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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

[No. 22.]

## THE CAMEL.

The camel is a native of Arabia. He is a very homely creature, but is of great value to his master. In Turkey, Persia, and Egypt, commerce is carried on by the use of this wonderful animal. He is very submissive; will kneel down to be loaded and unloaded; and when too heavy a load is placed upon him, and he has carried it until he is weary, will make a piteous cry, without making the least resistance.

Camels sometimes carry a load of three or four hundred pounds. When he is loaded he will go easily twenty-five miles a day; but when he has only a man on his back he has been known to travel over one hundred miles in a single day.

To the Laplander, the reindeer is a most valued possession; and what the reindeer is to his Arctic master, the camel is to his Arabian master. Its milk is rich and nutritious; and when it is young, its flesh makes excellent food. Its hair, or fleece, falls off in the spring. From it is manufactured cloth, from which almost every article necessary for clothing or bedding is made. Cloth is made so coarse and heavy that it is used for the covering of tents.

God has fitted this animal for the countries in which he has placed him, and has adapted him to the service of those where he lives.

Camels will go a long time without water. Sometimes their journeys are long, and the weather excessively warm, yet they will endure the fatigue and thirst for a long time without complaint. Horses and mules could not carry the burdens, or

endure the want of water, as the camel does.

His feet are not adapted to rough, stony roads; but they are exactly fitted for the soil on which he is to travel. His broad hoofs are for travelling on the dry and parched sands of the Arabian deserts.

It has been found difficult to take either

## NOT QUITE A QUARREL.

The grown folks didn't care for music, so they left the little folks to themselves. Robbie Chandler visited Hazel Adams every day when Hazel didn't visit him. They were neighbours and great friends. Robbie was a real gentleman, though he forgot to remove his cap that morning. It was because of the flute.

"Where did you get it?" said Hazel, with wonder in her brown eyes.

"Uncle Rob comed last night, and gived it to me, and he teached me how to play. I can 'mos' play a tune See?"

Robbie set his feet on the chair puffed out his cheeks, and blew hard. Sure enough. Hazel hadn't words for her delight. It was just then that the stupid older people ran away.

"Could I do it? May I try it?" Hazel asked timidly.

"Y-o-o. Your fingers won't go right the first time."

It seemed a doubtful thing to give his dear flute into other hands, but Robbie did it like a little man. Then, oh! some way it had dropped, and some way Hazel had stepped on it; and it lay a poor flattened flute, with the music crushed out of it.

"O dear!" screamed Robbie; "you've broken my flute—you—you!"

The two mammae, who were great friends also, rushed to the door, but halted. They saw this picture: Hazel, crying, cowering before Robbie, whose eyes flashed, whose fist was clenched to strike.

"Stop!" the mammae whispered; for as they looked they saw Robbie controlling himself by an effort which shook his



THE CAMEL.

the camel or the reindeer to other countries than those to which they belong, and have them do well. Almost all attempts have been failures. Camels live to be forty or fifty years of age.

Do right, and fear not.

small frame. His face softened, his fist relaxed.

"There, there! it was an accident; you didn't mean to do it!"

"No, I didn't, Robbie; and I'll buy another; I've got forty cents. Do you s'pose 'twould cost more than that?"

The two mamma's slipped back unseen, thankful that their children had already learned lessons of self-control, justice, and generosity.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

### KITTY'S PARTY.

Gladys and Nina had been planning for some time to give Trot, their kitty, a birthday party when she should be one year old.

When Trot was first given to them she was just a little kitten; but kittens grow so fast that now, much to the sorrow of the girls, she was quite a staid and full-grown cat, but they loved her just as much as ever.

"Who shall we invite to kitty's party?" they began to ask each other somewhat anxiously a day or two before the date of her birthday.

Louise's kitty had run away, and hadn't been seen for days; Helen had only a dog, which wouldn't do at all, and really there seemed to be no respectable cats to invite. Here was a great predicament. The morning of the birthday arrived, and as Gladys and Nina dressed they discussed the situation.

"We must find somebody to invite this very morning," Gladys announced as she pulled on a shoe. She meant some cat, you know.

"Of course we must," answered Nina; "it wouldn't be any party at all without some cat else at it."

Somehow, all through breakfast, their

papa and mamma looked very mysterious, and occasionally nodded and smiled at each other; but the girls were so busy planning for the birthday party that they did not notice it.

Immediately after breakfast their papa went to the shed and called the girls. They ran out at once, and their mamma followed them; and what do you suppose? There in Trot's box, cuddled close up to her, were five little baby kittens. "You see Trot has sent out her own invitation," said their papa. And then such squeals of delight as there were from the girls. They fairly hopped from one foot to the other in their excitement.

And so Trot's birthday party was furnished with guests, and Trot was treated to the daintiest supper that two happy little girls could devise.

### A PRETTY, HAPPY GIRL.

There are many plain young girls whose faces are lined with discontent and unhappiness. There is a drawn, perplexed expression between the eyes, and the corners of the mouth have a decided drop. These are the girls who have a settled idea that they are plain beyond remedy, and the distressing belief has deepened the lines of dissatisfaction; but in reality there is only a cloud over the face, cast by the habit of unhappiness.

A pretty story, by which we can all profit, is as follows: One morning a certain girl whose face was under this cloud walked out across the sunshine of the common. For a moment the lightness of the morning had lifted the gloom, and her thoughts were unusually pleasant. "What a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed!" she heard one of the two ladies passing say to the other. She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. "Why, they mean me! No one ever called me pretty before! It must be because I am smiling." Again, as she was getting on a horse-car, she heard (the fates were out in her favour): "Do you see that pretty, happy girl?" "Well, I declare, I am always going to look happy if this is what comes of it! I have been called homely all my life, and here twice in one day I've been called pretty."

### THE GIANT FALSEHOOD.

Willie and Freddie had been sent to a neighbouring house to bring a bucket of water. When they returned quite late their teacher asked: "Willie, why were you gone such a long time for the water?" Willie hesitated a moment, and then looking down, replied: "We spilled it, and had to go back to fill the bucket again."

Turning to Freddie, she asked: "Were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?" He did not answer at first, for he did not like to show that Willie had not told the exact truth; but directly he said: "Yes, ma'am. We met Harry Bradon, and stopped to play with

him; and then we spilled the water, and had to go back to get some more."

Little friends, which do you think conquered the giant Falsehood, and which let the giant conquer him? Which was the happier of the two, and which would the teacher be more likely to trust in the future. If we do not conquer the giant of evil, they will surely conquer us? Do not forget that

There are giants yet to kill,  
And the God of David still  
Guides the pebble at his will.

### THE LATEST JOKE.

We's got the very bestest joke  
On little sister May;  
She's getting pretty old now,  
Was fourteen mon's to-day.

It was for supper yesterday  
'At we had pumpkin pie.  
It was so very nice and yellow,  
And tasted good, O my!

But after dark I took her out,  
And she began to cry:  
I couldn't fink what was the matter,  
For all she said was "Pie."

But when I looked the way she pointed  
I laughed till I did cry,  
To fink she only saw the moon,  
And fought 'twas pumpkin pie.

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, says the teller of the story, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed. "And now," the father said, "put those apples back in the basket"

When half the apples were replaced, the son said: "Father, they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said that you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket: it will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with chip dirt—cheap novels."

A CHILD'S HYMN.

I will sing for Jesus;  
With his blood he bought me,  
And all my pilgrim way  
His loving hand hath brought me.

Can there overtake me  
Any dark disaster,  
While I can sing for Jesus,  
My blessed, blessed Master?

I will sing for Jesus:  
His name, alone prevailing,  
Shall be my sweetest music  
When heart and flesh are failing.

Still I'll sing for Jesus!  
Oh, how I will adore him  
Among the cloud of witnesses  
Who cast their crowns before him.

LESSON NOTFS.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 7.]

PAUL IN MELITA AND ROME.

Acts 28. 1-16. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. 8. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Saved, v. 1-6.
2. Honoured, v. 7-10.
3. Welcomed, v. 11-16.

THE LESSON STORY.

The terrible storm went on for fourteen days, and at last the ship was broken to pieces by the waves. But not one of the two hundred and seventy-six people on board was lost. They all escaped to an island called Melita. Its name now is Malta.

The people on the island were rough and ignorant, but they were kind, and they quickly built a fire on the shore to warm and dry the poor, shivering men. Paul gathered sticks to build the fire and a viper seized his hand. When the natives saw that it did not harm him they said that he must be a god.

A rich man named Publius lived on the island. He kept Paul and his friends in his own fine house three days. His father was sick, and Paul prayed and laid his hands on him and healed him. After this many sick people came to be healed, and Paul was treated with great honour. He stayed on the island three months, and when the ship came to take them all away his new friends gave him many presents. But they could give him nothing so good as he had given them, the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

At last Paul came to Rome, where he

found many friends and where he was allowed to live by himself with a soldier to guard him.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 28. 1-16.
- Tues. See what the barbarians found. Heb. 13. 2.
- Wed. Learn what Paul proved true. Golden Text.
- Thurs. Learn another promise he proved. Mark 16. 18.
- Fri. Learn another promise Paul proved. James 5. 14, 15.
- Sat. Learn a song for Paul (and for us). Psalm 27. 14.
- Sun. Learn how to meet difficulties. Rom. 8. 31.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What finally became of the ship in which Paul sailed? What became of the men on board? What was then, and what is now, the name of the island? How did the people receive the shipwrecked men? What happened to Paul? What is a viper? A poisonous serpent. What did Paul prove true? [See Helps for Thursday.] Who entertained Paul at his house? How was he rewarded? What made the people honour Paul? How long did he stay there? What had he taught while there? Where did he go from there? What did he find at Rome? How did he live there?

PAUL PROVED, AND SO MAY I—

That if I trust in God he will preserve me.  
That if I love others I shall be loved.  
That if I give I shall receive.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 14.]

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN ROME.

Acts 28. 17-31. Memory verses, 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Rom. 1. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Promptly at Work, v. 17-22.
2. Proclaiming Jesus, v. 23-29.
3. Preaching the Kingdom, v. 30, 31.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Paul had been in Rome three days he invited the chief Jews to come and see him in his hired house. He thought they might have heard evil stories about him from other Jews, and he told them that he had done nothing to deserve chains. He had displeased the Jews by preaching about Jesus and the resurrection. The Jews said that they would like to hear what he had to say, for everywhere they heard Christians spoken against.

So Paul fixed a day when they might

come again and a large number came to hear him preach the Gospel. They came in the morning, and Paul taught all day out of the Scriptures. Some believed, and some did not, and they disputed much together.

For two whole years Paul lived in Rome, and preached to all who came to hear him. Though he was a prisoner, yet he could teach and preach as much as he would, and many people became Christians through hearing him.

We do not learn more from Luke about Paul's life, but we know from other books that he was finally beheaded at Rome. He wanted to die for Jesus, and God gave him his desire.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 28. 17-31.
- Tues. Learn something to say with Paul. Golden Text.
- Wed. Find what Paul meant by "the hope of Israel." Isa. 9. 6.
- Thurs. Find comfort for those who are persecuted. 1 Peter 4. 12-16.
- Fri. Read why all did not receive the word. Matt. 13. 1-8.
- Sat. Learn the work that God gave Paul to do. Acts 26. 17, 18.
- Sun. Think, "Was Paul wise to give his life for Jesus?"

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

How did Paul live in Rome? In his own hired house. Whom did he ask to visit him there? What did he think? What did he tell the Jews who visited him? What did they want to hear? How did Paul prove what he said? What was the result? Will all who hear the Gospel accept it? Why not? [See Helps for Friday.] How long did Paul stay in Rome? What did he continue to do? What else did he do? He wrote letters to the churches. How did Paul finally die?

LEARN FROM PAUL—

To be "not slothful in business;  
Fervent in spirit;  
Serving the Lord."  
At all times and in all places.

LENDING.

"Mother," said Johnny, "haven't you a pie that you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" she asked; for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord? I don't believe that old Betsy has had a pie for a long time, and I thought that perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her. Then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to Betsy. She was only sorry that she had not thought of sending her one before.

## EVENING HYMN.

Now the golden beams of day  
In the west are fading;  
Evening tints of sober gray  
Fairer scenes are shading:  
Sweet repose on all around  
Silently is stealing,  
Hushed is every busy sound,  
Softened every feeling.

Glad to Thee our song ascends,  
Gratitude expressing  
For our health and home and friends  
And each varied blessing.  
Lord, thy love we still would share  
As the day is closing;  
Guard us with thy gentle care  
While we are reposing.



A FAITHFUL PROTECTOR.

## TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish that I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrongdoing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like the rest of us: he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong, forgive me," is a hard thing to say; but the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it." So he went to the one that he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had greater respect for him, because he had been brave enough

to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

## A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can

the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a moment to jeer, and loaded him with their insults. Poor boy, he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of! Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart prompted her to stay and say a word to the boys who were jeking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?" He removed one black fist from his eye, and looked up. He recognized her. She had taught him at the Sunday-school. "O ma'am, I'm so bad!" She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visited him kindly and frequently.

A year passed. There was a fire one night. A dwelling-house was in flames. The engine had not yet arrived. The inmates would not be rescued. A boy looked on. Suddenly he shouted, "O she lives there!" then he climbed up the heated, falling stairs. He fought against the suffocating smoke. He hunted about until he found what he sought. She had fainted, was dying perhaps. No! he would save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she was safe in the cool air. The by-standers were struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walked away muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt." O friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

## SOMETHING FUNNY.

When a boy wants a favour very much indeed, he can generally find a way to express himself. Little Charlie asked his mother to talk to him, and say something funny.

"How can I?" she answered. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?"

"Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."

go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—O no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father tenderly, "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry to old Peter my orange that I saved from my dessert."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks only give him cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to Peter's, and wait till you have done