked in the direction indicated by Mrs. Chipley's forefinger, and beheld two or three downy yellow heads peeping out over the top of a bookcase that reached almost to the ceiling of the room. A railing several inches high surrounded the top of the case, effectually concealing Madame Speckly; but it was evident that she was up there.

"Did anybody ever see the beat of that?" said Mrs. Chipley, when her husband had brought a stepladder and removed Speckly and six peeping chicks from their lofty elevation. "Now, that sly trollop of a hen has watched her chances and sneaked in there when I've been out, and flown up there and laid her six eggs and set on 'em chucklin' all the time to think how she was gettin' the advantage of me, and was havin' her own way. She's sneaked down likely when I've been out milkin' and got somethin' to eat; but she hasn't come down very often, for she's nothin' but skin and bone—poor thing! I don't know but I admire her perseverance after all."



SCENE IN INDIA.

SCENE IN INDIA.

Our picture shows you one of the two-wheel carts of India. Not a very easy one to ride in, nor very handsome. But still people ride in or on them. The sleepy-looking bullocks are probably as lazy as they look to be, for the repeated blows which they receive on their sides from their driver have become so frequent that they no longer care for them. No one walks in India if he can get a couple of wheels and a bullock to draw him. I presume that most of my readers would prefer walking to riding, if the vehicle in which they were to ride resembled this one, but in India, where the weather is so warm, any means by which exertion is lessened is considered not only right and proper but very acceptable.

TWO LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Tom was a big Newfoundland dog, Dick was his seven-year-old master, and "Harry" was a dear little sister, Harriet, five and a half years old. Tom always went with the children, for sometimes Dick wanted to run away or get into mischief. Then Tom barked and nothing sly could be done with a big, noisy dog, who was always good. Dick meant to be good too, but he often forgot.

One day, Dick invited Harry to "go travelling without telling anybody." Loaded with bags and bundles, they got into a street-car, where Dick paid his only dime to take them "to town." It was not a big town, but when Dick and Harry had trudged round it a while they began to find it, as Dick said, "horrid." It was warm; they were tired and hungry. They wanted cake, but had no money to buy it. A man took away from Dick his father's and mother's silk umbrellas. Harry lost her pretty new bag, and, worst of all, they had no money to get

home with, even if they had known what car to take.

"Dick, it was naughty to travel without telling mamma until after we did it," said poor Harry, beginning to cry. She was tired and she wanted her dinner very much.

"I wish Tom was here. He would know the way home."

"I guess, Dick, you know it was naughty when you shut Tom in the barn."

"Yes, I did," said Dick, "but I mean after this to tell mamma everything first, not afterwards."

Just then Dick saw the "vegetable man," on a cart—the man who brought peas and berries to their house every day. Dick shouted, and a minute after the two "travellers" were sitting among the vegetables, going home, glad and sorry and very tired.

"We never will travel any more," said Dick.

"No," said his little sister, "we will make what mamma calls 'nebley' visits."

"Yes, we will leave home the umbrellas and take pretty flowers and fruit and anything mamma lets us have, to old Grandma Peters and little lame Jim and anybody who is sick—then Tom can go, too."

When Dick confessed to his mother, she thought Harry's plan very wise. So after that Tom, Dick and Harry travelled together and never tried to be sly, but learned to do little kind deeds for the sick and poor.

KISSES.

BY PANSY

There never was anybody else in the world so mean as Judas, was there?"

It was Archie who asked the question. His mother had been telling him the story of Judas.

"That about the kiss is the very meanest," he said. "To think of him kissing Jesus! Huh!"

"I once know a little boy," said his mother, "who was something like Judas."
"O, mother! did you? What did he do?"

Mother took careful stitches in the dress she was making for baby and did not look up at Archie as she talked.

"Why, he climbed into his mother's lap and said: 'Dear, sweet mother, I love you; I love you the bestest of anybody's mother in all the world!' and then he kissed her, two, three, oh! ever so many kisses; and all the while he had something in his pocket that his mother had told him he must not touch. Wasn't that being like Judas? He kissed Jesus even while he was planning to hurt him, you know."

Archie sat up straight, his cheeks very red, and he said not a word. By-and-bye two tears began to roll slowly down his cheeks.

"Mother," he said timidly, "I didn't take only the leastest little bite of the candy in my pocket; I didn't mean to take any bite. I just meant to leave it there a little while and make believe I could eat it; and I do truly love you. I don't want to be like Judas."

"It made me think of Judas," said mother, "and it hurt me in the same way that I think the kiss of Judas hurt Jesus."

For a few minutes it was all still. Then Archie came to his mother, saying:

"O, mother, do please forgive me! I've put the candy back on the shelf, and I won't ever be Judas any more."

SOME THINGS I KNOW.

Here is a rhyme for movement exercises. A little direction on the part of the mother will teach the child all necessary gestures.

This is East and this is West,
Soon I'll learn to say the rest;
This is high and this is low,
Only see how much I know,
This is narrow, this is wide;
Something else I know beside.

Down is where my feet you see,
Up is where my head should be;
Here's my nose and here my eyes;
Don't you think I'm getting wise?
Now my eyes wide open keep,
Shut them when I go to sleep.

Here's my mouth, and here's my chin
Soon to read I shall begin;
Ears I have, as you can see;
Of much use they are to me.
This my right hand is, you see,
This my left, as all agree;
Overhead I raise them high,
Clap! clap! clap! I let them fly.

If a lady in the street,
Or my teacher, I should meet,
From my head my cap I take,
And a bow like this I make.
Now I fold my arms up so,
To my seat I softly go.