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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

[No. 23.]

THE LITTLE DRESS-MAKER.

With needle in hand, and workbox and scissors close by, this little housewife is making ready to mend the dresses of her different dolls. One doll is on her lap and probably needs looking after more than the others, or perhaps she is the favourite child of this little mother, and so comes in first for the necessary operation of trying on her new dress.

On the floor we can see two more dolls waiting to be attended to; one a boy and the other a little girl. They, too, will get attended to in their turn, and when all the sewing and cutting are over the little family will look as neat and well-dressed as any other family ever did or ever will. So many little girls let their dolls go to rack and ruin, dressing them badly and never cleaning them, that we are sure this little woman will develop as she grows up into a most useful and energetic woman.



THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

ROBBIE AND CARLO.

Robbie and Nell live at the sea-shore. One day they were playing in an old boat on the beach. Carlo, the faithful dog who went everywhere with them to take care of them, was lying on the sand near by. Robbie had an odd-shaped piece of wood which the waves had washed ashore.

"I'm going to make Carlo think that this is something good to eat," he said, "and then when I throw it down and he sees it is nothing but a piece of wood, he'll look so queer."

Carlo, hearing his name, looked up eagerly.

"No, don't," said Nell. "It would be a shame to cheat the poor old fellow that

way. How would you like it if mamma should say, 'Robbie, here's a nice piece of cake for you,' and when you went to get it you'd find it was an old lump of wood?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Robbie. "But mamma wouldn't do it."

"All the same," said Nell, "you shouldn't do to Carlo what you wouldn't like somebody to do to you?"

Robbie played with the wood a few minutes while he was thinking. Then he said, "Well, it would be too bad to cheat

Carlo. I won't do it." So he just leaned over the edge of the boat and said, "Poor old Carlo! Nice old dog!"

Carlo answered him with a loving look and by flapping his tail very hard on the sand. Then with a great sigh of content he put his head down again, and went to sleep.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

"ME TENTH DIME."

Here is an example of intelligent giving to the Lord which might well be emulated by many whose tenth is more than a dime:

"Have your shoes shined?" sang out a small boy near the Union Station, among a group of people just from the train. A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating; for he had not much more money in his pocket than he had blacking on his shoes; but to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was completed, the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity; for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. As he was pulling himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar, who sat behind the railroad fence, and drop a dime into his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that was me tenth dime terday; an' me teacher at Sunday-school told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord—see?—an' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord; so I gave it to him. See?"

LITTLE PHIL'S CURE.

It had been weeks and months since little Phil had had scarlet fever, but he had never been able to walk a step since. The bones and muscles were there as before, but they might as well have been on some other boy's legs, for all the use they were to Phil.

But the sickest thing about Phil now was his temper; he had been petted and waited on and had everything his own way so long, that he was now a very much spoiled boy.

"I want to see the boys skate on the pond," said Phil one snowy day.

"Never mind," said his mother; "when it stops snowing and the sun shines I will take you down to the pond."

"Want to go now—want to go now," whined Phil; and he cried and fretted until his mother said she would take him. Of course if he had been well he would have been punished until he learned that he must do cheerfully what mother said. But oh, it seemed hard to punish a little pale-faced fellow who could not even walk across the floor.

So the kind mother put on her wraps and his, and, putting Phil on his sled, set out with him in the soft falling snow-flakes.

"Oh, look, mother! there's a lame boy," cried Phil, with sudden interest.

A boy much older than Phil, but pale and slight, was cautiously hopping along through the snow, carrying a tin bucket swung to the arm of one of his crutches.

"Are you going to see the boys skate too?" asked the little boy on the sled.

"No, indeed," answered the other; "I'm taking daddy his dinner. Daddy he's cutting ice down below the pond, and mammy can't leave the house, cause the childer might catch fire"

"I'm lame too," said little Phil sadly, "but I can't walk or do anything."

"I couldn't walk for a long time, nuther," answered the older boy, "but mammy said I made 'em all feel fust-rate by laughing and whistling and cracking jokes all the time. You can do that too, I reckon."

"Won't you come and see my little boy sometimes?" said Phil's mother; and the boy on crutches promised to come. The big city doctor says Phil's ankles are getting stronger, and that he will be able to walk; but his mother says lame Tom has been his best doctor, because he has taught him to be brave and patient in spite of being lame.

FOR GINGER-BREAD OR FOR MISSIONS.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was for many years a missionary in Turkey, tells about a contribution he made for missions when he was a little boy. His mother offered read to him about heathen lands and the missionaries, and there was a missionary contribution-box in town, where the people placed their offerings. He says:

"When the fall muster came every boy

had some cents given him to spend. My mother gave me seven cents, saying, as she gave them: 'Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution-box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common.' So I began to think as I went along, shall I put in one, or shall it be two? Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for ginger-bread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way and said four cents shall go for the heathen. Then I thought, the boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. 'Hang it all,' I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary she broke down and said, 'I have always expected it.'"

"THE SWEETEST MOTHER."

Little Carl was helping mother
Carry home the lady's basket:
Chubby hands, of course were lifting
One great handle—can you ask it?
As he tugged away beside her,
Feeling, oh, so brave and strong!
Little Carl was softly singing
To himself a little song.

"Some time I'll be tall as father,
Though I think it's very funny;
And I'll work and build big houses,
And give mother all the money.
For," and little Carl stopped singing,
Feeling, oh, so strong and grand!
"I have got the sweetest mother
You can find in all the land."

"I DON'T CARE."

"I am sorry to see my son give way to anger," said a patient mother.

"I don't care," replied the passionate child.

"You will become an ignorant man unless you study better," said his faithful teacher a little later.

"I don't care," he muttered under his breath.

"Those boys are not the right sort of companions for you," said his pastor.

"I don't care," he answered, turning on his heel.

"It is dangerous to taste wine," said his friend warningly.

"I don't care," was still his reply.

A few years after he was a worthless drunkard, plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable life of crime, without hope. "I don't care" was his ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands. Look out for it, boys and girls. Keep away from it. Don't let it find a place in your heart, or pass your lips. Always care. Care to do right and care when you have done wrong.

Pray earnestly that you may never lose your soul from a reckless spirit of "I don't care."

TWO PENNIES.

[BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two beautiful shining pennies,
Bright and yellow and now!
Don't tell me about the heathen;
I want them myself, I do.

I want a top and some marbles,
A sword, and a gun that shoots;
A candy cane and a trumpet,
A knife, and a pair of boots.

But then, what if I were a heathen,
With no precious Bible to tell
The story of Jesus, our Saviour,
Who loved little children so well!

For Jesus, you know, may be asking
This question of you and me;
"Did you carry my love to your brothers
And sisters 'way over the sea?"

I guess you may send my pennies:
Perhaps in some way they will grow;
For little brooks grow to be rivers,
And pennies make dollars, you know.

I'm not very wise, but there's one thing,
I think, must be certainly true:
If little boys ought to give pennies,
Big men should give dollars, don't you?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 21.]

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.

Eph. 6. 10-20. Memory verses, 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power
of his might.—Eph. 6 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian's Foe, v. 10-12.
2. The Christian's Armour, v. 13-18.
3. The Christian's Duty, v. 19, 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul wrote a letter to the Christians at Ephesus while he was in Rome. How happy they must have been to receive a letter from their dear friend teaching them how to grow more and more like Christ! Christians have a great enemy, Satan. They have a great captain, Jesus; and so Paul speaks to them as soldiers, and tells them some rules of war. All that he says to them he says to us, and we must remember that it is God who speaks through Paul to us.

A good soldier must be "strong in the Lord," and therefore he must take all the grace the Lord has for him. Paul says, "Put on the whole armour of God." We need the "whole armour" because we have such a strong, cunning enemy, and he will

surely conquer us if we are not well armed. Paul names the pieces of armour we must wear, the girdle, the breastplate, the shoes, the shield, the helmet, and the sword. The girdle is Truth, and the breastplate Righteousness, not ours, but Christ's. The shoes are Peace, and the shield Faith. The helmet is Hope, and the sword is the Word of God. All this armour is ready for us if we will put it on.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Eph. 6. 10-20.
Tues. What is the armour called? Rom. 13. 12.
Wed. Find how we may speak well of Jesus. 2 Cor. 6 6-8.
Thur. Learn something good about our shield. 1 John 5. 4.
Fri. Learn something about our sword. Hob. 4. 12.
Sat. Learn why we need to wear this armour. Golden Text.
Sun. Learn Hymn 581 in the Methodist Hymnal.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

To whom was this letter written? By whom? Why did Paul write it? Who is our great enemy? Who is our great Captain? Why are Christians like soldiers? Why do we need an armour? Who has provided an armour for us? What are the pieces of armour which Paul names? What does the girdle stand for? What is the breastplate? How must the Christian soldier be shod? What is the shield he carries? What kind of a helmet does he wear? What is his sword? What have we to do with this armour? Put it on and wear it.

WHAT A LITTLE SOLDIER CAN DO.

Fight for King Jesus.
Carry the banner of a good life.
Show his colours everywhere.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 28.]

SALUTARY WARNINGS.

1 Peter 4. 1-8. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.—1 Peter 4. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Past, v. 1-4.
2. The Future, v. 5, 6.
3. The Present, v. 7, 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was not the only apostle who wrote letters to Christians. Peter wrote two letters which are in the Bible. Our lesson is taken from one of these. It was written to strangers scattered abroad in different countries. These strangers were mostly Jews, and they were poor and in trouble. It is very likely that Peter had been among them and taught them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But they needed to be taught many things still, for though they

were Jews and had learned about Jesus, yet they lived among heathen people and were in danger of being led into the sin that was all about them.

Jesus, our Saviour, had a human body, as we have, and suffered many temptations, as we do, yet he did not sin. If we keep from sin we shall need to have his mind—a mind to deny ourselves, to turn away from many things which promise pleasure, and to refuse to follow those who are not leading good lives. We shall have to answer to God for all the good teaching we have had, and so we should lead sober lives, watching against sin, and praying God to keep us from it. More than all else, we must love one another earnestly, for love covers many sins.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. 1 Peter 4. 1-8.
Tues. Learn why Christ died for us. 2 Cor. 5. 15.
Wed. Learn a good thing for a Christian to know. 2 Cor. 5. 17.
Thur. Learn what mind we may have. Phil. 2. 5.
Fri. Find that Christ had a lowly mind. John 13. 3-15.
Sat. Find who cannot enter heaven. 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10.
Sun. Learn what we all need to do. Golden Text.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What apostle besides Paul wrote letters to Christians? How many of his letters are in the Bible? To whom was this one written? Who were these "strangers"? Where were they? 1 Peter 1. 1. What had Peter probably taught them? Why did they still need to be taught? Were they in greater danger than we are? Who suffered temptations for our sakes? What do we need to resist temptations? The mind of Christ. What will this mind lead us to do? Why should we be sober and watchful? What covers many sins? Where may we get love?

I MAY HAVE—

The mind of Christ,
The sober, watching spirit,
The mantle of love,
If I want them.

TWO TO SEE.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes, there was: I was there to see myself, and I don't mean ever to see myself do such things." I looked at the boy who made this noble answer. He was poorly clad, but he had a noble face; and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God: one accuses, and the other judges. How, then, can we ever escape from the consequences of our sins? We have a friend in Jesus Christ, who says: "Trust in me, and I will plead for you and befriend you." Will you not prize such a friend?

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BATHE.

Sombody shook and shivered,
Sombody sobbed and cried,
While the Sponge and the Soap stood
waiting,
The nursery bath beside.

Why should she wash this morning?
Each day she said the same,
And nurse, who was tired of the crying,
Quite vexed with her became.

Never a bit of washing
Sombody got that day,
And the evening fell, and her father came
To have a game of play.

Black was her face—he could not
Its grimy surface kiss;
At washings she never has grumbled,
From that sad day to this.



SAVED FROM DROWNING.

SAVED FROM DROWNING

Little Tommy Perkins, with some more of the boys at school, went out one day at noon upon the newly-formed ice. When two or three of them got close together the ice broke through, and little Tommy was immersed in the cold water. His big brother Jack, who was playing not far off, saw his danger and rushed with a couple of oars from the boat-house to his help. Little Tommy was none the worse for his adventure, but was very thankful for his timely rescue.

The time is approaching when the boys and girls will be playing on the ice. They should be particularly careful not to venture on it till some older and heavier person has tried it to see whether it will bear or not. If they do not they might incur the same danger as did little Tom, without the same providential rescue.

To be a real gentleman, not a sham, you must be gentle and courteous and kind to the folks at home. Coarseness and rudeness are as bad at home as before company."

SALLY, THE PEACEMAKER.

Sally was a big black cat. She belonged to the butcher who kept a shop in the middle of the village. At one end of the village street lived a barber who owned a pointer dog, and at the other end a grocer who had a dog known as a setter.

One day these two men met at the butcher's, and their dogs met also. The latter began to scrape acquaintance, dog fashion. This did not prove mutually agreeable. One snapped, and then the other snapped; and directly there was a dog-fight, with the usual barks and yelps. The hubbub brought the boys and men, who came running up from all directions to see the "fun," as they called it. The owners of the dogs, instead of pulling them apart in a decent manner, began to set them on, and to bet which would beat.

Meanwhile Sally was lying on a box in front of the store, basking in the sunshine,

would most likely have gone in and got a drink, and talked the matter over, and perhaps have gone to fighting about it themselves. As it was, they bought their meat, and folk wed their dogs home peacefully, wiser, and, we hope, better men for the lesson taught them by Sally, the peacemaker.

LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BYE.

Little Mr. By-and-bye,
You will mark him by his cry
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play,
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-bye,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As you're no doubt well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-bye
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go;
Like his sister—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-bye.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

A little Irish boy, who loved the Lord Jesus very much, was deeply interested in the spread of the Gospel. Perhaps his greatest joy was in listening to the stories about the heathen, told by missionaries when home on a visit. His father sometimes had a missionary staying at his house, and then Harry's happiness was complete. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that very early in life he resolved when he grew up to be himself a missionary. This desire greatly pleased his father, and both of them asked the Saviour to prepare and send him forth as his ambassador to the heathen. But the Lord did not answer this prayer in the manner expected. Instead of growing up to manhood, a sore sickness came before he was quite nine, and Harry was taken home to be with Jesus. It is not easy to explain, in such a case, why the Lord's love should so show itself. But yet we cannot but believe that the answer was wiser and fuller of grace than if Harry had been spared to grow up and realize his praiseworthy desire; for the Lord never makes a mistake, and always takes the best way to further what lies so near his heart, the salvation of the whole world.

Before Harry died, he asked his father to write upon his tombstone the words below, that they might speak for him when he was away. So to-day, over a little grave in a quiet cemetery in Ireland, not a few have been deeply touched by the record of his ardently cherished desire:

"I want to be a missionary; but if I die before I can be, I would like my wish written on my tombstone, that someone, hearing of it, may go instead of me.—Harry."

and she pricked up her ears as cats do when dogs come around. She had too much dignity to run, but she plainly disapproved of the dog-fight. Perhaps she thought that she would give those men and boys a good lesson. At all events, she did so in good style. She leaped into the middle of the fight, and clawed and spit and cuffed first one dog and then the other, until they stopped fighting and stared at her; then, quick as a flash, she turned on the pointer so fiercely, and polished him off so completely, that he turned tail and cleared for home, never once looking back to see what was after him.

But Sally did not follow. She turned at once upon the setter, who stood looking on in sheer surprise; and he, having seen what she did to the pointer, took to his heels, and made a straight track to his own end of the village. Then Sally reduced the size of her tail, and took down the arch of her back, and deliberately returned to the box and lay down again in the sunshine.

The men and boys were thoroughly disgusted. If it had been a saloon instead of a butcher's shop where they met, they