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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1899.

No. 17.



LITTLE MISS VANITY.

FOUR LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

Mary Alicia set forth for the east
To see where the sun comes up;
And Edward Delancy went straight toward
the north
To search for a polar pup.
Margaret Anna repaired to the south,
Where oranges flourish, you know;
And Thomas Augustus struck out for the
west,
Where gold mines and buffaloes grow.
'Tis a very strange thing that I have to
relate
Concerning these travelled young folk—
But the very next morning they all of
them found
They were safe in their beds when they
woke.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1890.

BETTIE'S BIT OF HELP.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Bettie Armitage had not been a Christian very long. From early childhood she had gone to church, and had read her Bible, and said her prayers; had been a dear little daughter, and then growing up a sweet and graceful elder sister and lovable young girl, all without consciously giving herself up to Christ, and fully resolving to take him for her Master and Friend.

But one day a new life dawned upon Bettie. Light flooded her soul. She learned what it means to belong to Christ, "to follow him whithersoever he goeth."

Then straightway she longed for opportunities to show her love. She felt an urgent impulse to become a missionary. She felt that there could not be a field so hard that she would shrink from it, a people so lonely and degraded that she

would not rejoice to go to them and tell them of her Saviour and his love.

Meanwhile the way to the mission field beyond her own home was hedged up. Her father said she could not be spared; her mother looked perplexed and pained and even bewildered as Betty unfolded her plans and dwelt upon her wishes. Betty, more and more anxious and in earnest, felt limited and caged. It seemed to her as if she were doing nothing for the Master, when she wished supremely to be doing some great thing. She felt discontented and unhappy.

"But, Betty," said her friend, Jane Page, "when our Lord wants us in any place he goes before us and opens the way. It may be there is some sphere of service right here which only you can fill, and until that is filled Christ will not send you elsewhere."

Betty went home carrying this simple thought. Jane Page had intuitions, perhaps, because she daily asked to be filled with the Spirit, and kept herself always ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it might be, not caring whether the errand on which he sent her was a lofty or a lowly one.

Bettie turned her latch-key and ran upstairs to her own beautiful room on the third floor. As she passed grandmother's door, at the top of the first landing, it stood ajar, and she glanced in.

Grandmother was sitting as usual, her dim eyes patiently closed, her thin hands folded in her lap. Her room was sunny and pleasant, with flowers in the windows, which grandmother, having cataract, could not see, but which diffused a delicate fragrance.

It suddenly struck Betty that grandmother must have many tedious hours. Necessarily, she had supposed, grandmother was often alone. How could it be helped? Mother had her housekeeper, and her clubs. The younger children went to school, father was at his office, and Betty herself had a dozen engagements for every day. They had all been kind, deferential, and amiable in their behaviour to grandmother, but she had been as it were left on a side-track, while their busy lives went whirling on.

All this passed through Betty's mind in a flash of clear insight, as she tapped on grandmother's door.

"Come in, dearie," said the sweet old voice. The face, so quiet a moment ago, stirred and lit up with a pleasant welcome.

"Is it you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, dear grandmother," answered Betty. "May I come in and talk to you awhile?"

"Surely, dear; I am glad to have company."

Bettie sat down and talked to grandmother, charmingly, entertainingly, described a procession she had seen down town, gave grandmother the news of the cousins and aunties; finally read to her for awhile, and before either of them was aware the morning had slipped by, and the maid came to say that luncheon was ready.

"I have had a beautiful time, Elizabeth," said grandmother; "and I was just then thinking as if the Lord had forgotten that I was old, and blind, and weak, when he sent you in to cheer me and make me strong."

So Betty discovered that she did not need to look for distant service just yet. Here, in her own home, was an aged servant of Christ who was in special want of special ministry. Jesus meant his young disciple to be eyes and feet and hands for awhile to this dear older one.

"And I was ashamed, Jane," she said afterwards, "to have it revealed to me that I had never given grandmother a thought. She wasn't a pauper, she was just grandmother—so unobtrusive and sweet, and so little given to asking for attention, that I had forgotten how heavily the time must hang on her hands—she who used to be so active, and who must now be so often laid aside."

"Do not feel ashamed, my dear," said Jane Page. "You show your willingness to do what Christ desires by just taking hold of this little bit of helpfulness."

To every one of us, younger, and beginning to walk in the blessed way, or older, and far on the road, the lesson comes in endless repetition to do the next thing. That next thing may carry you to a hospital to nurse the sick; it may send you to a zenana in distant India; it may lead you into city slums; it may guide you into a room in your own house, where one of Christ's little ones needs you. But serve him with a loving heart and a willing mind, and a blessing will be yours as you sit at his feet.

LOVE WORKING.

"Oh, dear," said little Phoebe, "I wish papa were home." Then she listened to the wind and rain. "Somebody must go for him. He'll be drowned." "Oh, no, dear, there's no danger of that," said her mother; "he'll not go into the street while it rains so hard." But Phoebe's heart was not at rest. "I'll look out and see if he is coming," she said; and she went to the door, as she had often done before, to watch for her father. By-and-bye she started out into the night. Far down the street a light shone from a tavern window. "Maybe he's there," she said to herself; and off she ran as fast as she could go. At last she got to the tavern door, pushed it open and went in. A sight to startle a noisy crowd was that vision of a little child coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men. "Oh, father," she cried, as one of the company started forward, and catching her in his arms, ran with her out into the street. "My poor baby!" he sobbed, as he laid her in her mother's arms; "my poor baby! it is the last time." And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had saved him. Oh, love is very strong! Let us ask God to fill our hearts with it, so that we can help in his work.

A THANKFUL SOUL.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I take life jest as I find it;
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around for shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin', why—I go,
Jest go a-skimmin' 'crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a waggon off the wheels?
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife;
That jest livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it, ho
Done the best for you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or too.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throw in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose for you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light—
Sun by day and stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;
If it's a sunshiny day,
Hot or cold, I never mind it—
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;
When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer em' all!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III. [July 16.]

THE HEBREWS IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

Dan. 3. 14-28. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.—Dan. 3. 17.

A LESSON TALK.

This lesson shows that believers in God cannot long be among unbelievers without getting into trouble—certainly not if they are brave and true. The heathen king of the last lesson (what was his name?) set up a great image in Babylon, all covered with gold, and nearly a hundred feet high, and commanded everybody to worship it. Daniel was not there, but his three friends were, and the names by which they are

called in this lesson are the new names which were given them by the king. Even Daniel had a new name—Belshazzar. If it seemed too horrible to believe that the king said he would throw people who would not worship the image into a fiery furnace, remember that all this was long before Jesus came, and men were very cruel before he came to teach love and kindness. Do you think the young men were wise to refuse the king's command? He had great power, you remember! Yes, but the great King of heaven had greater power still.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the young men now? In Babylon.
How were they treated? With great honour.
What was the king's name? Nebuchadnezzar.
What did he set up? A great gold image.
Who would not worship it? The young men.
Why did they disobey? They believed in God.
What does he say? Worship me.
What did the king threaten to do? Burn them.
Were they afraid? No, they trusted God.
Who was with them in the furnace? God.
Who is with us when we do right? God.
What did the king do? He saved them.

LESSON IV. [July 23.]

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan. 5. 17-31. Memory verses, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is the judge.—Psalm 75. 7.

A LESSON TALK.

After the death of Nebuchadnezzar a new king reigned in Babylon. His name was Belshazzar, and you may find what kind of a king he was by reading Dan. 5. 1-4. At that very time an army had shut up the people of Babylon in their city, and none could tell what the end would be, yet Belshazzar made a drunken feast, and used the gold and silver vessels from the holy house in Jerusalem from which to drink wine, while the people praised their heathen gods! In Dan 5. 5-16 read how a warning hand wrote upon the wall, and how Daniel was called to read the strange handwriting. When you read the lesson verses you may wonder how Daniel dared to tell the king all the truth, but he did, for he was a man who believed God, and he was not afraid to do right. You may wonder that after what Daniel said to the king such honour was given him, but you must remember that a king's word could not be broken, and he had made this promise in the presence of a thousand of his lords.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was now king of Babylon? Belshazzar.
Whom did he worship? Heathen gods.
What did he make for his lords? A great feast.
What did he see at this feast? A hand, writing on the wall.
Who could not read it? The wise men.
Who was then sent for? Daniel.
What did the king promise if he would read the writing? Rich gifts.
What did Daniel read? That the days of the kingdom were numbered.
What did he read about Belshazzar? That God was not pleased with him.
Whom did he say should have the kingdom? The Medes and Persians.
What happened that night? The king was killed and the kingdom taken.
What should we learn from this? To be humble and to obey God.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

The mightiest sermons are sometimes delivered by voiceless preachers. A recent writer tells of help which came to her from a suggestive sentence placed where it was impossible to overlook it.

It was in silver letters, on a black card in the shape of a shield, and a similar card hung in every room in the house,—halls, parlours, dining-room, and even in the kitchen.

Such a home-like house it was, too, that watering-place boarding-house, with its large, cool rooms, filled with pleasant guests, and the cheery family of the host, who had the faculty of making one feel so much at home that it really was more like visiting than boarding; and the rides on horseback, and drives to places of interest, and picnics, and moonlight excursions! Ah, what a place to rest in!

But that card; what did it mean?

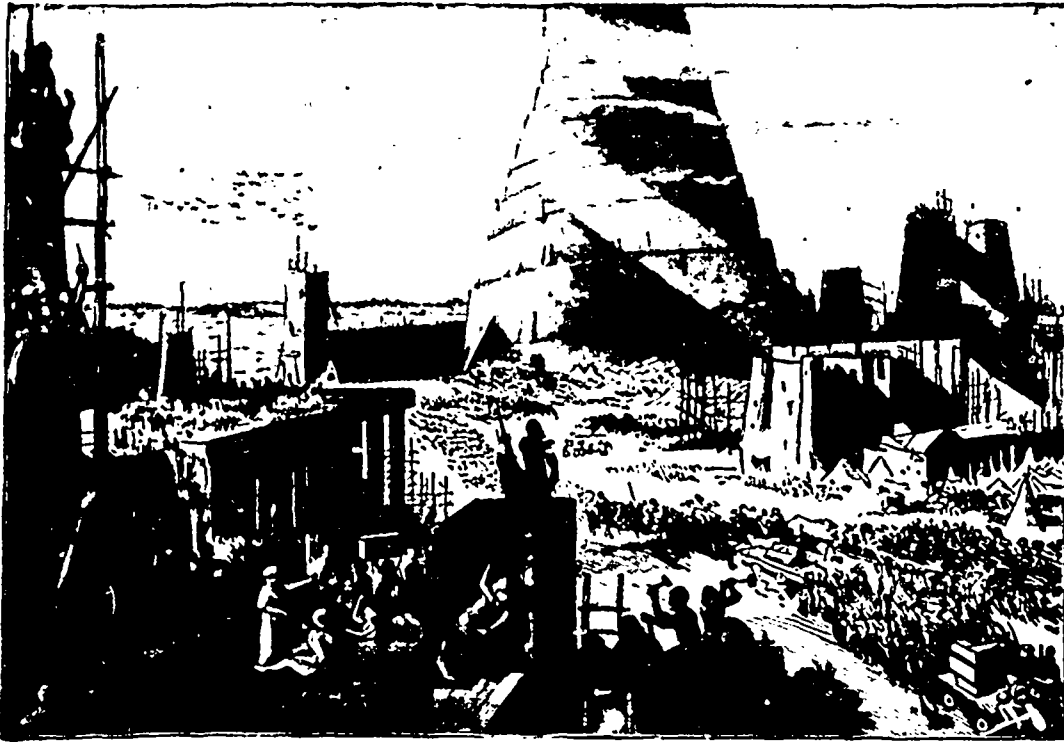
I knew that the elder daughter of the house was soon to go as a missionary to the foreign field, and wondered why she had not selected some Bible text for the home instead of that strange question.

One day I came in feeling sad, perplexed, and cast down in spirit almost to despair. I knew not what to do or say, hardly what to think, and knew of no friend to whom I could look for counsel or aid. Suddenly my eyes fell on the silver letters, "What would Jesus do?" Instantly their meaning flashed on me. What would he do if he were here now, and if my troubles were his troubles.

I remembered the garden when his friends slept, and his "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" and how they all deserted him at last, as earthly friends do when troubles come, for—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone"

So I lost no time in asking him what to do, and he led me step by step through my Gethsemane.



CITY OF BABYLON AND TOWER OF BABEL.

THE BOXES: SMILES AND FROWNS.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key,
Or strong the lock, I would try so hard,
"I would open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast

For many and many a day.

"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street.
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in.

And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea."

A WOODCOCK CARRYING HER YOUNG.

A peculiar habit of the woodcock is that of taking her young to the food, instead of bringing the food to the nestlings as most birds do. She takes them tenderly between her long claws, and carries them safely to the feeding ground, and then back again to the shelter of the woods.

A ROLLING STONE.

"I'm so tired of this old arithmetic lesson! I'd like to sling the book into the fire!"

George Allison's voice was petulant, his face was cross.

"Why, George," said Mrs. Allison, in mild reproof, "you oughtn't to be very weary yet. I only allow a half-hour's study at night, and you haven't been seated more than ten minutes."

"O, it isn't the studying, mamma; it's the arithmetic. I wish I was in algebra."

"It isn't many weeks, my dear, since you were longing to get into higher arithmetic. I'm afraid there will be no higher mathematics for you, unless you have more perseverance now."

Mr. Allison looked up from his paper. It was his habit to give his sons about two hours' manual work on Saturday mornings. Better so than to play all day.

"Now, boys," said he, when that time came, "get to work on that wood-pile. If you don't dilly-dally, you can easily put it in the wood-house. It looks like a long rain, and rain makes it disagreeable to handle."

"O dear! I'm so tired of that wood-pile," said George. "Couldn't Bob get it in by himself? He likes it. I'd like a change"

"See here, sir!" Mr. Allison brought him up pretty sharply. "I've had enough of such talk. You're as keen as can be to begin anything new, studies or work, but you want to leave it next day for something else. Don't you know 'a rolling stone gathers no moss?' A boy of mine must have some 'stick-to-it-iveness.' If he

hasn't it by nature, it'll have to be put into him. I mean kindly, my son, though I seem harsh. You'll never amount to anything unless you learn to keep at it. Now to the wood pile, and briskly!"

WHAT HE WOULD SAY.

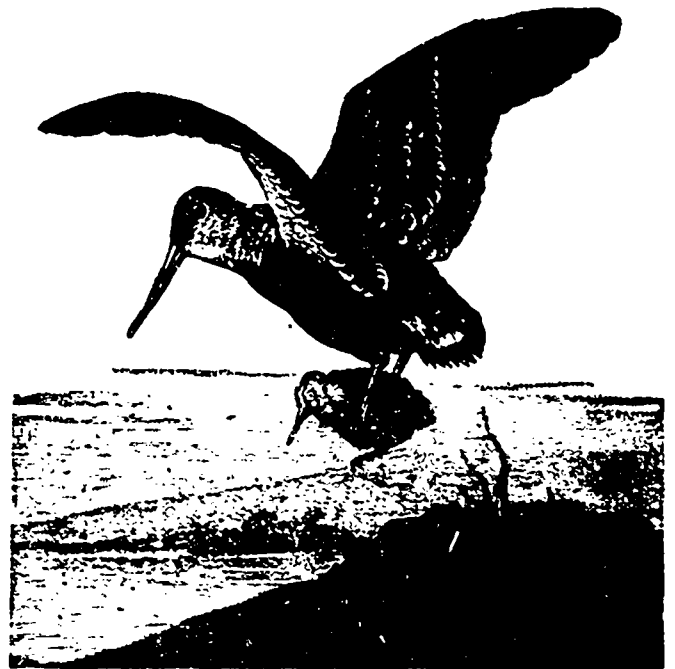
Dick is a sunny boy, always good-natured and full of fun, and nearly always ready to do his share of helping, but he doesn't like his nightly task of getting kindling for the next day's fires, and is pretty sure to shirk it when he can. One day before Christmas, Aunt Nell was lecturing him a little.

"St. Nicholas doesn't like lazy boys," said she. "What should he say if he should put a stick in your stocking?"

Dick's brown eyes twinkled. "I'd say, 'Hello! here's a piece of kindling-wood for Aunt Nell,'" he laughed.

Aunt Nell laughed, too; how could she help it! And Dick didn't get a stick in his stocking; but he found a bright new hatchet, sharp enough to cut kindlings with, hanging up beside it.

"No one among the great missionaries of China," says The Outlook, "has performed nobler work than Dr. Griffith John. No one would be less likely to mistake the signs of the times." Dr. John states, with great emphasis, that the authorities are supporting the missionaries, and that they call upon all the people in strong and vigorous proclamations to respect their rights and privileges, and warns the people that violence against the missionaries will be followed by severest punishment.



A WOODCOCK CARRYING HER YOUNG.