

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1897.

[No. 1.

## TOY BALLOONS.

THESE little folk look very much distressed, for they have met with a sad mishap. Not above fifteen minutes ago the little girls were as happy as could be. They had started out with their brother to spend the afternoon in the park, and mamma had given Bob money to buy balloons. At the entrance to the park they found the poor old balloon-man with his big bunch of gay coloured balls, bobbing and nodding as if making pretty bows to the children. Marjorie chose a big red one, and Helen decided on a blue.

Soon the little girls were playing on the lawn with their gaily tossing balloons. After a while they noticed that Helen's ball was getting smaller, and finally it shrank right up. But a far worse catastrophe befell Marjorie's. She forgot and let go the string and a little breeze came along and carried it off.

At first the little girls were going to cry, they felt so badly, but brother Bob cheered them up by saying that papa could fix Helen's ball, and perhaps the other would fall down some place where some poor little child could pick it up.

So Marjorie and Helen went home perfectly contented to have but one balloon between them, and happy in the thought that some other little girl might be enjoying the one that had flown away.

## A BACKSLIDER.

THE minister's little girl and her playmate were talking of serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" she questioned.



A TOY BALLOON.

"Yes; it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?" asked the minister's little girl.

"Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good, they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slip back a seat, and keep on until they get clear back to the door. After a while they slip clear out, and never come to church at all."

It is a pity that this is not always clear in the minds of those who are going through the process.

## WHAT AILED CARL'S WATCH.

CARL had a watch given to him as a prize. It had only a silver case, but he did not undervalue it on that account. It was as precious to him as any gold one could have been, certainly more so than a gold one which he did not win. The watch kept excellent time.

To humour Carl, his mother and sisters often inquired the hour, just that he might have the joy of telling. How proud he felt when he drew out his timepiece!

But one day something seemed to go wrong with the watch. It stopped altogether. Carl wound it, and it went for an hour or two, and then stopped again. "Oh it cannot be that it's no good after all," exclaimed poor Carl.

"Let's see," said his father. "Give it to me, and I will take it to my watchmaker."

When Carl came home to dinner his father told him that a tiny grain of sand had

got into the works, and was the cause of all the mischief.

"That little grain of sand, my son, injured the works, stopped the wheels, and made your watch tell a lie by its false face. Now if you want to keep right, don't give place to little sins. Don't let a bad habit get a hold on you, but do you get hold of it, and put it out. See that you are going straight ahead, with a steady purpose to do your level best."

A MEAN man rarely admits that he has good neighbours, nor does a good man often complain that he has bad ones.

## ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year  
Has passed away,  
Have I been learning,  
Day by day,  
To be more gentle  
And more mild?  
More like the holy  
Jesus child?  
Lord, help me ever  
More to be  
More like my Saviour,  
More like thee.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36, pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 8vo., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 8vo., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 21 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 54c per 100.	

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1897.

## ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A MINISTER who lived more than three hundred years ago was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The lady did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," he replied, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

WHEN a man begins by confessing other people's faults he usually winds up by acknowledging his own goodness.

## THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"MAMMA," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked her mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?"

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered: "I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?"

"No; they put them in my mouth."

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said her mamma. "Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?"

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry.

"They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said her mother.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with the finger and thumb still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" Bessie asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh no!" the mother said. "We have no proof yet that they are sorry. So it would not be safe to trust them: they might go right away into the closet again."

"I think that they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied her mother.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because her papa looked so queer every time that she used her spoon. Soon after breakfast she ran to her mamma with tears running down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "I made my fingers naughty. I'm so sorry! Please forgive me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed; and Bessie ran away very happy.

## WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN?

"TING-A-LING-A-LING." The rope attached to the bell moved through the long train of cars. The engineer turned off the steam, the brakes were put on, the train moved slower and slower and then stopped.

Some of the ladies were frightened. They wondered why the train had stopped away out there on the prairie. The gentlemen put down their newspapers and looked out of the windows, and then went to the door to see what it meant. But there was nothing on the track. The train seemed to be all right.

The young brakeman ran down the

track for a good distance, but the track was all in good order. Then one of them went into the baggage car, and then he found out why the train had stopped.

There was a monkey in the baggage car. He had come from India in a ship, and was on his way to California to a gentleman who had bought him. In his old home in the forests of India he used to twine his tail around the limb of a tree and rock and swing. He sat on a trunk in the baggage car and thought what a stupid place America was. He wished he had a tree to swing on. Pretty soon he saw the bell-rope, and he jumped up, twined his tail around it and swung back and forth; and that was what made the bell ring and stopped the train.

When the brakeman came into the car, the monkey was just getting up for a second swing. The brakeman laughed; but he did not scold the funny little bell-ringer. He only shortened his rope, so that the monkey could not go very far from the trunk.

## JESUS IN THE HOME.

A LITTLE girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jenny the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked: "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jenny had said, and he replied: "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness, and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them, and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.

## THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"DEAR ME!" said little Janet; "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong." And she tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said her mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And," she added, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind. Another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong!

AT THE DOOR.

"We will watch the old year out to-night,  
And the new year in!" Ned cried.  
Then three-year-old Baby Winnie  
Crept up to her mother's side,  
And out from under her curly pate,  
Where queer little questions grow,  
Came—"Mamma, how do ve new years  
come?  
And where do ve old ones go?"

And mamma with a bright smile, told her,  
"My dear little Winnie-wee,  
That is very hard to answer;  
You shall watch with us and see."  
And so when night drew the curtains dark  
And snug upon every side,  
Little Win climbed into her high-chair,  
Her blue eyes bright and wide.

But the minutes passed so slowly,  
With so many in an hour,  
That long before it was over  
She felt the Sandman's power;  
And two little fringed white curtains  
Were dropping lower and lower,  
When there came a timid summons  
Against the outer door.

She was wide awake that instant,  
And gazing all around,  
When once again she heard it,  
That gentle asking sound.  
Mamma knew 'twas Dog Rollo;  
Not so did Baby Win.  
"Oh, mamma, hear ve new year  
A-stratchin' to det in!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III. [Jan. 17.]

A MULTITUDE CONVERTED.

Acts 2. 32-47. Memory verses, 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off.— Acts 2. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Earnest Seekers, v. 32-40.
2. Glad Believers, v. 41-43.
3. United Christians, v. 44-47.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Peter saw this great crowd wondering and inquiring he stood up, with the eleven apostles beside him, and began to speak in a loud voice. First, he told them the meaning of the strange things they heard and saw. He said it was the coming of the Holy Spirit prophesied by Joel, and then he spoke of Jesus, the Son of God, who had wrought miracles and lived a holy life, yet whom their wicked hands had slain. He told how Jesus had risen from the dead and gone up to

heaven, and now had sent upon believers this power of the Holy Spirit which they could both see and hear.

Yes, the multitude could see the brightness of the Spirit, and they could hear the wonderful words which the disciples spoke. Many began to feel very sorry for having crucified Jesus, and came to Peter and the other disciples, saying, "What shall we do?"

Then Peter told them to repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, for God's promise was to them and to their children, and to those who were afar off.

About three thousand were baptized that day, and the new believers lived happily together. They loved one another, and studied God's word, and prayed together, and the rich helped the poor, and so the new Church was like one large family, to which new members were added every day.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read Peter's sermon. Acts 2. 14-39.  
*Tues.* Read about the new Christian Church. Acts 2. 41-47.  
*Wed.* Learn more about this living Church. Acts 4. 32-35.  
*Thur.* Learn the Golden Text.  
*Fri.* Find the fulfilment of John the Baptist's words. Matt. 3. 11.  
*Sat.* Where had Jesus told the disciples to begin preaching? Luke 24. 47.  
*Sun.* Learn a beautiful promise. Acts 2. 21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who preached on the day of Pentecost? What did he say the strange sights and sounds meant? What prophet had foretold this? How were John the Baptist's words fulfilled? [See Helps for Friday.] Whom did Peter preach to the crowd? Why was he not afraid? He was filled with the Holy Spirit. What great crime did he charge upon the people? How did some feel when they heard his words? What did they say? What good news could Peter tell them? Whom did Peter obey in teaching these things? [See Helps for Saturday.] How many were baptized that day? How did the new believers live together?

LESSONS FOR MF

Sin, when we see it, pricks the heart.  
The way to get rid of sin is to repent and forsake it.  
Those who love Jesus love one another.

LESSON IV. [Jan. 24.]

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong.— Acts 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Miracle, v. 1-11.
2. The Sermon, v. 12-16.

THE LESSON STORY.

Though Jesus had gone away, he yet lived and worked through those who believed in him. His apostles did many miracles, and this lesson tells of one.

About three o'clock one afternoon Peter and John went to the temple to worship. As they were about to enter the fine brass gate which is called "Beautiful" they saw a lame beggar lying there. He was forty years old, and had never been able to walk. His friends carried him to this gate every day, and he begged money of the people going through. When he saw Peter and John he asked them for something. Peter said, "Look on us," and the beggar looked, expecting a coin. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." He took him by the hand, and the beggar rose and walked into the temple praising God.

The people who saw this were astonished. They knew the beggar, and that he had never walked before, and they looked at Peter and John as though they admired them. But Peter and John did not want this. They wanted everybody to praise the Saviour. So Peter preached Jesus again there in the temple, and said it was through him that this man had been made well and strong.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson very carefully. Acts 3. 1-16.  
*Tues.* Read the rest of the chapter.  
*Wed.* Learn the Golden Text.  
*Thur.* Learn why there were so many hours of prayer. Psalm 55. 17.  
*Fri.* Learn how God honoured the apostles. Heb. 2. 4.  
*Sat.* By whose power was the lame man healed? 2 Cor. 3. 5.  
*Sun.* Tell some one the story of the healing.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

How did Jesus still live on earth? In his disciples. What did the apostles do in his name? Where did Peter and John go one day? What offering was made at this time in the day? A lamb was sacrificed. Whom did they see at the gate Beautiful? What did he ask of them? What did they give him? Do you think he was surprised? Would he have been cured if he had not tried to walk? Do you think the beggar had faith in the name of Jesus? What did the people think who saw him? Why did Peter and John not want to be praised? To whom did all the glory belong? Where did Peter preach another sermon? Whom did he tell the Jews they had killed? The Prince of life.

WONDERFUL TRUTHS.

That Jesus lives now in hearts that love him.  
That he can do great works through us.  
That he has some strange power to give us. Shall we take it?

## FALLING TO SLEEP.

EVENING is falling to sleep in the west,  
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest;  
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the  
skies,  
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes;  
Sweetly sleep: Jesus doth keep,  
And Jesus will give his beloved ones  
sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,  
Closed are the sweet caps of lily and rose;  
Blossoms rocked lightly on  
evening's mild breeze,  
Drowsily, dreamily swing-  
ing the trees.  
Sweetly sleep, Jesus  
doth keep,  
And Jesus will give his  
beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall  
open once more;  
Sleep till the lark in the  
morning shall soar;  
Sleep till the morning sun,  
lighting the skies.  
Bids thee from sweet repose  
joyfully rise.  
Sweetly sleep, Jesus  
doth keep,  
And Jesus will give his  
beloved ones sleep.

LITTLE ELSIE'S VIC-  
TORY.

A LITTLE maiden, when  
bidding her mother good-  
bye as she was about to  
join a gay little party upon  
one of her neighbours'  
lawns, had whispered in  
her ear by her mother:  
"Try to be unselfish to-  
day, dear, and make some  
one else happy."

"Yes, mamma," she re-  
plied, "I'll try; good-bye."  
And off she skipped.

Just as she reached the  
bottom of the hill, and  
could see Mabel's house at  
the top, a little bareheaded  
child toddled around the  
corner and came up to her.  
She knew the washer-  
woman's baby at once,  
and she exclaimed:

"Why, Johnny Murphy! are you running  
away?"

"Doin' walk," said Johnny, gleefully.

"Where is your mother?" asked Elsie

"Doin' walk," said Johnny again; and  
off he started.

Elsie looked up the hill and saw chil-  
dren running on the lawn. Her heart  
beat fast as she thought, "The party has  
begun."

But Johnny—what would become of  
him if she left him? She ran out into  
the street, brought him back to the side-  
walk, and turned down the street leading  
to the washerwoman's.

"Doin' to walk wid oo," said Johnny,  
as he trotted along by her side, holding  
her hand.

It was a long distance, but she thought,  
with a little sob, "If I run back, I sha'n't  
be very late."

When she reached the house the door was  
open, but nobody was there. Johnny was  
tired and cross, and wanted a "drink." She  
got him some water in a tin dipper, but as  
he raised his head he bumped it against  
the dipper, and the water was spilled over

## CARRY A LADY TO LONDON.

MAMMA had been very sick, and now  
that she was getting better, the doctor  
said that every one must be careful not to  
startle her, or worry her about anything,  
for fear that she would become ill again.

Papa had carried her in his arms out  
under the great oak tree, and put her in  
the hammock. The three children had  
gone to the post-office to look for letters,  
and were on their way home, when little  
Dora tripped and fell, and rolled into a  
dry ditch. The child  
screamed dreadfully, and  
when Ethel and Frank  
lifted her out they found  
that she was badly hurt.  
The little foot was turned  
under when she fell, and  
she could not stand.

"Oh, what shall we  
do?" said Ethel. "We  
must carry Dora home,  
and if she screams like  
this, it will frighten mother,  
and if she is sick again she  
will die; the doctor said  
so."

"I won't cry," sobbed  
Dora, shutting her teeth  
very tight to keep back  
the screams.

"That's a brick!" said  
Frank.

"Sister's brave little  
girlie!" said Ethel, "We  
will carry you home like  
a little queen, and as care-  
fully as we can."

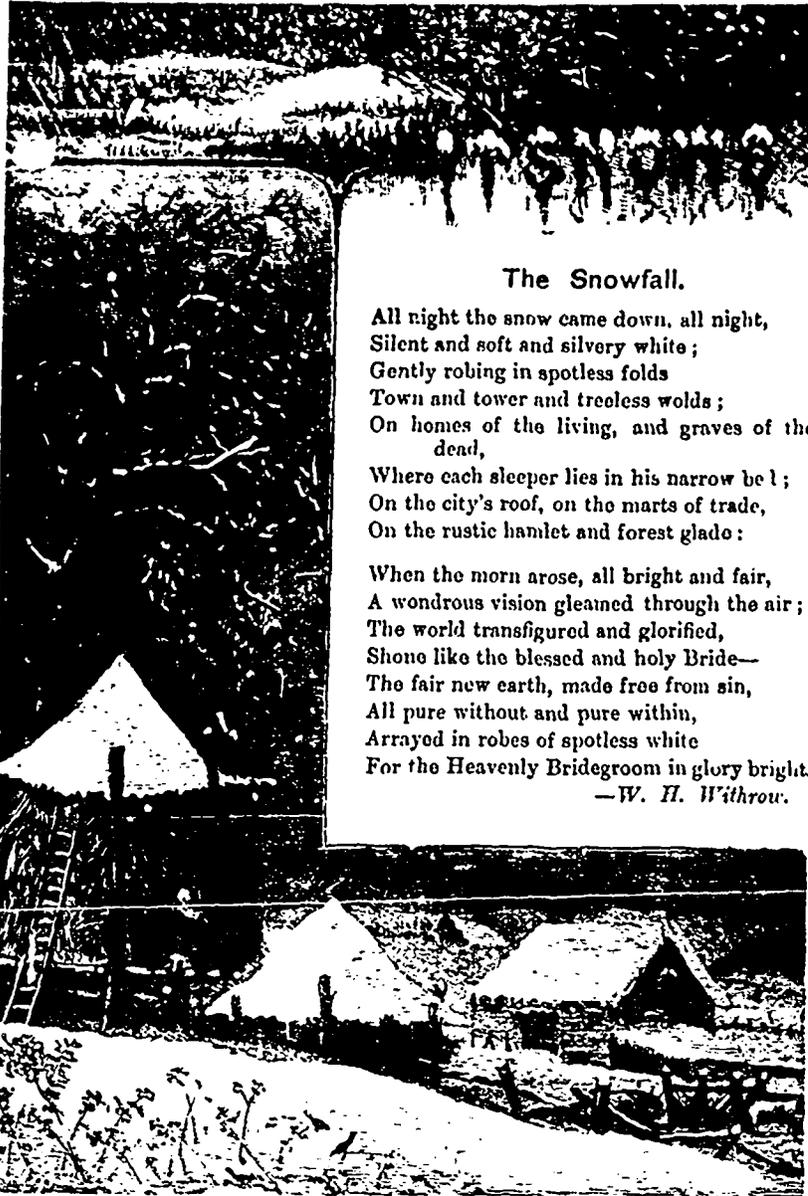
So Frank and Ethel  
made a chair of their  
crossed hands, Dora put  
her arms around their  
necks, and home they went.  
When they reached the  
gate, Ethel whispered,  
"Now, darling, smile up  
your face just for a few  
minutes."

In they came, and  
marched past mamma in  
the hammock, gaily sing-  
ing, "Carry a lady to Lon-  
don, so merrily."

In a few moments, Dora  
was softly sobbing in  
father's arms, while nurse  
was bringing hot water  
for the poor little ankle;

and the loving words whispered by father  
fully paid the dear little girl for her noble  
self-control.

ANNA JANE has formed the naughty  
habit of peeping through the keyhole.  
When some persons are talking in the next  
room she thinks they are saying something  
that she would like to hear. Then she  
goes to the door, looks through the key-  
hole, and then she puts her ear close up  
and listens. Persons who do this are called  
eaves-droppers. I am sorry Anna Jane has  
fallen into such a naughty practice.



## The Snowfall.

All night the snow came down, all night,  
Silent and soft and silvery white;  
Gently robing in spotless folds  
Town and tower and treeless wolds;  
On homes of the living, and graves of the  
dead,  
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed;  
On the city's roof, on the marts of trade,  
On the rustic hamlet and forest glade:

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,  
A wondrous vision gleaned through the air;  
The world transfigured and glorified,  
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—  
The fair new earth, made free from sin,  
All pure without and pure within,  
Arrayed in robes of spotless white  
For the Heavenly Bridegroom in glory bright.

—W. H. Withrow.

Elsie's fresh white gown, drenching the  
front of it.

They both cried, but Johnny's tears were  
soon forgotten in a nap. Dear, patient  
Elsie sat and watched till his mother came  
home, worn and wearied with her long  
search for the little runaway.

Elsie left the party, but after she had  
sobbed out her disappointment in her  
mother's arms, mamma said: "Repeat  
your Bible verse for to-day, darling."

With a trembling voice Elsie repeated:  
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one  
of the least of these my brethren, ye have  
done it unto me."