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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1899.

[No. 2.]

A RESULT OF CARELESSNESS.

The boys have run out of school the moment their lessons were over, and taking their skates with them, made for the pond at once. As soon as the skates are on they begin to fly up and down the frozen surface; very few of them thinking whether the ice is equally strong all over and will bear their weight in the middle as well as at the sides. The consequence is that one of them has tumbled in, and we see in the picture how all the other boys are doing their best to rescue him. We have no doubt that they will succeed; but it is no easy thing to pull a person out of a hole in the ice. All around the edges the ice is weak and yielding, and if two persons get in it is almost impossible to pull them out without a third tumbling in as well. The best way is to place boards on the ice, as they are about to do. This youth will learn caution we hope; and in the long and tedious hours of lying in bed, there may come to him that reflection which will make him a sadder and a wiser boy. After all, we profit most from what experience teaches us, for we rarely forget it,

God alone knoweth the future. Only he who holds the key may unlock the portals of the dim unseen. Is not our future safe with him?



A RESULT OF CARELESSNESS.

PAUL'S TEMPER.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

When Paul Marsh's little sister was learning to creep, she would try to get hold of Paul's playthings. One day when she took his top, Paul slapped her.

His mother told him that the baby was too little to know that it was naughty to take his things and that he was naughty to slap her and must be shut in the nursery.

When his mother let him out, Paul said "I'm not going to slap Louise over any more; I'm big, but she's a little baby."

But the very next day he was sitting on the floor reading his new book. Soon the baby hitched herself along until she reached him. Then her little hands reached for the book and caught hold of it.

Paul snatched it away, shook her and screamed at her.

His mother took the book away and Paul didn't have it for two whole days.

Now he is trying to be more patient with Baby Louise.

It is hard work, but his mother says that she is going to work, with God's help, to make her boy better, and she thinks that she will succeed.

—o—

A little boy, with his dog Sport, says a writer in "The Children's Visitor" was going past a liquor saloon, the door of which was

wide open. The dog, not knowing any better, went in, but his little master was soon after him with the following good advice: "Come out of there, Sport! Don't be disgracing the family."

A three-year-old discovered the neighbour's hens in her yard, scratching. In an indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

HOLY OFFERINGS

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On his altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings—
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1899.

EARNING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

Miss Maynard's six little girls promised her they would do something to earn money for their mission circle during their vacation. The bright days soon passed away, and the first Sunday in September the children gathered in Sunday-school. Katie, Mollie, Jennie, Susie, Annie, and Fannie were all there.

One by one the short stories were told. Katie came first. She said: "Grandma gave me ten cents a week for getting eggs for her, so I have earned sixty cents." Mollie's blue eyes shone as she gave her

silver dollar. "I got it," she said, "for not saying 'My gracious' for a month." Then Jennie said in her sweet voice: "A blind old lady gave me a gold dollar for reading the Bible to her every Sunday." When Susie's turn came she grew as rosy as her grandpa's Baldwin apples, as she said: "I earned fifty cents for feeding the chickens and fifty for wiping dishes when grandma's girl was away." Annie, the youngest, handed her offering slowly, as she said: "I got twenty-five cents for keeping from scowling." Fannie came last with her seventy-five cents, which she had earned by selling "missionary sunflowers," as she called her small garden of them.

So these little girls began their fall work by putting four dollars and sixty cents into the treasury, the result of a missionary vacation.

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some chocolate creams, for I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the chocolate creams very much." And he hurried on his cap and ran off in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the shop; and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the chocolate in the window. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again without going in.

In about one minute he rushed into the parlour with a bright face, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat, the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'Oh, how I want the chocolate cream.' At last the heathen beat; I am going to put my penny into the missionary box."

MENLA.

Nothing suited Louisa the other morning. The potatoes were not fried right, there was mutton instead of beef on the table, and she didn't like tomatoes. Aunt Rachel sat near Louisa trying to read the morning paper while her niece was finding fault.

At length Aunt Rachel laid down her paper and asked, "Did you ever hear of Menla?"

"No, auntie. Who is she?"

"She is, or was, a dear little girl living in India."

"A returned missionary from India said he had occasion to cross a rice-field one morning, when he saw a little girl gathering up the scattered rice in a cup she held in her hand. She couldn't get much. He asked her what she was doing it for, and she told him her parents were very poor, and she never remembered having as much as she wanted to eat in all her life. They lived on the poorest of the rice she could gather, boiled with pulse. 'But I always save some of the best of it,' said Menla, 'to sell, so that I can have some money to buy Bibles for those who do not know about Jesus.'"

"He asked her why she did not eat the rice when she was so hungry."

"'Oh,' said she, 'I do not think you know how bad it is not to know about God. My folks used to beat me so before they knew about him; that was worse than being hungry; and I want the rest to know so they won't beat their children.'"

"Why, auntie," said Louisa, "I didn't know anybody lived in that way—never to have enough to eat and not to know about God."

"My child, there are thousands in our land who seldom have enough to eat and who never hear of God."

Louisa sat still for a few minutes thinking. Then she said, "I am not going to be so selfish any more, auntie; Menla has taught me a lesson."

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

In China is observed the festival of fire that celebrates the reputed birthday of the Taou gods, and is observed by the devotees running barefoot through or over a heap of burning charcoal and wood. A missionary writes about it as follows:

"When the preliminary rites have been performed the officiating priests rush wildly through the fire, followed by the others, while the deafening sounds of gongs, tom-toms, and horns drown the shrieks and groans of the suffering. Some reel and stagger, especially the old and feeble, and sometimes fall helpless in the fire and are burned to death."

BUILDING A TEMPLE.

North of Peking, in China, there is a celebrated pagoda and temple visited by a great number of worshippers. And how was that fine structure built? There were no great gifts for it. No emperor or rich man poured out of his treasures, but every worshipper coming to the place was asked to bring a single brick. There was hardly any one so poor that he could not bring as much as a brick, and in time the pile grew and it became a great mass of material sufficient to build this spacious temple. Every one brought something, and their gifts together made a great monument. We can all do something to send the Gospel to others.

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS.

Hear thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.

Shield us from the wiles of Satan,
From the perils of this night;
Safely may thy guardian angels
Keep us in their watchful sight.

Gentle Jesus! look in pity
From thy glorious throne above;
Though we sleep, thy heart is wakeful
Still for us it beats with love.

Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is falling into gloom!
When our earthly life is ended,
Lead thy ransomed children home.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON V. [Jan. 29.]

CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 5-15. Memory verses, 13 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

A LESSON TALK.

If you look on the map you will see that Samaria lies between Judea and Galilee. So as Jesus went from Jerusalem to Galilee he passed through Samaria. Weary with his journey, he sat one day to rest on Jacob's well, while the disciples went into the city to buy food. The well is near Sychar, and is called by Jacob's name because it is supposed that Jacob himself dug it out more than three thousand years ago.

The Samaritans were descended from heathen people who married among the Jews. They had their own temple in Mount Gerizim. [Read verse 20.] The Jews despised the Samaritans and would not speak to them if they could help it. How surprised the Samaritan woman was when Jesus spoke to her. Jesus knew that she was a wicked woman, but that did not stop his speaking to her. He came to help and bless sinners.

Do you know what Jesus meant by "living water"? He meant the Holy Spirit, without which our souls would perish as surely as our bodies would suffer and die without cool, fresh water. Only the Holy Spirit or "living water" can cleanse and save the immortal spirit.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where is Jacob's well? In Samaria.
Near what village is it? Near Sychar.

Who stopped to rest there? Jesus
Where was he going? To Galilee.
Who came to draw water at the well?
A Samaritan woman.

Why was she surprised when Jesus spoke to her? Because he was a Jew
What did the Jews think? That they were better than the Samaritans.

What did Jesus say he could give to the woman? "Living water."

What did he mean by this? His Holy Spirit.

What did Jesus know? That the woman was a sinner.

What did he teach her? The lesson of love.

What did he tell her? That he was the Christ.

LESSON VI. [Feb. 5.]

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON HEALED.

John 4. 43-54. Memory verses, 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house.—John 4. 53.

A LESSON TALK.

Up among the hills of Galilee lay the little city of Cana, the same in which Jesus made the water wine. The map shows that it was north of Nazareth, the village home of our Saviour.

For a year now Jesus had been teaching and working miracles in Judea. The people of Galilee were eager to have him come to his own country, and when he came to Cana the news quickly spread abroad that he was there. A nobleman at Capernaum heard of it and took an all-day journey over the mountain roads to get Jesus to come and heal his son. He thought Jesus might be a healer, but he did not know that he was a Saviour. Notice how Jesus taught him that the soul is worth more than the body! He had first a little belief, which grew into faith as he looked into the face of the Lord and heard his calm words of power. Think what a glad house it must have been when the little boy suddenly became better! Then the story came how the Lord had said, "Thy son liveth;" and we do not wonder that all the family believed! How wise it is to believe the word that Jesus speaks!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go from Samaria?
Into Galilee.

What city did he visit? Cana.

Who came there to see him? A nobleman.

What trouble was he in? His little son was dying at Capernaum.

What did he ask Jesus to do? To cure his son.

What did Jesus tell him? That his son would live.

What did the nobleman do? He believed Jesus' word.

What did his servants come to tell him?
That his son was well again
When did he begin to get well? At the hour that Jesus spoke the word
What is such a work as this called? A miracle.

Who only can do miracles? God.
What followed this miracle? The nobleman and all his family believed.

SOME BOYS IN FOOC'HOW

A missionary in Foochow, China, has about one hundred Chinese boys in his school every Sunday, where he teaches them to sing and pray, and tells them about Jesus.

One day the mother of some of the boys took them to the temple and made them kneel and pray to the Mother Goddess, the special goddess for children. While they were kneeling the some of the other boys belonging to the school came in and were very angry, and, seizing the praying boys by their queues, pulled them from their knees, saying:

"Why do you worship and pray here? Didn't the teacher tell us that these idols were nothing but earth and wood, and could neither see nor hear?"

When the boys who had been praying were once outside of the temple they said to the other boys:

"We only knelt because we were made to. We were praying to the true God in our hearts all the time. Our mothers are like tigers, and we can't do as we please."

The next day the "tiger-like" mothers went to the houses of the parents of the boys who had caused the trouble and demanded they should give the boys a severe whipping for what they had done, and each of the boys received the whipping with true heroism.

ESSAY OF A CHINESE SCHOOL-GIRL.

An English magazine tells about a mission school in Amoy, China. There are thirty-six children in it, all girls, and, with one exception, over twelve years of age.

The teacher says, "A nicer set of girls no one could have to teach;" and then she gives a funny little essay written by one of these girls who had been in the school only a short time. The subject given out was "The Earth," and here is the essay:

"The earth has mountains and houses and trees. It has also men and Bibles to look at. It has also water and girls' schools. It has birds and umbrellas, and chairs to sit in. It has seas and churches and boats and clocks to look at, and gardens to play in, and geography and organs and fields. It has serpents and dogs and pigs, and clothes to wear. The earth has pomegranates, and the earth has lamps and stoves and leaves and tables and streets and grass and graves and sheep and fruit and hymns to sing and potatoes."



JEWS AT JACOB'S WELL.

WHERE JESUS SAT.

Why should we care for a picture of this rough hole in the ground? There are earthen water-pots in the foreground, and a group of Arabs is scattered about, some lounging, some sucking their long-stemmed pipes. Every year people go thousands of miles to peep into that dark hole, and drop pebbles into it. One Scotch minister, who had been reading about the well in his Bible, carelessly dropped that in too. The well is seventy-five feet deep, and as there was no bucket the dominie had to leave his Bible to soak. Several years later another minister, who was a luckier angler, fished out the Scotchman's water-logged book. But we haven't told you why men go there. It isn't because it is deep, nor because a man once fished a Bible out of it. It is because this is the only spot on earth where we know Jesus once sat and taught. We know where Bethlehem is, but we are not sure about the manger where they laid the baby Jesus. We know where Nazareth is, but we do not know the whereabouts of Joseph's carpenter shop where Jesus learned his trade. We know where Jerusalem is, but we are not really certain where Christ preached, or drove out the money-changers, or ate the Last Supper. There are three or four Gethsemanes, and as many Calvarys, but there is only one Jacob's Well.

This is the way Jesus came to be there; his friend John tells the story:

He left Judea with his disciples, and

started for his home in Galilee. The road led past a city of the province of Samaria, called Sychar, near a lot that Jacob gave to his favourite son Joseph, the same who had the little coat that his wicked brothers labbed in blood to break old Jacob's heart. Jacob was a sheep-raiser, and here he dug a deep well for his flocks. In that hot, dry land a well is a valuable property, and great care is taken to keep it stoned up and cleaned out. So this deep well was famous all the region round.

Foot-weary from walking, Jesus sat by this old well. He had sent his friends into a village near by to get something to eat. A woman came from the village to draw water. Christ asked her for a drink. She was a bright woman and a good talker. Our Lord told her wonderful things. She said that God had promised that he would send a Messiah 'who will tell us all things,' Jesus said, 'I

that speak unto thee am he.' He said too, 'if thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. Whosoever drinketh of the water of this well shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

The wonderful living water that Christ offered to Photina he offers to us all. It is salvation. If we believe on him, and love and obey him, it will be to our souls as cold water is to our bodies. Let us think of this as we look on this picture of the old well, and let us say, like the woman, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst no more."

On a bright and beautiful day in April, with other Canadian tourists, I had the pleasure of visiting Jacob's well just after visiting the ruined city of Samaria, we reading the beautiful narrative of the Gospel of Jesus who sat weary at the well-side and talked to the Samaritan woman.

My friend, the Rev. George Bond, of Halifax, a few years ago had a unique experience at this well. He said to his companion in travel, "I hope I shall not lose my wife's Bible in Jacob's well as Dr. Bonar lost his wife's. It seems that each of these gentlemen carried his wife's Bible as being smaller and more portable than his own. Just at that moment, Mr. Bond, by an inadvertent movement let his Bible slip out of his pocket and into the well.

The well is very deep and very difficult to descend. He therefore gave it up for lost. A short time after he was telling the story at a dinner-table in Damascus, when a lady present, the wife of a medical missionary at Nazareth, said, "I will try and get it for you and send it to you at Beyrout." This she did and Mr. Bond received his Bible in a few days at Beyrout. But the edges were saturated with water. "Hereby hangs a tale." The well was dry when the Bible fell in, but as a band of Russian pilgrims were approaching who wanted water from this sacred well as a souvenir, the Arab sheik who had charge of it poured some water in to have some for the pilgrims. Thus Mr. Bond's Bible got wet, but being tightly clasped it was not hurt. I presume no one living has a Bible which has had just that kind of experience.

HER GRANDPA.

BY CHARLES D. STEWART.

My gran'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be;
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me;
I've told him forty thousand times,
But 'tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon,"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me 'most every day,
And rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once,
And dressed up just like me,
He says I am a "bonnie bairn,"
And kisses me, and when
I asks him why he can't talk right,
He says, "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun,
He's such a funny man;
I dance for him and brush his hair,
And love him all I can.
I calls him Anjrew (that's his name),
And he says I can't talk,
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty thousand times,
But 'tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon,"
And calls a house a "hoose."

DON'T FORGET

That women are made out of girls, and that men are made out of boys.

That, if you are a worthless girl, you will be a worthless woman; and if you are a worthless boy, you will be a worthless man.

That the best educated men and women once did not know the A B C's.

That all the things which you are learning now had to be learned by them.

That the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to our own happiness.

That a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure.