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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1899.

[No. 7.]

## BEN'S EXCUSE FOR OLD MARCH.

BY M. THAYER ROUSE.

Oh, hurrah for the March wind! A long,  
lusty shout,  
Quite as loud as he gives in his blustering  
tone.

"Tis his way to be rough,  
To make racket enough  
For a whole dozen breezes, bustling about,  
With a rumble and grumble and groan.

Oh, he rattles the latch, and he taps  
at the pane;  
Then he laughs at the fellow who  
shivers and shakes,  
And wherever he goes  
On his trumpet he blows.  
Down the chimney he whistles, with  
shrill might and main;  
And he shrieks till the echoes he  
wakes.

Oh, he's full of his pranks, and he'll  
play you at catch,  
And he'll race with you, too, till he  
beats;  
And he'll blow you away  
And back the same day,  
But look out for the rogue, for he's  
likely to snatch  
All he can, from whomever he meets.

But he's only in fun, for his mean-  
ing, I'm sure,  
Is to have a rare frolic, and not to  
annoy;  
It would take all the starch  
Quickly out of old March,  
Should he know people call him a  
regular boor,  
For at heart he's a regular boy!

O Stanley, they couldn't. They couldn't  
carry it, it's so big and heavy. And what  
would they do with it?"

Live in it, Tom. For it isn't a cocoanut  
at all, but just a round bird's nest. And  
as Mr. and Mrs. Wren and all the little  
Wrens have gone south for the winter, let's  
take a good look at their house."

The boys rowed up close to the "cocoa-  
nut," and then Tom saw it was made of  
rushes fastened together with wet mud,  
but the mud was so hard and dry now

that a cozy bed-room, all lined with soft  
feathers? But here is something queerer  
yet. Mr. and Mrs. Wren did not use this  
nest for their babies. they have another  
one near by. This one is just for a spare  
bed-room for themselves, or else it was  
built to fool any one who came hunting  
their babies."

"Do the wrens usually build two nests,  
Stanley?"

"Yes, indeed, and if you had been with  
me one day in July when I rowed through  
here, you would have seen Mr.  
Wren, when he saw me, throw his  
head back and his tail forward un-  
til he looked like a ball of feathers,  
and then dart into this nest. The  
smart little fellow thought if I was  
hunting Wren babies I'd look in-  
side and think he had none, and go  
home, though he knew very well  
Mrs. Wren had six dear little ones  
tucked under her wing. And  
that's just what I did, and left  
him swinging like a circus actor  
on a reed, singing in triumph."



EASTER LILIES.

## MR. WREN'S SUMMER HOME.

BY A. P. S.

One day this fall Tom's big brother,  
Stanley, took him in his row-boat away  
down the river to the big swamp where  
Stanley said they would see "lots of queer  
things," and sure enough they did. What  
do you think they saw first? It was Tom  
who spied it.

"O Stanley," he cried, "there's a cocoa-  
nut hanging to these reeds! How did it  
get there?"

"Sure enough," laughed Stanley. "I'll  
tell you who put it there—two little brown  
birdies, Mr. and Mrs. Wren."

it seemed as strong as a real cocoa-  
nut.

"Oh, look, Stanley!" Tom cried, "here  
is a door with a roof over it on one side."

"Of course," Stanley said; "Mrs. Wren  
had to have some place to go in to her  
family, and that cute little roof is to keep  
the rain out."

"Oh, I wish I could see inside," Tom  
said.

"Well, let's take the roof off," Stanley  
answered, drawing out his knife and cut-  
ting off the top of the nest. "There, isn't

boy helping; each girl smiling, each boy  
jolly; each girl faithful, each boy true;  
each girl loving Jesus, each boy following  
Christ. A world of sunshine"

"If you were king, my little lad,  
What would you do, I pray?"  
"If I were king, why, sir, I'd swing  
Upon the gate all day."

"And, little lass, if you were queen,  
What would you do?" I said.

"O, sir, I'd buy a hundred dolls,  
And put them all to bed."

## A LOYAL LITTLE GIRL.

Two little girls were talking  
of what they would do after school.  
One wanted to go for a ride. The  
other said she could not go, because  
she always had to go straight  
home from school.

"We could take a short ride; she  
would never know," the first said.

"Yes, my mother would. She  
always knows when I have dis-  
obeyed her. She has such good  
eyes."

Each little beam holds all it can  
of light and heat and shine. But  
what makes the whole world of  
sunshine, but all the little beams  
together? Each girl kind, each

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

He's a stealthy old fellow, the ploughman,  
He comes when you're "cross," so  
beware!

And makes but the faintest of furrows  
At first with his heavy ploughshare.

But little by little they deepen,  
Until, by-and-bye, on your brow,  
Are left all the marks of the furrows  
The ploughman has made with his  
plough.

And then 'tis quite useless to worry,  
To fret, and to frown, and despair,  
For every one sees the deep furrows,  
And knows that the ploughman was  
there.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1899.

## DOLLY'S MISSIONARY CAT.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

Such a doleful "me-ow! me-ow!" as that stray kitten kept up down in the garden! Mother told Frances and Dolly to put on their hats and search for it, and then they could give it a saucer of milk.

But they had a long hunt for it. They would hear it cry, and then it would run away from their outstretched hands and hide under the hedge. At last they coaxed it out, and Dolly carried it nearly to the house. Then Max, the good-natured old dog, came out to meet them, wagging his tail, and the kitten jumped from Dolly's arms in wild fright, and bounded into the hall, and on to a chair back, arching its back and spitting defiance at them all.

It was certainly a queer little kitten, coal-black, without a white hair on it, and so wild and starved. Mother gave it two saucers of milk after it came down from the chair, and even then it started to one

side whenever she or the children tried to touch it. But after an hour or so it made friends, and before the day was over it was quite at home.

"Mother," said Dolly—she was older than Frances and belonged to the Children's Missionary Band—"I'd like to make a missionary kitten out of this one."

"A missionary kitten!" said mother, smiling. "What do you mean, dear—Surely you could not send the kitten to the heathen? It couldn't preach, and the people in some mission lands might be tempted to eat it, I am afraid!"

"Oh, no! Of course I do not mean that. But I heard Miss Marsden say the other day that she wanted a black cat—all black, without a white hair—and that she'd be willing to pay something for it. So I'd like to take her this one and get something for my mission box."

"Very well," said mother. "But first you must find out whether any neighbour has lost the kitten—though it seems too wild for a pet."

So next day Dolly asked, at school and afterward, about the kitten, but it was nobody's cat, it seemed. Then she made a tour of the neighbours' houses, but still she could find no owner for the kitten. That afternoon it was packed in a basket and taken to Miss Marsden.

"Well! well!" said Miss Marsden, taking it in her lap, "just the kitten I want! The poor thing is wild and scared now, but we shall soon become friends, I know. How fine it will be to have such a beautiful pet! And it is for missions, too. That makes it a great deal nicer. And how much do you ask for your missionary kitten?"

Dolly hadn't thought of the price. "I—I don't know," she said. "Is ten cents too much?"

The kitten purred, yawned and stretched itself. It was certainly a very pretty one. Miss Marsden laughed. "I never bought a kitten before," she said, "so I don't know the market price. But I couldn't think of giving less than a quarter for it, Dolly."

"Oh—oh!" said Dolly. Even ten cents had seemed large, and now to get a silver quarter! "Thank you, Miss Marsden," she said. "I do hope the kitten will grow up to be the nicest kind of a cat!"

And the missionary kitten must have heard her—for, do you know, it turned out the best mouser in the village!

## WHAT ELSIE ASKED FOR.

BY PANSY.

Mrs. Harland was reading to the children what they called their good-night story, from the Bible. It was about Jesus going to the village of Sychar and sitting down on a well to rest.

Little Elsie was trotting about the room putting her dolly to bed. They thought she was too young to listen to such Bible readings.

When her mother read the words, "Who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," she stood

still in the middle of the room, her dolly in her arms, and thought.

When she had tucked the dolly carefully away under the blankets, she came over to her mother with her little silver cup in her hand.

"Mother," she said, "Elsie is often very 'firsty.' Yesterday, down town, don't you know how 'firsty' I was? And there wasn't any water to drink. Mother, can't you ask Jesus to fill my little silver cup with the water that he said he would give to that woman? Then I'll drink it all up and I won't never be 'firsty' any more."

Elsie's sisters looked at each other and laughed, but Mrs. Harland took the little girl on her lap and explained:

"Darling, Jesus did not mean water such as we put into your cup. He meant what the soul needs, that part of Elsie which thinks and feels and loves. Elsie's soul needs what only Jesus can give it, and needs it just as badly as her little body needs water when it is thirsty. That was what Jesus promised to give to the woman if she would ask him for it?"

"Well, I'll ask him," said Elsie. "Will he give it to me, mother, now, while I am a little bit of a girl?"

"Yes," said mother very gravely; "Elsie need not wait one hour for that gift."

"Then I'll ask him now," said Elsie. She slipped down on her knees and prayed this prayer: "Dear Jesus, please give Elsie's soul a drink that will last always; so it needn't ever be 'firsty.' Amen."

The sisters laughed over this a good deal. They thought it was funny. But that was years ago. Elsie is a woman now, and she has loved Jesus all these years, and been a bright and happy Christian. She says that Jesus took her for his child that evening when she asked him to do so, and that he has never left her alone for a moment.

## MARY ROSALIE'S VISITOR.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Now, Mary Rosalie, listen to me,  
And stop looking down at your toes!  
What if you're dressed in your nicest  
gown?  
It's silly to think about clothes.

There's a little boy come to visit you,  
And he's sort of ragged and stained,  
But you needn't be proud; you'd look so,  
too,  
If you'd been left out when it rained.

I guess its rheum'tism that makes him so  
stiff,

But that's just why you should be good,  
And make him feel nice and comfortable,  
And behave like a lady should.

Now mind what I say, Mary Rosalie!  
You mustn't judge folks by their dress,  
'Cause spots in your clothes are not half  
so bad  
As proud, naughty feelings, I guess.

Always tell the truth, and you will never  
lose your self-respect.

THE NUTS AND THEIR HOMES.

BY PEARL RIVERS

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr,  
Padded and lined with the softest of fur.  
Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,  
And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain;  
Some raisins from Malaga came in his train,  
He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner;  
When both come together we shout "Philopena!"

This is Sir Walnut: he's English, you know,  
A friend of my Lady and Lord so-and-so.  
Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,  
Be sure you're polite to the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut from North Carolina,  
She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.  
Sometimes she's roasted and burnt to a cinder,  
In Georgia they call her Miss Goober or Pinder.

This is old Hickory; look at him well,  
A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.  
Take care how you hurt him. He sometimes hits back!  
This solid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,  
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;  
But, like many a countenance quite as ill-favoured,  
He covers a kernel deliciously flavoured.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL. BY JOHN.

LESSON II. [April 9.]

THE ANOINTING IN BETHANY.

John 12. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.

A LESSON TALK.

Find Bethany on the map. Do you think when Jesus came there again his friends were glad to see him? There was a happy family now in the home of Lazarus, and when a feast was made for

Jesus and his disciples by Simon it was quite natural that Lazarus and his sisters should be there. If you know how an eastern table looked, you can see how Mary could easily anoint the feet of Jesus. In those days rich perfumes were very costly, and when Mary broke the alabaster box of perfume upon the feet of Jesus it showed how greatly she loved and honoured him. Judas said it was worth three hundred pence, which would be as much as fifty dollars of our money. Judas was vexed to see Mary do this. He called it a waste, and said it should have been given to the poor. Some people now find fault about money that is given to God, but God looks into the heart, and when he sees a gift of love like Mary's he is pleased. Jesus was on his way to the passover feast now, and he knew that he had not long to live on this earth. It gave him comfort to have Mary openly show her love for him, and it makes him glad now to have us show that we love him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus come again? To Bethany.

Who made a feast for him? Simon.

Who were at the feast? Lazarus and his sisters.

Who served at the feast? Martha.

Who sat at the table with Jesus? Lazarus.

What did Mary do? She anointed the feet of Jesus.

With what did she anoint them? With rich perfume.

Why did she do this? Because she loved him.

Who found fault with her? Judas.

What did Jesus say? That she had done a good work.

What did he see? The love in her heart.

What will sweeten all our gifts to Jesus? The love in our hearts.

LESSON III. [April 16.]

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

John 13. 1-17. Memory verses, 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have given you an example.—John 13. 15.

A LESSON TALK.

Each of the four writers of New Testament history tells the story of the passover supper. John does not tell how Peter and John found the place in which to eat the supper, but the others do. Do you know that the passover, or paschal supper, as it is sometimes called, was eaten in memory of the time when the Lord led the Israelites out of Egypt? Jesus knew that this supper was a type, or picture of his own death. Jesus knew, though the others did not, that when Judas went out he was on his way to betray him! He knew, too, that in a few hours, Peter would deny that he ever

knew him! How these things must have hurt his loving heart! Do we remember that our sin and unfaithfulness hurts our Lord.

The life that Jesus lived here was all one of service, and now on this last day of his life he wanted to give them a lesson to remember always a lesson of loving service one to the other. So he took a towel and washed the feet of his disciples. This was the work of a servant, and that is what we must be in heart servants to all, as Jesus was, if we would please him!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who ate the passover with Jesus? His twelve disciples.

Where was it eaten? In an upper room in Jerusalem.

Who had promised to betray Jesus? Judas.

Did any one know it? Jesus knew it.

What did Jesus do after supper? He washed the disciples' feet.

Who did not want Jesus to wash his feet? Peter.

Why was he not willing? He thought it was the work of a servant.

What did Jesus once say? "I am among you as one that serveth."

Why did Jesus do this humble work? As a lesson for us.

What does it teach us? To serve one another.

What spirit lived in Jesus? The spirit of love and humility.

What should we try to have? The same kind of spirit.

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Greta was only six years old, and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. "Only I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard. "Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?"

"And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss his saucer of milk and teaches him to play with a string?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?" asked father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one," said mother. Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

"Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls.

The chain whose links are loving deeds is the strongest that can be forged to bind two friends together.

A child who has no time to help another will be likely to have little help given him when he needs it.



FUNNY FACES.

## FUNNY FACES.

It will be a source of amusement, as well as a means of education, to study the picture on this page and see how many faces can be recognized. A profitable pastime would be for each one in the home circle to write down on a slip of paper the name of each beast which can be identified by its face on the picture and see who can make the longest list. It will require considerable knowledge of natural history to make out a complete list of all the beasts represented in the picture.

The exercise may be varied and made yet more profitable and interesting by requiring each one, when the lists are complete, to write a short description of each beast in the list and giving its habits of life, native country, utility for man, etc. How many of these beasts are made to serve us, and in what way are they made useful?

If the older members of the family will take an interest in the exercise with the children, much valuable information may

be imparted to the little ones and refreshed in the minds of the older ones concerning the "beasts of the field" by a careful study of the picture.

## LITTLE SHADI'S PRAYER.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night when he was six years old she said to him, "Now pray a little prayer of your own."

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this:

"Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old!"

I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.—C. H. Spurgeon.

## THE WRONG BOX.

"Ned," said grandmother, "do you think that you can run across to the corner and put this letter in the letter-box for me?"

"Course I can," replied Ned. "Mother told me to help you all I could all the time I was here."

"Well," said grandmother, "that will be a very great help indeed, because you see my rheumatism is so bad that it would take me a long time to get over there—and you can get it over in time for the postman."

Ned felt very important as he started off. If it wasn't for him, the letter would be too late.

When he reached the corner he was puzzled. Grandmother had not said anything about two boxes, but here were two, both red and both about the same size. Which was the right one?

"I'll put it in the shiniest one," he thought, climbing up on a wooden box which happened to be by the curbing. He shut the little door carefully after he had put the letter in, and started off. Soon a fire-engine came dashing up the street, with a crowd of men and boys following behind.

"I wonder where the fire is!" thought Ned, looking round him, very importantly, with his hands in his pockets: and so every one seemed to wonder: Grandmother was on the back porch when he reached home, anxiously looking up and down the street. The firemen were investigating, and the men and boys were running about, looking everywhere for smoke.

"Some one has been playing a trick," the chief engineer said at last sternly. "Do any of you youngsters know anything about it?"

Ned thought the great man looked very fierce indeed.

"What would they do with any boy that did that?" he asked.

"Put him in gaol quick enough!" answered some one.

Just then the postman came up and handed grandmother the letter which Ned had mailed so carefully a few minutes before.

"I found it in the fire-box," he said. "I knew it was yours, for it says to return to this number in five days. I guess this is the cause of all the trouble," looking at the fire-engine and the group of men and boys.

"Yes, I think my little boy is responsible for it," said grandmother. "He was trying to help me and put the letter into the fire-box by mistake for the letter-box."

"Oh, grandma," said Ned, "will they—will they—" he broke down in sobs.

"No, they'll not do a thing!" said the chief. "When it's a mistake, and you've done your best to do the right thing, you needn't feel bad over it. Look up, young man." Ned looked up and smiled through his tears.

"But I'll look out for the fire-box the next time," he said; and he did.