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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1897.

[No. 6.

SCENES IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

HERE are some little girls who are having a good time with their dolls. All little girls can have a good time if they have a doll, and so can these little girls. One little girl says her doll is too ill to get up all day, and she will have to send for the doctor if she does not soon get better. But I don't think the doll is very ill. I think the little girl is tired of playing and so she puts it into bed till she washes its things. The little girl has a sister who is lame, so she is playing nurse while mamma does up her darling's dresses and pinafores, and when they are done I think the dolly will be well enough to take out for a walk.



SCENES IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

SUSIE'S FURS.

SUSIE was a sweet-faced little girl, with deep blue eyes and soft golden hair. You had to love her the moment you saw her, for you could not help it. She made you love her. It was a wonder that the child had any flesh left upon her bones, people were so continually hugging and kissing her.

And why do you suppose it was? Not because she was sweet-looking, but because

she had such a lovely, sunny disposition, that she carried sunshine wherever she went. I wonder if your friends can say the same of you?

As winter drew near there was one thing that Susie wished for very much, a set of soft, white furs.

Now, papa and mamma were not over-burdened with this world's goods, and they had other mouths to feed and other little bodies to clothe besides Susie's; so mamma said one day to her little girl: "I wish we could get you a fur tippet and muff Susie, but you will have to be content without them and wrap your warm coat as closely about you as possible." "All right, mamma; my coat that you made me is so nice and warm that Jack Frost cannot touch me; do not think about the furs."

Aunt Jennie, who was visiting mamma at the time, overheard the conversation, and she made up her mind that if Susie could not have "real furs," she could make her something just as nice; so she bought some whiteswan's-down, and with the aid of some bits of black velvet, she soon made a warm collar and muff. These she sent to Susie, telling her that

they would have to do for a Christmas present if it was a little in advance.

No little girl was ever happier in royal ermine than was Susie in her swan's-down.

MOTHER AND BABY.

"GOOD-NIGHT," say the little chicks,
"Peep! peep! peep!"
"Good-night," say the little birds,
"We're going to sleep."

"Good-night," say the little lambs,
"We're sleepy, too,"
"Good-night," says the mooley calf,
"Moo! moo! moo!"

They all love their mother,
And come at her call—
But baby has the very best
Mother of all.

When the round sun sets,
And stars are in the sky,
She holds baby in her arms
And sings "Rock-a-by."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1897.

THE LORD'S CHILD.

THE great piazza of the hotel was full of gay people. Suddenly in the drive in front appeared a stylish phaeton drawn by two handsome ponies. The driver was a lovely young girl; beside her sat an old coloured laundress, whose basket of fine clothes reposed at her feet. In a half-hour the phaeton and ponies appeared again, but the young girl was alone. Throwing the reins to the man who came to wait upon her, she jumped out of the phaeton and approached the hotel.

"Miss Baker, I am surprised," said a young gentleman, laughingly. "Couldn't you find anyone but that old coloured woman to take out driving?"

"I didn't try," she answered merrily; "I was too glad to have her. I have not seen her before for five years. She was our cook at that time, and a good one, I can assure you. I would have known her if I had met her in Egypt, but I met her

on the avenue with a basket of clothes so heavy that she fairly tottered under the burden. So I gave her a lift; I couldn't help it, you know." And Gertie Baker's smiling face disappeared within the doorway.

"Just like Gertie Baker!" exclaimed an admiring friend. "She is gentle and courteous to everybody."

"One of the privileges of nobility," remarked another.

In a little cabin a mile from the hotel sat an old coloured woman. The perspiration was running down her cheeks, but her eyes gleamed with pride and joy as she talked to her only child, a middle-aged woman, whose look told its own sad story. "Jus' t'ink, Lindy, honey," she said, "I was a-limpin' 'long in de hot sun, my back 'mos' broke, when who should I see drivin' 'long but Judge Baker's daughter, Missie Gertie, de lubliest pictur I's seed in a good while, her face a-smilin', an' her blue eyes a-gleamin', an' her yeller curls a-flyin'. Lemme see, she mus' be fo'teen years ole, 'cause she war nine when I lef' dar; but she's de same dear chile she allus was. When she seed me, she reined up her ponies side ob de curb, an' calls out, 'Howdy do, aunty?' An' den when she foun' out I war lame, an' had a mile to walk wid dese hebby cloes, she axed me to git inside wid her. Almos' tuk my breff away, but I got in; an' I tell ye, Lindy, honey, I didn't git tired o' nothin' home. An', Lindy, Missie Gertie is comin' to see yer, an' she's goin' to bring yer flowahs an' nice t'ings to eat."

"Flowahs! Did you say flowahs, mammy?" asked Lindy, a look of delight in her tired eyes.

"Yes, honey, flowahs, an' fruit an' a spring chicken to brile," joyously.

"O mammy, what make 'er so kin' an' good to us?"

"De Lawd, chile; she's de Lawd's own chile, bress her!"

SO SELFISH.

JOHNNIE and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too," cried Johnnie between his sobs. Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," exclaimed Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake; and there was only one left, and Jennie—she took it all!"

Mamma looked perplexed.

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie," she said with regret.

"Yes, it was," Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CATERPILLAR.

IT was a warm day in October, and Ray sat on the grass playing with his little red express waggon. After a while he ran off to get some acorns, and when he came back what do you suppose he found? A fuzzy brown caterpillar right down in the corner of his waggon.

Soon it was supper time, so he put the waggon away in his play-room, but bright and early the next morning he came back to see how the caterpillar liked its new home, and he found that something very strange had happened. The little brown visitor was gone, and in the waggon was only something that looked like a tiny bundle rolled up in coarse spider webs. When Ray's mamma saw the bundle, she told him that it was a cocoon, and that the caterpillar was fast asleep inside.

The cocoon lay on the shelf all winter. One early summer morning when Ray went to look at it he found a little hole in it, and you can never guess what had happened to the caterpillar. Instead of being a brown worm any longer, when it crept out of the cocoon it was a beautiful butterfly that spread its dainty wings and flew away into the sunshine.

PETER.

PETER lived on the prairie. When he was three years old the first railroad train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A train-boy threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed and squealed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree. One for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

To-day Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighbourhood. And he has a young orchard coming on which will some day bring more money than all his father's crops.

A NURSERY SONG.

O, PETERKIN POUT and Gregory Grout
 Are two little goblins black,
 Full oft from my house I've driven them
 out,
 But somehow they still come back.
 They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
 And pull the corners down;
 They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
 And twist it into a frown.
 And one says "Shall!" and t'other says
 "Shan't!"
 And one says "Must!" and t'other says
 "Can't!"
 O, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
 I pray you now, from my house keep
 out!
 But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
 Are two little fairies light;
 They're always ready for fun and chaff,
 And sunshine is their delight.
 And when they creep into baby's eyes,
 Why, there the sunbeams are;
 And when they peep through her rosy lips,
 Her laughter rings near and far.
 And one says "Please!" and t'other says
 "Do!"
 And both together say, "I love you!"
 So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
 Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The word of God grew and multiplied.
 —Acts 12. 24.

TITLES. GOLDEN TEXTS.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. C. A. | While he blessed— |
| 2. The H. S. G. | They were all filled— |
| 3. A. M. C. | The promise is unto— |
| 4. The L. M. H. | His name, through— |
| 5. The B. of P. & J. | There is none other— |
| 6. T. and F. G. | Man looketh on the— |
| 7. The P. O. | We ought to obey— |
| 8. The F. C. M. | Be thou faithful— |
| 9. The D. D. | They that were— |
| 10. The E. C. | Then Philip opened— |
| 11. S., the P., C. | This is a faithful— |
| 12. C. S. | Every man that— |

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I. [April 4]

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Acts 9. 32-42. Memory verses, 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts
 9. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. Power, v. 32-35.
2. Love, v. 36-39.
3. Life, v. 40-43.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter was an apostle who used to travel about preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Once he went to a village called Lydda, twenty miles from Jerusalem. He found there a man named Eneas, who had been sick of the palsy eight years. Peter went to him and said, "Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed." The sick man rose up immediately and was well. When the people saw this miracle many believed on the Lord.

About twelve miles from Lydda there was a town called Joppa. A good woman there named Tabitha had just died. She had so many friends among the poor for whom she had worked that there was great mourning when she died, and the disciples sent word to Peter at Lydda to come there quickly. They had heard how he healed the sick man, Eneas.

Peter went, and they took him to the room where the body of Tabitha, or Dorcas, was lying. Peter sent everybody out of the room and kneeled down and prayed. Then he spoke, "Tabitha, arise!" and she opened her eyes and sat up. Peter took her hand and lifted her up, and called her friends to see her. The news spread through Joppa, and many believed in Jesus. Peter did not go back to Jerusalem right away, but stayed in Joppa at the house of a man named Simon, who was a tanner.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| <i>Mon.</i> | Find what followed Saul's conversion. Acts 9. 31. |
| <i>Tues.</i> | Read the lesson verses. Acts 9. 32-43. |
| <i>Wed.</i> | Learn the Golden Text. |
| <i>Thur.</i> | Find how Peter could heal Eneas. Acts 3. 16. |
| <i>Fri.</i> | Find Lydda and Joppa on the map. |
| <i>Sat.</i> | Learn a verse about helping others. Prov. 3. 27. |
| <i>Sun.</i> | Learn about the power of Jesus. Matt. 28. 18. |

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who besides Saul took journeys to preach the Gospel? Was the young Church still persecuted? [See Helps for Monday.] To what village did Peter go? Where was Lydda? What sick man was there? How far away was Joppa? What sad thing had just taken place there? Why did the people mourn so much for Tabitha? What did they do when they heard of the cure of Eneas? Had Peter power to raise the dead? No, but Christ had. What had he given to the disciples? Power to do miracles in his name. How did Peter call Tabitha back to life? What did this miracle cause? Where did Peter stay for a while? With whom?

LESSONS FOR ME.

There is power to cure sick bodies and sick souls.
 There is power to give life to those who are dead in sin.
 "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

FUKI AND SUMA.

THEY had been great travellers, these two From their birthplace in Japan, away and away over the broad Pacific to San Francisco, then by rail to a far, far Eastern State. But they weren't sea-sick a bit, which was a comfort, and though a railway accident occurred in the middle of the night, they didn't wake up, which was a wonder.

Over in Japan their names were Fuki and Suma. Indeed, these strange words were pinned on their backs when they arrived, and when their owner read them, she pouted her lips a trifle.

"I don't think they're pretty names at all, but I s'pose I'll have to get used to them. I wonder if they'd mind much if I called them Phyllis and Susanna," said Edna.

Then she thought she wouldn't like to be called anything but Edna, and decided the dolls should keep their own names.

"If they were baptized that way, they ought to stay so," then the dreadful remembrance came that they were heathen, and besides they were only dolls. Edna could make believe so successfully, that she invested her dolls with all the rights of flesh-and-blood children.

"I mustn't let them get homesick. I wonder what they'd like to eat. O dear! I wish I had a jinrishka to take them out in. I'd love to draw it."

"Perhaps you can make the rocking-chair do," suggested her mother.

"That's so, and it's sort o' Japanese, isn't it? Anyway, the bamboo'll feel like home to them."

So Fuki and Suma took their daily rides, and if they pined for their native land, they kept the sad secret in their own breast.

"Mamma," said Edna, "Aunt Bertha wrote that over in Japan the children are ever so kind and sweet-tempered. I mean to be very kind to Fuki and Suma, so they'll know that a Christian girl can be at least as good as a heathen girl. Don't you think that's all right?"

Her mamma said, "Yes;" she was very glad Edna was learning a valuable lesson, and the dolls never dreamed that they were paying Japan's debt to America, by being little missionaries themselves.

BEATITUDES.

(Learn these by heart.)

BLESSED are the pure in heart. for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the poor in spirit. for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

A GOOD METHOD.

BY ANNA M. PRATT

THERE was a little schoolma'am
Who had this curious way
Of drilling in subtraction
On every stormy day.

"Let's all subtract unpleasant things
Like doleful dumps and pain,
And then," said she, "you'll gladly see
That pleasant things remain."

"WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM."

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed chair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily: "I have read a little, and prayed a great deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for; she has a wealth of sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them; and I wonder every day what makes her so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"Who? that girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an awful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly; and to grandma's surprise, he raised the window, and called: "Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you." The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie; "you see, papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine; "that's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them; shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than that, because it is dark at home."

GOD'S SPARROWS.

A CHRISTIAN woman was visiting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. In trying to open the door of a third-story room in a wretched-looking house, she heard a little voice inside say "Pull the string up high." She looked up and saw the string. She pulled it, when it lifted

the latch and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry. "Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the woman. "No, ma'am, God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children. "You have no fire on this cold day. Are you very cold?" "Oh, when we are cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and he puts his arms around me, and then we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I'll sing my Maker's praise,' and then we get warm," said the little girl. "And what have you to eat, pray?" asked the visitor. "When Granny comes home she brings us something, Granny says we are God's sparrows, and he has enough for us, and so we say, 'Our Father,' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."



WATER SELLER IN THE EAST.

WATER SELLER IN THE EAST.

It is quite common in Constantinople and other Eastern cities for men to go around selling water, which they carry in skin bags. It does not look very inviting, and is apt to taste warm and insipid. Much nicer is the way in which young girls sell iced water in Italy, calling out with their musical voices, "Aqua gelata." In Venice the water one keeps is often flavoured with aniseed to take away its insipid flavour.

FREDDIE'S LESSON.

LITTLE Fred was dressed in his first pants and felt very proud. He thought he was almost a man.

He was in the habit of kneeling with his sister every morning to ask God's help and blessing for the day, but this morning

he looked at his new pants, and when his sister began to pray, "Lord Jesus, please take care of Freddie to-day, and keep him from all harm," he stopped her.

"No, Jennie, don't say that; Freddie can take care of himself now."

After breakfast they went to the garden and both climbed up a tree to get some cherries. While reaching for some "great big red ones," down fell Freddie, head foremost, into a place between the tree and the fence and was held fast. All he could do, there he stuck, and his sister, frightened and crying, could do nothing for him.

In this sad fix he cried out, "Jennie, Jennie, pray. Freddie can't take care of himself after all."

Jennie did pray indeed, and soon after she spied a man coming along the road. He saw the little boy, and with his strong arms soon got him out. Freddie never forgot this. He felt ever afterwards that he needed God to take care of him by day and by night.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.
O hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

A BAD MARK.

"I'VE got a boy for you, sir."
"Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"I don't want him," said the master workman; "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir? What?"

"I have met him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smoking boys."

"How you must have cried!" said auntie to her niece, who was badly scalded. "O, no; there was nobody there," was the candid reply; and certainly there was much of human nature in it. Many children do not care to cry unless some one can hear, and there are some no longer children who are fond of notice even if obliged to cry for it.