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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

No. 22.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Great baby's a puzzle to me
With his "queer little
snubity nose ;"
His clothes are put on, I
can see,
As thickly as leaves on a
rose ;
They don't seem to fit
The least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of
repose.

They turn him around, up-
side down,
And dandle him right in
the air ;
He's the loveliest baby in
town,
The sweetest, in fact, any-
where,
They say "Baby's
king,"
And then shake the
poor thing ;
It's a wonder to me how
they dare.

Of what earthly use to be
king
When all of your sub-
jects are mad,
And imagine a wild High-
land fling,
Can alone make your
majesty glad—
Or fancy a poke
In the chin is a joke
Your highness delights
in when sad ?

Oh! yes, you're a puzzle
to me,
You solemn-eyed, infan-
tile king ;
A real king might climb
up a tree

And you wouldn't say anything,
Though he sat on a bough
And whistled till now,
"The Flowers that Bloom in the
Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think,



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Of things more amusing than these ;
And when half the night long
Your mamma sings a song
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here.
Perhaps we can't quite understand,
The pre-mundane funny idea.

Perhaps if we knew
What most amused
you
We'd feel very foolish
and queer.

A WALK.

Bright and warm shone
the sun, and the bird that
lives in the apple-tree
was singing his best song
when Dora and Don
started out to take a walk.
"You may go to the end
of the lane and back," said
mamma.

They stopped at the
little brook that ran right
across the lane. Don
threw a stone into it, and
Dora tried to count the
big rings of water, and
wondered what made it
do so.

A little red squirrel
came running along on the
rail fence. They both ran
after it, and called it to
come back; but it wouldn't
come. I wonder why.

Then they saw a grass-
hopper. Don laid his um-
brella down on the grass
and tried to hop too, but
he couldn't do it half as
well. I wonder why.

Then they heard a rap,
rap, rap, and looking up,
they saw a bird rapping
on the side of a big tree.
What do you think the
bird wanted ?

Dora picked some clover
blossoms, and Don called
it "pretty grass." "Why
don't all the grass have
flowers on it?" he asked.

When Don and Dora came home they
asked so many questions that mamma had
to stop her sewing and tell them what
made the rings in the water, and why
Don could not hop as well as the grass-
hopper, and all the other things they
wanted to know. Don and Dora learn a
great many things by keeping their eyes
open when they go to walk.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleetier,
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love and care and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

THE STORY OF A BALL.

BY MYRTLE B. MILLS.

I was not always a ball. Long ago I was soft, fleecy wool on a sheep's back. Then the sheep was sheared and I was spun into soft, red yarn, and when that was done, with many skeins like myself, I was placed in a box and sent to a large store.

One day a dear old lady came into the store and, choosing me and some of my companion skeins, carried us to her home. She called her little granddaughter Bessie to help her wind the yarn into balls. Bessie held each skein on her little out-stretched hands, and one by one the pretty balls were made. I was the last one to become a ball, and grandmother gave me a loving pat as she put us all into her basket. Here I was quite happy in the society of so many little red balls, but I often wished that I might see more of the new

world around me. Baby-boy saw grandmother making the balls and wished for them to play with. He took a curved stick and pretended he was a little shepherd and the balls were his lambs, and he had great fun.

"I am going to knit Baby-boy some stockings to keep Jack Frost from the little feet," said grandmother, one bright summer afternoon. So she took her rocking-chair and her work-basket with the red balls and knitting-needles out on the veranda. Taking me and another ball out of the basket, she put us into her lap and began to knit.

By-and-bye grandmother began to nod over her work, and, dropping her needles into her lap, she fell asleep. While she was taking her nap, I rolled quietly on the floor, just as Topsy, the black and white cat, came up the veranda steps. Now Topsy thought nothing so nice to play with as a ball, and she sprang for me and would have caught me had I not rolled quickly off the veranda, down among the nasturtiums which grew by the walk. Topsy sat up on the steps for a while, and watched for me to come out again, but I stayed where I was.

About supper-time grandmother awoke, and, putting on her spectacles, looked around for me; but I was hidden among the vines. "Baby-boy, do you know where grandmother's red ball is?" she called; but Baby-boy did not know. It was growing dark by this time, so grandmother took up her work and went in to supper. The stars came out one by one and the crickets began to chirp. I felt very lonely and wished I had not rolled away to see the world, but was safe in grandmother's basket.

Next morning when Baby-boy came to pick some flowers for mamma, he saw me among the nasturtium leaves. Taking me in his chubby hand, he ran to grandmother, who was very glad to see me again. I lie in her basket now, and each day as she knits I grow smaller and smaller. But I am very happy, for I know when I am no longer a ball I shall be a little red stocking to keep Baby-boy warm.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

Once there was a preacher whom bad men hated. They hated him because he spoiled their wicked plans. These bad men said among themselves, "We will take an army and go to the city where this preacher lives, and then we will kill him."

So with their king at their head they set out, and surrounded the city by night. When the preacher and his servants awoke in the morning they looked out, and lo! all around the walls of the city were enemies. They were soldiers dressed in armour and they carried spears and bows and arrows. Their horses were covered with armour and they were harnessed to dreadful war chariots.

The poor servant was scared out of his wits. He thought that they would be killed at once. "Alas, my master!" he

cried, "how shall we do?" The servant did not know that God takes care of every man and woman, and every boy or girl who tries to do right.

The preacher prayed that God would open the servant's eyes, and, wonder of wonders! the young man at once saw that the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire—a far greater host than the king's army at his feet. Then do you know what happened? This army that God had sent came down and smote the enemy with blindness, so that not a hair of the preacher's head was harmed, after all.

Isn't that a wonderful story? But let me tell you another one just as wonderful. Every time a girl or boy, no matter how small, tries to be good and to keep from being naughty, God sends his angels to help him. We need not ever give in to bad temper, or bad thoughts, because God is helping us and he is stronger than evil.

A STORY ABOUT GYP JONES.

Shall I tell you a story about Gyp Jones? He was a little fat dog that just loved to pry into bags, holes, baskets, and pockets. He pretended he was in search of rats, but that was not so. He was in search of cakes and crackers and candies. All of these things Gyp loved as well as his little mistress Maud did. He and Maud had eaten many cakes and candies together.

Well, one day Gyp was all alone in the house, excepting that he had the company of Growler, the mastiff; and he thought it would be a good time to go around and smell of all the bags and baskets and pockets in the closets.

Now Maud and her papa and mamma had gone away in a hurry to catch the excursion train, and they had left many doors open; and so, as Gyp thought, it really was a good time to see what there was in the house that he would like to eat.

He first went into the pantry; but all the cupboard doors were shut, and the box covers were on even and tight. So he skipped up the stairs, and Growler came behind slowly. It was a good thing for Gyp that Growler did follow, as you will see. For what did Gyp do in the very first closet they entered? He poked his nose into his master's tall, stiff boot; and then his head, and then his body. What he expected to find I do not know. But crawl in there he did; and when he found there was nothing good to eat in the boot he tried to draw back, but he could not do it. Well, how do you suppose he got out? Why, Growler just took hold of the little rogue with his teeth and shook him out.

In Uganda, Africa, what do you suppose the people use for money? Why, just small, prettily marked shells called "cowrie" shells. It takes more than five of these shell coins to equal one of our pennies, yet the natives have brought the missionaries hundreds of thousands of them to buy Bibles and other books.

PETER NODDY.

Peter Noddy comes at night,
Down the chimney, so they say,
Sows our eyelids fast and tight.
Till the break of day;
And never yet has anybody
Caught a glimpse of Peter Noddy.

Often have I set my chair
By the fire to watch for him;
But he took me unaware
In the shadows dim,
And before my eyes could view him
He had popped his needle through them.

Is his thread a moonbeam white,
Stolen from the sky, I wonder?
Or perhaps he tears the slight
Spider-webs asunder,
And from out their glossy shreds
Twines and spins his lissom threads.

And his fingers are so deft,
And his needle is so keen,
Not a scar or mark is left
Where its point has been.
So he comes and so he goes,
Whence or whither no one knows.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 5.]

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day.—Neh. 1. 11.

A LESSON TALK.

Most men do not like to go into danger, but we have here a story of a man who was willing to leave a life of comfort and pleasure to undertake a work which he knew would be both hard and dangerous. Why was this? Nehemiah had been trained to love and serve the true God. When he was taken captive in time of war and carried away to Persia, and set to wait upon the king of that country in his beautiful palace, he did not forget God. He loved his country and Jerusalem, the holy city, and was happy when he could hear any news from there. Find how he learned that the temple had been rebuilt, and yet that the Jews were in great trouble because the walls were broken down and the gates destroyed. Both love for God and for his country led Nehemiah to forget himself—his safety and his comfort—and to think only of what he could do to make things right once more.

Nehemiah was in the service of a powerful king who was used to having his own way. Would the king let him go? See how Nehemiah won his consent, and notice how wise it is to have the love of those whom we serve.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Nehemiah? A Lebrew captive.

In what land was he a captive? In Persia.

Where did he live? In the king's palace.

What was he? The king's cupbearer.

What sad news did he hear? That the walls of Jerusalem were broken down.

What did he want to do? Go build them up.

Would this be easy? No; very hard.

Why was he willing to do it? He loved God.

What was the first thing he did? He prayed.

What did he confess? His own sins and the sins of his people.

What did he ask God to remember? His promise of mercy.

To whom should we look for help? To God.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 12.]

REBUILDING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Neh. 4. 7-18. Memory verses, 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch and pray.—Matt. 26. 41.

A LESSON TALK.

Of course Nehemiah's king allowed him to go to Jerusalem to rebuild the walls, for the Lord made him willing. It was a journey of eleven hundred miles, but he did not mind that, for he was going to work for the Lord, and the thought gave him courage and strength. Read in Neh. 2. 11-16 what Nehemiah did after he had been three days in Jerusalem. In Neh. 2. 19, 20, learn how enemies began right away to oppose. Does it seem strange that the wall could be built in such a short time? There was money to be raised and friends to be gained for the work, as well as enemies to be kept away. But the answer to all questions is that God himself worked with Nehemiah and helped him. Does not the story of the brave way in which the Jews went about this work, working and fighting, make you think of the way the Christian has to live in this world? We may not have to fight actual living enemies, but we all have to fight heart enemies, and it is our Lord who has told us to "watch and fight." This lesson has many things to teach us. Can you find the lessons for yourself.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Nehemiah go? To Jerusalem.

What did he want the people to do? To build the walls of the city.

Did he work too? Yes; he led the others in the work.

Who soon rose up to hinder the work? Wicked men.

What did they try to do? To keep the Jews from building.

What did they not believe? That it was the Lord's work.

To whom did Nehemiah go for help? To God.

What did the Lord tell him to do? To set a watch.

What did the workmen do besides watch? They worked.

Who has told us to watch and pray? Our Lord.

What else should we do? Work.

What does this lesson teach us? Courage and faith.

DOTTY'S RULE.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

"Dotty," said Dotty's mother, "my silk has given out, and I will have to buy more. Will you go to the store for me?"

"Yes, mother," said Dotty, who was playing with her dolls. "But, oh, dear! I don't see why I have to do all the errands for everybody! I run, run, run, all day long!"

Now Dotty knew a great deal better than that. Mother did not often ask her to run errands, especially outside the house. And, all day long, mother was doing little things for Dotty that took a great deal more time than her little girl understood. But Dotty had a bad fault—she liked to complain and grumble, when she was told to do anything, instead of doing it cheerfully at once.

So she sighed and laid down her pet doll Arabella, as if she was giving up her whole afternoon to do mother's errand, instead of ten minutes.

Then she came slowly to her mother, for the order, with a little frown on her face. But Mrs. Hall said:

"No, Dotty; I sent Mary Jane instead."

"But, mother, I said I'd go!" cried Dotty. "I was obeying, wasn't I?"

"Yes, dear, but you grumbled, you know."

It was a sober little girl that went back to her dollies, and somehow Dotty didn't have as much enjoyment as before. Soon she ran back to her mother, crying, "I have a new rule, mother! Always obey, and don't grumble, either!"

"That's a very good rule," said mother smiling.

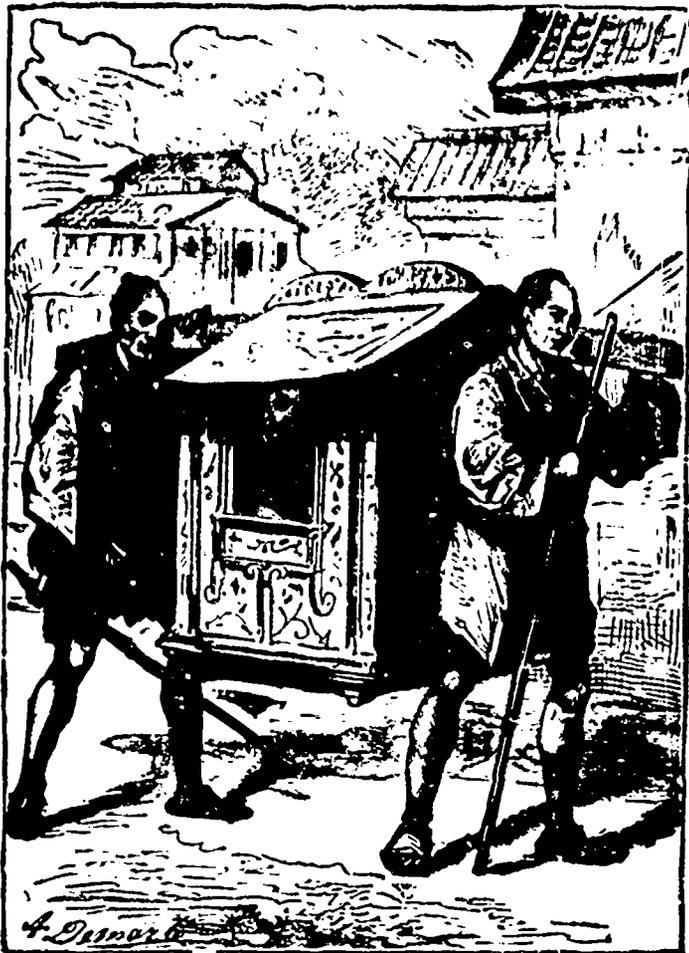
ON GUARD.

You have a little prisoner;
He's nimble, sharp, and clever;
He's sure to get away from you
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says, "That isn't so,"
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you, you know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young;
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just your little tongue.



JAPANESE RIKSHAW.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

"If you love me," Jesus said,
"You must show it!"
If you really love the Saviour,
You will know it.

If you love your little brother,
Your dear father, or your mother,
You don't have to ask another
If it's so;
For you know
That your hearts are bound together.

ROSE, BIRD AND BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendour, and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness, but the selfish bud shriveled and withered away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not want to sing," but when his brother soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making wary listeners forget sorrows and bless the singer, the little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets I shall not have enough myself," said the brook, and it hoarded all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a filthy, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide awake rose; a buoyant, singing bird; and a leap-

ing refreshing brooklet, thought of these things, and said: "If I would have and would be, I must share all my goods with others; for

"To give is to live;
To deny is to die."

—o—

THE LITTLE BRAVE.

BY ADRIANA HERMAN

It was an old game with the Monroe children; they had played "Indian" ever since Jessie and Dick could remember. And now that they were at Longdale farm for the summer, it was so much easier to go on the war-path across fields and through "sure enough" woods, than up and down the nursery stairs and out on the back porch.

One summer afternoon Eben took his tribe on a long tramp. All of a sudden, they found the sun gone, and twilight settling down. And where were they? Where was Setter Hill, back of the farm house? The children looked around,

and it seemed a strange world they were in; they climbed a fence and crossed a field and it seemed stranger than ever.

Alas! they did not see a tree or hill or bridge or barn that they had ever seen before!

"We are lost," said Eben throwing himself down on the grass, tired and discouraged and unhappy; "I don't believe we'll ever get back."

Dick began to whimper.

"Will the bears eat us?" he asked in a shaky voice, for bears had played a large part in their game.

Now Jessie had not been allowed to be anything but a prisoner in the Indian game, because she was only a girl, and a girl could not be an Indian brave and wear paint and feathers. But it was Jessie that said, "Pshaw! there are no bears in these fields, and if we just stick up my apron for a flag, father will soon come to find us."

So they gathered in a little group, and Dick held up the flag bravely. Every now and then Eben would give a long war-whoop. The darkness came close about them, and once an owl swept by them, hooting so dismally that Dick was terribly scared. Dear little Jess' heart trembled in the darkness out there on the hill, but she was so hard at work trying to comfort the boys, that when father at last found them, out under the stars, by Eben's whoops and halloos, she hadn't shed a tear—the little unpainted, unfeathered brave!

HER NAUGHTY HAT.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

And mamma looked in surprise
As wee Mary stood before her
With weeping but flashing eyes.

"I thought you would be so happy
When you saw your lovely hat.
What does make you cry so, dearest,
What does make you look like that?"

"It's my naughty new hat, mamma,
I don't want it on my head;
There's a beautiful birdie on it,
But the beautiful bird is dead.

"I think I will have a fun'ral;
The children shall come and sing,
To show all the other birdies
We grieve for the dear, dear thing.

"Yes," said mamma, as she kissed her;
"How thoughtless I must have been;
Better the birdie were buried
Than that it a hat should trim."

GOD, AND THE BOY IN KNEE PANTS.

"Why, that was thousands of years ago!" exclaimed Fred, in amazement.

"Well, the sun shone thousands of years ago, and the same sun is shining to-day," replied his mother.

"But, see here; I'm just a boy in knee pants."

"That is nothing dreadful. There are probably a hundred millions of you in the world, and knee pants are no farther from God than long pants."

Fred went out of the room, and pretty soon his father found him staring straight up into the sky. "Hunting for stars?" he asked, laughingly.

"No, sir," Fred stammered, confused; and then he, too, laughed and asked: "How much nearer to heaven are you than I, papa?"

"If you mean the blue heavens above, the top of my head is probably two feet nearer than yours; but if you mean the heart of God, there is not even that much difference, I am sure; for he loves a boy as well as a man."

"That's what mother said, but I could not understand what he could want with a boy in knee pants yet."

Fred's father pointed to where the workmen were building the stone walls of a house, and said: "You see, the mason is just fitting a small stone in the wall. A large one would not fit there. So there are hundreds of places where a boy fits into God's plan of the world, but a man would not. Time and again he has used boys, thousands of whom we have never heard of. So if you see any good that a boy can do—making another boy see the meanness of a mean act or the glory of an unselfish one, or protecting a dog or other creature, lightening life's burdens a little here and there for weary ones, and getting ready for the work of a man by-and-bye—remember that is one of God's calls to you to serve him, and that he wants all the boys in knee pants to stand in close to him, ready for his commands."