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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1899.

No. 17.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

Most boys, at one time or another, have the fever for adventure. To seek his fortune in strange countries, to sail upon unknown seas and travel over unknown lands, is the dream of many a schoolboy. And it is such a haunting dream to some that nothing but the reality can satisfy them. The in-born love of adventure discovered a new world for us in the days of Christopher Columbus, and has opened a way for the Gospel to enter into many of the dark places of the earth; but it has not yet discovered the north-west passage, in spite of the expeditions into the frozen regions of the Arctic Ocean.

It may yet, some day—who knows when? Meanwhile, thanks to the brave men who have risked their lives in these expeditions, we have found out a great deal of interesting knowledge, and learned what heroic and unselfish things men can do in times of trial. Our picture shows us an Arctic explorer in his bearskinsuit. The gun by his side was probably the trusty one with which he shot the polar bear who furnished him a dinner as well as a coat, and who would have dined upon our adventurer, perhaps, if fortune had turned the other way.

There are many exciting stories told about these great white bears, and some that are funny. Who would expect to see the savage creatures enjoy the schoolboy

frolic of coasting down a snowslide? But Dr. Kane tells us of an ice-covered rock whose steep slope was worn smooth by bears sliding down on their haunches. These same bears had made free with the carefully-hidden provisions of one of the exploring parties. An enclosure of rocks had been made with great labour, and barrels of bread and cases of food of vari-



ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

ous sorts had been packed away for future needs. Nobody counted upon the cunning of the bears, or their great strength. But when the owners of the treasure came to seek it, it was clear that the bears had made a visit. The great rocks were tumbled apart, iron cases crushed open, tin cans torn up like paper, bread barrels smashed in and emptied—even the "flag

of our Union," put up to mark the spot, was torn down and gnawed to bits!

The same party had an uninvited visitor one night. They had made a halt upon the ice, in one of their journeys, and, being tired after a hard day's travel, were sound asleep in their tent. About midnight, one of the men was awakened by something scratching in the snow close by, and presently saw a huge white bear push his head through the tent opening. The frightened men sprang up; but there were no guns in reach; they had been left outside upon the sledge. They snapped lucifer matches, and lighted torches of newspaper under his nose to frighten the beast; but he took no notice. A dead seal, shot the day before, lay inside the tent, and the bear began to make supper of it. This gave time for a man to crawl out under the tent, snatch a rifle, and shoot him before the bear had time to defend himself.

The seal is another animal of great value to Arctic explorers. It is not a fierce creature, being easily frightened. When they come up from the water to sun themselves on the ice fields, they are shot without difficulty.

WHAT THE BIBLE IS LIKE.

It is like a large, beautiful tree that bears sweet fruit for the hungry, and gives shelter and shade to weary pilgrims.

It is like a casket of jewels and precious stones, not to be merely looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, which brings distant objects and far off worlds very near, so that we see their beauty.

It is like a storehouse of things useful and valuable, to be had without money. Selected.

A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole
world bright—
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May,
And thrilling with life and joy;
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day,
With never a dream of rest;
But once he crept in the dark, and slept
Still on his mother's breast.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
But the world seems dim since we dreamed
of him—
A little bit of a boy!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1899.

"HOW AM I TO COME TO CHRIST?"

A Scotch shepherd, in a state of great anxiety of soul, asked a preacher if he could tell him what was meant by "coming to Christ." "I have been hearing," said he, "a most earnest discourse; we have been urged and entreated to come to Christ; and I felt as though I had been sitting on nettles all the time, for he had never told us how to come to him. Can you tell me?"

"Can you fly to him?"

"No, I cannot do that."

"Can you walk on your feet to Christ?" was the next question.

"No."

The preacher then told him that Christ, though in heaven, was beside him on earth, loving him with a deep, strong, and tender love, eagerly anxious to save him. He was shown that with his mind and heart, and not with body, he was to go to Jesus; in other words, he was to believe on Him who died that he might live.

"Is that it? Is it so simple? I see it now," he said, and went on rejoicing.

SISTER SUSAN.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"My children are about the hamlet somewhere, except all only Susan, she's sickly," said Mrs. Britt, with a sigh, as the new pastor stopped a moment by her machine as he was passing through the great mill in an endeavour to familiarize himself with the members of his flock.

"And where is Susan?"

"Oh, at home. She's seventeen, but she can't do anything. Any of the young ones hanging around will show you where we live."

So, later in the afternoon, Pastor Kemp presented himself at the open door of the small room where Sister Susan smiled up at him from her lounge, as he was announced by a small army of neglected children.

"Come in, please," said the young girl, timidly; and then, as the children all talking at once filled the doorway and the open window, she began begging them to go away so as to be quiet.

"Will you see what you can do with them, Henry?" she said to the largest boy, who at once marshalled them all out of hearing.

"It was kind of you to come to see me," said the girl. "I am of no account."

"The Lord wants you to be of account. I think you can help me more than any one else in the hamlet, if you will."

"How could I help?"

"By teaching the children better manners to begin with."

"They are bad young ones."

"The worst I ever saw, I believe. When I asked where I could find you they took me to house after house in different parts of the village, but at length the lad called Henry happened to come along and spoiled their fun. Who is he?"

"My brother, a good boy, but he has no chance. The mothers all work in the mill and the children run wild like weeds."

"No, like flowers that need training. All children are like flowers. You must train them."

"How can I do that when I never leave this room?"

"I have been told that you are a Christian. Your prayers and your influence can reach as far as if you were in a palace. You must begin with your brother,—consider yourself a missionary,—and when you have won him, make him your helper. He seems to be a leader among the children."

"Yes, they all like him and he is fond

of me, so they are good to me, because he will have them so."

Sickly Susan, as every one called her, was pleased at the idea of being of use. Her brother was easily won, and began at once to prevail upon the children to be more civil and quiet. And he brought them for a little while every day to his sister's room, that she might teach them some simple truth.

Almost immediately her health began to improve, and soon the house nor the street could hold her. She was all over the hamlet looking for the children, who improved rapidly under her instruction. They went every Sunday to meeting and Sunday-school.

When, at the end of the year, the pastor was complimented on the great work that had been done among the young people and children, he said:

"I find such an excellent helper here in Sister Susan that I could not help accomplishing a great deal." And as he always spoke to her in that way her old name was forgotten, and as Sister Susan she is known to young and old.

THE TALE OF A DEAR.

All words in this tale are correctly spelled words. What ails them?

As eye came threw ay would of furs aye met too ruff, rood buoys. Won had bear feat and the other fellos had on hoes and shoes, but his tows could bee scene at ay whole, and their was ay tars in thee heal. Ay hair gambled passed, and it seemed to pleas them too tern out of there weigh two throe ay roc at it. Sum phlox of canvass backs and other wiled foul flue buy, or wood paws too basque inn the raise of 'neer son, butt if bye chants they wear herd there thyme had come two dye. Thee buoys eight sum candid plumb or pare or other suite. Thee boulder won could chute ay dear at site, and wood dew sew any dey oar knight. Won weak he had to. He aimed strait for thee hart or the lumber region, and when thee roe or dough had dyed he would peal off thee hied.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING UP.

When we tumble out of the right side of bed,

How bright the sun shines overhead!

How good our breakfast tastes—and, O!

How happily to school we go!

And o'er the day what peace is shed—

When we tumble out of the right side of bed!

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed,

How dark the sky frowns overhead!

How dull our lessons, how cross our mothers,

How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!

(And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!)

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed!

THE BEST-LOOKING BOY.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish,
If he cannot have his way,
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see;
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he,
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see, it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you.
And that you can't deny.
The plainest face has beauty
If its owner's kind and true;
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX. [Aug. 27.]

RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

Ezra 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.—Psalm 126. 3.

A LESSON TALK.

In Jer. 29. 1, 10-14 you may find the Lord's promise to the Jewish captives in Babylon. He sent it to them through Jeremiah, the prophet, who wrote it to them in a letter. How glad they must have been when they read the letter! This lesson tells how this promise was kept, and how, after having been slaves in Babylon seventy years, they were at last allowed to go back to their own land.

Cyrus was the king of Persia now, and the Lord put it into his heart to set the captives free. He sent a proclamation all through his kingdom to say that the Lord had told him to build a house for his worship in Jerusalem, and that all the Jews who were willing might go home to help build the house. Notice that those who could not help in building the house were allowed to help in another way. There is something for each one of us to do in helping on the Lord's work. You will be interested in learning about the vessels of the Lord's house which were now taken back to Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What people were carried away to be slaves? The Jews

Why did the Lord allow this? To punish them for their sins.

How long were they kept in Babylon? Seventy years.

Who had promised to set them free? The Lord.

What does the Lord always do? Keep his promises.

Who was king now in Babylon? Cyrus.

What did the Lord make him want to do? Set the slaves free.

What did he want to do? Build the Lord's house in Jerusalem.

What did he say the Jews might do? Go home and build it.

Who were glad to do this? All the willing-hearted.

What did those do who could not work? They helped in other ways.

What should each of us try to do? All that we can.

*** LESSON X. [Sept. 3.]**

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Ezra 3. 10 to 4. 5. Memory verses, 10, 11

GOLDEN TEXT.

The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.—1 Cor. 3. 17.

A LESSON TALK.

You remember, do you not, that when Nebuchadnezzar took the city of Jerusalem, seventy years before this, he burned and destroyed it? It was not such a pleasant home-coming to the Jews as it would have been if the dear old city had been there. But they knew that it was for their sin that this trouble had come upon them, and so they could not complain.

Of course there was no temple in which to worship God, but they soon built an altar to the Lord upon which they offered sacrifices morning and evening. Do you think it strange that some of the old men wept when the rest were so full of joy? See if you can think what would make them sorry.

Perhaps you can see why they found people ready to hinder them in their good work of building the Lord's house. There are plenty of such people now. Do not fail to remember that God wants each one of us to be temples of his, for his glory.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did the Jews go from Babylon? To Jerusalem.

What did they find? The city was in ruins.

Who had burned it? King Nebuchadnezzar.

What did the Jews want to do? Build the Lord's house.

What did they build first? An altar of worship.

What did they offer upon it? Burnt offerings.

What did they hope the Lord would do? Bless and help them.

What did they begin to build next? The temple.

What was done the first thing? A foundation was laid.

What did they hold then? A praise-meeting.

Were all the people happy? Yes, but some wept.

What did both their joy and sorrow show? That they loved the Lord.

TRIGG'S WISH-PLAN.

It was pretty cool, I can tell you, down at the sea-shore; and at the "Sunflower House" the people all huddled together on the southern porch, to get in the sun and to get away from the breeze.

"Chickadees, don't you sit here and shiver," cried a gay young mother. "Run down to the beach with your hoop and baby-carriage; make your feet fly, and you'll soon be warm enough. I'll be along presently, as soon as I give baby his bath."

Off went the little people; but Trigg's head was so full of what her ears had been taking in, that I do not think Angelina Clementina had a very comfortable ride in her small carriage.

"I'm glad mamma sent us away, Ben," said the child, with a pathetic look in her eyes. "Mrs. Denny was telling about a poor girl that had worked in a store and supported her mother, and how weak and tired she was, and I 'most cried."

"Crying wouldn't do her any good," said Ben, with a superior air; "better try something else."

"What could I try?" asked the matter-of-fact little girl, and Ben immediately changed the subject. But Trigg was not to be turned aside. "I've a great mind to try the wish-plan," suggested Trigg timidly. "Don't you know Mr. Pollard told us once that if we kept on wishing good to people something would come of it?"

I'm afraid Ben didn't put much faith in this, but being an amiable fellow, he agreed to the little sister's plan; and when Mrs. Denny and her husband came down to the water's edge, there sat two sober little figures, baby-carriage and hoop behind them, eyes cast down, lips screwed up.

"What are you two about?" she cried. Ben drew a long breath and got up. "There, Trigg," he said. "I've wished myself 'most to sleep. I'm going after shells now."

But something did come of the wish-plan after all. It put the idea of wishing into the big people's heads, and when they all got to wishing, they tried to have what they wished for, and so poor Lucy Caskie was invited down to the sea-shore, to be Trigg's guest; and she never knew, any more than little Trigg did herself, that all the ladies at the Sunflower helped to pay her board.

But the red crept into her white cheeks, and she was stronger all the year through, all from that wish-plan of Trigg's.



TIME ENOUGH.

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun.
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him
too late.

Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white
shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were
placed,

One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said;
"I'll climb by-and bye from the foot to
the head."

Listen, my darling their locks have
turned gray;

One as a governor is sitting to-day
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and fills his days as of
yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day.
One is at work, the other at play
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The business hive hath over a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have
taught
The lesson I long to impart to your
thought;
Answer me this, and my story is done:
Which of the two would you be, little one?

A WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

It is often worse to read bad books than
it is to keep company with bad boys.
Actions grow off our thoughts, and a bad
book can in a few minutes damage us for-
ever.

One of England's greatest and best men
says that when a boy another boy loaned
him a bad book for just fifteen minutes.
It sent a deadly dart to his soul. He
never could get away from the vile im-
pression made upon his mind by that book
in so short a time. He shed many bitter
tears over it, and tried to forget it, but
the shadow lingered. God forgave him,
but he could not tear from his soul the
memory of that evil book.

My young friends, if you will hear the
voice of age and wisdom, do not read bad,
trashy books and papers. They feed un-
holy, lustful thoughts and lure to dark
deeds. They poison the mind and corrupt
the morals. They are worse on the soul
than liquor is on the brain. If you fill

your mind with the rubbish of nonsense
and the filth of vile thinking, there will
be neither room nor relish for the choice
gold of truth and the diamond dust of pure
thought. In the Bible you will find the
loftiest sentiments expressed in a clear and
captivating style. It is a fountain of pure
thought and clear English. Read it much,
love it more, and live out its blessed
teachings forever.—Pacific Methodist.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Francis was the four-year-old son of a
Methodist pastor, who, at the time of this
incident, was supplying a mission in this
city. A church enterprise had been
started and lots secured. These lots, natu-
rally, had figured largely in the family
councils, and had thus become an object of
great interest to the child. One night,
having finished the prayer taught him by
his parents, the lad improvised as follows:
"Help little brother to be good to me, and
help me to be kind to him, and not pinch
him, bless mamma and give her strength,
lots of strength; don't let her be afraid
to ride in a buggy; give her strength, so
she can tend to little brother. Bless the
church and bless the church lot. Bless
the man that tends to the church and
locks the doors. Don't let it thunder so
loud. Don't let it rain a great storm; just
little sprinklings; not any big rain at all.
Don't let the weeds grow so big. we lose
our ball. O Saviour, you save us all, bless
us every day, and bless the meeting, and
bless the church lot. Amen." The little
fellow has since passed into the beautiful
kingdom, where the angels of such as
these do always behold the face of the
Father.

A QUICK TEMPER.

What did I hear you say, Theodore?
That you had a quick temper, but were
soon over it; and that it was only a word
and a blow with you sometimes, but you
were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the
way with Cain. People almost seem to
pride themselves on having quick tempers,
as though they were not things to be
ashamed of, and fought against, and
prayed over with tears. God's word does
not take your view of it, for it says
expressly that "he that is slow to anger
is better than the mighty;" that "better
is he that ruleth his own spirit than he
that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth
in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about
with him is much like a man who rides a
horse which has the trick of running away.
You would not care to own a runaway
horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do
not speak until you can speak calmly,
whatever may be the provocation. Words
do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps
you, that you will imitate our Saviour,
who was always gentle, and when he was
reviled reviled, not again.