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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1899.

No. 15.

A NURSERY ECHO.

"Mother," said Georgie, "we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here."

"Well, so we have," said his mother. "This house is full of echoes."

"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose, but I think the nursery is the best place."

Off ran George, delighted, but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite, and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried angrily; "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"

"Bad boy, bad boy," shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected," she said soberly, when peace was restored, and Georgie hung his head.

"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back the very tones of your voice, so your little brother and sister reflect back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak."

Later in the day, Georgie was playing stage coach with the little children, and

with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. "I wish," she cried out angrily, "that you would go downstairs, you are such a noisy, horrid boy."

that time," and as mother came in just then they had a little talk about echoes, and both Georgie and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was "sour."

"Georgie," said mother, "now is your chance," and Georgie ran into the room, and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few moments he was in high good humour, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which the echo.

AN UNHAPPY DOLL.

I wonder if there ever was a doll so badly cared for as I. Let me tell you about just one day, and then tell me what you think.

The very first thing this morning Flossy lost me out of the window. She was teaching me to dance on the window sill; but she danced me over the edge, so down I fell into a rosebush. There I should have stayed if Bridget had not found me. After that, Flossy left me lying in all sorts of queer places, once in the cookie jar, once behind the flour barrel, and twice down in the cellar.

But now I am afraid they will not find me at all. She has dropped me behind the sofa, and here I have been lying for two hours.



FLORRIE AND HER DOLL.

"You are a horrid old thing yourself," he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

"Why," he said, "I was an echo myself

To be sure I have plenty of company; Flossy's ball is here, and some of her checkers, and her big hat that she has been hunting for ever since last Monday. I suppose that we shall have to lie here all together till next sweeping day. Did you ever see such a little girl as Flossy, and did you ever hear of such a poor, forlorn doll as I?

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1899.

CONQUERED BY LOVE.

A soldier in the army of the Potomac was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome, and vicious. As a result he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man penetrated some misdemeanour, was arrested by a sergeant, and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and speaking to the sergeant, said:

"Let him go to his quarters."

"Shall I keep him under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, no," said the captain quietly.

That evening the captain called his sergeant and said:

"Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent. I wish to see him."

"Shall I bring him up under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, no," said the captain. "Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come if you tell him."

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, and daring.

"Take a seat, sir," said the captain.

The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked defiant. The captain enquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said:

"I have heard all about you, and thought I would like to see you privately and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times, no doubt, justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind I would like to have a whole company of, and now, if you will obey orders and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise you on my honour as a soldier that I will be your friend and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself."

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said:

"Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it."

"Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow," said the captain. "I'll trust you."

And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the army of the Potomac. Love conquered him.

SWEETENING MARY.

"I want a drink," said baby.

"Go to the kitchen. Mary will give you a drink," said mother.

"I don't want to," baby demurred. "Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?" asked his mother in surprise.

"I dess I did sumpin' to her," baby reluctantly acknowledged.

"Then if you have done something to make her cross, you would better go and do something to sweeten her," suggested mother.

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." Mary stopped her work and stooped and he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her and called her his "dear, sweet Mamie. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.

When he came back, smiling, mother asked, "What did you do to Mary this time, my little boy?"

"Oh, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.

HE KEPT THE FIRE GOING.

Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, tells this story:

A short time ago I attended a preaching service on a plantation near Tuskegee, and the minister preached for two hours, the burden of his discourse being an exhortation to his hearers to get rid of the world and the things of the world. I happened to know the members of his congregation individually, and there was not a person present who owned an acre of land, a mule, or a cow. I said to myself, 'What else is it that he wants these people to give up! He

has plenty of religion, but what the Afro American wants to be taught is how to apply it to the practical affairs of life. After the service I said to this minister: "Why is it that you do not preach to this people about lying, defrauding their neighbours, and drinking whisky?"

"'Purfessor,' he replied, solemnly, 'ef I was to preach to dem on dem subjicks I would frow cold water on de meetin' in de high o' de rewiwal.'"

MY ANCHOR HOLDS.

A sailor in Gloucester, Massachusetts, had been wounded in a wreck, and was brought ashore. The fever was great, and he was dying. His comrades gathered around him in a little fishing-house, and a physician said he could not live long. The sailor was out of his mind until near the close. But within a few minutes of his death he looked around and called one comrade after another, bade them good-bye, and then sank off into a sleep.

Finally, as it was time for his medicine again, and one of the sailors shook him and said, "Mate, how are you now?" he looked up into the eyes of his friend and said, "My anchor holds!" It was the last thing he said, and when they called upon a friend of mine to take charge of the funeral service, you can imagine how powerful was the impression it made upon his hearers when he quoted the dying words, "My anchor holds!"

Does your anchor hold? Can you, when death comes, when your friends are gathered around you, just look up and say, "My anchor holds"? If you cannot, prepare yourself for it now. You have this opportunity to-day; and from this day watch your anchor—see that nothing in life or death shall ever separate you from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

LITTLE SINS.

Henry M. Stanley tells that when he was passing through the forests of Darkest Africa the most formidable foes he encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and came near defeating the expedition, were the Wambutti dwarfs. Those diminutive men had only bows and arrows for their weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defence was by means of poison and traps. They would steal through the dense forest, and, waiting in ambush, let fly their deadly arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about them was that their poison was made from honey.

It is thus that Satan wages his destructive warfare against God's people.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself mistaken—
They have only just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write,
I'd be sorry to have you to tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight.

The ink gets over my fingers,
The pen cuts all sorts of shins;
And won't do at all as I bid it,
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head,
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me!
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain top we climb,
It isn't done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
And all the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so, where's my pen!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON V. [July 30.]

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Dan. 6. 10-23. Memory verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Psalm 121. 5.

A LESSON TALK.

The first of the chapter in which the lesson is found shows in what honour Daniel was held. The new king, Darius, made him the first of the three presidents who were placed over the one hundred and twenty princes of the whole kingdom. It tells, too, how his high character and position caused jealousies to rise, and led to a plot to overthrow him. Notice in verse 16 how the king expected that the God of Daniel would deliver him! He looked for this, because he knew that Daniel would trust his God. If we have a real faith in God the people about us will look for him to deliver us in time of trouble. God did not save Daniel from going into the den of lions, but he was there to shut the mouths of the lions. The children of God sometimes have to go into

temptation, but they may be sure, if they trust the mighty God, that he will be close to them to "shut the mouths of the lions."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the king of Babylon now? Darius.
What was Daniel? An officer of the king.
Who were jealous of him? Some wicked men.
What did they get the king to do? To make a bad law.
What was it? That no one should pray for thirty days, except to the king.
What did they know? That Daniel would break the law.
Who was a higher king than Darius? God.
What does he tell his children to do? To pray to him every day.
What did Daniel do? He kept on praying.
Where was he thrown for this? Into the den of lions.
Why could the lions not hurt him? God shut their mouths.
What did the king command his people to do after this? To fear Daniel's God.

LESSON VI. [Aug. 6.]

THE NEW HEART.

Ezek. 36. 25-36. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A new heart also will I give thee.—Ezek. 36. 26.

A LESSON TALK.

Ezekiel was one of the prophets of the Old Testament time. You may learn who he was in Ezekiel 1. 3. Perhaps you wonder how the prophet knew that he was called to prophesy. If you read Ezekiel 2. 1-8 you will find that God talked with him and made it very plain that he wanted him to do this kind of work. It is a good lesson to us to see how ready this man was to do just what he was told to do. Do not forget that the "roll" which was given to Ezekiel to eat may stand for a symbol of the word of God. He wants us to take it into our minds and hearts to make us strong and well, as we take food into our bodies to build us up. The promises of this lesson are full of comfort to those who feel that they have not always done what is pleasing to God. Nothing can make us right and keep us right but the "new heart" which God will give to each child of his who really wants it. Are you one who wants it?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Ezekiel? A prophet of the Lord.
What did the Lord send him to do? To speak to the people.
What did he tell them? The words of God.
From what did he say the Lord could cleanse them? From all their sin.

What did he offer to give them? A new heart.

What becomes of the old sinful heart? God takes it away.

What does he want to put into us? His own Spirit.

Are these promises for us? Yes, for each one of us.

For whose sake does God do all these good things? For Jesus' sake.

Can we ever repay his love for us? Only by loving him back.

What will love lead us to do? Love God and all people.

Why should we love bad people? Because God loved us when we were sinners.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Come and play croquet with Ruthie and me, Harry," said his sister Nellie.

"Oh, I can't. I want to go and sail my ship. You come with me and see how she'll slide over the water."

"Oh, please play with us, Harry."

"Well, I'll play after we sail the ship for a while," said Harry. "Folks ought to give up to each other about their play; Mother says so."

"But why should Ruthie and I give up more than you?" said Nellie.

"Let's go and ask mother who should give up," said Harry. So they went to mother.

"Mother," said Nellie, "Ruthie and I want to play croquet with Harry, and Harry wants to sail his boat."

"Then some one must give up surely," said mother smiling. "Of course you all want to be kind and loving. But Harry is a boy, and if a boy is a gentleman he will give up."

"Well," said Harry, good-naturedly, "I do want to be a gentleman, so we'll play croquet first."

Don't you think that was a good way to settle it?

ON HAND.

I saw a boy sitting on the edge of the wharf fishing, and said to him, "Well, my boy, you don't seem to have caught any fish."

"No," said he, "but I think I shall I'm expecting a shoal of fish in at any time now. I've been fishing here three days, but had no luck, but I'm quite sure the fish will be in soon. They came in about this time last year."

"Why not wait till they come, and then do your fishing?" asked I.

"O sir!" said the plucky little fellow, "I'd rather be here when they come."

I left him and walked on down to the end of the wharf, and in about an hour returned. As I came near where the boys were fishing, I saw that he was landing the speckled beauties on the wharf in true Izaak Walton style. The fish had come in! The persevering lad had taught me a useful lesson.



PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

Queer looking dogs, you say! and well you may, for they are not a bit like dogs. They are more like small woodchucks, and are called dogs probably from the little yelping noise they make when talking to each other. They are about thirteen inches long, and of a reddish brown colour. They are very sociable little creatures, hundreds of them living in the same district with their burrows close together; these districts are called towns or villages. Around the mouth of each burrow they pile earth to the height of about eighteen inches, and from the top of these they see what is going on in the community, as one or two consequential looking little fellows are doing in the picture. This attitude is one of the most amusing things in the world. In Lincoln Park, Chicago, is quite a colony of prairie dogs, whose antics are an endless source of fun. Burrowing owls and rattlesnakes often live in the same holes with the prairie dogs. There is one of each here, you see. They seem to be having a sparring match, and are evidently making such a clatter as to alarm the little papa dog, who is coming down to see what all the noise is about.

have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently, and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery-faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma," he demanded, after a few moments.

"They have gone into the dining-car; Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said.

WHY SHE DID NOT
DINE ON THE
TRAIN.

A rather pathetic little incident occurred the other day on a Michigan Central train, and the Chicago Tribune tells it in this wise:

A tall, fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—perhaps often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial; but she, too, once in a while turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By-and-bye the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said: "Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You

"Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No; no excuses."

As they left they met the other couple returning.

"Hello, John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are going to have a hot dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.

THE FAVOURITE DOCTOR.

The goodest old doctor came when we were sick—

That is, dolly was sick, and me.
When I ran out my tongue he said very quick,

"You'll need lemonade, that I can see,"
And he sounded like fairies I've heard in my dreams

When he said: "Don't forget to take chocolate creams.

'Your pulse beats so fast fresh caramels I
Shall prescribe, also peppermint drops.
Take buttercups, ice cream and cocoanut pie,

And soda cream, till the pain stops."
Then I ran out my tongue for my dolly.
Said he:

"Give her some of the same; the same symptoms I see."

Well, the dolly, you know, was sick only in play;

And she really can't talk, drink or eat,
But I took enough medicine for dolly that day—

And for me, too—pie, cakes, candies sweet.

I was doctored for both, and the queerest thing still,

Is that dolly is well, but her mamma is ill!

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday-school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if a scholar recollected an instance in the Scriptures of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage." A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul!" A bad bargain indeed!