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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897.

[No. 17.]

THE SECRET.

What a quaint, pretty room our picture shows us; everything in it speaks of comfort and happiness, especially old Puss and her kitten, who seem to be enjoying themselves very much, each after its own fashion. But both grandmother and Minnie have forgotten either cat or kitten, and grandmother's ball of yarn makes a nice plaything for the little kit in the meantime, for Minnie has a secret which she is whispering into grandmother's ear, and neither are thinking of anything else just now. What do you suppose Minnie's secret is? Nothing wrong about that secret, I know, or it would never be confided to good old grandmother, nor would the old lady's face wear the pleasant smile it does now. I shouldn't wonder if some one in that family were to be pleasantly surprised before long but no one will know anything about it in the meantime but Minnie and grandmother.

—o—

TOM'S OFFERING.

There was a loud knock heard upon the door; and it was the very door, too, upon which a piece of black crape fluttered.

The ladies within the house were a little startled, for it was an unusual occurrence for any one to knock upon the front door. There was a bell in plain sight, and it was customary for people to ring it very softly when the sign of death was placed so very near it. Indeed it seemed almost irreverent for any one to knock in that way upon the door, while little Annie, the household



THE SECRET.

idol, was lying still and cold in the room close to the door.

"Some tramp, I guess," one of the ladies said. "I will tell him to go to the back door," she added, going toward the place where the knock was heard. To her surprise she found a little ragged boy standing there, with a few wild flowers in his hand.

"Are you Annie's mother?" he asked, in an eager voice.

"No," the lady answered, and then she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tom Brady, and I want to see her," he answered quickly.

The lady hesitated, and was about to say to him that Annie's mother was in deep affliction and could not see him, when the lady in question came to the door herself.

"What do you want little boy?" she asked, kindly.

"Are you her?" asked the little fellow, with tears in his eyes. "I mean, be you Annie's mother?" he explained.

"Yes," was the low answer.

"Well, I heard that she died, and I brought these flowers to put upon her coffin," he said, while the tears came larger and brighter into his eyes.

"What made you bring them, little boy?" the mother asked, while the tears came into her own eyes.

"Cause she always said 'Good mornin'' to me when she passed our house upon her way to school and she never called me Ragged Tom, like other girls. She gave me this cap and coat, and they were good and whole when she gave them to me; and then,

when our little Joan died, she brought us a bunch of flowers to put on his coffin, and some to hold in his hands. It was winter then, and I don't know where she got the flowers. They looked very pretty in Jean's hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple-trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us; but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You

see it is too early for them; but I found two or three upon a high rock, where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?

And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes," the mother answered in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked, in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897.

WHAT IS THE SWEETEST WORD?

A little girl lay ill with fever. One evening she asked the nurse which was the sweetest word in the world, and the answer was "Mother." The child seemed unsatisfied, so the nurse said "Home," and then "Heaven." But the little one shook her head. Then the nurse thought of a name she was sure the child would think the sweetest, and the little face did brighten and seemed to hold a bit of heaven at the sound of the name of Jesus, and she said: "Yes, I am glad I know Jesus; he loves little children." Still she had an unsatisfactory questioning look, and the nurse

asked: "Dear, what do you think is the sweetest word?" "I think," she answered, "that 'whosoever' is the very sweetest word; for don't you see that takes them all in—mother, home, heaven, Jesus, and all?" Then came a quiver of the lips and a tender shadow over the face as she said: "I know lots of folks have no mother, but you see, Jesus will be a mother to them. O! I am so glad to know about 'whosoever.'"

LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little dewdrop brightens up the flower,
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle, shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if his aid we seek;
Just one cup of water given in his name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame,
Shown to those about you in some word or deed,
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

A WINDY DAY.

Off to school are James and Jennie Moss. No matter what the state of the weather, these two little ones in the Infant School were never absent. They were at school through rain, or sleet, or snow, or frost, or wind. To-day it blew a hurricane. Little Jennie, with the care of a little girl, held her hat on her head; but James, like the boy that he was, generally forgot to hold on to his hat until he had come to grief with it. So it was this day. Off trudged Jennie, happy as a lark. No sooner was James fairly on the highway, than off went his hat, and before he knew where he was, his hat was whirled into the horsepond, to the amazement of the geese, who commenced to hiss, and the old gander to screech. To the dismay of James, this flock of geese were a greater terror than the loss of the hat. What could he do, but put his thumb to his eye and cry? Jennie came to the rescue; but for the old gander, who was a terror to the village children, she would have recovered the hat, as it was blown to the side of the pond. While James stood crying she ran on and shouted to Tom Wilkes, the cowboy, and told him her brother's distress, and asked him to go back and help him out of his trouble. Tom was soon at the pond, and the cowardly old geese took to flight; and James dried his tears—but like a good many brothers, forgot to thank his sister, though he did thank Tom Wilkes. But little Jennie deserved the warmest thanks, for she brought the relief.

ANDY AND UNCLE HENRY.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Andy, do you like to go to school?" asked Uncle Henry, after he had been in the house about half a day.

"No, sir," said Andy, speaking very promptly for himself.

"Why, that is a pity!" said his uncle. "But I hope you try to do your best at your books, in spite of not liking them."

This time Andy was not so quick to answer.

"Andy forgets," put in his mother, "that by-and-bye he will need to know a great many things in order to be a useful man."

"By-and-bye is so long away," muttered Andy, half under his breath.

To his surprise his Uncle Henry agreed with him.

"By-and-bye is a long way off. Suppose, if it is too far ahead for you to remember, that you try not to forget how much you need to learn your lessons right now, in order to be a useful boy."

Andy looked at his uncle with a question in his eyes.

"It is like this, Andy," said Uncle Henry. "This big, working world, where you and I have been put to help, very much needs useful men of forty, and I am trying to be one of them. But it needs every bit as much useful boys of six, and you ought to try to be one of them. And the best way for both of us to be useful, is to keep doing the next thing God gives us to do, with all our might, whether we like it or not. If he sets you at learning a spelling lesson, go ahead and learn it well, and don't be a baby about it. There are a terrible lot of babies abroad, Andy, that are trying to get out of their share of God's work."

And then, being a wise uncle, Uncle Henry began to tell about an exciting baseball game that he had seen the day before.

Two months later, in a letter written to Uncle Henry by Andy's mother, she said: "Andy wishes me to tell you that he is trying to remember about being a useful boy of six, and that he likes the spelling-book part of it better than he did."

"CAN'T GOD COUNT?"

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. They were curious to know what was in the basket, so they carefully raised the cover and looked in. When they saw the cakes, their mouths fairly watered. After counting them several times, they almost made up their minds to eat just one. "Nobody would know it," and it would "taste so good."

While gazing at the cakes, and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and asked the matter-of-fact question: "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.

SOW' SEW' SO'

This is the way my father sows,
As up and down the field he goes,
Walking fast, walking slow,
Right and left the grain to throw

Father knows,
While he goes,

That the grain thrown here and there
By-and-by good crops will bear
All he loves will have a share,
If the grain he throws with care.

So he throws,
As he goes.
Sow! Sow! Sow!

This is the way my mother sews,
As up and down long seams she goes.
Working, singing soft and low,
While she's sitting there to sew.

Mother knows,
As she sews

Jackets, trousers, aprons, too,
Johnnie's hat and baby's shoe,
Patching old, or making new,
Love runs all the stitches through.

This she knows,
So she sews,
Sew! Sew! Sew!

I can neither sow nor sew,
When I'm big, I'll learn them, though.
But while little, as I grow,
Little bits of love I'll show,

For I know,
As I go.

Tending baby, calling Nan,
Running errands like a man,
Helping mother all I can,
Love will grow where it began.

Ah! I know,
See, 'tis so.

Little bits of love count up,
Like drops of water in a cup.

Fill it—so!
'Twill overflow!
So! So! So!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX. [Aug. 29.]

PAUL OPPOSED AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 21-34. Memory verses, 24-26

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness
—Luke 12. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Paul, v. 21, 22.
2. Demetrius, v. 23-28.
3. The Multitudes, v. 29-34.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was now in the great city of Ephesus. As Athens was noted for its learning, and Corinth for its gaiety, so Ephesus was for witchcraft and deceit. There were men there called sorcerers, or

wizards, who did strange things by the power which Satan gave them. There was a beautiful idol temple built in honour of Diana. People came from far away to worship this ugly idol, and they used to carry little silver shrines home to their children. The shrines were like little temples, with a tiny idol inside.

A man named Demetrius lived in Ephesus, who had grown rich making these shrines. After Paul came to the city and preached the Gospel he did not sell so many as he had done before. He knew that this was because of Paul's preaching, and he wanted to put a stop to it. So he called a meeting of the silver-smiths and told them that if Paul stayed there they would soon have no more work to do, and they grew very angry and shouted, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Then a great crowd seized two of Paul's helpers and dragged them into a place called a theatre. But God did not let these good men be harmed, and soon the uproar ceased.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

Mon. Read about the wizards in Ephesus. Acts 19. 11-17.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 19. 21-34

Wed. Read what Paul said about this trouble. 2 Cor. 1. 8-10.

Thur. Learn a warning word. Golden Text.

Fri. Learn God's command about coveting. Exodus 20. 17.

Sat. Learn what a Christian may covet. 1 Cor. 12. 31.

Sun. Find how the uproar was stilled. Acts 19. 35-41.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where was Paul now? Which one of Paul's missionary journeys was this? The third. For what was Ephesus noted? How did the wizards do their strange deeds? What idol was worshipped in Ephesus? What did many people buy who worshipped Diana? What silver-smith became angry at Paul? Why? What did he do? What excited the people? What great cry did they raise? Who were seized and dragged to the theatre? What was the theatre? A place for public games? Who wanted to go and speak to the people? Paul. Why did not his friends let him? He might have been killed. Who brought Paul's helpers safely out? The Lord.

GOD'S WORDS.

"Love of money is the root of all evil."
"Let your conversation be without covetousness."
"Covet earnestly the best gifts."

LESSON X. [Sept. 5.]

GENTILES GIVING FOR JEWISH CHRISTIANS.

2 Cor. 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus

Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. 2 Cor. 8. 9.

OUTLINE

1. Lending to the Lord, v. 1-5
2. The Lord Will Repay, v. 6-11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was very happy when he heard from Titus that the Corinthians had repented. So he wrote them a comforting letter and sent it by Titus. At this time the Christians in Judea were suffering from poverty. There had been a famine in the land, and Paul called upon the Gentile Christians to help them with their gifts. He sent some good men to tell the Corinthians of the need in Judea, and he speaks of their willingness to help nearly a year before, which had caused him to boast to the Macedonian Christians of their liberality. Now he hopes that when he comes to make the collection, bringing some of the Macedonians with him, he shall not be ashamed of his boasting.

Then Paul tells them how to give. Whoever sows a little seed will have but a small harvest; but the generous sower shall have a rich reward from God's hand. It is a great privilege to give to God's poor. God loves to see us do it cheerfully. He is not pleased when he sees that we give because others do or because we think it is our duty. He wants us to give joyfully. God is able to supply all our wants, and this he loves to do. Let us learn to give with a loving and open hand.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. 2 Cor. 9. 1-11.

Tues. Learn how the Macedonians gave. 2 Cor. 9. 1-5.

Wed. Find who was the great Giver. Golden Text.

Thur. Learn how you may be blessed of God. Psalm 41. 1-3.

Fri. Find who looks down upon our giving. Heb. 6. 10.

Sat. Learn an encouragement to give. Matt. 25. 40.

Sun. See how God looks upon true giving. Prov. 19. 17

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What news made Paul very happy? What did he send to Corinth? What caused suffering among the Jewish Christians? What did Paul ask Gentile Christians to do? What churches had been very generous in giving? The Macedonian churches. Whom did Paul say might come with him to Corinth? What did he want the Corinthians to do? To give freely. Who will reap the best harvests? How should we give? Whom does God love? Who is able to supply all our needs? What is true giving? [See Helps for Saturday.]

GOD LOVES TO SEE.

A hand that loves to give.
A heart that trusts lovingly.
A mind to keep all God's commands.



THE CARPENTER BEE.

This curious insect well deserves its name. It hollows out cells in a solid log as smoothly and accurately as the best carpenter could do. In these it lays its eggs and hatches its pupa. One of these is seen curled up in one of these cells. The openings to the air will also be seen. The instinct of the honey bee in building its waxen cells is marvellous. The most skilful mathematician could not surpass it in getting the largest amount of cell space with the smallest expenditure of material.

A WALK TO THE EDGE OF HEAVEN.

"Can I go and help Grandfather Morse along the walk, mother?"

"Help him!" laughed Guy, before mother could answer. "Why, you're a little tot of a girl, Bertha, and Grandfather Morse is very tall. He's deaf as a post, too."

"Yes, dearie, you can go," said mother, as quietly as though Guy had not said a word.

"And I can make him hear with my hand," smiled Bertha.

It did indeed seem like it, for when she slipped her kind little fingers into grandfather's palm his face lighted up at once.

"So you've come to help me along, little one," he said. "Thank you. It's very kind of you. The sky looks so bright off to the west that I wanted to come out and look at it even if the street was rough."

And then Bertha squeezed two of his fingers gently.

"Yes, yes, I knew you saw it. It makes me think how bright and happy it will be in heaven."

And away Grandfather talked as though the child was telling him she understood it all. When she pulled softly on his hand he seemed to know that there was a rough or muddy place around which he needed to walk.

"You've been such a great help to me, I shall never forget it," said the old man, bending down to kiss Bertha when he

was at the gate of his home. "Always think how Grandfather's heart was glad because a little one came out to lead him. It's just like the verse in the psalm."

"Yes, I know you don't want to be praised," he added, as Bertha's fingers moved nervously in his. "But good-night, dearie. The Lord bless you."

"Bertha," said mother the next morning when her little girl came down-stairs, "Grandfather Morse went home to heaven last evening. They thought he was asleep in his chair, but God had called him home."

"How easy it must have been," answered Bertha. "And didn't he say anything to his folks?"

"Yes, he talked to them about heaven, and his finger rested on a verse in the Bible which lay open on his knees. He must have been thinking about how you helped him in his walk, for the verse was, 'A little child shall lead them.'"

"O mother, I guess he couldn't have been thinking about the little bit of help I gave him. It's help enough to know I walked with him almost to the edge of heaven. And he said he'd never forget me."

"That will help you always," smiled mother, tenderly.

THE FLAX PLANT.

This little plant, not more than two or three feet high, plays an important part in the industries of the world. Look at the cloth which covers the dining-table, at the handkerchief you carry, at the towel with which you dry your face, at the fine cobweb lace which adorns your mother's neck. What are all these made of? Linen, you say. Yes; and linen comes from this modest little plant with the beautiful blue blossoms.

Flax grows naturally in Egypt and in portions of Asia; also in southern Europe. It has been made at home somewhat in the United States. Have we not each in our possession a few "home-made" heavy linen sheets which our grandmothers spun and wove with their own dear, useful hands?

Linen is made from the fibres of the inner bark of the flax, and from the seed comes linseed oil. Perhaps you know something about "flaxseed poultices," when you have a hard cold.

Martin Luther compared the discipline of Christians, which prepares them for usefulness, to the treatment of flax. "When it is ripe it is plucked, steeped in water, beaten, dried, hacked, spun, and woven into linen, which is again torn and cut."

Linen has been made from the earliest times. It is often mentioned in the Bible, and by God's commandment it formed the dress of the priests. The mummies of Egypt are found wrapped in it. In the British Museum are specimens over thirty centuries old. The finest linen is now made in France, though Holland and

Belgium are close competitors. The industries in Ireland are excellent, and in Scotland coarser qualities are made.

Before me lies a curious little book. It was brought out as a souvenir of the revival of linen manufacture in Langdale, England. The book is hand-made, the cover of linen unbleached, the paper is linen, it is printed on a hand-press, and the names of all who helped to make it are given. It is entitled, "Songs of the Spindle and Legends of the Loom." The songs and legends run all the way through Solomon, Homer, Ovid, Shakespeare and others, down to our own Longfellow.

In the Revelation there is this beautiful allusion: "And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints." This was the dress of Christ's bride. Thus ever, when one of his followers does well, that right action helps to weave the robe of "fine linen bright and pure."

THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEART.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? What would it say?
My heart keeps knocking all the night!
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low;
Hast thou thought what it means by
knocking so?

No, child; 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well.
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,
And by his hand it still is rung,
And he stands without and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be;
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer: "Come in! come in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at heaven's door;
And stand without, and wait and see
Whether within it will welcome be;
And hear Him say: "Come, dearest guest
I found in thy bosom a holy rest.
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;
Come into the joys of eternity!"

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.