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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1899.

[No. 8.

THE TWO FOXES.

A fable relates that in the depth of a certain forest there lived two foxes. One of them said to the other one day in the politest of fox language, "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "but how shall we begin?" They tried all sorts of ways, but in vain, for both of them persisted in giving way. At last one brought two stones. "There!" said he, "now you say they are yours, and I'll say they are mine, and then we will quarrel and fight and scratch one another. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine." "All right!" answered the other fox, "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate," replied the first. "No, indeed, you old simpleton. Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel?" So the foxes gave up trying to quarrel, and never played again at this silly game.

It is to be feared that many boys and girls, and some grown-up people, are neither so wise nor so good-tempered as these fabled foxes are said to have been. I was lately reading in a book an article on temper, and it was stated that considerably more than half of all the people in England are naturally bad-tempered.

And to show that there was some foundation for this opinion, he arranged to have about two thousand people put on their trial in various ways, and when the report had been carefully made out, the result was that fifty-two per cent were set down as decidedly bad-tempered people, though perhaps not all in the same way, or in the same degree. The dictionary contains as many as forty-six words which represent so many different shades



REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

(See the beautiful story of the marriage of Isaac and Rebekah—Genesis, 24th chapter.)

of badness, and, of course, as these people have to mix up in daily life one with another, and with others not quite so bad as themselves, quarrels are of frequent occurrence and some of these are reported in the newspaper to the gratification of those who like such things.

Now, cannot we learn a lesson of mutual respect and forbearance from the example of the two foxes? And in order to do so we must not always be looking at the

faults and infirmities of others, but rather seek to know ourselves, remembering that "could we but see ourselves as others see us, from many an evil it would free us."

We are none of us so gentle and amiable and agreeable as we might be. Some of us are easily provoked, and fly into a passion on very slight occasions, and others are haughty, domineering, peevish, fretful, or vindictive; and if these things are allowed to grow until they acquire the mastery over us, our friends will eventually get tired of us, and our lives will become miserable, and almost unbearable. The Cornish people have a motto of this kind, "Let us all try to mend one," and I have known several good men who used to offer this prayer, "Lord, help me to help myself." The writer commends both the motto and the prayer to all the young people who read this paper, and at the same time prays that "our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

"GOD IS LOVE."

Every little child who goes to Sunday-school knows this verse, but how

many think every time they say this beautiful verse, "God is love!" that we are all God's children, and, if we are, we should be, like him, very loving and kind?

Perhaps sometimes you have heard ladies who come to call on your mamma say, "I should know this was your little boy because he looks so much like his father."

If we want people to know we are God's children, we must be like him, gentle and kind and loving

MY MODEST CHOICE.

She leaned 'way out of the window
As I passed below in the street;
In her hand was a bunch of flowers,
And she called me, roguish and sweet:

"Will you have flowers or kisses?"
And I answered her, nothing loth,
"My darling little daughter,
I think I'll have some of both."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1899.

A GOOD SIGN.

That little boy who is said to have fastened on one of the posts of the front piazza a sign which read, "No smoke-ness, nor drunk-ness, nor swear-words, nor wickedness round this house," was surely on the right track. He had taken a position for the right—a thing which every boy ought to do—and was willing for others to know where he stood. More than that, he wanted to warn others of the wicked practice of saying bad words, drinking, and such like evil things. Is every boy who reads these lines trying to keep his own life pure and help others to do right? We hope so. If not, begin today.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door: "All who have no money and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by and said, "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said: "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money." So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said: "O that I might go in there and eat! But alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit; he would turn me out."

So she passed by, and so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. "Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me, too. I'll go in!" And in he went, and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed and given a beautiful home in which he should be forever happy.

MANNERS.

Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behaviour is essential to prosperity. A boy knows when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners at home. We visited a small railroad town not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home, "You are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," said she, "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it did her good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.

The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much, that every boy can have them.

WHAT HE HAD AND HADN'T.

"Now, Wilfred, here's your ball, pretty ball, make it whistle this way," (squeezing it), too-too, see there? Now play pretty, while mamma's away; mamma'll be back directly; don't cry, that's a good baby;" and mamma hurried out, looking anxiously back at baby Wilfred, tied in his chair.

She must go, because naughty Netta, the older baby, had slipped away, and run down the village street. You know how village houses have their doors flung wide open all day, and nothing was easier than for Netta, a nimble little sprite, to get away.

Wilfred, good-natured little cherub, devoted himself to the bright-coloured ball, as he was told, and too-tooted it with delight. But the ball was like Netta, it wanted to get away; and slipping out of dimpled hands it rolled off on the floor.

The baby stretched both hands a-

fect out after it, and then gave a little lurch to reach the runaway. He could not, of course; but he managed to tilt the light straw chair, which scared him very much. He had been there before, and knew what it was to have a fight with the hard floor and get the worst of it. Did he set up a howl then? Not he, indeed! Maybe he whimpered a bit; but when mamma came back, breathless with hurrying Netta along, there was her angel, serenely sucking the button on his shoe!

As he couldn't get what pleased him, he pleased himself with what he could get; and that is the best receipt for a happy little boy or girl, or a happy old boy or girl either, that anybody knows.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

"We don't have any Thanksgiving at our house," said Tilly. "Oh, my! We do," said May; "we have turkey, and chicken, and ice-cream, and oranges, and oh, ever so much more."

May told her sister Kate what Tilly had said.

"Well, I'm just going after my wash," said Kate, "and they're going to have Thanksgiving this year if I can give it to them. The poor mother works so hard she deserves help. We will give them those oranges, and there is ever so much more we can spare."

So Kate went to the house where Tilly lived. There were six children and only their mother to support them by taking in washing. Kate took a basket. It must have been pretty heavy, for she often changed it from one hand to the other.

"I did not want to bring my basket empty," said Kate to Tilly's mother, "and so I put in some things for you and the children for Thanksgiving dinner."

When Kate had emptied the basket the table presented a tempting variety: biscuits and chicken and oranges and jelly, beside some candy.

"Blessings on ye, Miss Kate," said Tilly's mother. "Sure it's many a day since the children had such a feast."

I think Kate and May enjoyed the things they had taken to Tilly's house more than those which were on their own table Thanksgiving Day, so much more is it blessed to give than to receive. Children, I hope you give some one a happy Thanksgiving Day.

It is estimated by competent authorities that 620,000 tons of water tumble over Niagara every minute, day and night.

A baby in St. Louis has the original name of Cyclonia. It was given to her because she was born during the destructive storm which visited St. Louis in the spring of 1896.

A whale recently captured in Arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon belonging to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.

AN EASTER HYMN.

BY F. BOTTOME.

Rise, my soul! 'tis Easter morning!
Winter melting into spring!
Lo! the heaven and earth adorning
Shines the glory of our King!
Christ is risen!
Let the world his triumph sing.

All creation wakes to gladness,
Grateful colours fill the air;
Songs of praise dispelling sadness
Rise upon the breath of prayer!
Christ is risen!
Winds and waves the burden bear.

Saints, your floral tribute bringing,
Early at the altar bow,
While the joyous bells are ringing,
Lo! the grave is vacant now,
Christ is risen!
Put the crown upon his brow.

Crown him, crown him, King of glory!
Seated on the Father's throne!
First in all redemption's story,
Men and angels make it known.
Christ is risen!
God in Christ and man made one.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IV. [April 23.]

JESUS, THE WAY AND THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

John 14. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.—John 14. 6.

A LESSON TALK.

If you had to make a journey to some distant land alone you would need to know the way. You would need the strength and courage to do it, and that means that you would need life. And then you would need to know the truth about many things to save you from making mistakes and so getting into trouble. Now, if some wise, strong friend should come to you and say, "Do not be afraid, my child, I will go with you, and I will be the way, so that you will only have to follow me and all will be well. I will be your truth, too; I will tell you all that you need to know, and you will make no mistakes if you follow my teaching. Then, too, I will be your life. I will provide for you, giving you each day your daily bread, and putting hope and courage into your heart all the way," would you not be glad? This is what Jesus has promised to do for all his disciples who trust him. Read the lesson verses care-

fully, and then ask yourself if it is not wise to let him be your strong Leader and Guide. Then, if you feel afraid, notice that rich, sweet promise in the last verse of the lesson.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who were sad at the last supper? The disciples.

What had Jesus told them? That he was going away.

What did he say to comfort them? Verse 1.

Where was Jesus going? Back to his home in heaven.

What did he say he would prepare? Homes for his friends.

What did Thomas ask? The way to the heavenly home.

What did Jesus say? "I am the Way."

What more does he say that he is? The Truth and the Life.

What did Philip ask Jesus to show them? The Father.

What did he not remember? That the Father and the Son were one.

In whose name should we pray? In the name of Jesus.

When will Jesus do great things for us? When we ask him.

LESSON V. [April 30.]

THE COMFORTER PROMISED.

John 14. 15-27. Memory verses, 25, 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter.—John 14. 16.

A LESSON TALK.

In this last talk that Jesus had with his disciples he told them of a wonderful and beautiful gift that he should send them after he went away. If your own dear father was about to go away to another country, how glad you would be to hear him say that he would send you a gift which would not only keep him in mind, but which would comfort you and teach you the right and true way to live! Have you thought that if Jesus had stayed on earth in his human body he could only have been in one place at a time, but the Holy Spirit which he promised to send can be in all hearts at the same time! He did not come to the few disciples of Jesus who were living then only, but he comes to all who are disciples or learners in the school of Christ, even to the very young.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go to prepare a place for us? To heaven.

What have we in this lesson? Some of his last words.

What must we do if we love Jesus? Keep his commandments.

What did he say he would send to us? A Comforter.

How long will the Comforter stay? Forever.

Who is the Comforter? The Holy Spirit.

Where does he love to dwell? In a heart that loves Jesus.

What does the Comforter teach a heart in which he dwells? All good things.

What will he bring to the mind? All the words of Jesus.

What is a beautiful thing to have in the heart. Peace.

Who has offered to give it to us? Jesus.

What will his peace save us from? All fear and distress.

THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

BY A. P. S.

"Dear me," said Grandma Barlow, "I'm sure I don't know what we shall do with it."

"With what, grandma?" asked her little granddaughter, Elsie.

"With this one little chicken the old white hen has hatched. She deserted her nest, and after she had left it, here came this one little chicken peeping out of its shell and crying for some one to take care of it."

"I'll do it, grandma," Elsie cried, hovering the warm little thing in her hands; "do let me have it."

"No, dear," said her grandmother, "it would only die if you tried to keep it; but suppose you take it out and give it to the turkey hen that has a brood of little turkeys. Perhaps she will consent to take care of one more baby; she has so many now."

So the chicken was taken to Mrs. Turkey and set down in the middle of her family, but the moment Mrs. Turkey saw it she gave it a cross peck with her beak, which said, as plainly as words:

"Get away! My family is too large now."

The little chicken ran peeping off, but presently it came back, and found among the little turkeys one which had a hurt leg, and so could not run around as quickly as the others. It soon became a fast friend of the little lame turkey, and the two would wander around all day together. When night came, all the little turkeys were tucked up in Mother Turkey's soft feathers, and the little chicken was plainly told to go away, for she wasn't wanted there.

Poor little chicken! It was dreadful to be thus left out when it was so tired and so lonely and so sleepy.

The chicken did get in, however, for after all the turkey babies were safely tucked under Mother Turkey's wings, Mrs. Turkey would begin getting ready for bed by smoothing out her own wing feathers and oiling them a bit. The minute Mother Turkey's head was turned around, away would run the little chicken and dive in under her feathers and sleep with the rest of the babies, as happily as could be. And Mother Turkey, feeling her run under, would only spread her wings a bit wider, and fancy that one of her own babies was a little late getting home.



A TEA GARDEN.

While not such a gay, pleasure-loving people as the Japanese, from the fact that the conditions of life are harder, the country more crowded, and population much poorer than in Japan, the Chinese have yet one great holiday, the New Year, and are fond of picnics to their tea-gardens and other picturesque places. One of these is shown in our cut, a pretty pavilion, with numerous plants and flowers, and a pond in the pleasure-garden. There is this to be said in their favour, that, using the cup that cheers but not inebriates, their holidays are free from the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and vice that characterize the holidays of many so-called Christian lands.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The lion had got him. It was wounded, enraged, and at bay. Springing at David Livingstone it bore him to the ground, and seizing him by the shoulder shook him as a dog would a rat. Fortunately for Africa the beast was driven off, and the missionary escaped with a crushed shoulder. Lions infested the country at Mabotsa, where Livingstone had gone to form a new missionary station. They made nightly attacks on the herds of goats and sheep belonging to the natives, and the natives, believing themselves to be bewitched, were only too glad to know the "good doctor" would try to get rid

of these fierce brutes. So the missionary turned hunter, and thus in the first years of his work endured suffering for Africa's sake.

From that time for thirty-three years Livingstone laboured almost continuously for Africa, working at first as missionary, and then as traveller and geographer he explored and mapped out portions of the country unknown to white men. In these long journeys he was away for so long a time without a message reaching England, that at times it was almost feared he was lost, and expeditions were sent off to find him and give him relief. What sufferings must have been his in those journeys. Alone amongst savages, at times without food, exposed to constant danger and disease, losing his medicine chest, returning not once nor twice to appointed

places for new medicines and stores, only to find them stolen or plundered. Yet gentle and uncomplaining, ragged and footsore, he patiently takes up his work again, hopeful that all will come right at last, and penetrating into the heart of the Dark Continent again, he is once more lost to us as completely as "if he had been swallowed up by the waves." Then our hearts are filled with sorrow when tidings come, that on May-day morning, 1873, his faithful black boy, Majwara, had found his "Bwana" (dear master) kneeling at his bed, but dead.

How those black lads loved their "Bwana." Regardless of superstitions, they embalmed the body, but buried his heart in the land that was dear to him. Then for nine months these devoted servants carried and guarded the precious body of their master to the coast, and in our Westminster Abbey his remains lie under an unassuming stone slab.

A Sunday-school teacher who had been teaching her class about the prophets feared that she had not made the stories connected with them interesting to her boys. Her fears were groundless, however, as the mother of one of the boys called on her one day, and told her the following incident. "My boy came home Sunday, and after sitting silent awhile suddenly burst out at the dinner-table: 'Well, I do think Elijah was a fine fellow; and if I ever have a kid of my own, I mean to call him Elijah.'"

PETE AND THE DOGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"O if I could only have one of them pups!"

Poor little Pete had taken a peep through the palings of a back-yard fence. The yard belonged to a man who raised dogs to sell. And what he had seen there had filled his whole heart with longing.

What round, roly-poly pups they were to be sure! Dumpy and squatty, stumpy legs and flat ears, eyes that winked and blinked good-naturedly, saying to a small boy as plainly as eyes could say it: "Come in here and have a good jolly play with us!"

Pete knew that the man charged five dollars apiece for those pups. And Pete was very poor. All the longing in the world would not get a dog for him.

He turned away and walked block after block with the longing still at his heart.

Crossing a street, he saw a boy beating a dog. He was not at all like the pups Pete had seen, for he was thin and wretched. And his eyes looked as if he might wish to say: "Please don't beat me or starve me."

Pete could not bear to see the dog hurt. He went to the boy and said:

"Why do you beat him?"

"O," said the boy, "you have to whip a dog to make him good for anything. But I don't believe this one ever will be. He was a pretty fellow when I got him. He fell off a fine carriage in the street and he doesn't get well, and he gets uglier all the time."

"No wonder, when you use him so badly," said Pete to himself. But to the boy he said:

"I wish you'd give him to me."

"What'll you give me for him?"

Pete had very little to give. He took an old knife from his pocket.

"I'll give you this," he said. "It's got only one blade and that's broke, but it cuts good yet."

The boy grumbled a little, but he gave Pete the dog. Pete carried him tenderly home and bound up the hurt leg. The poor little dog looked lovingly into his eyes and licked his hands.

Weeks later Pete took his dog out for a walk. He was fat and plump now, and frisked joyously by his master's side. There is nothing like loving care, you know, to make things well and happy.

Pete went again to see the well-kept pups. They were grown bigger. Pete looked at them and then at his own dog.

"Well, well," he cried. "If he isn't just like 'em!"

The owner of the pups looked at Pete's, and then he said:

"You have a fine pup there. I'll give you three dollars for him."

It was a great sum for Pete. He thought for a moment, then put his arms around his dog.

"No," he said. "I love him and he loves me, and I can't sell him."