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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1897.

[No. 12.



THE HAPPY FAMILY

SO BIG.

"I'm so big, mamma," and the little hand
Marked where her brown hand reached
against the wall,
"Don't hold me, mamma, I don't need your
arm
Around me; such a large girl cannot fall."

The twilight shadows gathered o'er the
hills,
A childish figure nestled close to me:
"I'm such a little girl," she pleading said,
"Please, mamma, take your baby on your
knee."

Flushed warm with youthful hope and
strength and pride,
"The world is ours to have and hold,"
we cry;
"We'll conquer it alone; no help we need;
Courage like ours fails not of victory."

But when the shadows of declining years
Over our pathway fall, we humbly pray,
"Dear Father, take us in thy sheltering
arms,
We are such children, put us not away."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1897.

THROW THE REINS TO CHRIST.

An interesting story is told of Professor
Drummond. He was staying with a lady
whose coachman had signed the pledge,
but afterwards gave way to drink again.
This lady said to the professor: "Now
this man will drive you to the station.
Say a word to him if you can. He is a
good man, and really wants to reform; but
he is weak."

While they were driving to the station,
the professor tried to think how he could
introduce the subject. Suddenly the
horses were frightened and tried to run
away. The driver held on to the reins,

and managed them well. The carriage
swayed about, and the professor expected
every moment to be upset, but after a
little the man got the better of the team,
and as he drew them up at the station,
streaming with perspiration, he exclaimed:
"That was a close shave, sir. Our trap
might have been smashed into matchwood,
and you wouldn't have given any more
addresses."

"Well," said Professor Drummond, "how
was it that it did not happen?"

"Why," was the reply, "because I knew
how to manage the horses."

"Now," said the professor, "look here,
my friend. I will give you a bit of advice.
Here's my train coming. I hear you have
been signing the pledge and breaking out
again. Now I want to give you a bit of
advice. Throw the reins of your life to
Jesus Christ." He jumped down and got
into the train.

The driver saw in a flash where he had
made the mistake, and from that day
ceased to try to live in his own strength.

UNDER THE STARS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said
his father, "don't it strike you so?"
Father and mother and Sam had been
sitting out on the grass, enjoying the cool
night breezes.

"Are you going up with me, farder?"
"Going up with you! Hallo, stranger,
who are you? I thought this was my big
boy, almost six years; but he goes to bed
by himself."

"I know, farder, but it's kind o' lone-
up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?"
asked mother, softly.

"'Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy
in surprise; "course I ain't 'fraid, cause
there ain't no rattlesnakes nor nothin' like
that livin' here, but I get lonesome."

"Well, you can just open the shutter,"
said father, "and then I'll holler good-
night to you."

"Papa," said Sam, "you aren't afraid
for your little boy to sleep by himself, are
you?"

"Not a bit."
"You wouldn't be afraid for him to
sleep out-of-doors, even?"

"Out-of-doors, hey?"
"God would be certain to take care of
me, even out-of-doors, wouldn't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."
"Well, then," said the little boy, tri-
umphantly, "I want to sleep out here in
the hammock to-night!"

"Oh, Sammy, you'd get scared in the
night," cried his mother.

"What would make me scared?" he
asked, innocently, "there wouldn't be any-
body out here but God and me."

They could not refuse to let him put his
Heavenly Father to the proof; he went up-
stairs and put on his little gown, said his
prayers, and came down hugging a pillow
in his short arms. Mamma wrapped him
up in a big shawl, and before he had been

in his swinging bed fifteen minutes the
little boy was asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit
like leaving their only little boy out under
the trees all night, but after watching his
quiet sleep for a long time, they went to
bed themselves. And all through the
night, first papa and then mamma would
steal to the window and look out at the lit-
tle dark bundle rolled up in the hammock.

Once several dogs tore through the yard,
growling and fighting; this brought the
father and mother both to the window, but
there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked
mother in the morning.

"Yes, I heard 'em," answered the little
man of faith, "but course I knew God
wasn't 'fraid of dogs!"

REST.

A mother was talking to her sick and
dying child, trying to soothe the suffering
one. First she told the little one of the
music in heaven that she would hear, of
the harps and songs of joy.

"But, mamma," spoke the feeble child,
"I am so sick; it would give me pain to
hear that music."

The mother, grieved at the failure of
her words to comfort her darling, next
told her of the river of life gushing from
the throne of God and of the lovely scenes
of the New Jerusalem. She talked at
length and finally paused.

"Mamma, I'm too sick," lisped the dying
child, "too tired, to like those pretty
things."

Deeply pained, the mother tenderly
lifted the child, and pressed it to her
bosom, and the little one said: "Mamma,
this is what I want—rest; and if Christ
will take me to his breast and let me rest,
then I would like to go to heaven now."

A LITTLE BOY'S DOINGS.

Perhaps the very first gospel seeds were
sown, in Corea, by a converted Chinese
lad who had learned in a mission school
at Ningpo to love the Saviour.

When he was about nine years old his
father took him with him on one of his
trading expeditions to the Korean capital.
While there the boy was stolen and
sold to the governor, who gave him to his
wife as a present. He became her page,
and would often try to tell her of the
Saviour he loved and trusted, but she
would not listen.

One day this woman's dear little baby
girl died. She felt very sorrowful and
lonely. Then she remembered the words
her little page had said about the love of
Jesus. She called the boy to her, and
asked him to tell her the story again.
Day by day did this little Christian lad
talk of the Saviour until his mistress came
to believe in and love Jesus.

See what the little Chinese boy could
do, and how he taught the rich and noble
lady to love Jesus, and then ask yourself,
"What can I do for my Saviour?"

HOW HE HELPED HIMSELF.

"Help yourself, help yourself, little boy. do;
Don't wait upon others to wait upon you."
Grandma was holding her afternoon chat, Knitting and rocking away as she sat.

"Look at the birds, how they build their own nest;
Watch the brown bees, always toiling their best;
Put your own hands to the plough, if you'd thrive;
Don't waste your minutes in wishing, but strive."
Up in her face looked a mischievous elf.
"Don't forget, darling," said she; "help yourself."

Afternoon shadows grew drowsy and deep, Grandma was tranquilly folded in sleep; Nothing was heard but the old farm-house clock,
Plodding along with its warning tick-tock.
Out from the pantry there came a loud crash;
Pussy jumped out from the hearth in a flash.
Back to her chair came this practical boy, Steeped to the ears in jam, custard, and soy.
Frightened, he cried: "Please, I've upset the shelf;
Grandma, I minded; I did help myself."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII. [June 20.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Rom. 14. 10-21. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Rom. 14. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. Living to God, v. 10-12.
2. Living in Love, v. 13-18.
3. Living for Others, v. 19-21.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul wrote a letter to the Christians in Rome to teach them many things they needed to know. We need to learn these same lessons. One that is given us to-day teaches us to watch that we do right ourselves, instead of watching others to find faults in them.

Christ is our Judge, and we shall all stand before him one day to give an account of ourselves and not of others. So, our business is not to judge other people, but to see that we do not put a stumbling-block in the way of another. The Jews thought that the eating of cer-

tain kinds of meat was wrong. Paul did not think as they did, yet if he found people who were grieved at his eating these meats he would not do it. There are many people who can drink wine and not be harmed. But if their example leads others to drink it who will be harmed, then if there is love in their hearts they will not do it. Because we are strong we must not despise those who are weak. Christ died for the weak, and if we are trying to be like Christ we will deny ourselves, so that we may help the weak. By such self-denial we serve Christ, and God is pleased with us.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read what Paul said about love. Rom. 13. 8-10.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. Rom. 14. 10-21.
- Wed. Learn the better way for us. Golden Text.
- Thur. Read about the "more excellent way." 1 Cor. 13.
- Fri. Learn the Royal Law. James 2. 8.
- Sat. Learn how good the kingdom of God is. Verse 17.
- Sun. Learn something to make you happy. Luke 12. 32

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

To what Christians did Paul write a letter? What are Paul's letters to us? God's word. Whom does this letter teach us to watch? Who is our Judge? What must we give some day to him? What did the Jews think was wrong? Did Paul think so? Why should we be careful of our example? What will make it easy to deny ourselves? Love in our hearts. For whom did Christ die? How can we become like Christ? By doing as he did.

LITTLE CHRISTIANS—

- Watch themselves, and not others.
- Try to help and not hinder others.
- Deny themselves for the sake of others.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.—Matt. 24. 14.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P. W. M. - - Jesus Christ—
2. C. of C. . - Whosoever believeth—
3. G. C. at A. - Then hath God also—
- 4 P. D. from P. - The angel of the—
5. P. B. his F. M. J. Go ye into all the—
6. P. P. to the J. Through this man—
7. P. P. to the G. I have set thee to—
8. The C. at J. - Through the grace—
9. C. F. L. to G. W. I will show thee—
10. S. of the T. - Keep thy tongue—
11. P. A. to T. - From a child thou—
12. P. R. - - - It is good neither—

HOW TO HAVE A "GOOD" MOTHER.

"Johnny's mamma never scolds and never frets and is always just as good as she can be," said little Frank. "I wish my mamma was like that."

"What kind of a boy is Johnny?" asked his aunt, to whom he was talking.

"O, he is a good, kind little boy. Nora says that he is the best boy to 'mind' she ever saw. Nora used to work at his house, you know. Why, auntie, he likes to have other folks have a good time better than to have a good time himself."

"Perhaps that is the secret of his mamma's never scolding," said Frank's aunt. "Good boys make happy, good mothers."

A CLEVER HORSE.

I want to tell you about something I saw on the street the other day. There was a cart with two horses standing in front of a store and the driver was inside. The wind was blowing very hard indeed, and it blew the blanket partly off one of the horses. The horse, I suppose, began to feel cold, so he reached his head around, and catching the corner between his teeth, pulled the blanket over himself again, and when the wind blow the cover back, the horse very cleverly pulled it up until the driver came and fixed it but the driver, I am sorry to say, gave the horse a hard hit on the nose for biting at his cover. He did not know how clever his animal was.

TOMMY TILTON'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILTON was going to church for the very first time one bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma towards the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day.

Tommy walked into the church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still. But the boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

"Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times it would not go away."

"Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text."

Tommy went with grandma every Sunday after that.

Ever may my soul be fed,
With this true and living bread,
Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

BY HENRY CYLER BUNNER.

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One,
Two Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee,
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had
Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"

And she said, "You are 'warm' and 'warmer,'

But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One, and a Two, and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,

Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half past three.

MINNA'S "WHATSOEVER."

The prize was to be a lovely little red Testament, with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one of the infant class who should learn the Sermon on the Mount the best.

"I think that I can get it," said Minna to herself. "I know that Charlie is quicker than I am about learning, but then he is a very careless little boy. He'll forget to study the verses, and I won't remind him."

So the days went by. Both children learned the first two chapters, and said them over to mother. Then Charlie, who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbit traps, and forgot about the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten as far as the twelfth verse: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There she stopped.

"If you had forgotten about the prize," whispered conscience, "you would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated awhile, and then said with a sigh, "Yes, I 'spect that's my 'whatsoever';" and a little later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the infant class met at Miss Lucy's



THE HORSE WITH THE BROKEN LEG.

to try for the prize, Charlie won it. He had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Miss Lucy," he said, as he saw the teacher take up her pen, "write Charlie and Minna Brent in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me I would never have got that last chapter learned in time."

"Ah," said Miss Lucy, "I see that some of my little people have got this beautiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."

A PLACE IN THE VAN.

An old law among the Spartans kept any but one who had been crowned in the Grecian games from standing near his king in the hour of battle. A young man one day entered the lists. He strove hard to make himself ready for the conflict. His companions, wanting him to make merry with them, offered him money to give it all up. But he would not give up, and, when the day came he was victor. The crown that they gave him was but a wreath of green parsley and bay leaves. One of his companions, seeing this, asked what he thought of such a paltry crown.

"I look not on it," he answered; "but because of it I can stand by my king in the van." Is it worth while, boys and girls, to strive for a place at Jesus' side? If you drink wine, and care only about doing the things that you like, will your place be there?

WHAT THE FLOWERS TEACH.

A little girl was afraid of being "put away in the cold, dark ground." One day in the fall her mother said: "Bessie, I am going to plant hyacinths. I would like you to come with me." When they reached the flower beds, her mother took up a handful of bulbs, and said: "Just look at these, Bessie. Suppose that they should say, 'We don't want to go into the cold, dark ground,' do you think that we could have any beautiful hyacinths next spring?" Bessie saw all the bulbs buried in their little graves; and in the spring, when she beheld with delight the beautiful flowers, she said: "O mamma, it isn't such a dreadful thing after all to be buried. God must have been all this time watching and taking care of those little bulbs in the ground to change them into something so beautiful and so different." Just so God will take care of our bodies, and raise them from the grave.

THE TRAIN-BOY.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car, and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"I like your looks, Jimmie," he said, kindly. "Now remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt, if you desire, or be President of the United States; but I do mean that you can be something better yet: a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two men met again. Then Jimmie had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the little train-boy, of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmie asserted, energetically; "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into low company, and growing sort o' wild and reckless; but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer; so I just stopped short and commenced over in dead earnest."

"And that was all the result of a few sentences forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for weal or woe our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."