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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

[No. 3.

## TOBOGGANING.

ONE of the healthiest and most invigorating of winter sports, made possible by the splendid climate of our country, is tobogganing. We are all so familiar with it that it needs no description.

The sensation of rushing downwards at such a headlong pace is like that of falling through the air, if any of you have ever experienced that not very enviable feeling. Tobogganing is a very fascinating sport, and young and old are alike equally fond of it. The exercise is an extremely healthy one, and the trudging up hill again is sufficient to keep everyone warm and comfortable.

### LITTLE "SCOTCHIE."

His real name was Jamie MacBride, but everybody called him "Scotchie," more on account of his staunch, upright principles than because he had first opened his eyes among the highlands of bonny Scotland. His father had been a shepherd in the fatherland, and when he emigrated to America, he invested most of his hard-earned savings in sheep with which to stock the little farm upon which he settled.

Jamie soon became very much attached to the sheep and took great delight in helping to herd them when they were turned out into the woods to graze, as was frequently done in the spring when the pasture was short.

One bright afternoon when his father was setting out some young fruit trees in the lot adjoining the sheep pasture, he was called away, and as he expected to be back soon, he put the shepherd's crook in Jamie's hand and left him to guard the gap. When he reached the house, he found

he would be obliged to go to the village, and as it was several miles distant, he hurried off, forgetting all about the little sentinel at the gap.

At first Jamie felt very proud stepping back and forth with the big crook in his hand, but after awhile he got tired and hungry, and wished very hard for his father's return. An hour or two after he

"That's the way heroes are made," returned his father, "and they do not know when they become heroes, either."

A LITTLE Scotch girl being examined at school, was asked: "What does patience mean?" Her answer was: "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."



TOBOGGANING.

was left alone, some of his boy friends came along and wanted him to go fishing with them.

"I can't," said "Scotchie." "Father left me to watch the gap, and I must stay here till he comes back."

"You can put up the bars so the sheep can't get into the orchard," argued the boys, but "Scotchie" was firm, and the boys went away muttering something about the stubborn Scotchmen.

The evening passed slowly away, and at last the sun went out of sight behind the western hills, and still his father did not come. Jamie was a good deal of a coward in the darkness, but he would not disobey his father, and so he kept up his pace back and forth across the opening, until a full hour after sunset, when he was relieved of his vigil by the appearance of his father.

"I forgot you, Jamie-boy, and mother thought you were with me," his father explained, as he clasped him in his arms. "But you are our brave Jamie now, and we love you better than ever because we know you can be trusted always to do what you know to be right. You are a real little hero, my dear boy."

"I never thought of being a hero," said Jamie, "I just did what you told me."

## MOTHER EARTH'S FOUR QUILTS.

FOUR quilts are ready to fold and spread  
On Mother Earth's old trundle bed.

The first, a brown-and-white old thing,  
She puts it on in early spring.

The summer one is green and bright,  
With daisies nodding left and right.

And then when winds begin to blow  
She spreads a red quilt on, you know,

And sews it through with yellow thread;  
It makes an autumn leaf bed-spread.

And by-and-bye, all in a night,  
She'll spread her quilt of snowy white.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

## ALL FOR GOD.

A POOR little girl came one day and brought to her Sunday-school teacher an old rag doll. Evidently it was very dear to her, for she looked at it longingly, tearfully, before she gave it to the lady. Then suddenly she held it out and said with a sob: "They said that we must bring something for Christ. This is all that I have to bring. Oh, I hate to let it go, but—take it! I want to give something."

Now that's the spirit which Christ wants us to manifest. We must give something, and the more we love that something the better he prizes the gift, because in giving it we prove how much we are in earnest. It must be a complete surrender of our wills, ourselves, to God; and not until we have made that surrender do we know the blessedness that comes of giving up everything for God. Then we find out that what was given up is as nothing compared with what we gain. But there must be this giving up—it's the test of our sincerity.

## ST. BERNARD DOGS.

If a St. Bernard dog which had seen service in the Alps could write out his adventures, what a thrilling narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous undertakings would there be to read! A gentleman, who visited the St. Bernard monasteries recently, says the utmost pains are given in training the dogs. The training begins when they are mere puppies. At meal-time the little animals are required to sit in a row, each having before him a tin dish containing his food. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs, meanwhile, sitting with bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until the amen is spoken; if some young puppy, not well enough schooled in table-manners, happens to begin to eat before the proper moment, he is reminded by a low growl or a tug at the ear, that he is misbehaving. After a severe snow-storm, or an avalanche, two dogs are sent out from the monastery. Around the neck of one is fastened a flask of cordial, and to the back of the other is bound a heavy blanket. Should a traveller happen to be buried in the snow, their keen scent soon enables them to find the place. They then search for the spot where the snow is softest, for they know that the traveller's breath must have made it soft, and, therefore, that his head must be just beneath. They scratch away the snow, and, with their powerful paws, smite the man on the chest, barking, meanwhile, to arouse him from his stupor. Recovering his wits, the half-dead man drinks the cordial, revives, and to his great joy, finds himself shortly under a friendly roof.

## THE FLOOD.

FOUR little boys were talking about the flood. One, being asked what he would have done if he had been living at the time of the flood, replied: "I would have gone into my mother's bedroom and shut the door." The second said: "I would have climbed to the top of a big tree." The third said: "I would have climbed to the top of a high mountain." The fourth said: "I would have gone to the door of the ark and said: 'Mr. Noah, please let me in.'"

The first three boys, who would have tried to save themselves, would have been lost; and the fourth boy only, who would apply for help, would have been saved. Neither young nor old can save themselves; all who want to be saved must go to Jesus.

## WATER-CARRYING IN INDIA.

IN many places in India, good water is so scarce that it has to be brought great distances by people who sell it. A large flat leather bag, hung on each side of an ox, is filled with water, at a funnel-shaped opening at the top, behind, and is emptied by a little pipe at the front bottom corner, fastened by a thong. If you lived in some parts of India, you would see one of these oxen thus laden with full water-skins, the contents of which his driver would be very

glad to sell to any one who may want water. Smaller bags, like pillow-cases in shape are made for less quantities, and are carried by a man, slung across his shoulders, before or behind, as may be the handiest. The water for some purposes has very often to be bought, as that in the wells is generally brackish, frequently so much so as to be quite useless for washing. In India, the people drink scarcely anything but water, and therefore know its value. Indeed, they think so much of its importance and different kinds that they never ask if a place or climate agrees with you, but, "How does the water of such a place suit you?"

## FREDDIE'S LESSON.

FRED was dressed in his first pants, and felt very proud. He thought that 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 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 down the road. He saw the little boy, and with his strong arms soon got him out. Fred never forgot this. He felt ever afterward that he needed God to take care of him by day and by night..

## 'JESUS, IT'S ME.'

AT a religious meeting in the south of London a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the gentleman conducting the meeting, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? but do not mention my name." In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed and there was perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said: "O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her. Save her precious soul!"

There was perfect silence, and away in the back of the meeting a little girl rose, and a little voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me."

She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me."

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY—fortnights two  
Briefest of the months are you,  
Of the winter's children last.  
Why do you go by so fast?  
Is it not a little strange  
Once in four years you should change.  
That the sun should shine and give  
You another day to live?  
May be this is only done  
Since you are the smallest one.  
So I make the shortest rhyme  
For you, as befits your time:  
You're the baby of the year,  
And to me you're very dear,  
Just because you bring the line,  
"Will you be my valentine?"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.]

THE PRISON OPENED.

Acts 5. 17-32. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We ought to obey God rather than men.  
—Acts 5. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. Prisoners, v. 17, 18.
2. Preachers, v. 19-28.
3. Witnesses, v. 29-32.

THE LESSON STORY.

The apostles worked many miracles in the name of Jesus, and these things all showed that what they said about Jesus was really true. The high priest and his friends became more and more angry, and one day they sent men to take them and lock them up in prison. But they did not stay there all night, for an angel came in the darkness and brought them out so quickly that not even the soldiers who were watching knew it. As the angel was going away he told the apostles to go and preach Jesus in the temple. So, early in the morning they began to preach again in the temple.

Early in the morning, too, the Sanhedrin met to try the prisoners, but the men who were sent to bring them out of prison said they were not there, and while the judges were talking and wondering a man came in who said the apostles were teaching in the temple. The soldiers went after them, but they dared not treat them roughly, for the people loved and honoured the apostles. When the high priest asked why they went on preaching Jesus, Peter answered that they must obey God rather than men, and again he declared that the Jesus whom they had crucified was the Son of God and the Saviour of all who believe in him.

Peter was not afraid to stand up boldly for Jesus. Are we willing to be faithful witnesses?

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Find how the people honoured the apostles. Acts 5. 12-16  
*Tues.* Read the lesson verses carefully. Acts 5. 17-32.  
*Wed.* Find what are "the words of this life." John 6. 63-65.  
*Thur.* Learn why the apostles were "blessed." Matt. 5. 11.  
*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.  
*Sat.* Find why it is wise to obey God. Jer. 38. 20.  
*Sun.* Tell the Lesson Story to some one.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What power was given the apostles? In whose name did they work miracles? What did this show? What did the high priest order one day? Why did not the apostles stay all night in prison? What did the angel tell them to go on doing? Where did they go in the morning? Where did the Sanhedrin meet to try them? In the Hall of Judgment? What surprised them? Where did they send men to find the apostles? What did the high priest ask? What did Peter answer? Was this right? Who were the witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus? The apostles. When are we his witnesses? When he has risen in our hearts.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

God knows when we suffer for his sake.  
He will send his angel to deliver us.  
It is noble to "stand up for Jesus."

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 21.]

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 6. 8-15; 7. 54-60. Memory verses, 57-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Faithful, v. 8-15.
2. Crowned, v. 54-60.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Christian Church was so large now that the apostles had to have helpers. Seven deacons were chosen, and the chief of the seven was Stephen. He was a good man and worked great miracles among the people, so that the enemies of Jesus both hated and feared him. At last they brought him before the Sanhedrin and hired false witnesses to tell evil things about him. Stephen listened, but was not afraid. The judges looked at him, and saw that his face was like the face of an angel. But this did not turn them from their wicked purpose.

When the high priest asked Stephen if these things were true Stephen answered in a long speech, in which he said that his judges had murdered the Son of God.

This made them so angry that they gnashed their teeth at him, while he looked up and said that he saw Jesus

standing at the right hand of God. Then they stopped their ears and ran upon him and cast him out of the city and stoned him until he died. He kept praying all the time, and died asking God to forgive his murderers.

Among those who looked on, well pleased to see Stephen die, was a young man named Saul. We shall learn more about him by-and-bye.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read why deacons were chosen? Acts 6. 1-7.  
*Tues.* Read about Stephen's trial. Acts 6. 8-15.  
*Wed.* Read about Stephen's death. Acts 7. 54-60  
*Thur.* Learn why Stephen was so brave and true. Acts 6. 5.  
*Fri.* Learn why he could claim a crown. Golden Text.  
*Sat.* Find who else prayed for his enemies. Luke 23. 34.  
*Sun.* Read Stephen's speech before the council.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Why did the apostles need helpers? How many were chosen? Who was the chief one? Why did wicked Jews hate him? What did they finally do? How did Stephen look as he listened to the false accusations. Who was falsely accused before this? The Lord Jesus Christ. What did the high priests ask Stephen? How did he answer? Why did his words displease the judges? What did Stephen say he saw? What did they do then? How did they kill him? For whom did he pray? What young man stood by to see him killed?

AM I—

Brave and faithful, like Stephen?  
Do I look to God in time of trouble?  
Can I pray for those who do me harm?

BIRDS IN WINTER.

MANY birds die every winter from cold and hunger, when they might easily be saved by a little care. Birds suffer much from thirst in winter time. Snow, when eaten, does not quench thirst; and so a little water put outdoors in a saucer will relieve the thirst of any of the little sufferers that happen to find it.

A bone with a little meat on it pleases the blackbirds and robins, and sparrows are fond of potatoes. A little birdseed or bread crumbs scattered on the window-sill will almost always bring a chorus of chirpers about the house and yard.

The birds soon find out their friends, and it is a beautiful sight to see them come each day about the same hour and chirp to each other while waiting for their meal.

Last winter one boy kept a tin basin full of wheat on the back porch, and every morning the birds used to come in flocks for their wheat breakfast.



THE SNOW-HOUSE.

## MILLIE'S BABIES.

Six little timid kittens,  
Out in the cold alone,  
Their mother is always gadding about,  
And brings them not even a bone;  
She's off in the morning early,  
She's off till late at night,  
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,  
That never does anything right.

The kittens are always hungry,  
They're too timid to catch a mouse,—  
And their mother is such an old gadder,  
They won't keep her in the house.  
She never petted nor played with them,  
Nor washed them nice and clean,  
Such six little dirty faces  
I'm sure I've never seen.

Six little sad, sad kittens,  
All sitting in a row,  
Cold, and hungry, and dirty  
From the tip of each nose to each toe.  
Twelve little ears and six little tails  
Hanging and drooping low,  
So out on the steps I found them,  
Sitting all in a row.

And Millie begged hard to keep them,  
And fed them and washed them so clean,—  
Such six bright, cunning kittens  
I'm sure I have never seen.  
The boys laughed at Millie's babies,  
She cares not a whit, would you?  
If she hadn't adopted those kittens,  
What in the world would they do?

## QUEER BIRDS.

ONE day last summer, while Ella and Tom were in the country, they went down to wade in the creek, and saw some queer-looking birds. Their legs were so long that Tom said they were practising on stilts. They had long, sharp bills, which they stuck into the mud "clear up to their

eyes," as Ella explained to her father when they returned to the house.

"And they couldn't sing a bit good," said Tom; "they just squeaked."

"Why didn't you catch some of them, Tom?" said his father.

"Couldn't, papa; I tried."

"You ought to have put some salt on their tails."

"Oh, but they didn't have any tails to put salt on," said Tom.

Do any of our little readers know the name of these birds?

## WHY SHE WAS HAPPY.

I WAS sitting on the porch talking with a lady, when her little girl came running toward us and nestled by her mother's side. I wish you could have seen her happy face. It was covered with smiles, and her eyes were as bright as two black eyes could be.

"Why are you so happy, my dear?" I asked.

"Because mamma is here," she replied, looking up into my face, as if she thought I ought to have known the reason without asking.

If you have a good mother, you ought to be glad, and I would advise you to try and do nothing that would grieve her. See how much you can do to help her and make her happy. There is one thing you can do very easily—that is, keep good-natured. Wear a sunny face instead of a cross one.

## THE LOST PRIZE.

"We have each of us got a prize, mamma—each of us! Isn't that perfectly lovely?"

This mother was asked so many times a day to find so many things "perfectly lovely" that she smiled as she answered, "That is nice, indeed; are they for the same thing?"

They brought the books and laid them open on her knee. Louise was her own little maid, and Nanette was Louise's dearest friend, who had her mother to show her triumphs to, and who often came to Louise's mother, finding always a kind word and smile.

"Miss Blair offered a prize for the best composition on India, mamma, and she said mine and Nanette's were just equal; so she gave us each one."

"What does this mean?" asked the mother, reading from Nanette's book: "From Nanette's affectionate teacher, who loves every truth-lover."

Nanette blushed a little. "Miss Blair said we must get it all out of books, ma'am, and while I was writing mine an old gentleman at our boarding-house came up and corrected some things I had written, without my asking him, of course, I had to tell Miss Blair."

"Ah, I see," said the lady; "and she means you to remember that she values your carefulness about telling the whole truth, more even than your composition."

She drew Nanette to her side and kissed her. "I would rather be called a truth-lover, little Nanette," she said, "than be called Her Majesty the Empress of India. Could Miss Blair say the same of you, Louise dear?" she asked, but Louise burst into tears.

Her mother was much concerned when she found that Louise had slipped Nanette's paper out of the desk and read it before writing her own. "I didn't see why I might not read a composition as well as a book," she sobbed.

"But you let Miss Blair think you had done what she told you, daughter; that was not truth-telling, much less truth-loving."

And Louise was obliged to carry her pretty book back and give it up. But when her golden hair began to turn grey, she used to tell her own little girls that this lost prize did more for her than any she ever gained and kept.

## DOT AND DIMPLE.

THEY were not much bigger than a dot and a dimple as they sat on two chairs, all clean and freshly dressed to go on an afternoon visit with mamma.

Dimple was sweet and good, and sat very still, as mamma told them to do.

Dot was sweet, but not so very good, for she wanted to have her little feet bare, and so, though she knew it was wrong, she began to pull off her shoes and stockings.

"Dot, if it's you, I duss I wouldn't," said Dimple. "Mamma won't like it."

"Don't tare,"; I wants them off," said naughty Dot. And she tugged at her stocking.

"Den you won't be dood," insisted Dimple.

"Don't tare," repeated wilful Dot, still tugging away.

Pretty soon mamma came in with her bonnet on, bringing their hats. When she saw Dot's bare feet she looked annoyed, and said, "Oh, Dot, you naughty little thing! Now you will have to stay at home, for papa is keeping the carriage waiting for us, and there is no time to dress your feet again."

So Dot was left at home with Jane while the rest had a nice ride and a pleasant visit. I hope she will not be naughty next time.

WHEN I was a small boy I heard a minister say: "Children are like little tree-frogs. I wondered what he could mean by such words as these, for I could see no resemblance between children and tree-frogs. "It is said," remarked the minister, "that the tree-frog becomes the colour of the bark of whatever kind of a tree they are on." And he said: "Little boys and girls are like them in this way; they partake of the habits of the children with whom they keep company. If they play with bad children, they will be likely soon to form the same bad habits which they practise." Oh, how true were his words!