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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1897.

[No. 18.]

## GRACE DARLING.

William Darling, the father of Grace Darling, whose name stands among the heroines of history, was keeper of the Longstone lighthouse, on one of the Farnes or Fern Islands, a group of seventeen islets off the northeast coast of Northumberland, opposite Bamborough. On one of these islands there is the tower of a priory built to the memory of St. Cuthbert, who spent the last two years of his life here. Upon two of the islands are lighthouses, the passage between them being very dangerous in rough weather.

No doubt little Grace watched her father many a time as he trimmed the great light, and when she grew older and stronger, tended it herself and rowed her father backward and forward and in and out the dangerous passages.

On the morning of the 7th of September, 1838, as Wm. Darling was looking from his lighthouse window, he saw a vessel lying broken among the Farnes rocks.

It was the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, nine of whose passengers had survived and were every moment expecting a watery grave. The storm was still beating wildly, but Grace urged her father to put off for the wreck, which he did through her earnest solicitations, his sole companion being his brave daughter. It was a daring thing to do in the midst of such a wild sea, but they reached the sufferers, who were crouched upon a rock, and brought them in safety to Longstone. The world rang with the story of the rescue, and the light-

house at Longstone was visited by many. Testimonials, presents and money poured in upon the brave girl who had risked her life for others. She did not live long, however, to enjoy the change in her circumstances, but died of consumption, on October 20, 1842, after a year's illness.

"I don't care," was the sullen retort. Finally she called him to her and said, "Mamma is very sorry that her little son has formed this bad habit of saying 'I don't care' about everything. She does not really believe that he is so careless and indifferent about the things which concern

her, and so she is going to ask him to join with her in trying to break himself of such a bad habit."

The little boy looked up in surprise, but consented to do as his mother wanted him to do. So she brought a large piece of paper and pencil and laid them upon the table. "Now, Freddie," she said, "I want you to write that 'I don't care' just as neatly as you can, and in as large letters as possible."

Freddie worked away, erasing and writing it over, until at last he had the words written out in his best hand.

"Now," said mamma, taking him by the hand, "let us get rid of that 'I don't care.'"

So she led him to a field some distance away from the house where there was an old well that nobody used any more. She took the paper from the hand of the wondering boy, wrapped a stone up in it, tied a string around it, and gave it to him.

"Now, Freddie," she said, "I want you to drop that into the bottom of the well."

Freddie did as his mother told him. Then she began to pick up stones and drop in upon the top of it, and Freddie, seeing what she did, followed her example, until they had quite a pile of stones on top of the paper with "I don't care" written upon it. Finally his mother said, "Now



## I DON'T CARE.

I knew a boy who had a bad habit of saying, "I don't care." His mother would say to him kindly, "I fear my little boy will be late to school," and he would say, "I don't care."

"Why, look," she said one day, "my little boy has left his hat in the middle of the floor."

we will go away and leave 'I don't care' forever."

And they went back to the house, and the lesson was so impressed upon Freddie's memory that he never let the words drop from his lips again. If he was tempted to use them the memory of that day prevented.

Let every boy or girl who has this bad habit drop it into a well.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

### DEVELOPED OR SMOTHERED.

"It's awfully nice of you, mamma dear, to give me that lawn mower. Come and see what I've done," and George Sellers drew his mamma to the window. Like soft, green velvet the lawn sloped down to the village street.

"You have done more than that, darling," said Mrs. Sellers, caressing the damp, golden curls. "You are developing the man, sturdy and strong." George looked sorely puzzled. "Don't you know, dear, that within this little body a man is waiting to be developed or—smothered?" Mrs. Sellers continued. Still the child looked puzzled. "Work brings out the strong man, but coddling smothers him," she said.

"O, I see! I'll tell Paul that," and he straightened his sturdy little arm. "There's muscle for you!" he said; "and O, mamma Mr. Arthur said that he'd give me twenty-five cents if I would mow his lawn. May I?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do it," she answered, and soon the click of the mower was heard in the adjoining yard.

"Such a shame!" said Mrs. Wyman, who was coaxing Paul to try and eat his breakfast in the house over the way. "And that boy has thousands of dollars in the bank. See how he works, poor boy!"

On their way to school George said proudly "I've earned some money this morning. Now I'll have my own money to give and to use, but I'll be careful how I use it. I'll not waste it, for I know what it cost"

As the summer went by the quarters in George Sellers' bank came to be dollars; for his work was well done, and he had plenty of it. He was sturdy, strong, and full of fun; while Paul Wyman was often shut in from sickness, and was pale and destitute of strength.

"I wish I was George Sellers," he said whiningly one day. "He has all the good times, and I saw him put a silver quarter in the missionary box. He said that he loved to give it, for he earned it himself."

"Poor boy! it's a burning shame," said Mrs. Wyman.

"To be a man!" cried Paul. "Well, I think that I'd like it. George's mother says that work makes a man; and George is growing up a grand, strong man."

### SAMOAN CHRISTIANS.

On one of the Samoan Islands John Williams found a small chapel, and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm to distinguish him from his neighbours.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while and bring home some religion.

"And when that is gone I take my canoe and fetch some more. Now won't you give us a man all full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

That is what is needed in all the heathen lands: a "man full of religion."

When the natives of these islands are converted they say: "Now we are the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what he would like us to do."

If they are told that he would not wish them to go to a certain place, they reply at once: "Then we won't go."

If a friend says, "He would be sorry to hear you use such language," they answer: "Then we won't say that any more."

If it is hinted to them that he would rather they would not do some special thing, they still respond: "Then we won't do it." No wonder that they are so faithful as pupils.

Two little birds were building a nest; Each of them thought their own way the best;

"Put the straw so, sir." "Nay, madam, this way;

I can do better than you, any day." Was it not sad that they could not agree, Making so cozy a nest 'neath the tree? While the sweet flowers that cluster around

Seem to say softly, "O dear, what a sound!"

### A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY.

Dear little Dot has certainly found the wrong way this time, with the left stocking on the right foot. So she will have to pull it off, and try again. She looks a little bit puzzled; but there is no hint of a frown on her smooth, baby brow, nor any show of petulance on the sweet lips; and I am quite sure she will not get cross or ill-natured when nurse tells her to pull off the stocking, and put it on the other foot, so that the pretty red stripes will be on the right side instead of the wrong.

Darling little Dot's temper is always on the right side, as are her sympathies and loving words. One day, when she saw a big, rude boy on the street snatch a ball from the hand of one half-a-dozen years younger, and run off with it, she looked first surprised that any one could be so wicked as to take what did not belong to him; and then she turned all her sympathy toward soothing the grief of the little five-year-old, who stood crying bitterly at the loss of his pretty plaything, and said to him, softly and soothingly:

"Don't oo cry any more. I'll dive oo mine big parlour ball, if yo'll des tum home wid me and nurse." And when he forgot to thank her, Dot only said: "He was so s'pized he fordot to say anything; but I'm glad I dave him mine big ball, tauze ze poor 'ittle fellow cried so hard when he didn't want to lose his own pitty ball."

Our Dot found the right way again, when her brother Joe was sick with the measles. Before that, when he was well and strong, he used often to tease his little sister, and call her "baby" when she wanted him to take her to ride or walk with him. This was not because he did not love Dottie, or enjoy having her to play with, but from the sheer love of teasing.

But when Joe had the measles, and felt very lonely if his mother had to go downstairs and leave him by himself, Dot stayed and waited on him, brought him books and playthings to amuse him, told him what was going on downstairs, and who had called to ask after him, and she tried to make his sick-room seem bright with her sunny face and merry little songs.

Joe was in the wrong way when he teased his dear little sister so thoughtlessly; but now he turned "right about face," and was on the right side, when, after he got well, he said:

"Dear little Dottie, Joe was a bad boy not to take you out, when you wanted so much to go with him, hunting birds' nests and playing snowball; and now I am strong and well again, I am going to take you riding with me every day."

They did go, and right merry times they had all the bright, sunny days during the long winter. They were both on the "right side" now, and the big, strong, generous boy loved his little play-fellow better than ever, since she had led him so gently to follow her, as she follows the dear Saviour's command: "Little children, love one another."

**THE BUTTERFLIES' BREAKFAST.**

The dew was sparkling in the sun,  
Like diamonds sprinkled far and near,  
As forth to early breakfast went  
The gayest host of all the year.

They shimmered in the morning light,  
This host of butterflies all white;  
As, quickly darting here and there,  
They sipped from cups all golden bright.

Set on a mat of grass so green,  
With dandelions dotted o'er,  
The cups were filled with many sweets,  
As pure as any cups of yore.

O butterflies, so sweetly gay,  
So full of joy without a fear,  
Are you so happy and so free  
Because you only sip "good cheer"?

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.**

**LESSON XI. [Sept. 12.]**

**CHRISTIAN LIVING.**

Rom. 12. 9-21. Memory verses, 16-18

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 21.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Loving Those that Love Us, v. 9-16.
2. Loving Our Enemies, v. 17-21.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Paul wrote a long letter to the Christians at Rome, from which our lesson is taken. It is thought that he wrote this letter in the year of our Lord 56, at Corinth, where he stopped a short time on his way to Jerusalem. This part of the letter tells how Christians should behave to one another.

One sweet word tells our whole duty to others, and that word is Love. Paul says it must be real, not in words only, but in deeds. It must be a love that does not seek the best for self, but puts others first. It must be a love that is ready to help the poor and to welcome the stranger. True love rejoices with the glad and weeps with the sorrowful. It seeks peace and is a lowly love, such as Jesus had, not putting riches and honour above goodness and truth. True love will not do evil to others because they have done evil to us. If some one is angry with us love says, "Be quiet." God will repay any wrong done to his child. If an enemy is in trouble love says, "Help him," even though he has harmed us. In that way we may conquer his evil spirit. Love will not be overcome by evil, but will try to overcome evil by good. Have we love? God has it to give to us!

**LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY**

- Mon.* Read the beautiful lesson verses. Rom. 12. 9-21  
*Tues.* Learn the secret of all good. 1 John 4. 16.  
*Wed.* Learn how to treat enemies. Matt. 5. 43-48  
*Thur.* Read a story about self-seeking. Luke 12. 16-21  
*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.  
*Sat.* Learn how to do our work. Verse 11.  
*Sun.* Learn what David said about peace. Psalm 34. 14.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY**

To whom did Paul write a long letter? When did he probably write this letter? From what city? What does this part of the lesson teach? What one word tells all our duty to others? What kind of love must it be? How does real love show itself? How does it show sympathy? What is a lowly love? How does true love treat enemies? What does love seek to do by evil? What is the secret of love? [See Helps for Tuesday.]

**LESSONS FOR ME**

If I want real love I may have it.  
 My love is weak, but God's love is strong.  
 Love from God is offered to every child of his.

**LESSON XII. [Sept. 19]**

**PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.**

Acts 20. 22-35. Memory verses, 22-24.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

**OUTLINE.**

1. A Faithful Ministry, v. 22-27.
2. A Watchful Ministry, v. 28-31.
3. A Self-denying Ministry, v. 32-35.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Paul was now sailing in a ship, on his way to Jerusalem, with several other Christians. The ship stopped at Troas, and Paul saw his friends there and preached to them, and performed a miracle, which you may read about in Acts 20. 7-10. The ship stopped again at Miletus, about thirty miles from Ephesus. When Paul found that he could stay there some time he sent word to Ephesus for the chief ministers to come and see him. They came gladly, for they loved Paul very much, and it was a great joy to see his face and hear his voice once more. Paul spoke very lovingly to them. He said that he was going to Jerusalem, not knowing what sufferings he should endure, but he said that he was ready to give up his life for Jesus. He begged them to remember how earnestly he had tried to teach them the way to heaven, and he asked them to watch carefully that the young Christians were not led away by false teachers. He prayed that God would keep

them and make them useful here, and at last give them a home in heaven. They all wept, and kissed Paul, and went away very sad because they should see him no more.

**LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY**

- Mon.* Find who went to Jerusalem with Paul? Acts 20. 4.  
*Tues.* Read of the visit to Troas. Acts 20. 6-12.  
*Wed.* Trace the journey on the map as far as Ephesus.  
*Thur.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 20. 22-35  
*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.  
*Sat.* Learn how a Christian gives. Luke 14. 12-14.  
*Sun.* Learn a good rule for giving. Rom. 15. 1.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.**

Where was Paul going now? Who went with him? [See Helps for Monday] Who went with him besides those mentioned? Luke, who wrote the Acts. Where did Paul and his friends stop? What miracle did Paul do there? Where did the ship stop after this? What word did Paul send to Ephesus? Who came to see him? Why did they come? What did Paul say about going to Jerusalem? What was he willing to do? What did he warn against? Had Paul lived a selfish life among them? Whose words did he ask them to remember? May we, too, be givers?

**WHAT I MAY DO.**

- I may give God my voice, and speak for him.
- I may give him my hands, and work for him.
- I may give him my heart, and live for him.

**A PURE HEART.**

A lady picked up a ring in the street, and took it to a jeweller to know if it were of any value. He decided that it was gold, but to make sure for her, said: "I will put it in acid, if real, there will be no change; if imitation, the acid will corrode and destroy it." The ring was dropped in, the lady watched anxiously, and received back her treasure uninjured, only purer and brighter for the testing.

In this way our hearts are sometimes tested in this sinful world. Pure hearts will stand the test and come out bright and clear. We ought to often examine our hearts to see if they are the pure metal that can go through this world without being corrupted. A pure heart is an invaluable jewel.

A little girl had a kitten. She was very fond of it, and it was a great delight to her to hear it purr. One night she was restless, and her mother said: "Cynthia, why don't you lie still and go to sleep?" "I can't," answered the little one, "papa purrs so loud."

## THE YOUNG ROBINS

In a soft, warm nest in a shady tree,  
With bright little eyes and wings,  
Sat a fine old bird with his children three,  
Such tiny, good-tempered things

And the old bird said to the dear little birds:

"I want you to learn to fly."

And the little ones merrily chirped the words:

"Dear father, we'll try, we'll try."

Now, a little boy had a sum, to-day,  
And was told to go quickly through it:  
But he pouted his lip, and was heard to say  
He was sure that he could not do it.

Do you think this boy was half as good  
As the birdies who learned to fly?  
He would wiser have been—don't you  
think he would?—  
Had he said: "I'll try, I'll try."

## IN THE ALPS.

What a lucky little boy this is to spend the summer in the Alps! These are beautiful mountains away beyond the sea. Sometimes their peaks are so high that they rise above the clouds, and are crowned with great caps of snow. It is a grand sight to see these snow-clad mountains at sunrise or at sunset. Instead of looking white, the snow looks crimson and blue and yellow, like the beautiful colours of an opal. Many people go to the Alps to spend the summer because the scenery is so grand. There are pretty little villages in the valleys, with fine hotels where people stay. There are also lovely lakes, which are supplied with water from the rushing mountain torrents. Horses are not used much in the Alps, but the little sure-footed donkey is of great service to tourists who are not used to hilly roads.

## PATCHES AND HEROES.

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes, the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right had she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lily Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Steward, leaving the

group of rude boys and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It is only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines, and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there?"

"Yes; I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

They had been talking of heroes a little while before: they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Steward, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.



IN THE ALPS.

## FILIAL DUTY.

Dear girls and boys, we want you all to be good and kind to your father and mother. If you do you will surely have the approbation of God, and of all good people. Few things can be more painful to parents than to be treated with disrespect by their own children. Your parents may have their peculiarities and weaknesses, and may not at all times be as considerate as you think they ought to be. But you see, when they were young they did not have the advantages that are afforded to you. Remember always that they love you dearly; they love you with a wealth of affection which you cannot estimate. And they are trying hard to do their very best for you that they know how. In the common order of nature you must soon follow father and mother to the grave. Standing there beside the open grave you will remember the disrespectful words, and actions, and thoughts of which you have been guilty towards them. Alas!

how many a man and woman have knelt upon the grave where father and mother lay mouldering, and lamented with burning tears of shame and sorrow, the disobedience, the unkindness, the neglect shown in earlier years. How they have longed to lift up the faded forms from their collins, to reanimate them, and to have them again in their homes, that by unwearied ministrations of tenderness they might atone for the past. God forbid that any of the dear young people who read these lines should store up for themselves this fruitless remorse.

## HOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY SUCCEED.

Is Miss Mary discouraged because she makes so little progress with her music or her composition? Is Master George in despair because he finds it so difficult to solve his problems in algebra, or to commit his recitation to memory? If so, let me assure both Mary and George that they may succeed if they will take for their motto this short sentence, to wit: "Be in earnest and you are sure to succeed!"

A very uncouth minister, whom very few people cared to hear, but who was very desirous of being a successful speaker, asked a teacher in elocution one day what he must do to become such. The teacher gave him the above motto. He put it into practice by striving with all his might to conquer his awkwardness, to be graceful in manner and correct in speech. It was hard work at first, but he kept on trying, and succeeded at last in becoming one of the most popular speakers in the land.

Thus you see that our motto is a sure guide to success. Let Mary, George, and all the disheartened readers of HAPPY DAYS try it, not by a short-lived spurt, but by steady, every-day, patient endeavour to make their very best efforts to do whatever is given them to do as well as they can. The result will be that their difficulties will soon vanish away, and they will pluck that success which is the fruit of all truly earnest work.

## THINGS GOOD TO KEEP.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

Keep thee far from a false manner.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.

Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.

My son, keep thy father's commandments.

Giving to promote the cause of Christ, when so frequent as to be a habit, becomes easy to the giver. The way to acquire the habit, is to practice the giving. Practice here, as well as elsewhere, makes perfect. The more one gives, the more he will be inclined to give.