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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

[No. 9.

IN THE NURSERY.

DOLLY is having a bath, but we hope her little nurse will not make it too thorough to be healthy for a person of her peculiar constitution. It is pleasant, indeed, to peep in upon a scene like this, where little ones play so nicely together. Sometimes a nursery is more like a battle ground than the very dove-cote it ought to be. It is painful, indeed, to see the fierce conflicts and ugly disputes children will often engage in. Savages of the same capacity could scarcely be more vindictive and violent than we sometimes find the little ones of cultivated—yes, Christian, homes. Why this is so, seems at first glance difficult of explanation, for surely, of all the sweet and gentle things of earth, a little child should rank the foremost. To try to solve the riddle would not benefit; the study for you, young reader, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.



DOLLY'S BATH.

LITTLE SUSIE, coming home from her first attendance at church, was met with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie, how did that happen?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.

FOLLOW after holiness, it will well repay you for the pursuit; without it no man shall see the Lord.

ONE pure life will do more toward the conversion of the world than any number of volumes on "Evidences on Christianity."

A LITTLE girl who believed that Jesus loved her, and who was trying to love him, felt so happy that she said to her mother, "It seems as if there is a sun shining in my heart." So there was—the blessed Sun of righteousness.

BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry," said little Annie one day after working a long time over her slate, won't you tell me what this means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry, "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"O dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said, "we're all going to Mr. Jones' woods for flowers. You've got time to go along, have you?"

"All right! Of course I have time," cried Harry, springing up and flinging his book aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and with in five minutes this little boy, who had so much to do, was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white crocuses, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup,
Under the leaves, and the ice, and the
snow,
Waiting to grow.

Think what a host of queer little seeds,—
Flowers and mosses and ferns and weeds,
Under the leaves, and the ice, and the
snow,
Waiting to grow.

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Waiting to grow.

Nothing so small or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where
to go,
Helping them grow.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

"BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE!"

A MOTHER in Chicago was arrested for intoxication, and arraigned before the judge. "Seven dollars and sixty cents is the fine," said the judge sternly. But the woman had not a cent. Her seven-year-old boy said to his tiny sister:

"Come on, we've got to git that money or mam'll hev to go to gaol. Jest wait, Mr. Judge, and we'll get it."

The children hurried out of the courtroom, and going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to gaol," the boy bravely promising to return the money as soon as he could earn it.

Soon he came back, and laying a handful of change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Judge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do us much work; but if you'll just let me go to jail 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed:

"Your mother shan't go to gaol, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge. The mother, clasping her boy, sank upon her knees and solemnly promised that she would lead a better life and be worthy of such a son.

The love of this boy for his mother helps us to faintly comprehend the wonderful love of Him "who his own self," in a sense we can never know, "bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2. 24), and of whom it is written, in words we cannot comprehend, "The Lord hath made the iniquity of us all to meet on him."

LOVING BACK.

LITTLE Alice was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. When her mother had finished the writing, she told Alice that she might come and sit on her lap, and Alice said:

"I'm so glad! I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad that my little girl loves me so, but I fancy that you were not very lonely while I was writing; you and Dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, mamma, we were; but after a while I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"
"Oh, just because she never loves me back."

"And is that why you love me?"
"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one, nor the best."

"And what is the first and the best?"
"Why, mamma, don't you guess? It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

That was a very good reason, and even mamma herself could not have given a better one. That is one reason, also, why we should love the dear Lord: because he first loved us, and died to redeem us from our sins.

A RAINY DAY.

"OH, dear! raining again; there is nothing a fellow can do to have any enjoyment on a rainy day."

Grandma, sitting by the widow, her knitting in hand, looked up, a smile of amusement on her gracious face. "What about all your nice games and books, Edgar?" she said.

"I'm tired of them. I wanted to ride on my wheel and fish in the pond," and the eyes, usually so mirthful, filled with tears.

Grandma laid her knitting aside; the

matter was assuming a most serious aspect if Edgar was moved to tears.

"Edgar, dear," she said, "if you cannot spend the day in gratifying your own wishes, suppose you do something to make some one else happy?"

"Why, grandma, what?" the child exclaimed with an interested look.

"Well, there are many things possible for even a child to do to lighten the cares of others. For instance, baby had a restless night; couldn't you make mother happy by trying to amuse her?"

"Oh, Grandma, there's no fun in that."

"No fun, perhaps, but a joy, deep and lasting, born of the consciousness of having done one's duty. Just try to spend the day unselfishly, dear; make sunshine within even if there is gloom without, and see if you do not find that the hours have been well spent."

Edgar was a boy who when he had made a decision was resolute in carrying it out. So, a few moments later, when mamma entered the room with baby Ruth in her arms, he said pleasantly, "Let me have her, mother; you know she likes to be with me."

The tired expression faded from mother's face. "Why dear," she said, "I expected you would be too disappointed to be of much use to-day."

Baby Ruth was happy; she put her arms around his neck and pressed her rosy cheeks against his. "Nice brother, kind brother," she lisped.

So the hours sped by. Edgar, with grandma's help, prepared a pretty book of pictures for a little crippled boy in the hospital ward. Then he dried the dinner dishes for mamma, and afterward, covered with his mackintosh, went out to post a letter for grandma. In the afternoon the baby awoke from a refreshing nap and laughed with delight when she found Edgar beside her ready to amuse her. He piled high the blocks, and shouted with baby sister when they tumbled over. He sang two of his kindergarten songs for her, going through the motions, to the enjoyment of grandma and mamma as well as Ruth.

"What a short day this has been, grandma," he said.

"Yet the rain is not over, Edgar," was the smiling answer. "Indeed, my dear child, you will find that the days are short and happy if you start out determined to fill the hours with loving words and deeds."

WHO IS LOVE?

BESSIE and sue were going to have lunch, With only one paer for the two; So mother had said, "Remember my dears, Let love divide this for you."

"I wonder who Love is?" said dear little Sue,

I wonder why mother said so?
O! now I remember, I'm sure it must be,
For 'God is Love,' Bessie, you know."

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

WILL some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea,
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger,
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar
With To-Day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts
Tell of ways and where they lead;
And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Though she did not mean to stay
When she fell asleep last evening
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done,
And she fears she lost some favours
That she fairly might have won
So she'd like to turn her backward
To retrieve them if she may—
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to Yesterday?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VI. [May 9.]

PAUL PREACHING TO THE JEWS.

Acts 13. 26-39. Memory verses, 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through this man is preached unto you
the forgiveness of sins.—Acts 13. 38.

OUTLINE.

1. The Saviour, v. 26-31.
2. The Promises, v. 32-37.
3. The Gospel, v. 38, 39.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Saul began his missionary journeys he was no longer called Saul, but Paul. Perhaps this was because Paul was a Roman name, and now he was a preacher to the Romans and other Gentiles.

After Paul and Barnabas had left Perga they went to Pisidia (see if you can find it on the map), and at last came to a large city on the top of a low hill. This was Antioch in Pisidia. On the Sabbath day they went to the synagogue. There were Jews in the synagogue, and Gentiles who had given up the worship of idols. They asked Paul and Barnabas to preach, and Paul rose up and began the story that he loved to tell. You know that it was about Jesus and the salvation he came to bring, and he told both Jews and Gentiles that this salvation was sent to them. He told how Jesus, the Saviour, was put to death by the Jews, and how he rose from the dead, and now offered forgiveness of sins to all who would believe in him.

Many of the Gentiles believed, but the Jews were angry and treated the apostles so badly that they had to go away and leave them in their darkness and unbelief.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the first part of Paul's sermon. Acts 13. 16-26.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 13. 26-39.
- Wed.* Learn what is true for us also. Golden Text.
- Thur.* Find how the Gospel stirred hearts. Verse 44.
- Fri.* Learn what the apostles found true. 2 Tim. 3. 12.
- Sat.* Learn a beautiful truth for us. Verse 39.
- Sun.* Find why the apostles were glad. Matt. 5. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

By what name was Paul called now? Where did the apostles go next? Were Paul and Barnabas among the twelve apostles? Why then are they called apostles? Because they were sent out by the Holy Ghost. Where did they go on the Sabbath? What were they asked to do? Who heard them preach? What made the Jews angry with Paul? Because he preached Jesus. By what did they think they were justified? By the law. Whom did Paul teach could save them? Jesus. What did the Jews do? Did they leave any Christians at Antioch? Verse 48.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL.

Jesus died for our sins.
He rose again for our justification.
By him "all that believe" may be saved.

LESSON VII. [May 16.]

PAUL PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 14. 11-22. Memory Verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.—Acts 13. 47.

OUTLINE.

1. False Worshipers, v. 11-13.
2. Faithful Witnesses, v. 14-18.
3. Faithful Workers, v. 19-22.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul and Barnabas went next to a city sixty miles from Antioch, called Iconium. They stayed a long time and preached the Gospel, but the angry Jews at last made a plan to stone them. So they went away to a town called Lystra. The people here had taken Jupiter for their god. They had built him a grand temple, and they placed in it an ivory image of Jupiter, and worshipped it.

There was a poor cripple in Lystra whom Paul healed, and when the people saw it they cried out that the gods had come down to them. They called Barnabas Jupiter, because he was a large, fine-looking man. Paul was the one who preached the most, and they called him Mercury. The apostles did not understand what they were

saying or they would have told them they were not gods. So they were surprised and troubled when they found the people coming to offer sacrifices to them. They ran into the crowd and told who they were and what they had come for, but they could scarcely make the people give up their evil plan.

But soon some Jews came from Antioch and Iconium and set the people against the apostles. Then they wanted to kill them, and they actually stoned Paul and left him for dead. But God raised him up, and the next day he went away with Barnabas to Derbe. When they had preached the Gospel there they went to Lystra and Iconium and Antioch, to urge the Christians in those cities to be faithful to Jesus.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read about the cripple in Lystra. Acts 14. 8-10.
- Tues.* Read what followed in the lesson verses. Acts 14. 11-22.
- Wed.* Find how Paul was fulfilling God's plan for him. Golden Text.
- Thur.* Find another time when Paul was called a god. Acts 28. 6.
- Fri.* Find whom an angel said should be worshipped. Rev. 19. 10.
- Sat.* Learn to whom all honour belongs. Rev. 7. 9-12.
- Sun.* Read what Paul bore for Jesus' sake. 2 Cor. 11. 24-28.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Paul and Barnabas go from Antioch? Why did they have to flee from there? Where did they go then? Whom did the people of Lystra worship? What was Jupiter? A heathen god. What miracle did Paul work? What did the people say? What did they do? Why would not the apostles be worshipped? [See Helps for Saturday.] Who was the god Mercury? The god of fine speaking. What soon changed their minds toward the apostles? What did they feel like doing then? What did they actually do? Who saved Paul from death? Where did they next go? Why did they go back to the places they had visited before?

LEARN—

Not to be too easily influenced.
To be patient with people who do wrong.
To be brave and loving in time of trial.

THE SQUIRREL'S HOUSE.

The squirrel's house has a long hall and ever so many pantries. Each pantry holds a different thing; one acorns, another nuts, another corn, another chestnuts. Why, the squirrel must be rich, for your mamma cannot afford a pantry for each thing!

But then the squirrel's house is in a tree, and perhaps her pantries are smaller than yours. What do you think?



THE MAY QUEEN.

In a grassy wood the first of May
These children met to spend the day,
A throne was built, an arch was raised,
And Nannio T. was crowned and praised.

Her sceptre mild o'er subjects gay
She waved, while they their tribute pay
In roses red and violets blue;
The lovely queen so tender and true.

A NEW LESSON FOR TWO.

BY KATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

LITTLE EMMA had come to Cousin Grace's house one morning on an errand for her mamma.

"Come in," cried Grace, "and take off your hat, do."

"I can't," replied little Emma; "mamma said come right home."

"Oh! but you must see my dear new rabbits anyway. Come, they are just down here a little way."

Emma was much younger than Grace, and allowed herself to be led down through the garden to the rear of the shed where the pretty white rabbits blinked their pink eyes in the sunlight.

Little Emma was delighted and forgot all about going home for some time, then when at last she said again, "I must go right home, mother is waiting," Grace said quickly:

"Oh! I'm going to feed them now. you must see them eat. It don't take but a very few moments," and again little Emma became so interested she forgot all about going home. After all the lettuce leaves had been eaten, Grace found something even more delightful than the rab-

bits to keep her little cousin busy and interested.

At last Emma's mother became alarmed and came to find her.

She said:

"Emma, I have always trusted you. How does it happen you neglected to obey this time?"

Her mother's tone was so severe little Emma looked ready to cry, she looked at Grace, and Grace looked at Emma, until all at once it occurred to the older cousin that it was her fault that Emma had not obeyed her mother, and her eyes fell in dismay.

"How did it happen?" repeated mamma.

Emma could not tell, so she began to cry very softly. That touched Grace's heart and made her brave.

"Auntie," she said, quickly, "it was all my fault. I coaxed her and coaxed her to stay. She was going right home, but I kept showing her my rabbits and things so she couldn't get away. I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It is very brave of you to own it, dear," said auntie. "I'm sure

you only meant to be kind to little Emma so we will forgive the thoughtlessness, and Emma will soon learn to resist even kindness when it causes her to disobey."

So the two little girls walked back to the house together, feeling quite comforted and happy again, and each little girl had learned a new lesson that morning.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

WATCHING at the window,
Tiny maidens three:
Baby May, sweet Marjoric,
And bright-eyed Rosalie.

Watching at the window
This pleasant afternoon,
Looking each for papa—
He surely will come soon!

When he turns the corner,
Now who'll be first to see?
I think it likely, very,
The first will be all three.

GOOD-MORNING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

BEAMING little blue eyes,
Cheeks so round and rosy,
Baby out upon a ride,
Snug and warm and cosy.

Merry chat and laughter,
Little dimples plenty,
One within and one without—
Fun enough for twenty.

Bonny little Tiptoe,
Reaching up her kisses—
Was a picture ever seen
Gunninger than this is?

TRUSTWORTHY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"AND where did you say you found her?"

"Why, ma'am, me an' Lissa was down by the shore, an' we see the little thing a-toddlin' into the water, an' we just runned right in ourselves an' caught her up, 'fore she got more'n her teenty little shoes wet."

Two tall, barefooted girls, one of them carrying in her arms a dainty mite of a child, who laughed with delight at the adventure.

Mrs. Fletcher turned to another lady on the piazza of the hotel.

"You see," she said, "how much these nurses are to be trusted. I told Mary to take little Barbara down and let her dig in the sand, but to watch her. My darling might easily have been drowned! She had only to run out far enough, and there are such treacherous holes! Mary'll get her discharge, if she dares to come back." And just then Mary did come back, all in a fluster.

"Shure, ma'am, an' is the blessid infant safe? I was that frightened. Only turning away wan blissed minute to spake to my brither, which I hadn't seen for wan year, an' him just come from the ould counthry."

"Mary, stop! How many times have you told me you have no brothers either here, or in Ireland? Brother!—I understand. You must learn faithfulness before you are fit to be trusted with children."

Mrs. Fletcher turned to the girls, who looked on eagerly. They might be fourteen and twelve years old.

"What are your names?"

"Amanda and Melissa Jones. I'm Mandy—she's Lissa."

"Oh! I remember. Your mother washes for me, and you sometimes bring the clothes?"

"Yes'sum." Lissa and Mandy looked as if they would like to say more, only they didn't know how.

"Well, run home, now. I'll see your mother to-night."

They went off with a little air of disappointment.

"Me like Lissa—me like Mandy."

"Oh! you do, little puss."

This conversation took place while Miss Barbara's shoes and stockings were changing for dry ones. It was short, but it helped.

"You are sure I can trust them, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Fletcher said that night.

"Yes, ma'am, sure. You see they've come up to be trusted, for I've had no one else to carry clothes, or do errands, or help any way since they was big enough."

"Come up to be trusted"—the words impressed Mrs. Fletcher.

So it came about that Mandy and Lissa Jones went barefoot no longer. Turn, and turn about, they were nurses to little Barbara Fletcher during the rest of the season. It was the beginning of other good fortune to them also. All because poor Irish Mary hadn't "come up to be trusted," and they had.