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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1897.

[No. 10.]

A PERILOUS RIDE.

Little kittens are always born blind, and it is usually some little time before they can see at all or get used to heights and distances. Though they soon grow into big cats that have no fear of running up a tree stem, or of walking along the edge of the house-tops, they are very timid at first as to where they go. Look at this little pussy on her mistress's shoulder, and how all her little claws are out, in case the support underneath her feet should move too quickly, and she should lose her balance. There is quite a terrified look in those bright little eyes which before many weeks will be used to fascinate the poor little birdies. We wish pussy a good journey and hope she will enjoy it as much as her companion.

MASON THE GREAT.

"Come 'long now," cried little Frank Seldon, getting astride of his hobby-horse and waving mamma's shawl, tied to an old broomstick, for a flag—"Come 'long; I'm going to be 'Zander the Great, and you must all be my soldiers."

Frank's older brother, Harry, and his two little sisters, gathered up their drums and horns and soldier caps, and got ready to follow "Alexander the Great" to war. "Come 'long, Mason," shouted the little general, "We's leave you ef you don't look out."

Mason and Celia Semmes had come over from the little cottage across the road into their neighbour's big paved back-yard to join in the play. "Cele," said Mason, "you can just leave Dorothy and Celeste



A PERILOUS RIDE.

in their carriage; babies can't go to be soldiers."

"Cele can't come neither," said the little general stoutly, "'cause Cele limps and can't march fast."

Celia's dark eye filled with tears, and she went off to the stone seat beneath the window. She was a stout, strong little maid, but one leg was a trifle shorter than the other; and this made her limp as she walked.

Mason's cheeks were red and his eyes

shone bright. "Never mind, Cele," he said, putting his arm around her. "I ain't going to play soldiers. Soldiers are mean and things they only hurt people."

"I could play a wounded soldier," said Celia with a trembling lip, she dearly loved to play with the others.

"All right," cried Mason, "and I'll play the doctor that stays to take care of you."

"Three cheers for Mason the Great," said a voice from the window. It was mamma's. "To give up our pleasure for others is better than to trample on kings. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. Three cheers for Mason the Great!"

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Once a man who had been known as a great fault-finder, was observed to become cheerful and contented. When asked the reason, he said: "I used to live at Grumble Corner, but now I've moved to Thanksgiving Street. I find the air purer, the sunshine brighter, and the people better neighbours." Now, little people, if any of you live near "Grumble Corner," move to "Thanksgiving Street."

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"

DO YOUR BEST!

Whatever you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can.
Time speeds along, and day by day
Life is hastening away.
Then what you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can.

God made the world in which we dwell,
And all things of his goodness tell.
The flowers bloom, the grasses spring;
The bright sun shines, the sweet birds
sing:

And if you think, I'm sure you'll say
They do their very best each day.

Then do your best, my little man;
You'll find it is the nobler plan.
The world is needing such as you.
If when you work you work with care,
And when you play you're fair and square,
There'll be a place for you, my man,
If you but do the best you can.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1897.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

AUNT ELSIE'S PRESENT.

Ned Davis stood by the roadside near the gate of his home looking down the street, and restlessly digging holes in the dust with his copper-toed shoes. Clearly he was waiting for somebody, and waiting with much impatience.

Suddenly he darted down the street and seized the hand of a pretty, sweet-faced young lady who had just turned the corner.

"Glad to see me home, Neddie?" she asked brightly.

"Guess I am," the boy answered with a decided ring of joy in his tone.

"Say, what did you bring me this time, Aunt Elsie?" he asked eagerly.

"Now, honour bright, Ned, which are you most glad about; to see me, or to get a present?" said Aunt Elsie, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Both," answered Ned, promptly.

"Oh, Ned! what an answer! Suppose I should tell you that I hadn't any present for you this time, what would you say then?"

"But I know you have, Aunt Elsie. You never went to town in all your life without bringing me home something," replied Ned trustfully.

"Not in your life, you mean. I have been to town before you were born, young man. Seriously, Ned dear, you may not think that I have brought you much of a present this time; but maybe you'll like it better after you learn to use it skillfully."

By this time Aunt Elsie and Ned had reached home, and they sat down on the steps while Aunt Elsie unfastened her handbag.

Ned gravely watched while she produced a bottle of glycerine, a china mug, and a common-looking pipe with a long stem.

"Well, sir, how do you like your present?"

Ned looked at her, then at the things, then at her again.

"Pooh! you're fooling me," he declared stoutly.

"Ned dear, I am not fooling you. The pipe and mug and bottle of glycerine are for you. Can't you guess what they are for?"

Ned was only a little boy, and he was hurt and disappointed. He thought dear Aunt Elsie was teasing him, and had brought him nothing after all. His eyes filled with tears and he could not answer.

"Wait a minute, Ned dear," said Aunt Elsie, softly. She ran into the house with the mug, and soon returned with it half full of water, and with a piece of common soap in her hand.

"Now watch me, Ned," she said. She made a strong suds with the soap and water, then added a few drops of glycerine, and taking the pipe dipped the bowl lightly into the soapy water. Then she blew softly through the pipe stem. A little bubble formed at the bowl of the pipe. It grew larger and larger. It caught the rays of the sun, and glistened

red, and green, and gold, and purple, changing in colour every moment, and growing larger and larger until at last it burst, and was gone.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ned, with big round eyes.

Aunt Elsie blew another, and then a number of little ones, and shook them off into the air, where the light breeze caught them and carried them up quite high before they burst and disappeared.

"Now, you try, Neddie, boy. Don't blow hard. Gently, gently, dear."

After Ned had blown for an hour or more he turned to his aunt and said:

"I didn't suppose a pipe and cup could be much of a present for a boy, but it is. It's just lovely, when it means soap bubbles. I know now that you are an auntie who knows what a boy likes every time."

SOME ELEPHANTS.

The other day I met an elephant in the street. He was too civil for a rogue elephant, and I turned and looked at the animal without any fear. He was not ten feet high, but might be ten inches. When he stubbed his toe and turned over, at the curb-stone, the boy who led him by a string stopped kindly to pick up his elephant and set him on his feet again. Ah, this kind comes from a toy store!

In India real elephants are too common for a show, but often are made useful. Sailors, when they reach Maulmain in ships, like to watch the trained animals at work in ship-yards, moving timbers. Besides drawing great logs by a chain they will lift them with their trunks and carry them on their tusks; and will pile up the timbers evenly, pushing them into place with the right foot.

When an elephant has dragged a log to the right spot he will unhook and free the chain with the finger of his trunk. His driver, called a mahout, sits sideways on a wooden saddle on the elephant's back, and makes signs by touching his side with his foot. The intelligent beast understands what is wanted of him. Sometimes, in carrying, one is obliged to hold his head so high that he cannot see where he is going; but he moves on blindly and patiently.

One day some people were landing, when the tide was out, and the wharf very muddy. There was a lady, and the captain would not let her soil her boots. He called out to a mahout, and in a moment his elephant pushed down the slope a log, fixing it just right for a walk across the dirty space. These huge beasts are proud of their strength. They do not like to do work which makes them look awkward; but they are obedient, and make the best of it.

One of the reasons why we do not enjoy our prayers better is because we do not take more time for them. A hurried prayer is a profanation. It is true that God does not reward us according to the length of our petitions, but he does require us to be thoughtful, serious, and devout when we approach into his presence.

AN INDIGNANT SCHOLAR.

Such a horrid jogafray lesson!
 Cities and mountains and lakes,
 And the longest, crookedest rivers,
 Just wriggling about like snakes.
 I tell you I wish Columbus
 Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
 And started to find new countries
 That folks didn't need at all.

Now wouldn't it be too lovely
 If all that you had to find out
 Was just about Spain and England.
 And a few other lands thereabout;
 And the rest of the maps were printed
 With pink and yellow to say,
 "All this is an unknown region
 Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing,
 Since Columbus sailed over here,
 And men keep hunting, 'sploring
 And finding more things every year!
 Now show me the Yampah River,
 And tell me where does it flow?
 And how do you bound Montana?
 And Utah and Mexico?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII. [May 23.]

THE CONFERENCE AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 15. 1-6, 22-29. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.—Acts 15. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Jewish Law, v. 1-6.
2. Christian Liberty, v. 22-29.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul and Barnabas stayed in Antioch in Syria a long while, preaching and teaching; but during that time they went once to Jerusalem to settle a matter with the apostles.

Some Jews had come to Antioch who told the Christians that they ought to keep all the laws that Moses made, such as the law of circumcision and the law of sacrifices. But Paul and Barnabas said that Gentiles need not keep these laws. This raised a dispute, and Paul and Barnabas, with some other good men, went to Jerusalem to settle it with the other apostles. On the way they preached and made many glad by telling how the Gentiles had turned to the Lord, and how God had blessed them.

When they came to Jerusalem there was a meeting of the believers, and there was much talk about the matter. At last they decided to write a letter to the Gentile Christians, telling them not to be troubled

about keeping the law of Moses. The new law of love asks for the heart, and the right heart is very likely to do right acts. Paul and Barnabas, with two other brethren sent from Jerusalem, carried the letter back to Antioch and read it at a meeting of the believers, to their joy and comfort.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the first part of the lesson. Acts 15. 1-6.
- Tues.* Read Peter's speech. Acts 15. 7-11.
- Wed.* Find what James said about it. Acts 15. 13-21.
- Thur.* Finish reading the lesson verses. Acts 15. 22-29.
- Fri.* Learn the only way of salvation. Golden Text.
- Sat.* Learn who is the end of the law. Rom. 10. 4.
- Sun.* Find the difference between law and faith. Gal. 2. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Paul and Barnabas stay a long time? What took them to Jerusalem? What was the dispute that arose in Antioch? About keeping the law of Moses. Who said the Gentiles ought to keep it? What did Paul and Barnabas say? What meeting was held in Jerusalem? What did Paul and Barnabas tell the brethren? Verse 12. What did Peter think about the law for Gentiles? Did James think they ought to keep it? What new law did Jesus come to bring? The law of love. What did the apostles write? Who took the letter to Antioch? What did it bring to the believers?

THE DIFFERENCE.

The law says, "Do, and thou shalt live." The Gospel says, "Live, and thou shalt do."
 Do you obey God because you love him?

LESSON IX. [May 30.]

CHRISTIAN FAITH LEADS TO GOOD WORKS.

James 2. 14-23. Memory verses, 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will show thee my faith by my works.—James 2 18.

OUTLINE.

1. A False Faith, v. 14-20.
2. A True Faith, v. 21-23.

THE LESSON STORY.

James was one of the apostles, and his home was in Jerusalem. He wrote a letter to the Jewish Christians who were scattered abroad, in which he told them many things we need to know about faith and works. What good does it do a man to say he has faith if his acts are not good and right? It is as if a naked, hungry one should come to us, and we should say, "Go in peace, be warmed and fed," without helping to warm and feed him! That would be faith without works, which James says is dead.

Faith without works is not the kind that Abraham had when God told him to offer Isaac on the altar. Isaac was his only son, and God had said that Abraham should have a great multitude of descendants. But he did just as God bade him do, because he really believed God. His faith was alive, and not dead. These bodies of ours are dead when there is no living spirit in them. Just so faith, without works, is dead, for faith is the living spirit which leads to good works. So we must not have faith alone, or works alone, but the two must work and live together if we want to please God.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Learn all you can about the apostle James.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses carefully. James 2. 14-23.
- Wed.* Ask, "Can I truthfully say the Golden Text?"
- Thur.* Read what Jesus said about faith only. Matt. 7. 28, 27
- Fri.* Find what one is like who hears, and obeys not. James 1. 23, 24.
- Sat.* Learn what we must have to please God. Heb. 11. 6
- Sun.* Learn how we may have the right faith. Heb. 12. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who wrote a letter to the Jewish Christians? Where were they? Where did James live? Who was he? What did some people think? That faith alone would save them. What did others think? That works alone would save them. Which were right? Neither. What kind of faith did Abraham have? What had God promised him? What did he tell him to do with Isaac? Why did Abraham get ready to slay his son? Because he trusted God. How did God honour his faith? When are our bodies dead? What is faith like? The living spirit. What must we have to please God?

DO NOT FORGET—

That faith cannot stand alone.
 That good works must hold faith up.
 That God will give us real faith if we ask.

WHERE TOMMY SENT IT.

Tommy was not afraid of the sound of his own voice, it is very evident. A Western paper tells us what Tommy's father did.

"Tommy," said Mr. Figg sternly, "I hung a motto in your room to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Yessir."

"I find that it has disappeared."

"Yessir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I—I took it down to the deaf an' dumb orphan asylum."

TO A LITTLE MAID

How should little maidens grow,
When they're ten or over?
In the sunshine and the air,
Wholesome, simple, fresh and fair.
As the bonny daisies blow,
And the happy clover.

How should little lassies speak,
When they're ten or over?
As the birds do, and the bees,
Singing through the flowers and trees
Till each mortal fain would seek
The merry-hearted rover.

How about her eyes and ears,
At this stage of growing?
Like the clear, unclouded skies
Not too eager nor too wise,
So that all she sees and hears
May be worth the knowing.

And the little maiden's heart?
Ah! for that we're praying,
That it strong and pure may grow;
God, who loveth children so,
Keep her from all guile apart,
Through life's mazes straying.



GOING TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE TRUE RICHES.

BY MISS NANNIE B. GAINES.

About twelve years ago a boy from Japan went to America to try his fortune in that great country.

He found many people striving after money, and he too wished for money, and with this end in view toiled day after day. This did not give him the pleasure or profit he had anticipated.

One day, as he was wandering along the street, he was attracted to a large building, where he saw many people entering, although it was Sunday. He went in and heard the prayer and hymns of praise; then he listened while the preacher read John iii. 16. When he learned that "who soever" meant him, a poor Japanese boy, he thought "Ah! this is better than gold! I have not the money I hoped to send my poor old mother, but I will send this good news to her."

From a Japanese friend he procured a Japanese Bible and some tracts. These he sent to his dear old mother in Japan, and

wrote telling her of his new-found treasure, and urging her to seek the true riches.

The old woman read the Bible and prayed to God to send her a teacher. One day while she was praying some one came saying a foreign missionary was in the city and was preaching a strange doctrine, telling the people to repent and believe on one Jesus, who would save all men.

The old woman said "My prayer is answered. I must see the teacher."

After talking with the missionary, she said "I believe in the one true living God and Jesus, his Son. I want to flee the wrath to come."

She was baptized, and thus was the first Christian in her city.

Don't be too certain. "John, where is the hammer?" "It is in the corn-crib." "No, it is not there; I have just been looking there." "Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago." "If you saw it there, it must be there, of course; but suppose you go back and fetch it." John goes to the corn-crib, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was the axe I saw; the handle was sticking out from the half-bushel measure; I thought it was the hammer." "But you said positively that you did see the hammer, not that you thought you saw it." There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement even about a small matter unless you are quite sure; for if you do you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-bye you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain.

A WISE CHOICE.

A good minister, whom we will not name, while sitting at the dinner-table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking if I could have one single wish of mine what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley."

He made his choice thoughtfully: first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education.

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things are held in general esteem among mankind.

"I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good conscience and good health and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything else will come in its right place." A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age.

A GREAT MOTHER.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him when he was only twelve: "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Just before his death a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied: "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glow more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar way, and said: 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

Three years ago I was in that city, and saw the old woman happy in Christian fellowship, for there was a prosperous church with many faithful workers.

And the boy? He kept the faith, became a useful man, and was employed in responsible positions in America. He returned to Japan, where he was honoured, and high positions were offered him under the Government; but he declined all, that he might preach the Gospel to his people. You may hear of him again.

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken; and if you permit yourself to be so very positive in your mistakes a great many times everybody will lose confidence in what you say. Never make a positive statement unless you know it as you say. If you have any doubts, or if there is room for any, remove the possibility by examination before speaking, or speak cautiously.