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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1909.

No. 16.

GRACIE'S PETS.

"Cluck, cluck: I wish you would let my little ducklings go."

This is what the old mother hen is trying to tell Gracie. But Gracie loves to hold the soft, downy creatures in her arms, and the ducklings do not object: indeed they seem to be perfectly at home where they are. And the other ducklings are not one bit afraid, but stay around her feet, picking up crumbs Gracie has brought for them.

The old mother hen cannot understand why Gracie wants to hold the little ducks in her arms. She is satisfied if they have enough to eat and drink and a comfortable place in which to sleep. She never thinks of petting them. Gracie pets little ducks because she loves them; and they love her in return, just as any animal will, if it is treated kindly.

Last year a gentleman came from England to

this country, and visited a number of the largest cities for the purpose of organizing among the school children Bands of Mercy.



GRACIE'S PETS.

a member each one pledged himself to be kind to every living creature, and to protect them as far as possible from cruel usage. The Bands held meetings once a month and the members told of all they had been able to do to help the cause during that time. In one of these meetings a little girl named Florence told of a bird she had found in the street. She said that it was almost dead, but she took it home and gave it some water. Then after keeping it in the house until it had revived, she carried it to the door and let it fly away. A little boy told how he rescued a little kitten from a crowd of rough boys, who were tormenting it.

It was interesting to listen to their stories, and we were glad to see a band of children all of whom loved to be kind to animals.

But it is not necessary to join a band of Mercy in order to be kind. I hope

The Chicago children joined heartily in the movement, and a number of these bands were formed. In order to become the readers of HAPPY DAYS have learned of the better way. If the love of Jesus is in your heart, you will always be kind to

everybody, and will love and protect dumb animals as well.

Hundreds of years ago there lived a little boy who used to amuse himself by catching flies and penning them up; he became a cruel man, and caused the death of many innocent people.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1899.

ONE OLD WOMAN'S WORK.

The story is told of how, some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals, who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps, she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbours, on the smoothest spots.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention; but after a little, they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed, too, and set to work levelling the hill and reopening the pavement. All this made teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life.

So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overworked horses from falling, but made every animal in the

city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

SILK CULTURE.

How few people, as they finger the soft silks, the lustrous satins and the exquisite velvets in their daily shopping tours, think of the millions of tiny creatures whose lives were given to gratify their love for the beautiful.

"Ugh, a horrid worm!" a certain dainty lady says as she hastily brushes from her silken gown a crawling bit of life that has ventured too near.

"Come with me," one says to her, "and see what a horrid worm can do," and together we wend our way under the low hanging branches of the mulberry trees to a small building near by. We enter and find ourselves in a small, but cheerful room which is dignified by the name of "The Cocoonery." On all sides are trays and shelves holding an army of large, grayish white worms that pay no attention to us whatever, but continue to eat voraciously of the leaves that are spread about on the trays, making a noise like the pattering of rain upon the roof. These are silkworms.

The silkworm is the caterpillar of the silkworm moth, and a native of China and India, but is now raised in many parts of the world. In China silkworms are sometimes raised on the mulberry trees in the open air, but usually a special house or room is set apart for them. The eggs of the silkworm moth, which are no larger than the head of a pin, are laid in the latter part of the summer, and kept in a cool place until the following spring. As soon as the leaves of the osage orange or mulberry tree appear, the eggs are brought into a warm room, and in a few days the worms are hatched and ready for their food. They are then placed upon trays covered with mosquito netting, with plenty of tender mulberry leaves, when they at once begin eating and never appear to rest, except at the moulting season, until spinning time. Every two or three hours another netting with fresh leaves is placed over them, when they will immediately leave the old food and crawl up through the netting to the new food. In two weeks they will have grown so large that paper with large perforations will be found necessary, and at the last, when they will be three inches long, frames with slats across are used. They are about thirty days in the caterpillar stage, during which they moult or cast their skin four times. At the end of the month they for the first time show a desire to leave their food and begin to crawl about, waving their heads to and fro. Twigs must be placed near by for them to spin upon, or cones of papers may be laid over them, when they will at once send out from the little spinnerets on each side of the mouth a fluid which hardens into silky threads. After attaching themselves by means of these threads to what-

ever is near them, they begin winding themselves up in a silken shroud until all one can see is a silky cocoon about the size of a pigeon's egg and something the shape of a peanut suspended from a twig. The spinning is accomplished in three days; and in eight days the cocoons are ready to gather. In a fortnight the silk moth will force its way out; but as this breaks and discolours the silk, it is necessary that the chrysalis be stifled, which is done by steam or exposure to great heat, the finest being reserved for laying; the others, after having the loose silk removed, are "reeled."

A very simple method is to throw them into warm water, which dissolves the gummy substance, uniting the threads. The threads are then made into hanks of raw silk, which has still to go through several processes before it is ready for the manufacturer.

"WHEN I'M A MAN."

"When I'm a man I'll let the world know I'm in it!"

Thus spoke a rosy-cheeked boy one day after reading the exploits of some noted general. I laughed from my seat by the window at the vain look and proud strut with which he accompanied these grand words. But my laugh soon died away, and sadness filled my heart as I thought that the boy might fulfil his own prophecy, and put his name into the mouth of the world without being either great, good or happy.

How so, sir? How? Why he may do some shocking deed, and be tried, executed, and have his crime and his name printed all over the world. In that case would not "his name be in the mouth of the world," and yet he himself be neither great, good, nor happy?

You see it, eh? I'm glad you do. Now, my ambitious boys, let me tell you that the best thing you can aim at is to be good men. If you can be great as well as good, all right; but you must make sure of the goodness. Great men are often greatly bad, as were Napoleon, Nelson, Alexander, and many others of their sort. Of course, being without goodness they were without happiness, for you may be sure of this fact, happiness never occupies a house which is not owned by goodness. Choose, therefore, first of all, to be a good man. Carry out your choice at once by asking God to give you

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace,
That truly feeds on Christ within,
And never makes a league with sin."

Get such souls as this, my dear boys and girls, and though the big world may never speak your names, the angels will, and God will write them on the golden roll with those of patriarchs, prophets, and saints, who, if not known for mighty deeds, were prized by him for noble qualities.

I know
But I
A spirit
It does
He tells
"She"
And I
And I
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A LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero whose face is brown with tan,
 But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;
 A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way—
 It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor, and sews for bread.
 "She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said:
 And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!—
 And he added: "'Cause I love her, I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear
 To the mother who has kept you, in long and loving care.
 Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can,
 To pay the debt you owe her, as does this little man.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VII. [Aug. 13.]

EZEKIEL'S GREAT VISION.

Ezek. 37. 1-14. Memory verses, 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will put my Spirit within you.—Ezek. 36. 27.

A LESSON TALK.

Are you ever helped to learn a lesson by looking at a picture? The Lord sometimes sent visions to his prophets, and you know a vision is a kind of picture which comes before the mind. Through these visions, or mind pictures, the Lord often taught his people wonderful lessons.

The prophet Ezekiel lived at a time when the people of Israel had gone far away from God. If you will read Ezekiel 20. 18-21 you will see how the Lord had tried to teach them the right way, and how rebellious they had been. God always has to punish sin, but still he loves and pities the sinner, and so he sent prophets to help them see their sin, and to encourage them by his promises of help if only they would turn from their wicked ways. Learn in Luke 15. 4-7 how God and the angels feel when a sinner comes home. If you had never heard of Jesus would you not be glad to hear that such a kingdom as his was coming? Read the promise of it in Ezekiel 37. 21-27, and remember that by David Christ is meant, who descended from David.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Ezekiel? A prophet of the Lord.
 What did the Lord send to him? A vision.
 What is a vision? A sight of something through the mind.
 What did Ezekiel see in a vision? A valley of dry bones.
 Who showed them to him? The Spirit of the Lord.
 What did the Spirit say to him? "Can these bones live?"
 What was the prophet told to do? To speak to the bones to live.
 What did Ezekiel do? He told them what God said.
 What happened then? The bones became living creatures.
 What did the vision of the bones mean? People living in sin.
 What is sin? Death.
 Who only can bring life out of death? The great God.

LESSON VIII. [Aug. 20.]

THE RIVER OF SALVATION.

Ezek. 47. 1-12. Memory verse, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

A LESSON TALK.

God gave this vision to Ezekiel to teach him (and us) something very precious. Perhaps we may not understand it all now, but we should at least try to learn all we can about it, for it is God's own holy word.

You will want to read the lesson verses first, and you must not be discouraged because they seem strange and blind to you. Study the questions carefully, and do not forget to ask God to help you to understand. After you have read the verses once you will see that you need to read them again. It would be a good thing if you would read them every day in the week. They would mean more to you each day. Try it. Dan. 2. 34, 35, shows how a stone grew larger and larger until it filled the whole earth! This was a vision too. Does it make you think of the waters growing deeper and deeper all the time, until at last they spread out into the great sea? Do you think this may mean the wonderful way in which the kingdom of God grows?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who had another vision? Ezekiel.
 How long before Christ did Ezekiel live? Five hundred years.
 What did God let him do? Teach lessons to his people.
 Were the lessons for them only? No, they were for us too.
 What is the lesson about? Water.
 What can water do? It can make clean.
 What did Ezekiel see in his vision? Water flowing from under a house.

What did he notice? That it grew deeper all the time.
 What did it become at last? A great river.
 What did the waters do to all they touched? Made alive.
 What is this like? The waters of salvation.
 Who will give us the living water? Jesus, our Saviour.

DANNY'S GIFT.

"Hello! Danny, don't you want to sell that lamb? I'm needing a pretty, gentle, trained lamb for a city man who has a lame little girl, and yours would be just what's wanted. I'll give you five dollars; and that's more than you can get at the butcher's."

"Sell my lamb! I guess not!" answered Danny, indignantly.

"You might, now, seeing as it is wanted for a little girl that can't run around as you can. 'Tisn't as if I was asking you to sell it for somebody to kill and eat it. You know it'll be well taken care of."

Danny put his arms around his pet, and said, defiantly. "There's no use asking. Nobody can make me sell my lamb."

The next day was Sunday, and Danny went to church as usual. But up there in the pulpit was a stranger, instead of his own dear pastor.

The stranger proved to be a missionary. He told a story that made Danny's heart beat loudly, and that made him wink very hard to keep back the tears. The missionary ended by an earnest appeal for money to help carry the good news of Jesus' love to the poor people among whom he had lived so many years.

"I wish I had something to give," thought Danny to himself. Suddenly a remembrance came that made him gasp and shut his teeth hard together. He had his lamb.

The next morning Danny went to the man who had wanted to buy the lamb and said: "Mr. Brown, if you haven't found a lamb to suit you I'll let you have mine. Give me the money, quick, please, and take Nanny."

In a few moments Danny was at his pastor's house with five dollars for the missionary.

When the good man heard the story, he declared that this was among the most precious gifts he had ever received.

ABOUT FAITH.

I heard a young lady trying to teach a very little boy geography, the other day. She said, "How do you know the world is round?"

"Oh, because I've been told so."
 "But how do you know you have been told right?"

"My Aunt Maggie told me, and she always tells the truth."

This is just the way we know anything about heaven, or the way to get there. We have been told so. God has told us, and he always tells the truth.



A METEOR SHOWER.

FALLING STARS.

To see a star fall is quite a common sight, especially in the month of August, when we have counted as many as twenty stars falling in a single hour. Meteoric displays like the one shown in the picture, however, are very rare. It seems to the people living in the little town that the end of the world has come, and that the heavens are falling. Some are on their knees praying, others are too terrified to know what they are doing, children are clinging to their mothers, while a few good, fearless people are enjoying the grand and wonderful spectacle.

A METEOR SHOWER.

One of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen in the night skies of certain months is a so-called meteor shower. It is a common enough thing to see an occasional falling star shoot across the sky like a flash, leaving a long trail of glory behind it. But when these are seen chasing one another through the darkness by

sufficient heat generated to cause the fragment to ignite. A brilliant flame and all is over: while the burnt-up ashes fall very slowly to the earth. The weight of the earth is thus said to be increased several tons every year by the meteoric dust which falls in this way on the tops of high mountains. This dust may often be noticed and picked up in small quantities, and in the ocean a sufficient deposit has fallen and sunk to the bottom in the past ages of the world's history to form a distinct geological formation.

A LITTLE CHINESE HERO.

Dr. Griffith John, one of the best known missionaries in China, sends to a mission band of children the following story from Hankow:

"It is the story of a brave boy—a Chinese boy, of course. A little boy who had been to a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relatives were very angry because of this, and were determined to force

the hundred and even by the thousand it is a very different sight; a grander and more beautiful display of light it is difficult to imagine, except perhaps the terrible red flames that leap out of a volcano and seem to set the sky on fire. The explanation of these falling stars is interesting. The scientists tell us that space is full of pieces of broken-up worlds or of the solid matter which will one day be brought together, and formed perhaps into a new planet. When one of these pieces in its headlong course through space comes into contact with the heavy atmosphere like that round our earth there is at once a very great amount of friction caused. Indeed the pace is so terrific that there is

him to worship them by beating him. But it was of no use; he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused.

"At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. 'Throw me,' he said, 'if you like; but I will never worship wood or stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only.' They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was: 'You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols; I only prayed to Jesus.' A brave little boy that! May you all be as brave. Such bravery will make you a great power for good."

"HELPING HANDS."

Little Eliza was grandmother's helper. When grandmother's hands had grown tired and forgot to waken in the morning, Eliza would tie her shoes, fasten her collar and get her cap and glasses for her. At night when grandmother went to bed, it was often little Eliza that would pull off her shoes and help her undress. When any extra fruit or dainty was on the table, this little sunbeam girl might be heard saying, "Where is grandmother's share?" A glass of water brought for papa, an errand done for mother, some little kindness for sister or brother, a kiss given to auntie by this blue-eyed girl, made her a dearly-loved pet in her home. Her hands, though she was only five years old, were "helping hands." What kind of hands have you?

THE HUMMING OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.

Every one has doubtless noticed the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires. It may have been supposed that it was caused by the action of the wind on the wires. But this is not true. The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and, according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both in the wires and the poles. Birds have mistaken this humming for the sound of insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside, as they do upon trees. A bear once mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees, and tore away the stones at the base of the pole in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.