

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

|                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                                     |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X                      | 12X                      | 14X                      | 16X                      | 18X                      | 20X                      | 22X                      | 24X                      | 26X                      | 28X                                 | 30X                      | 32X                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899

No. 1



THE CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—GREAT FUN.

## "SWEETENING" MARY.

"Go to the kitchen. Mary will give you a drink."

"I don't want to," baby demurred. "Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?" asked mamma in surprise.

"I dess I did sumpin' to her," baby re-

luctantly acknowledged. "Then if you have done something to make her cross, you would better go and do something to sweeten her," suggested mamma.

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." She stopped her work and stooped,

and he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her and called her his "dear, sweet Mamie. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.

When he came back, smiling, mamma asked, "What did you do to Mary this time, my little boy?"

"Oh, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.

## THE SERVICE.

The service due to God  
Is not mere babbling words  
Poured tunefully upon the ear  
Like songs of singing birds.

The service due to God  
Is no mere formal part,  
'Tis not enough to bow the head  
And never bow the heart.

The service due to God  
Is life from evil won.  
And faith and hope and glowing love  
And duty bravely done.

Strong Help of feeble faith,  
Pure Guide of age and youth,  
Teach us to serve thee, holy God,  
In spirit and in truth.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

|   | Yearly | Sub'n |
|---|--------|-------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly  | \$1 00 |       |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated   | 2 00   |       |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review  | 2 75   |       |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together   | 3 25   |       |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly   | 1 00   |       |
| Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly   | 0 60   |       |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies   | 0 60   |       |
| 5 copies and over   | 0 50   |       |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies  | 0 30   |       |
| Less than 20 copies   | 0 25   |       |
| Over 20 copies  | 0 24   |       |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies   | 0 15   |       |
| 10 copies and upwards   | 0 12   |       |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies  | 0 15   |       |
| 10 copies and upwards   | 0 12   |       |
| Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)   | 0 07   |       |
| Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)   | 0 20   |       |
| Berean Leaf, monthly  | 0 05   |       |
| Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)   | 0 06   |       |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100. |        |       |

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
21 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

## SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

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 cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." And 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 well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

## CARL'S THREE HELPERS.

"What is the matter, Carl? You look as if you had been in a fight, and the other fellow had done the licking."

"I haven't been in any fight," said Carl, sullenly. He knew Mac was teasing him, and nobody likes to be teased.

"Well, what's wrong then?"

"Our cow has got out of the gate and gone off somewhere."

"Whow!" said Mac, giving a long whistle. "You had better find her, if you know what is good for you."

"Why?" asked Carl.

"Well, they'll put her in the pound, for one thing, and you'll have to pay a dollar to get her out; and, then, it ruins a cow to go unmilked; and when your father and mother get back and find her gone, you'll catch it like everything. Mind now, I've warned you."

Mac went off, feeling that he had done his duty. It wasn't his fault if Carl didn't get the cow, after the warning he had had; but Carl sat still on the fence, as unhappy as before. He didn't see that Mac's warning was going to help him find Cherry.

But here was Jim Freeman coming along, asking the same questions and getting the same answers.

"I'll tell you what I'd do, if I were in your place, Carl," said Jim. "I'd go out to Plunket's meadow first, to see if she's there, and then come home by the mill-race, and you might go around by Mr. Watson's, and—"

"O yes, I might step around by New York while I'm out," interrupted Carl, angrily.

"Well, if you are going to get mad at me for giving you good advice," said Jim, "I'm off. You will wish you had taken it; that's all."

"Much good his advice will do me," grumbled Carl, "with the sun going down, and nobody to leave at home with Rose. It certainly is hard on a fellow to have Cherry go off like this."

Just then a little girl climbed up beside him on the fence, carrying something in her sunbonnet. It was a big piece of hot gingerbread.

"It's for you," she said.

"Hello, Rose! It certainly smells good, but I ain't such a pig as to take your treat."

"I've had a piece," said Rose, eagerly, hoping Carl wouldn't ask how big a piece, because, in fact, she had only taken a nibble. No, Carl didn't think of asking. If she had had a piece, that was all right; and he ate this piece contentedly, with dear little Rose sitting close beside him.

"I wish I could find your cow, Carl," said his little lover.

"Never mind, honey," said Carl. "Maybe she'll come home herself, wagging her tail behind her, like Bo-Peep's sheep"

Rose laughed, and somehow Carl felt better. Was it the gingerbread? That had helped, but I think it was the loving little voice and presence beside him. Feeling brighter, he began to use his wits. "Maybe Cherry went to the Moore lot," he said, suddenly; "we used to pasture her there last spring."

The Moore lot was not far off, and, sure enough, Carl was soon back in triumph, with Cherry lounging along before him.

Now, when Mac came back that way and saw Cherry standing in her own lot, he wagged his head knowingly. "It's well I warned that boy," he said; and he thought he had been Carl's best helper.

When Jim Freeman passed, he, too, smiled with satisfaction. "I see Carl took my advice," he said to himself.

As for Carl, he thought himself very clever to have thought of Moore's lot. He never knew, any more than Mac did, any more than Jim did, any more than Rose herself did, that his true helper had been the little girl who had gone out to him with gingerbread in her bonnet and love in her heart.

## WHY BESSIE CAME BACK.

"Does little Bessie want to carry a letter to Bridget for mother?"

"Yes;" and two-year-old Bessie looked very pleased to be allowed to do an errand for mother, all the way downstairs.

So the note, telling Bridget to turn off the heat in the furnace, was pinned to Bessie's dress, right in front, and she trotted away very happy.

Mother could hear the little feet go slowly down the stairs, one step at a time, but they stopped a minute down in the hall. There was a lamp there, which Bessie could reach, and which she loved to turn up and down. Mother had told her never to touch it again, though.

Pretty soon the little feet came up the stairs fast and a little voice said:

"Don't touch, Bessie—run away—don't touch!" and mother knew that Bessie was running away from the lamp for fear she would not mind.

That was a good way, wasn't it?

## SEEKING HELP FROM A FOX.

A missionary writes from China:

"I went yesterday to see a little boy six years old. He had been sick, and when I saw him first he was insensible and convulsed. A plaster which I made them put on his neck and on the sole of his foot seemed to have saved his life, but as the people had left it on too long the skin was off, and his neck was very sore. So I went yesterday to see him. It was a large farmhouse. In the room there was a little shrine, and outside there was a little temple; these were dedicated to *Hoo le* (the fox), and *Hwang-tze lang-tze* (the weasel). The woman said the shrine and the temple would give the household peace." Do you not think that they need to be told about Jesus the Saviour?

**CHRISTIAN, DOST THOU SEE THEM ?**

Christian, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the powers of darkness  
Rage thy steps around ?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss ;  
In the strength that cometh  
By the holy cross.

Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair ?  
" Always fast and vigil ?  
Always watch and prayer ? "  
Christian, answer boldly.  
" While I breathe I pray : "  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

" Well I know the trouble,  
O my servant true ;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too ;  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near my throne."

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

**LESSON VII. [Feb. 12.]**

**CHRIST'S DIVINE AUTHORITY.**

John 5. 17-27. Memory verses, 24-27.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.—John 4. 42.

**A LESSON TALK.**

The Jews laid great stress upon their petty rules for keeping the Sabbath, and other things, and Jesus, who kept the law of God in his heart, did not always agree with them. God's law never forbids our doing good, even on the Sabbath day. It made the Jews still more angry when Jesus told them that he was doing the same kind of work his Father was doing all the time. They said he made himself equal with God, and that was a great sin. Notice that it was not ignorance only that made the Jews treat Jesus as though he was only a common man. They had seen him do miracles, which they knew very well no man could do! They had not forgotten how he turned the water into wine, and how he healed the sick man at Bethesda. This lesson shows some of the ways in which we may honour the Son of God. A child who does not listen to his parents and believe their words, does not honour them. Just so we shall not honour the Saviour of the world if we do not hear his words and believe and obey them.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

Where was Jesus now? In Jerusalem  
What miracle did he work there? He healed a sick man.

Who were angry about this? The Jews.  
What did they try to do? To kill Jesus.

What sin did they say he had committed? Broken the Sabbath.

Who was Jesus? God's own Son.  
Who had given him all power? God, his Father.

Whom does God tell us to honour? Jesus.

What is true if we do not honour Jesus? Then we do not honour God.

How do we honour our parents? By believing and obeying them.

How can we best honour Jesus? By following him.

When should we begin to follow him? While we are young.

**LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19.]**

**CHRIST FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.**

John 6. 1-14. Memory verses, 9-11.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

**A LESSON TALK.**

A whole year passed between the miracle of the last lesson and the feeding of the five thousand. This time was spent in Galilee, where Jesus taught and worked many miracles. Now he went across the Sea of Galilee, or Tiberias, followed by great crowds who hoped to see miracles worked. Jesus and the disciples were tired and needed rest, but when the sick and sinful people crowded around them Jesus began to teach them out of his great heart of love and pity. All day long he taught and healed them, and then he fed them, for he knew how hungry and tired they must be. Do you think it strange that Jesus could make food grow right there? But you remember that we have learned that Jesus was God, and that he made all things. It is his life and divine power that makes all the food we have. The wonderful thing was to see it grow then and there! Are you not glad that Jesus used the little boy's lunch to feed the great multitude? It shows that he thinks about the little things. How good it was that the boy was near Jesus so that he could use his loaves and fishes!

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

Where did Jesus go to rest? Out in the green fields.

Who followed him there? Crowds of people.

What did he do all day? He taught and healed them.

What did he want to do before sending them away? Give them something to eat.

What did he ask Philip? Where to get bread for the people.

How many were there to feed? More than five thousand.

What did Andrew tell Jesus? That a little boy had some food.

How much was there? Five loaves and two little fishes.

What did Jesus do with these? He blessed them and fed the crowd.

How do we get our food? From God's own hand.

How could Jesus make food grow there? Because he was God.

What does this lesson teach us? That little children can help.

**TINY, THE FLOWER-SELLER.**

Fanchette and grandmother and Tiny lived away over in Italy, where the skies are so blue and the sun is so warm. Grandmother tended the house and Fanchette sold flowers. Tiny went with Fanchette and sat by her feet and watched everything around him with his sharp black eyes. Tiny was only a dog, but he was a very smart dog.

One day Fanchette was sick. Her head ached so badly that she could not get up. Who would sell her flowers? Fanchette did not know what to do.

After a while she thought of a plan. She managed to get up and dress, although the poor head still ached. She took her basket and went to the next house, where the florist lived, and got her usual supply of flowers. Then she went home and called Tiny.

She tied the basket around his neck, kissed him good-bye and pointed to the door and said, "Go sell my flowers, Tiny." Then she had to lie down on the bed again.

Tiny trotted off to the corner where his mistress always stood. I think Fanchette's customers understood the case, for they picked out their posies and dropped the money into the basket. When the flowers were all sold, Tiny trotted home. The headache was gone. Fanchette was watching at the door for him, and she found more money in the basket than she had ever made before.

The next day Fanchette's customers found the little red checked girl in her old place, and they told her what a good flower-seller Tiny was.

**WILLIE'S ANSWER.**

"One afternoon," writes a teacher, "just after school had closed, as I was locking my desk, little Willie stole softly to my side, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me. 'I love 'oo, teacher,' he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?' I asked.

'It's what makes us dood to folks,' he replied."

Was not that a good answer, and as true as it was good? It was our Lord's love that made him so good to us in living and dying for our sake. Let us all try to get a great deal of the love that makes us good to folks.



MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

## MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

BY E. P. A.

"I don't want to go to church," said little Amy looking discontentedly at the fur-trimmed coat and cap and the little dog skin gloves. "I want to stay at home and play wif Dora Cora Water-pine."

Mamma looked sad. Of course Amy must go to church, but she did not want to make her go unwillingly; it seemed strange and ungrateful for anybody to go to the house of the Lord with a lagging step and an unwilling heart.

"I am sorry you don't want to go," said mamma; "I had a little story to tell you on the way."

"Oh, have you, mamma?" cried Amy. "well, I believe I do want to go," and on went the snug wrap and cap, while ten little fingers wriggled themselves quickly into the ten places made for them.

The church was in the village, half a mile away, so mamma had time for quite a story while they walked across the snowy fields. I didn't hear the story, so I can't tell you all the things that happened to the heroine, but I know she was one of a large family, and lived in a beautiful house, and had a dear, kind father, who loved her devotedly and gave her everything that it was safe or good for her to have; indeed, he gave her more than some of his other children, and far more than she deserved to have.

"But why didn't she deserve to have it, mamma?" interrupted Amy; "wasn't she a good little girl?"

"I hope so," said mamma, doubtfully; "but I have one very strange thing to tell you about her: when the other children gathered round the Father to thank him for the new gifts he was constantly giving them, this little one wanted to go off and amuse herself, and not thank him at all!"

Amy looked startled. "Do you mean—" she began to ask, but they were at the door of the church, and mamma only smiled silently at her as they went in.

The meaning must have come to Amy while Mr. Frost was preaching his sermon, for she asked no more questions, but, giving mamma's hand a squeeze on the way home, said, "I thanked him too, mamma."

## A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a kind old couple that kept a pet dog. One day the old man dug where the dog scratched and unexpectedly found a quantity of gold. Now, there was a bad-hearted couple, their neighbours, who envied them their good fortune, and asked them to lend them their dog. As they would take no refusal, they got the dog; but when they took him along the road he would not scratch the ground. Therefore, they made him scratch, and then dug where he scratched; but instead of finding gold they only found a lot of filthy stuff. Then they got angry and killed the dog, and buried him under a small pine-tree by the way-side.

The pine-tree suddenly grew to a great size, and the kind old man cut it down and made a mortar out of the wood. When he pounded barley in that mortar the barley would flow up out of the bottom and overflow without end. His neighbour again envied him, and borrowed his mortar to pound his barley in. But when he did so his barley all turned out cracked and worm-eaten. Then he became still more enraged, and broke the mortar in pieces and used it for firewood.

The kind old man then took some of the ashes of the mortar and scattered them on dead trees, and made them blossom. He was plentifully rewarded for this with gold, silver, and pieces of silk by the prince of the country; and so he came to be called "the old man who made dead trees blossom." Again his neighbour envied him, and attempted to make dead trees blossom with ashes. But when he took a handful and sprinkled it on the limbs of a dead tree the tree did not blossom, but the ashes blew into the eyes of the prince of the country. The retainers of the prince roared out, "That's a nice state of things!" and seized the old man and gave him a beating. With his head bruised and bloody, he barely escaped. In this condition his wife saw him returning in the distance. And she said, "My husband, too, I see, has been rewarded by the prince with purple garments;" but while she was thus rejoicing he came near, when she looked more closely and saw

that her husband, instead of being clothed in purple, was stained with blood. As to the man, he then took to his bed sick, and at last died.

## DOROTHY'S PARTY.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.

Little Dorothy D. gave a party one day;  
Would you like to know who were invited?

When I tell you their names, I am sure  
you will say

They are friends who should never be  
slighted.

The first guest to arrive was Miss Ought-  
to-Obeey;

She had walked hand in hand with Miss  
Cheerful.

Bright Miss Happy came skipping along  
the same way,

Passing by in the street poor Miss Tear-  
ful.

Miss Polite and Miss Kind came in one  
large coupe;

Dear Miss Gentle was waiting to meet  
them:

And Miss Thankful—who sometimes for-  
gets what to say—

With the sweetest of smiles went to  
greet them.

Close at Dorothy's side two dear friends  
ever stay—

Calm Miss Truthful, whom nothing con-  
fuses,

And that sweet little peacemaker Love,  
who each day

Takes the pain out of somebody's  
bruises.

Oh, so merry they were! Dotty often  
declared,

Even though she should live to be forty,  
If with these lovely friends every day  
could be shared,

She felt sure she would never be  
naughty!

## AGES OF ANIMALS.

The rabbit lives from six to seven years.

The squirrel from seven to eight years.

The fox from fourteen to fifteen years.

The cat from fifteen to seventeen years.

The dog from sixteen to eighteen years.

The bear and wolf from eighteen to  
twenty years.

The rhinoceros from twenty to twenty-  
two years.

The horse from twenty-five to twenty-  
eight years.

The hen from twenty-five to twenty-  
eight years.

The porpoise from twenty-eight to thirty  
years.

The camel and crow one hundred years.

The tortoise one hundred and twenty  
years.

The eagle one hundred and twenty  
years.

The elephant four hundred years.

The whale one thousand years.