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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899.

[No. 9.]

IN THE NURSERY.

Dolly is having a bath, but we hope her little nurses 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 readers, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.



IN THE NURSERY.

HOW BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

Baby Fay was eighteen months old. She did not walk or even stand alone. She seemed to think her little pink feet were two pretty playthings. She cooed over them and patted her cunning blue boots. She did not even try to use them.

She did not seem to know why feet were given to her.

"I am afraid her feet are too small," sighed grandma.

"Will she be a cripple, mamma?" asked sister Lou, sadly.

"Oh, no; she will walk when her limbs are strong," answered mamma, hopefully.

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said, "Poor little Willie lies here. We are too poor to buy a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.

Old Rover, the house-dog, came into the nursery. He often came into the nursery, and was always welcome there.

He walked up to Baby Fay, and looked into her face with his big brown eyes. He seemed to say, "It's too bad this dear baby cannot walk. I will try to teach her."

He touched her soft cheek with his cold nose. Baby crowed and clutched his long hair with her fat fingers. She pulled herself up on to both tiny feet. How proud and pleased she was.

Then Rover took a step forward. Baby stepped too, clasping his neck with both little arms. Rover now took four steps, and baby toddled along beside him. Then Rover thought the baby must be tired. He lay down slowly so that she should not fall. After this, Rover gave baby a walking lesson every morning.

She soon learned to walk alone. Do you not think Rover was a kind, thoughtful dog?

SOWING THE SEED.

"Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould.

Sink in your grave, so wet and so cold,
There you must lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light come not nigh.

"What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!

What grief make known for loss of the day!

Sadly you'd speak,
'Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?'

"Have faith, little seed; soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain,

Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest; but as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand. He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy, who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's

sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-open rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."

UNCLE HAL'S STORY.

All the children were begging for a story. Uncle Hal had told so many tales that there was scarcely a new subject left.

"I will tell you a sad story about a cat," he said at last. "It was a kitten, and belonged to a little girl named Rose. Now this kitten was black, and had long fur; but during the winter it felt the cold, especially nights; so the kind cook used to leave the oven door open, and there it slept all night."

"On the oven door?" asked Charley seriously.

"O no; in the oven, the lower oven, where the wood was kept to dry. The fires were out, and with the door open the oven was just comfortably warm. Then in the early morning the cook would call the kitten out, and shut the door before she started the fire. One morning she came down and found the oven door shut. She was very busy, and did not even think of the kitten. Of course, if the door had been open, she would have remembered; but she started the fire, and a good hot fire it was. When Rose came down she ran into the kitchen and looked around eagerly. 'Where's kitty?' she asked. The cook dropped a pan. 'Goodness gracious!' she cried, and ran to the stove, which was nearly red-hot by that time. When she opened the oven door, and looked in, there she found that the poor, dear little kitten—"

"Was all burnt up!" cried May, with tears in her eyes.

"O Uncle Hal!" exclaimed Charlie.

"The poor little thing!" wailed Edna.

Uncle Hal looked gravely around the circle of sorrowful faces. "There she found that the poor, dear little kitten," he repeated slowly, "hadn't slept in the oven at all, for the door had been shut all night. She was out in the wood-shed in a basket of chips."

"O!" cried all the children in chorus; and then they laughed together, and Uncle Hal laughed with them.

POLLY PUTOFF.

Her real name was Polly Putman, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she possibly could.

"O, you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say; "you can depend on her putting off everything but

that is all you can depend on," and I am sorry to say that he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her father and mother intended to give her. She thought that a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the schoolhouse she saw the girls playing, and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town, "O, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school." After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother when Polly was studying her lesson that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother; "the man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"O mother!" cried Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting that letter, he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

A well-known Christian man once offered a prize for the best thought sent to him within a month. Here is the thought which won the prize: Men grumble because God puts thorns on roses. Would it not be better to thank God that he puts roses on thorns?

Surely that is a thought worth remembering. Sometimes as we pick the wild roses along the hedge, we prick our fingers, and then we forget all about the roses, and think only about the thorns. But the roses are there, just the same as before, and God meant us to enjoy them, despite the thorns, which he put simply to teach us to be careful and patient in picking the roses.

The largest clock in the world is in the tower of the city hall in Philadelphia.

THE BEST BEGINNING.

She was only one wee maiden,
But with willing heart and hand
She pursed her rosy lips and said,
"I'm going to be a Band."
Of course she asked her mother,
As any maiden would,
And got some help in drawing rules,
And "seeing if she could."

Then off she started down the lane,
This dainty missionary;
She had to talk, and talk, and talk,
For folks are "real contrary."
"D'you know about these heathen girls,
How every single one
Is shut up in a horrid house,
And can't have fun?"

"And nothing nice to eat at all—
Just like sour milk or tea
Without a scrap of sugar?
(I'm very glad 'tain't me.)
And then they're so afraid to die;
They don't know 'bout our Lord,
Who came to take us all to heaven
By trusting in his word.

"Don't you think we ought help them
Before we're grown up quite,
To save these little heathen girls
By sending them the light?"
She didn't have to go so far,
This little maiden wee,
Before she found another one
Who did with her agree.

So they 'lected Molly secretary,
And Ethel took the chair,
And though their minds were very hazy
As to what their duties were,
That day they made an iron rule
That each who joined must seek
One other member; then the Band
"Adjourned to meet next week."

And Molly brought Clarinda,
And Ethel found out Dan.
And him they made the president
Because he was a man.
Now it wasn't very long, be sure,
With such a stringent rule,
Before there really was a throng—
In fact 'twas all the school.

And they studied about the heathen,
Prayed for their souls so sad,
And they worked to gather pennies
To send the tidings glad.
They had exhibitions, concerts,
And all such things, you know,
For the bigger people all waked up
By the stirring going on below.

So, just one little maiden,
Who works with heart and hand,
Is the very best beginning
For the Missionary Band.

A little child in India said that she liked her teacher's religion better than hers. "Why?" asked her teacher. "I like your Jesus because he loves little girls," she said.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON VI. [May 7.]

THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

John 15. 1-11. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.—
John 15. 5.

A LESSON TALK.

In the East the cultivation of grapes is very common. There are whole fields of grape-vines, which are called vineyards. Perhaps you have seen a vineyard in our land. You will believe that many men are needed to take care of the tender vines. They must be trained just right, and the branches that do not bear fruit must be cut off. When this is done the branch dies. The men who care for the vines are called husbandmen. When Jesus spoke these words about the vine and the branches he knew that the disciples would understand what he meant. It was a picture lesson he gave them, and he meant it for us too.

You must never think that a child cannot bear fruit. Little branches often bear the sweetest fruit. The secret of fruit-bearing is found in the tenth verse. "If ye keep my commandments," Jesus said, "ye shall abide," and abiding, you shall bear fruit.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What does Jesus call himself in this lesson? The vine.

What does he call his disciples? The branches.

What are branches for? To bear fruit.
What kind of branches bear fruit? Living branches.

Why cannot a dead branch bear fruit? It has no life.

What fruit may a child bear? Love, peace, patience, goodness.

What child can bear such fruit? The child who abides in Jesus.

What is it to abide in Jesus? To love and obey him.

Who is pleased when we bear good fruit? Our Father in heaven.

What does he tell each one to do? To "continue" in his love.

How can we do this? By keeping his commandments.

What is a good prayer for us?

"Lord, we would abide in thee,
Little children though we be?
Make us branches of the Vine,
Always, only, truly thine.

LESSON VII. [May 14.]

CHRIST BETRAYED AND ARRESTED.

John 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT

He is despised and rejected of men.—
Isa. 53. 3.

A LESSON TALK.

It was a very long talk that Jesus had with his disciples that last night of his life on earth. Then how tenderly he prayed for them and for all who should believe on him through their word! We are among those who believe because the disciples went everywhere preaching Jesus, so this prayer is for us. Have you read it? It is in the seventeenth chapter of John. You remember that while they were still at the supper Judas went out to betray his Master. He told the wicked rulers where they would be likely to find Jesus, and he even led them to the garden, where he had so often gone with Jesus. This lesson shows us how great was the power of Jesus, and it shows, too, how great was his love, when he would not use this power to save his own life. Remember that the servant whose ear he restored was his enemy. Jesus came to teach us the beautiful lesson of love. Every day we live, we may show by our words and acts if we are trying to follow him in ways of loving-kindness and forgiveness. Are we, like Jesus, ready to love and bless our enemies.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go after supper? To the garden of Gethsemane.

Who went with him? The disciples.

Who came there hunting for him? A mob of wicked men.

Who showed them the way? Judas.

Who told Judas to betray his Master. Satan.

What did the priests give him? Thirty pieces of silver.

How much was that worth? Nearly twenty dollars.

What might Jesus have done? Killed all these wicked people.

What did he do? He let them take him and bind him.

Why did he do this? Because he came to die for us.

What can we give in return for such love? Give him our hearts.

What shall we do if we are tempted to deny Jesus? Ask him to help us.

THE TALKING FACE.

"I didn't say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her unamiable temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness.

We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things, and all should try to have them do so.

Never let a day pass without doing something for Jesus



FATHER'S RETURN.

Jack and Annie live by the sea. Their father goes away in his fishing boat and sometimes is away two or three days at a time. The children spend much of their time playing in the sand on the shore while their father is away, and they keep a sharp look-out for a sight of the *Merry Jane*, their father's boat. When the boat comes in it is such fun to tell father all that has happened while he was away, and there is so much to ask him about. The children are very happy when their father has had a successful sail and brings home a large quantity of fish. Then they are kept very busy; helping to get the nets ready for the next expedition. In our picture we see them hurrying home with their father and telling him how eagerly mother is watching for them at the little cottage a short distance away.

WHO COMES HERE?

Maggie and Madge have started for a walk together down the lane that leads from their house to the brook. But now they have met with a stranger in the path, and they hardly know whether to go forward or backward.

Madge stands stock-still looking at the new-comer, to see what he is like, but Maggie looks scared, and if Madge were not in front as a kind of protector, I think she would have run away by this time.

Yet this strange-looking object is only a harmless turtle, and it means to do no harm to these little girls. This is a land-turtle or tortoise, as it is often called. It is often kept as a pet, and perhaps some of my little readers have owned a pet turtle themselves.

Turtles are also found in the great ocean, and sometimes they are of enormous size. There is one kind of sea turtle that weighs over eight hundred pounds.

I suppose you have all seen the beautiful tortoise-shell that comes from one kind of land turtle, and is used for making combs and ornaments.

Little Maggie and Madge haven't learned anything about turtles as yet, but after they have reached home and

told papa and mamma about the queer-looking animal that was in their way, they will hear all about turtles, and learn what curious and wonderful creatures they are.

"JESS GOINGTO."

"Jess Goingto!" I hear some one say. "Why, who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like."

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends, but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good. It is said that you can always tell a person's character, even that of a child, by the company he or she keeps. Now Miss Jess Goingto may generally be found hand in hand with that very questionable character, Procrastination; and it is singular that when a boy or a girl is about to give way to the persuasions and temptations of old Procrastination he or she will very frequently assume the name as well as the disposition of this objectionable young lady.

"Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?"

"No, mother; but I'm Jess Goingto."

Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterwards.

"Fetch me that shovel of coal, Harry; the fire is getting very low."

"Yes, mother, I'm Jess Goingto."

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

"Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it; they are very dry."

"Yes, father; I'm Jess Goingto."

In the hot sunshine two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die. Peculiar, isn't it?

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Jess Goingto is the making of idle excuses.

"Here's a dreadful mess you have left from your fretwork, Herbert," says his mother. "Why didn't you clear it away when you were do?"

"I was Jess Goingto, mother; only Addie called me to look at something, and then I forgot."

"I don't believe you have given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you."

"No, mother; I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me, and I hadn't time."

Many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in the society of Miss Jess Goingto, and many tears does she cause them to shed. Having, then, been an eye-witness of so much evil that she has wrought, who can wonder that, though I have never seen Miss Jess Goingto, and my knowledge of her is only hearsay, my estimate of her character and influence is unfavourable in the extreme? I wish to avoid becoming personally acquainted with her, and I hope that she isn't a friend of yours.

LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the way;
Rays of light that brighten
Many a shadowed day.

Little acts of kindness
Soothe the tired heart,
Bringing joy and gladness,
Bidding care depart.

Little acts of kindness
Charm the darkest hours
Make a desert pathway
Bloom with lovely flowers.

Little acts of kindness
Angels work below;
None can tell their power
Or their sweetness know.

It is stated that a New York paper is to issue soon a perfumed Sunday supplement. By way of comment the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* says: "Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten a Sunday newspaper to a Christian." To this we say: "Amen!"

There are whole towns in Germany that do little else than make dolls for American children. They are mostly simple countryfolk. England's children spend nearly a million dollars annually for French and German dolls, and American children nearly double that.