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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1897.

[No. 7.



SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

GOOD TO LOVE.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

"You are so small, what good are you,
My little girl?" a preacher said.
Sparkled her eyes like morning dew,
Her cheeks were red as roses new,
Red on her lips sweet kisses grew,
And clustering curls danced on her
head.

"What good are you from morn till night,
You can't make cakes, nor hats, nor
cloaks,
Nor sweep, nor dust, nor keep things
bright,
You cannot read, you cannot write."
Then Norma, like a flash of light,
Replied, "Just good to love the folks."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1897.

I WISH I WERE A GIRL.

SOME years ago, the ladies of the Female Educational Society opened a small girls' school at Cairo, to which a few little Mohammedan girls came; and they soon learned to love the school very much.

Some of the boys attended a Mohammedan school on the same street; but this was a dark, dismal place, and the master was armed with a great stick.

The little girls told their brothers what a nice happy place their schoolroom was, with pretty coloured pictures on the walls.

This had no small effect upon the boys; and one day a mob of little fellows beset the schoolroom door, exclaiming in chorus, "We want to come to school!"

Poor little boys! The teacher was very sorry to refuse them admission. One of the boldest slipped upstairs just to have a peep; and, while lessons were going on, a brown face, with a pair of bright and curious-looking black eyes, popped into

the schoolroom, and was shortly followed by a ragged blue shirt and two bare feet. He stared at the pictures, the counting-frame, and other objects, till the teacher, smiling, but feeling rather sad, gently took him by the hand and led him out of the room.

The poor little boy was heard to exclaim, in a plaintive voice, "I wish I were a girl!"

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER.

FATHER is off to the valley far away below, to do business of some sort and to get provisions and clothes for his numerous family. They all live up on the cow pastures of the Alps, where their father keeps a herd of cows and probably a few goats as well. Here they make cheese and butter, selling the rest of the milk to hotels and inns in the valleys. At the same time they always keep sufficient to support themselves and live very happily from the proceeds. The father has just started, as we see, on his journey, of once a month or so, to the nearest town; and the three children are watching his form grow smaller as he descends lower and lower into the distant haze that always hangs over the valleys of the higher Alps on a hot summer morning. What bright, pretty faces the children have, and no wonder, for they lead as healthy a life as can be imagined, always breathing the pure, sweet air of the mountain heights that is so exhilarating and beneficial. These mountain pastures lend a peculiar charm to the middle slopes of the Alps; for, besides the fresh appearance of the green turf, the roving cattle give an appearance of life and activity which is wholly wanting in the higher solitudes. Besides this, each cow or goat has a bell attached to its neck, and as they move slowly along, cropping the rich grass, the quaint sound of the bells, with many different notes, can be heard at a considerable distance. The wind, too, often carries them down to the valleys far below. Then the effect is very pretty and softened by the distance.

HOW MISS AMELIA HAD HER OWN WAY.

DOLL-DOM was down under the big apple-tree. There were branches of evergreen dividing the rooms, and in the rooms were boxes for stools and tables, broken china and a few whole cups and plates, dolls' chairs and a cupboard, trunk and bureau. Best of all was a new doll-carriage. This came with Nan's newest doll, Miss Amelia, who was the prettiest and, alas! the most discontented of all Nan's children.

She had been about the world more than the rest, with Nan's Aunt Nell, and she said she "hated to stay in Doll-dom from morning till night—yes, she did."

Nan's brother Ned had a pug-dog. One day while Nan was being dressed, upstairs, Ned harnessed Mr. Pug to the new doll-carriage, set Miss Amelia on the seat, and, with the lines, drove about the yard.

But Mr. Pug did not like to be driven; he jumped about so he jerked the lines from Ned's hand, and ran away.

Oh! how frightened Miss Amelia was, to go tearing about in this way, expecting every moment to have her head broken.

Uncle Ned took her picture with his kodak, instead of trying to save her—cruel man! But Nan didn't wait to see her picture. She ran down the big garden and stopped Mr. Pug, and saved her darling Miss Amelia.

Miss Amelia never wanted to leave her home again. She had had enough of seeing the world.

A "LITTLE MAN."

THAT is what I heard his mother call him one hot day in June. He was a little fellow, not quite four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building blocks, and much interested in a store that he was erecting. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped, and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy, "I'll dit him somefin' to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch. The little fellow poured some water in it, and set it before the dog, who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don," said the boy; "I'll dit some more."

Five times the little boy filled the little saucepan; then the dog bobbed his head, waved his tail, and went off. The little fellow laughed gleefully.

"He said, 'Fank you,' didn't he, mamma? I des he was glad to dit some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," mamma answered.

That same day, a little later, two little children came along. Stopping outside the fence, they peered into the yard. They wore ragged clothes, and were bare-footed. They looked at the little boy within the gate with an expression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he said; "maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may if you wish," mamma answered smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer to the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?" questioned the waif longingly.

"One for each of us?" put in the other.

"You tan have your hands full," was the smiling answer. "I's dot a whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the sweet flowers, violets and pinks and June roses, which his fair little hands held out to the "unwashed," who thanked him with grateful voices, and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother in a low, fervent voice. He did not hear her, but I am sure that God will bless him.

A SMALL BOY'S PLAINT.

WHEN the blizzard is blowing outside in the street, I have to stay here in the house, I have to sit quiet the whole of the time, as still as a little brown mouse. They won't let me tease my small brother at all, or play with my small sister's things, And mamma's not pleased if I step in her room and set up a store with her rings. And papa gets mad as a crazy March hare when I cut pictures out of his books. I cannot go down to the kitchen to stay, because we've the crossest of cooks. The waitress don't like it if, by some mischance, I upset the cranberry pie. On blizzardly days there isn't a boy so unhappy and tired as I.

The dog, he snaps at me if I pull his tail; and pussy, she scratches my hand. If I put her aboard the piano and play she's head of a musical band. The baby, he cries if I poke at his eyes, and his nurse drives me out of the place, And tells me that all through the rest of the day, she don't want a sight of my face.

I wish it would clear, for I want to go out; I cannot stay quiet and still. I'm so full of moviness all of the time, that sitting down makes me feel ill. I cannot do anything—no, not a thing—I can't say I will or won't; I cannot go out, and I cannot stay in, when there's nothing to do but to don't.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II. [April 11.]

CONVERSION OF CORNELIUS.

Acts 10. 30-44. Memory verses, 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10. 43.

OUTLINE.

1. The Centurion, v. 30-33.
2. The Apostle, v. 34-43.
3. The Holy Spirit, v. 44.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter was a Jew, and the Jews called all men besides themselves Gentiles, and looked upon them as common, unholy people whom the Lord did not love. While he was in Joppa, at Simon's house, God sent a vision to show Peter that he loved all men alike. Read about it in Acts 10. 1-16. Two days before he had sent a vision to Cornelius, a Gentile who lived in Casarea, a city fifty miles from Joppa. In this vision an angel appeared

and told Cornelius to send men to Joppa and bring Peter to teach him what he ought to do. Cornelius obeyed and sent three men to bring Peter to his house. Peter said he would go, and six of his friends went with him. So there were ten in the party, seven Jews and three Gentiles.

Cornelius was expecting them, and had his relatives and dear friends at his house to see and hear Peter. He told Peter about his vision, and asked him to tell all that God had sent him to say. Then Peter preached Jesus to these Gentiles, and said that whoever believed in him should have the forgiveness of sins. When he said this the Holy Spirit fell on the Gentiles and they began to praise God aloud. Then they were baptized, and since then Gentiles have been baptized when they became believers in Jesus.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the story of Cornelius's vision. Acts 10. 1-6.
- Tues.* Read about Peter's vision. Acts 10. 9-16.
- Wed.* What lesson did Peter learn from this? Verse 28.
- Thur.* Learn that God hears all true prayer. Dan. 10. 12.
- Fri.* Find how we should listen and speak for God. Deut. 5. 27.
- Sat.* Read the lesson again. Acts 10. 30-44.
- Sun.* Learn the Golden Text.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What did the Jews think about Gentiles? Who are Gentiles? All who are not Jews. How did God teach Peter that he loved all alike? To whom had he sent a vision just before? Who was Cornelius? What kind of a man was he? What did he want to learn? More about God. What does God do when he sees this desire in a heart? Sends help and teaching. Where did Peter go? Who went with him? What shows that Cornelius was not selfish? What great truth did Peter declare? Verse 34. What joyful message did he bring? Golden Text. What fell upon the Gentiles then? What did they do? What was done to show that they belonged to God's family? They were baptized.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL.

God loves everybody.
God wants sinners to come to him.
God wants us to tell the good news to all.

LESSON III. [April 18.]

GENTILES CONVERTED AT ANTIOCH.

Acts 11. 19-26. Memory verses, 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.—Acts 11. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Church Growing, v. 19-21.
2. The Church Organized, v. 22-26.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Peter went back to Jerusalem the apostles found fault with him for going to Gentiles and eating with them. But Peter told them all the story of the vision, and how the Holy Ghost came upon the Gentiles, and they were glad, for they saw that God had sent salvation to these also.

You remember that after Stephen's death there was great persecution of the believers, and many went away from Jerusalem and preached in other places. The heathen city of Antioch was one of these places. Many believed in Jesus, and the Church in Jerusalem sent a good man there, named Barnabas, to preach and to teach.

But so many became believers that Barnabas went to Tarsus and asked Saul to go to Antioch and help him.

Saul went willingly, and for a whole year they both preached Jesus in this beautiful old city. It was here that believers were first called Christians, a name they have kept ever since.

Saul and Barnabas only went once to Jerusalem during that year. The Christians at Antioch sent them to carry money to poor Christians in Jerusalem, because food was very scarce and dear. This showed that love for Jesus had made them love other people.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 11. 19-26.
- Tues.* Learn what the apostles at Jerusalem learned. Golden Text.
- Wed.* Learn a word of warning. Heb. 2. 3.
- Thur.* Find what command Barnabas and Saul obeyed. Matt. 28. 19.
- Fri.* Find out all you can about Antioch.
- Sat.* Find a proof of Barnabas' friendship for Saul. Acts 9. 26, 27.
- Sun.* Learn why we should help men believe. James 5. 20.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who found fault with Peter when he went to Jerusalem? What for? Why did they think he had done wrong? Because he had broken the law. What is higher than Jewish law? God's law. What followed Stephen's death? What did many believers do? How did the persecution do good? It was the means of spreading the good news. What was one of the cities visited? Who was sent there to teach and preach? Whom did he get to come and help him? How long did they both stay in Antioch? What was the result of their teachings? What name was given to believers in Antioch?

LEARN FROM THE LESSON—

To obey God rather than man.
To look for good to come out of evil.
To work earnestly and faithfully for God.

A GENUINE cent is worth more than a counterfeit dollar.

THE BOY WHO BORROWED TROUBLE.

BY F. B. OPPER.

THOUGH extremely fond of coasting, this most peculiar lad,
While flying swiftly down the hill,
would wear a look of pain,—
For already he was thinking,—and it really made him sad—
That very soon he'd have to climb the whole way up again.

A VISIT FROM THE PASTOR.

"ANDY and James, I want you to come right home from school, for the new pastor is coming to call, and wants to see you," said Mrs. Hardy to her two bright-faced boys, as they started to school one morning.

The faces clouded instantly. "We don't want to see him, anyhow. Don't know what he wants to see us for," grumbled Andy. While James edged off and looked frightened.

"Never mind; do as I tell you," said their mother.

All the way to school, the boys talked over the dreaded visit, but there was no way of evading it.

That afternoon the two boys sat up very stiff and straight in their chairs, with clean, red faces, when the pastor was ushered in.

Somehow, those boys forgot to sit straight when the new pastor began to tell them stories of his own boyhood; of his tobogganing; of how his school team beat the other school team in baseball; and of the mock battle with snow forts and snowballs. They forgot that he was a minister as he drew them close to him, until after awhile he said, "I was a captain in that little army, and now I am a captain in the Lord's army, to battle against wrong. I am looking for volunteers. Jesus wants just such boys as you. Think about joining, boys."

"I tell you, he's a brick," said Andy, with sparkling eyes, after he had gone.

"Makes a fellow feel as if he ought to join that army," said James.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE day, seven years ago, when a preacher went into the pulpit to preach, he found that the sexton had forgotten to put a glass of water on the pulpit table. His throat was dry and he felt that he could hardly preach without a drink of

water. He was in a strange church, and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the services.

Just then one of the little girls in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one, she rose and brought a full glass of water to the preacher. It relieved his throat, and helped him to preach a better sermon.

That preacher has never forgotten that cup of water, nor the little girl who brought it. And sometimes he says that if he can remember one cup of water so many years, it will be very easy for Christ to remember the little things that his little ones do for him.

We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

FRANK'S GARDEN.

FRANK'S papa gave him a nice little piece of ground for his garden. There were some shrubs and rosebushes in it, and his papa gave him some seeds with directions how to set them out.

Frank was very industrious for a time. He took his pretty red wheelbarrow and cleared the garden of stones. This occupied some time. He then dug up and turned over the soil and put in his seeds. By this time he began to feel tired, but he remembered to water the seeds before going into the house.

For several days he watched his garden with care, but it was not until some weeks that he discovered little green shoots pushing through the ground. He ran then to tell his father that the seeds were coming up.

"You will have to watch them now, Frank, and not let the weeds kill them," said his father.

The next day Frank went on a picnic and did not think anything about his garden. For several days after that he was riding his wheel.

All this time the weeds were pushing up, and growing tall, till at last, when Frank remembered his little garden, the young

flowers were quite hidden by the tall weeds.

Frank began to dig and pull, but, alas, he rooted up as many flowers as weeds!

"I can't do anything with this garden, papa," said he.

"If you had begun a little sooner, my boy," said his father, "you would have had no trouble. The duty of to-day cannot be done to-morrow."

As God's light shines into your heart, you will see more and more of your depravity, and of your absolute need of Christ.



THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

BY J. KING.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,