

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

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

No. 23.

## THE YOUNG ARTIST.

Young Hans is a little German boy who lives in the quaint old town of Nuremberg. He has not yet gone to the kindergarten, but is learning many useful and clever things at home. On Christmas, good Chris Kringle, as the German children call Santa Claus, brought Hans a drawing slate with a number of patterns to be traced on the glass. The little boy has traced them all many times and indeed so much of an artist is he that he often adds strokes and lines which are not printed on the pattern, and greatly does he improve on his copy sometimes.

## TODDLEKIN'S VISIT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

When Toddlekin found they were going down the steps again he leaned his head against Aunt Lizzie's cheek and crowed in baby satisfaction. He liked to be out of doors, and he was glad they were going away from the house instead of going into it.

But Aunt Lizzie did not share his delight; she was greatly disappointed. She had taken him with her for a visit while the family moved into their new house, because it was "the only way to keep Aunt Lizzie out of the work and Toddlekin out of mischief," they all said. And now she had come back a day earlier than she was expected, and found the house closed and locked.

"They have all gone off somewhere Toddles, and I don't know what we can do," she said.

Toddles did not know either, but he only laughed and did not care. It was a new neighbourhood, and Aunt Lizzie was not acquainted with any of the people living near; but as she walked slowly down the street, she saw a little girl looking from the window of a small house around the corner. It was such a sweet, pleasant little face that Aunt Lizzie went right to the house.

"May I leave my satchel here for a few minutes?" she said. "I have just come home and found the family all away. I want to go down the street a little way and telephone to my brother's store, but this satchel is too heavy to carry."

"Yes'm," answered the little girl, her eyes fixed on Toddlekin. "Wouldn't—wouldn't—oh, couldn't you leave the baby, too? I'm lame, so I can't go out to play,

minute he saw Sue's black kitten he wanted to play with it. So he and the kitten and Sue had a grand romp together; and Toddlekin cried to stay, so Aunt Lizzie left him there.

All the time she was gone she thought of the poor little girl who had to be left alone so often, and who was too lame to go out and play like other children. Aunt Lizzie wanted to do something for her, and when she went back she carried oranges, grapes and cookies, and she, Sue and Toddlekin had a picnic dinner together.

"It's been the beautifullest day I ever saw. I guess the reason you got locked out of your house for a while was so you could get 'quainted with the neighbours," said little Sue shyly.

Aunt Lizzie thought so, too. She was afraid they might all have been so busy and so happy in their new home that they would not have learned who lived in the little house.

But they know now, and the baby is often taken to visit Sue, and sometimes they bring Sue to spend long, lovely days at Toddlekin's house while her mother is away. Toddlekin thinks there is nobody like Sue, who is always so gentle, and knows such lovely plays. And, best of all, they have so much work that Sue's mother can do at home that she does not often have to leave her little girl now.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

## A GREEDY VISITOR.

Out West, some children in school last winter heard a queer noise in the entry among their dinner pails. They thought it was a visitor, but no one came in. So when they heard the noise again, the teacher looked out, and there was—a bear! He ate all the children's dinners and then went away. The next day he came again, but he found a man with a gun, and the man and the gun kept the bear from ever coming again.

and mother has to go away to work, and it would be such company to have him stay with me a little while. I just love babies and I'd take good care of him."

Aunt Lizzie looked around and saw how clean the little home was, and how little Sue's eyes shone as she watched the baby. Toddlekin was looking around too, and the

## CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me;  
Watch my sleep till morning light

All this day thy hand has led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care:  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me.  
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 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, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 8vo., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 20
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 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).....	0 07
Heroan Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 20
Heroan Leaf, monthly.....	0 04
Heroan Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address— WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

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

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

## AN ODD EARTHQUAKE.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

After Hiram scowed the field of rye he left the big wooden roller standing in the lane. It was a big roller, almost five feet high.

One sunny forenoon and Roy Dorothy raced up the lane with little black Trip and white Snowball at their heels. Dorothy was a gay, prancing horse; and Roy was a coachman, armed with a long whip. They paused for breath beside the old roller. Roy clambered up to the high seat, and flourished his whip. Dorothy drummed on the hollow sounding sides with her chubby fingers. Suddenly a loose board rattled to the ground. Dorothy thrust her curly head inside the roller. "Oh, what a nice playhouse!" she cried.

Roy got down and peeped in. "So it is," he said. "We can live here when it rains, for there's a really roof and a truly floor."

"We'll call it Clover Cottage," said Dorothy; "for see how thick the clover is all round it."

In about an hour Clover Cottage was in

perfect order. Pictures and cards were tacked up, and the dolls and the furniture and the dishes all in place. Snowball was purring on a little bed of pine-needles, and Trip lay beside her fast asleep. Tired by her work, Dorothy too cuddled down a minute. Roy put back the loose board to shut out the blazing sun; then he cuddled down beside his sister, and it was all dark and quiet.

At twelve o'clock Nora came to the kitchen door and blew the great tin dinner-horn.

Hiram promptly unhitched Old Dolly from the hay-rake, and started for the house. "I may as well haul the roller along and put it under cover," he said to himself as he passed the lane. He backed patient Dolly into the thills, and mounted the high seat. Clover Cottage gave a sudden lurch forward. Dorothy awoke with a scream; Trip was thrown violently into her lap, yelping loudly; Snowball clawed madly at the slowly turning roof; Roy tried to shield his sister with his short arms as dolls, dishes, and themselves rolled together in confusion. Old Dolly pricked up her ears and stopped short. Hiram sprang down, and tried to peer through the cracks of the roller. With Roy's help inside, the loose board was soon pushed away, and the unhappy little inmates of Clover Cottage crawled out one by one; frightened Trip shot down the lane; Snowball scrambled up the nearest tree-trunk. "Well," said Hiram, "I call this quite an earthquake!"

## WHY TOM AND MAISIE DIDN'T GO.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

"There, now! didn't I tell you to go away, and yet you keep on standing right there!"

The speaker was a boy who stood near the gate leading out of a large yard. In the path before him was a little girl. But she never moved, although the boy came nearer, as if to push her away.

"Why don't you say something?" he cried, in an angry tone.

"Tom," said the little girl, "you know you'll be sorry if you go: you know father don't 'low us to go off to picnics and fishing without asking. And then there's Ben Arden: he's not a nice boy. Don't you know how wet you were and how you hurt your foot when you went wading with him, and how he threw big stones at you?"

"Girls don't know about boys," Tom said crossly. "Father is away off in the country. Of course I can't ask him. Maisie, I don't believe you want to go, one bit."

"Yes, I do," said his sister, the tears springing to her eyes; "but father said he trusted us. Just think how he would look when he came home and didn't find us!"

Tom growled: "Oh, bother! I never saw such a girl! I'm going, anyhow, so you'd better let me get to that gate."

But Maisie stood there. "Now, Tom, stay with me," she said; "you know, with Biddy gone, how 'fraid I'll be!"

Tom turned away. "You're the biggest trouble!" he said; but he stayed.

When father came home he said the minute he saw them: "I met a crowd of people going to a picnic, but I felt sure my boy and girl wouldn't go without leave."

"It was Maisie that was all right," Tom said: for Tom was honest. And he told his father the whole thing.

"Never mind," his father said: "I've brought home a whole picnic in my pocket; Biddy isn't going to get supper—she's off—but I am, and you're going to help." Tom and Maisie laughed. And out to the kitchen they all went and at once set merriy to work. What fun they had together! And such a fine supper you never saw in all your life!

## A LITTLE FISHERMAN.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

Jack's mother had taken him to the country for the first time in all his life. They stayed with a farmer and his jolly wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fry.

Jack's mother made her boy some blue overalls and took from her trunk a big hat. The farmer's wife gave him a shining tin pail. The farmer cut him a stout stick from the elm tree, for a fishing-rod. Then Jack dug some bait and was ready to start for the little brook not far from the house, to fish.

Now Jack was a dear little boy, but he had one fault which troubled his mother very much. He couldn't bear to give anything away; he wanted everything himself. He had no brothers and sisters to share his things, you see.

Jack could not believe he was really going to fish like a big man. And when he caught five little fish, he danced up and down, he was so happy.

He carried them in his little pail to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Fry, will you cook my fish for dinner?" he asked in a deep voice.

Mrs. Fry smiled. "Yes, indeed, I will," she said.

The fish were called minnows, and were not very big. But then Jack wasn't big, either.

Now there were five persons for dinner that day, for Mrs. Fry had company. Jack sat very still, looking first at the people, then at his little fish in the dish before him. How could he give away every single one? But then if he didn't, he would be a selfish, stingy boy; and he asked every day when he prayed that God would keep him from that. He waited and waited. Then, very red in the face, Jack slipped down, took the dish, and handed it to every one. His mamma took the last minnow. "I'll divide with you," she said. And Jack smiled as he ate half of his fish. It tasted very good indeed to him.

He felt happier than if he had kept the whole five. Do you know why?

**SELFISH HARRY.**

BY MARY D. BRINE.

There now, Master Harry Brown,  
Serves you right to tumble down!  
We know what you tried to do—  
And your conscience knows it, too!  
Thought you'd run away with all  
Those nice toys! guess you feel small,  
Now we've caught you! Other boys  
Wish to share with you those toys—  
Benny, Johnny, little Joe—  
Each one coaxed you hard, we know—  
Just to let them play with you.  
But—for shame! what did you do?  
Tried to take your things away  
So no one with you could play!

Selfish Harry! we are glad  
That you're caught in plight so sad—  
Yet, we're sorry for you too!  
Now get up, and don't "boohoo,"  
But try to be a generous boy,  
And after this—just share your joy—  
And you'll be happier day by day;  
There's solid truth in what I say.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VIII. Nov. 19.

PUBLIC READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Neh. 8. 1-12. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law.—Neh. 8. 3.

A LESSON TALK.

The Bible of Nehemiah's time was a parchment scroll, and there were only a few of them in the whole land. It was called "The Book of the Law," and there were none of the sweet New Testament stories in it. The lesson verses tell how all the people came together after the wall was finished to hear Ezra, the priest and scribe, read from the scroll. It was new to many of them, and it is no wonder they wept when they heard the law of God and thought how they had broken it. Exod. 20. 1-17 will show you how the law was given at first, and in Matt. 5. 17-20 you will see what Jesus said about it. Neh. 8. 13-18 shows that that the people did not go away from this great meeting and forget what they had heard, but that they began at once to do the things God had told them to do. This lesson teaches us that when we do really see how good the Lord has been to us, then we want to please him, and then, too, we think how we can please and help others.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How long were the people building the great wall? Fifty-two days.

What did they hold then? A great meeting.

What did they feel like doing? Praising God.

Who read God's word to them? Ezra. Who was Ezra? A scribe and a priest. Did people have Bibles then as we do? No; very few had one.

What was a Bible then like? A scroll. How long did Ezra read? From morning till night.

How did the people listen? With reverence.

Why did they weep? Because they had broken God's law.

Who told them to be glad and not sorry? Nehemiah.

For what may we always be glad? For the love and mercy of God.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 26.]

WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memory verses 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

A LESSON TALK.

You have heard of Solomon the wise man. He lived about a thousand years before Christ came. The book of Proverbs in the Bible was written by him. A proverb is a wise saying, and it is said that Solomon wrote three thousand proverbs, besides a great many beautiful songs.

There is one thing that we may be very sure Solomon was wise about, and that is wine and strong drink. Read very thoughtfully what he says in the lesson verses. Psalm 1 will tell you of the two ways, in one of which we must each one go, and Psalm 141 will tell you where to get help to go in the right way. In 2 Cor. 6. 14-17 you learn the only really safe way for any one to do about wine and strong drink. How many have begun to take just a little sip of the beautiful red wine without thinking that some day it would become their master! God's word tells the truth about it. Beware! The time to choose temperance and truth and purity is now.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Solomon? A wise man. What more was he? A king of Israel. What book of the Bible did he write? The Book of Proverbs.

What is a proverb? A wise saying. What did Solomon try to teach people? To do right.

What did he want them not to touch? Wine and strong drink.

What is the best way to do? Not even to look at them.

What is a mocker? Wine.

What does it promise to give? Pleasure.

What does it really give? Trouble and sorrow.

What is the safe guide in all these things? The Bible.

What shall we be if we follow the Bible? Temperance people.

**HOW JOHNNY HELPED.**

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Oh, oh! such a dreadful thing has happened!" said Johnny, running home to his mother.

"What is it, Johnny!"

"Old Mrs. Lane has fallen down and broken her ankle."

"That is too bad."

"And she is crying because she can't go out to feed her chickens and her pigs."

"Poor old woman! What will she do?"

"I will feed the chickens," said Johnny's sister Susy. "I would like to, they are such pretty things."

"That will be very nice," said her mother.

"I will give you all the table scraps to feed them with, Susy."

Johnny sat silent for a while. Then he said to his mother:

"Do you think I ought to feed the pigs?"

"I shall leave you to decide that, my boy," she said. "You know we are told that whatever we do for those who are helpless is a serving of Jesus himself."

Johnny did not like to feed pigs, but he bravely took it as a duty. And before long he was pleased at seeing how the little grunners learned to know when he came.

Almost before he poured the food into the trough, they would be half-way inside, eating so fast that they nearly choked.

When Mrs. Lane got well she said the pigs were fatter than if she had taken care of them herself.

Don't you think Johnny was glad that he had given help to one of the Lord's poor?

**TO VICTORY.**

War, grim war, has been declared;  
The army's in the field;  
And if the foe knows what is best,  
I think 'twill surely yield.

The clash of arms, the neigh of horse,  
The drum's wild tat-tat-too,  
Together mingle with the tread  
Of these two boys in blue.

They may not storm Manila's forts,  
Nor fight as Dewey did,  
Yet their brave deeds the neighbours know;  
Their valour can't be hid.

They'll charge upon the chicken coops,  
And put the hens to flight;  
They'll battle 'gainst the bushes tall,  
And beat all weeds in sight.

And many other things they'll do  
That history will tell,  
While future generations praise  
The day they fought so well.



### LITTLE MILTIADES GETS LOST IN THE WOODS.

Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,  
Sadly stood at the window and watched  
the snow fall,  
"O dear! I do wish 'twould stop snowing,"  
he cried,  
"I'd give all my money and father's  
beside."  
And just then, all at once, as if quite  
overcome  
By the offer of such a munificent sum,  
The sun shone out brightly, the clouds  
rolled away,  
And the sky was as clear as you'd see  
it in May.

Then little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,  
In his overcoat, fur cap, boots, mittens  
and all,  
Took his sled, the "Jack Frost," and  
in merriest mood  
Started off for the hill; but in going  
through the wood,  
The trees were so thick, and the ground  
white with snow,  
He grew quite uncertain which way he  
must go,  
And for full half an hour went wandering  
about  
Without ever being able to find his way  
out.

At last poor Miltiades Peterkin Paul,  
Standing there in the woods, with no one  
within call,  
In bewildered despair looked around him,  
when lo!  
He spied, just before, a fresh track in the  
snow.  
"Aha!" he cried joyfully, "Who can this  
be?  
Why, he has rubber boots and a sled, just  
like me!  
He is going to the same place that I am,  
no doubt;  
I will follow his footsteps, and find my  
way out."

So he kept his eyes fixed on the track on  
the snow,  
And he hurried along for ten minutes or so,

When, strange to relate, the first  
thing that he knew,  
Instead of one track he was follow-  
ing two,—  
Each with new rubber boots and a  
sled. "It is clear  
That another chap's joined the first  
fellow just here—  
Well, well, there'll be three to go  
sliding, that's all,"  
Said little Miltiades Peterkin  
Paul.

So he still followed on quite awhile,  
till he thought,  
"It is time I came out somewhere,"  
then he stopped short.  
"Hailoo! What can this mean? It  
seems there are more;  
Instead of two tracks, there are now  
plainly four!

Three with new rubber boots, and a sled  
just like mine;  
And the fourth—zounds! What big feet!  
must be number nine!  
Never mind! the more of us the merrier,  
That's all,"  
Said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul.



Just then some one laughed, and there,  
close by his side,  
Stood Benjamin Franklin, his brother, who  
cried:

"Well, where have you been all the morn-  
ing, I pray?  
You're a pretty young fellow, to get  
lost this way!  
Why, you surely don't think you  
will ever get back,  
Walking round in a circle upon  
your own track!"  
For, you see, young Miltiades Peter-  
kin Paul  
Had been following himself all the  
while—that is all!

A teacher asked a class of boys in a  
Sabbath-school what was their idea  
of heaven. The smallest one an-  
swered: "A place where—where—  
you're never sorry."

### THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked  
Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went  
on smiling with her red wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear  
me," she said, "I do wish you could talk!  
I am so tired having a doll that never  
answers, no matter how much I say to her.  
It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann.  
There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy  
Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she  
began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann  
sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes  
wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk," cried Dollikins joy-  
fully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft,"  
said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice;  
"and you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but mashed  
potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy  
Ann. "I don't like mashed potatoes. Why  
don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She  
remembered saying something very  
like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Doro-  
thy Ann. "Why do I have to go to  
bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other  
little girls don't have to. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will  
you please not talk any more? It  
makes my head ache?"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over  
and took up Dorothy Ann and looked  
at her. The red lips were smiling as  
ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said  
Dollikins; "I am very glad that you do  
not know how to talk, my dear, for then  
you might be a sore trial to your  
mother."

A little one of four years, being teased  
because she had a pug nose, climbed up  
on a chair and looked in a glass, saying, "I  
saw a lady at church whose nose was a  
great deal puggier than mine!"

