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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1897.

[No. 2

## TRYING THE ICE.

THESE two little girls and their brother have come out to see if the pond will bear.

There, all across the field, you can see their tracks right up to the fence, which they managed to get over, until they reached the ice. And now the little brother is cautiously trying if the ice will bear his weight, and if it is not strong enough his sisters, no doubt, will hold him tight enough to prevent an accident.

## JENNIE'S FUNNY SCRAPES.

JENNIE STANTON liked hunting for hens' nests in all the nooks and crannies within climbing distance. One particular quest of hers ended in a ludicrous plight.

In her father's barn was a trap-door; beneath the barn was the stable, and under the trap-door the cow was tied.

Our little girl was skipping along, never noticing the door had been left up, when down she fell, right on the cow's neck. The cow jumped and kicked, Jennie screamed, but held on to the bossie's horns, until her mother ran and took her away, a very frightened little girl.

She was not hurt, but was very careful after that when she went into the barn.

Last summer she was visiting on a farm where there were nine little pigs. They had a large lot to run in, but some way, crawled through the wall and went into



TRYING THE ICE.

the swamp. Jennie, with a friend, went out for barberries.

They were picking busily when all at once those nine pigs started up from the nest of leaves where they had been asleep. One squealed and the others joined in the chorus. Jennie added her voice and tried to run, but she was too frightened to

realize the cause of the sudden noise, when she found herself stretched on the ground. She had fallen over a stump, her barberries were scattered, and the pigs making the air ring with their retreating cries. She saw them all running away, and then it was time to laugh at how the pigs frightened her.

## A TEASE.

WHEN I was a boy I was often in the woods. There I saw the squirrels play among the branches of the trees, sometimes running up and sometimes down, and sometimes leaping from a branch of one tree across to a branch of another tree. Once I saw a squirrel make a long leap. It missed its hold, and instead of getting across to the next tree it fell all the way down to the ground.

Sometimes when I have been in the woods I have seen certain birds tease the squirrels. They would fly around them, and at them and peck them. The squirrels tried to run away, but the birds flew after them to annoy them. They were like some boys

and girls I have seen who are always teasing somebody else. It is a bad fault, and nobody loves the children who do it.

As God's light shines into your heart you will see more and more of your depravity, and of your absolute need of Christ

## HOW TO BE A HERO

- "I SHOULD like to be a hero,"  
Said a little lad one day,  
As he gazed upon the picture  
Of a soldier tall and gray
- "You can be a hero darling,  
Was his grandma's soft reply  
"If it play you're fair and honest  
And you scorn to tell a lie.
- "If you stifle angry feelings,  
Sinful thoughts crush firmly down,  
Ever praying, always trying—  
Yours shall be a hero's crown.
- "For remember this, my darling,  
Hero hearts of men grown old  
Beat at first in breasts of children  
Who were tender, true and bold."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO JANUARY 23, 1897.

## HOW TO PRAY.

"AUNT ANNIE, what good does it do to say your prayers at night and in the morning?" asked little Ellen.

"Why do you ask, dearie?" Aunt Annie was used to the queer questions her little niece asked, and was never shocked as some people would be.

"Well, you just say a lot of words that don't mean anything; and I don't see what good that does."

"It doesn't. Saying prayers is not praying. It is like a parrot repeating words that he does not understand. To pray is a very different matter, and that you should do every day of your life and many times a day," answered Aunt Annie with a loving smile.

"But what's the difference? How do you pray?" asked Ellen, with a puzzled look.

"Just asking your Father in heaven,

for Jesus' sake, to give you whatever you want—if it is right to have it—is praying. Going to him just as you would to your father and mother or to me is praying. Thanking him as you would us, for giving you what you asked for is praying. But you should never ask for anything that is not right, and you must be willing to do as your Father in heaven wants you to do."

"Oh! if that's praying, I can do that. I needn't use long words that I don't understand, need I?"

"No, just simple words like those you use every day, meaning them with all your heart."

"I am glad I asked you, Aunt Annie. You always explain things to me so that I can understand," said Ellen, as she turned away to her play, with that happy feeling we all have when tangles are smoothed out.

## JACK FROST.

"BOO-HOO! I don't like the co-o-old!" wailed little Harry Major, one morning in February, as mamma led him to the bathroom for his bath.

"Oh! Jack Frost gives little boys rosy cheeks and good appetites for bread and milk," said mamma smiling.

"I don't like Jack Frost," exclaimed Harry, squirming, as the water went trickling down his back.

"I'm sorry for that," said mamma, "for Jack Frost was coming to you to-day to give you a pleasant surprise, and to play with you all winter."

"Jack Frost coming to play with me all winter! Why, mamma, what do you mean?"

"Hurry and let me help to dress you, and after breakfast we will go to see the surprise."

How Harry did hurry! There wasn't a bit of whimpering after that.

After his breakfast of bread and milk and a baked apple, mamma took him out to the kitchen door. There was a lovely new sled, painted bright red and green. A picture of a jolly little fellow in furs was on the sled, and underneath it the name, Jack Frost.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted Harry, clapping his hands and dancing up and down "I guess I do like that Jack Frost. It was the cold I didn't like."

"But you couldn't use the sled, nor learn to skate, nor make snow forts and snow men and snowballs without the help of Jack Frost, who lives up at the North Pole and visits us a little while every winter," answered mamma.

"That's so. Thank you, Mr. Jack Frost. May I try my new sled now, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed. Run in and put on your things."

An hour later Harry came in with cheeks like a red rose. "I just love Jack Frost," said he.

MONEY is not nearly so valuable as character, for money cannot buy the respect of thoughtful men or women.

## THE SPIDERS.

THE last of the four little things which King Solomon said were "exceeding wise" is the spider. Of this little insect he tells us. "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' places."—Prov. 30, 28.

There are many ways in which spiders show wisdom, as you all must have noticed, if you have watched them at their work. When one has work to do she takes both of those little hands that reach out in front of her head, and she seems to have no idea of working with one hand—half working and half playing. She works, and then she rests; and then she is so patient and persevering in building up the web and drawing the lines tight that we may well learn from her to take hold with both hands, and not stop until our work is finished.

This lesson of patience and perseverance a spider is said to have taught King Bruce, of Scotland, one day when he was sad and discouraged. He was hiding in a hut from his enemies, who were hunting him, and he saw a spider trying to get from one beam to another. It tried six times, and fell every time. Bruce remembered that he had tried six times to save Scotland, and had been defeated every time. Then he watched the spider the seventh time, and saw it slowly and carefully fasten its thread to the beam and draw itself across. He resolved to persevere as the spider had done, and went out to take up his work again.

## AT SUNSET.

A BAR of gold in the purple west,  
A radiant glow on the mountain's crest,  
A flush of flame on the river's breast,  
And a wild bird's silver trill.

A single star in the paling sky,  
A deepening shade on the mountain high,  
Gray dusk on the river rippling by,  
And the note of a whip-poor-will.

A host of stars in the azure deep,  
An ebon robe on the mountain steep,  
And naught were the reeds and rushes  
save shadows dark and still.

## A GOOD WAY.

Two little girls, Lilly and Grace, were playing "keep house." They had strung some twine across the back yard for a clothes-line, and were washing their dolls' clothes in two little tubs.

Along came brother Jack, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole washing from the line, and scattered it on the grass. Lilly bubbled over in tears at once. Grace looked very angry for a moment; then a bright smile drove the anger away, and she said very soothingly: "Never mind, Lilly; let's play that Jack was a 'high wind.'"

A MESSAGE.

WHAT do you think I heard to-day  
Echoing sweetly, far away?  
Tidings to send a joyful thrill  
Through the valley and over the hill,  
Telling that old Boreas had lost  
His sceptre, and fled with old Jack Frost;  
That all the dear little streams would be  
Laughing and rippling soon in glee;  
That pussy willows were waiting shy,  
Ready to peep out by-and-bye;  
That daintiest grass blades would be seen  
Spreading a carpet soft and green;  
That bloom of apple, and peach, and pear,  
Soon would sweeten the sunlit air,  
And violets, bluebells peeping out,  
Waited the children's joyous shout.

Without ever a single word,  
This wonderful tale was told to me,  
With chippety wink and chippety wee—  
The earliest note of the earliest bird.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V. [Jan. 31.]

THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN.

Acts 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mighty Name, v. 1-7.
2. The Saving Name, v. 8-12.
3. The Victorious Name, v. 13, 14.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter preached his first sermon in the street, but this, the second, was preached in the temple. Many priests and Sadducees who hated Jesus heard it, and they took Peter and John and put them in a prison near by, for it was too late to bring them to court that day.

Early in the morning they were taken before the Sanhedrin in the hall of judgment close by the temple. There were about seventy judges belonging to the Sanhedrin. Caiaphas was the high priest. Annas, who had been high priest and was father-in-law to Caiaphas, was there too. The judges sat in a half circle around the wall, and Peter and John stood before them. The lame beggar who had been healed stood near them.

The judges looked at the beggar's bright face, and then said to Peter and John, "By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?" Peter answered quickly that it was by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the Holy One whom they had crucified, that the poor cripple was saved from his lameness; and then he spoke the words of the Golden Text, which tell

the only way we can be saved from sin and death. The judges were surprised at Peter's boldness, but with the man who had been cured standing before them they could say nothing against it, so they only threatened the apostles and let them go.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses twice. Acts 4. 1-14.
- Tues. Read the rest of the story. Acts 4. 15-22.
- Wed. Read about the meeting afterward. Acts 4. 23-31.
- Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
- Fri. Find what strange power moved Peter. Verse 8.
- Sat. Learn what made the weak man strong. Acts 3. 16.
- Sun. Read Hymn 822 in Methodist Hymnal.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Peter preach his first sermon? Where was the second preached? Who heard it? What did they do to Peter and John? Before whom were they brought the next day? The great Jewish council. Who belonged to it? Who was the high priest at this time? Who came and stood near Peter and John during the trial? What question was asked the apostles? What was Peter's answer? Why was Peter no longer afraid? The Holy Spirit gave him courage. What did he say about the only name? What surprised the judges? Why did they not punish the apostles? What did they do?

THE ONLY NAME.

"Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear;  
It turns their hell to heaven."

LESSON VI. [Feb. 7.]

TRUE AND FALSE GIVING.

Acts 4. 32 to 5. 11. Memory verses, 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. True Giving, v. 32-37.
2. False Giving, v. 1-11.

THE LESSON STORY.

There were about eight thousand people now who believed in Jesus. Three thousand were converted on the day of Pentecost, and five thousand after Peter preached in the temple. This great Church lived very happily. The rich sold their property and gave their money to help the poor, and God smiled upon them and blessed them.

A rich man named Barnabas sold his land and brought the money to the apostles. He was a good man, and was glad to bring all he had to the Lord. But the new believers were not all so true and good as this man.

A rich man named Ananias thought he would sell some land and give the money. But he did not want to give it all. So he talked with his wife, Sapphira, and they agreed to keep back a part of the price while pretending to give all. To pretend is to lie, and God gave Peter the power to see the heart of Ananias. He told him that Satan had filled his heart with falsehood, and that he was lying to God, and not to men. When Ananias heard this he fell down and died, and was carried away to be buried. Soon after Sapphira came, and when Peter asked her the price of the land she told the same falsehood that Ananias did, and she too fell down and died. These things made the new Church fear to deceive God and man.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read about happy believers in Jesus. Acts 4. 32-37.
- Tues. Read the sad story of Ananias. Acts 5. 1-11.
- Wed. Find what other disciple was tempted of Satan. Luke 22. 3.
- Thur. Learn why it is foolish to tell a lie. Psalm 139. 4.
- Fri. Learn what is the root of evil. 1 Tim. 6. 10.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Learn a verse about truth. Psalm 51. 6.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

How many believers were there now? How did these Christians live? How did they show that they loved one another? What did Barnabas do? Were all the new believers good people? What did some still have? Proud, foolish hearts. What did Ananias think he would do? What shows that he did it to be praised? What did both Ananias and Sapphira forget? That God sees all hearts. What power was given to Peter? What did he tell to Ananias? What happened then? Who came to Peter soon after? Did she know that Ananias was dead? What did she tell Peter? What happened to her? What did God want to teach the young Church? To be true.

NEVER FORGET—

That "Thou God seest me."  
That to pretend is to be untrue.  
That a lie kills something in the soul.

DON'T BE CROSS.

Now, little ones, I will tell you something that perhaps you do not know. Crossness is a habit. Are you surprised at that? Harry comes in and flings down his hat, and accidentally hits you. Before you stop to find out whether he meant it or not, you say "Stop that, you horrid boy" Perhaps your toast is a little scorched in one corner; but before you look you say: "This toast is burnt; I can't eat such stuff as that." Mamie comes in singing, and you scowl and say "I wish you'd stop that horrid noise." You didn't think, I know. Now do try to form a habit of being pleasant.

## WORK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE Lord hath work for little hands,  
 For they may do his wise commands;  
 And he marks out for little feet  
 A narrow pathway straight and sweet.  
 One little face may fill with light  
 A heart and home as dark as night;  
 And there are words for little eyes  
 To make them earnest, true, and wise.  
 One little voice may lead above,  
 By singing songs of Jesus' love.  
 One little heart may be the place  
 Where God shall manifest his grace.  
 Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring  
 To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.

## DOING UNTO OTHERS.

"WHAT a funny old umbrella ' and big enough for a soldier's tent. I say, Marjory, did it come out of the ark?"  
 "Now it was rather a large umbrella for so small a girl, and Marjory did look funny walking along with it in her hand, for the top of the handle reached to her shoulder; but no one knew or felt that fact more keenly than Marjory herself, and it was very rude of Harold to speak in such a way. But then I suppose that Harold must have forgotten that a brave, manly boy is always polite to girls. He had hurt Marjory's feelings, and, what was far worse, had roused the temper with which the little girl had so many hard struggles.

"We've just moved, and everything is tumbled about, and this is the only one we could find. It was grandpapa's long ago, and you're the unpolitest boy in the world, and I'm not going to speak to you any more forever; so there, Harold Gray." And then angry little Marjory ran off to school as fast as the big umbrella would let her; and naughty Harold only laughed.

But he didn't laugh that afternoon when, on going to the door to go home from school, he found the rain pouring down. Not a light rain, but "enough to wet a fellow through in three minutes," thought Harold dolefully; for he had brought no umbrella. Marjory saw him standing there as she gathered up her books, and said to herself that "it served him just exactly right for making fun." Marjory was the only one who lived anywhere near Harold; there would be no one else to offer him an umbrella, and she wouldn't. Oh, no indeed!

"Marjory, Marjory," something seemed saying in her ear, "What about that 'doing unto others' text that you learned this morning? See! he is just going to

start." But only one foot was over the door sill, when Harold heard a voice beside him saying, "Come home under my umbrella, there's plenty of room for both."

"I say, Marjory," said Harold, as they trudged away with bent heads, each giving the other a hand to steady the great umbrella, "I'm awfully sorry that I laughed at you, and I think you're just the forgivingest girl I ever saw. I'm going to give you a ride on my sled the first time it snows."

## A HEART OF PRAISE.

WHEN Charlie was four years old his mamma took him to church one day. The minister prayed a long time—too long, Charlie thought, for he stood up and said out so loud that all could hear, "Now let's stop and sing 'Beulah Land.'"

Charlie wanted to praise more and pray less, but he ought not to have talked in prayer-time.



THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

## THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

THIS little man thought he would just like to have a poke at the nest under the roof of the verandah, where he had so often watched the bees flying in and out; so he placed a stool straight underneath the nest, took a stick in his hand, and thrust it into the home of the harmless little insects that made him such delicious honey for breakfast. The stick broke, the nest tumbled down and the angry bees flew out to attack their thoughtless enemy. Here in the picture, we see him reaping his just reward. The nest with the broken stick in it, lies on the ground, and the furious little insects are stinging him all over his poor little bare legs and face and hands. The mischievous youngster will be laid up for several days with the swellings caused by the stings, and will thus learn a lesson that could have been taught him in no better way.

To pity distress is human; to relieve it is God-like.

## SOME OF MY PETS.

WHEN I was a little girl, I had no brothers or sisters, big or little, so my parents allowed me to keep all kinds of pets. The sizes varied from the little dormouse to a big retriever dog, and the colours from snowy white to jet black. I had at the time of which I am telling you, two dogs; one a small rough Skye-terrier, named Rose, the other a large black retriever, called Dinah. These two were firm friends. I remember little Rose had a present of a fine new collar. This collar was always coming off, and we could never make out how Rose managed it. One fine day, however, we watched Rose trot up to her big friend, evidently saying something in dog-language, for in a few minutes Dinah was carefully pulling off the terrier's collar. Dinah herself would never wear a collar, and always used to bury it. She used to hide her biscuits also; I suppose that she might have them when she felt more hungry. We watched her one day. She ate half her dinner, and set about storing up the other half. First of all she looked around to see if any one was watching her,—no, she could see no one,—she took up the biscuit, went on to the path, and trotted round the garden with it about a dozen times. She never left the path, but went on right in the middle. Presently she stopped, looked round, then commenced scratching a hole, stopping every now and then to look round. When the hole was deep enough she dropped the biscuit in, covered it up, and went to her kennel. She would never do it if she knew that any of us were looking at her.

She was always ready to help her friends. We used to keep a few fowls, and at one time had two cocks together. These used to fight so fearfully that we had to separate them at night—one was shut up in the fowl-house, the other slept on, and sometimes, I believe, in Dinah's kennel. Dinah and this cock became firm friends. During the day when the fowls were let out the cocks commenced fighting. Immediately Dinah saw them she would run up, strike her heavy paw between them, and leaving her cock alone, would chase the other round and round the garden. A funny thing happened once about our fowls. One fine summer's day we could not find some of them, but on going upstairs we found them carefully walking—no, jumping, I mean—up the stairs!

Four-footed and feathered pets are always interesting, though they are not nearly so nice as brothers and sisters.

## A LITTLE LIE.

A LIE is a little thing. Boys, you have told a lie, just one single word which is not true. But let us see what else you have done. First, you have broken the law of God. Second, you will have to tell many more to maintain that one. Third, you lose the love and friendship of school-mates.