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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1897.

[No. 11.]

CURIOSITY.

What can there be so interesting on the other side of this wall? Probably nothing of importance, but this little maid has heard voices, or something of the sort, and is eager to know what is the matter. So she has brought a basket and climbed up on it to look over, and we hope her curiosity is satisfied and her trouble made worth while by seeing something really interesting or exciting.

SWEET VIOLETS.

The day was cold and bright, and Amy and Bess, dressed in their new warm coats and hats, were walking briskly along the street, talking so busily that they did not pay the least attention to the passers-by, until a voice close to Amy's ear called out:

"Violets, sweet violets, ten cents a bunch. Please buy my violets."

"No, go away; we don't want any," Amy said.

Bess looked back as Amy hurried her on, slipped her arm out of Amy's and stood still.

"Bess, what are you stopping for?" asked Amy, impatiently.

"Little girl, come here, I will buy some violets," Bess called out.

"Why are you crying?" she continued.

"I can't sell my violets," the child answered. "See? my basket is full. I thought I could sell so many, it is so bright today, but maybe I don't



CURIOSITY.

know how, and I'm so cold."

"I'll take a bunch too" said Amy. "I didn't mean to speak so cross. I was only in a hurry, you see. Say, little girl, do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No! I - I haven't nice clothes to wear, and I'd be ashamed. Mother is sick. She mends me up as well as she can, but she can't work now."

"Well," Amy said, "our school is just the place to come to, for we help sick mothers dress their little girls, and we tell their children about Jesus."

Bess and Amy told the little girl where to come the next Sunday, and promised to meet her there, and the child said she would come gladly.

As Amy and Bess went on, Amy said, "We can't buy our candy now."

"No!" said Bess, "but we can give our violets to lame Susie and to the old nurse."

They gave away their violets, and then there were five happy people that afternoon.

! Anna Jane has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in in the next room she thinks they are saying something she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice

A PRETTY GOWN

All the shop windows in town are full,
Of silk and cotton and gingham and wool,
But none of them show a gown so gay
As the one Mrs. Humming-bird wears to-day.

'Tis the very same fashion her grand-
mother wore,

And hasn't a seam or a pucker or gore:
The sun doesn't fade it, the rain doesn't
spot,

And it's just the right thing, whether
chilly or hot.

'Tis a perfect fit, and it won't wear out.
But will last her as long as she lives, no
doubt.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1897.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

The unbounded faith of little children in their fathers, mothers and nurses, or anyone who has charge of them, is one of the most beautiful things in life. Such a trust was commended by Christ when he taught his disciples to become as "little children" to enter the kingdom of God. This implicit confidence of a child sometimes, however, provokes a smile.

Little Robert Smith was the oldest of a house full of children. His mother procured the help of a kind nurse named Elizabeth Hogan, familiarly called "Betsy." She won the heart of little Robert by her watchful care of him, and he supposed there was nothing too difficult for her to accomplish.

Taking a ride through a picturesque section one day with his mother, who saw him admiring the bluffs mantled with evergreen, she thought it a good time to teach him a lesson about the Creator. She asked: "Robbie, who made the world?"

Without the least hesitation he looked up and said, "Betsy made it."

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO PAPA?

Then he is far away, that is evident Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl: and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of water spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of his subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gerty and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gertie, let's send him a real jolly letter; won't he be glad to get it out there?"

Yes, that he will. Now, what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see, I have told him all the school news; all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I have sent him some of the best mignonette from the front garden.

"Look here, Gerty, I'll tell you what. Let's fill all the rest up with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and, written in Bob's bold and better copper-plate, were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be down-hearted if you are tired, and the black people are not nice with you. We are praying for you ever so much. Last night poor Gerty was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now I'll pray for papa, till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father darling; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry all the love it can to you—xxx xxx—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the Word of Life and felt just a bit down-hearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it; and when it was done he put it near his heart, and, looking up to that blue heaven, which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord God, I thank thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.

Negroes of all ages go to school down South. In one school a woman seventy-five years of age goes with her children, and in another a man ten years older is learning his A B C.

"O mother!" said a dear little girl, "it seems when I lay my head on the pillow, and am going to sleep, as if God was speaking sweet to me." How blessed to go to sleep so!

BARKIS.

Leslie brought him home one day. He had jumped from a passing train, and his owner had not cared enough for him to return and claim him. So he stayed with us—a little scrap of a little black and white dog, with friendly eyes, a stubby tail, and a bark joyous and incessant.

Everybody made jokes on that bark.

Hal, the punster of the family, assured visitors that our dog's "bark wasn't on the seas (seize)!"

Father called the dog "Hickory" at first, because "his bark stuck so tightly!"

But it was mother who gave him his real name, for, when the family were discussing the question as to whether the newcomer should stay, she remarked that "Barkis was willin'."

And thus Barkis found a home and a name, and, we may add, soon proved himself to be a friend, and the protector of the family.

One night when everybody was sound asleep, grandma and little Leslie were awakened by Barkis' tiny but energetic "bow-wow."

"Seems as though he was making more noise than usual," said Leslie, sleepily.

"That's so," said grandma. "He comes tearing up the steps and then rushes down to the barn again. I guess he must be baying at the moon."

Leslie crept out of bed and went to the window, standing there a minute or two in his white nightgown.

Suddenly he whispered excitedly, "O grandma! I believe some one is trying to steal Sam!"

Sam was father's beautiful cream-coloured horse that was worth ever so many dollars.

"I hear a noise down at the barn," continued Leslie. "There is a sound as if some one were throwing things at Barkis, and he gives a yelp and starts up barking again."

Grandma sat up in bed, the white frill of her night-cap bristling around her face.

"Better run down-stairs and rouse your parents, child," she said, adding, "I suppose we'll be laughed at, though."

But nobody felt like laughing, for when father and the hired man left the house they heard the sound of hurried footsteps down by the barn, and when they reached the building there was the big door open, and Sam, wild-eyed with fright, standing in his stall with part of his harness on.

Horse thieves had been there sure enough.

And wasn't Barkis delighted that he had aroused the folks in time! He jumped and leaped and wagged his stubby tail. He didn't mind now how the thieves had pelted him with potatoes from the bin in the barn—the yard was sprinkled with them.

Good, faithful Barkis! how all the family loved him after that, and the best bone was always given him. Nobody complained of his noise. He might bay or howl, yelp or whine, he was sure to get a friendly pat and the complimentary words, "Good dog! he saved our Sam!"

A LITTLE TEMPLE.

"I know a little temple,
Its walls are dim and low;
Yet up and down its darkened aisles
The blessed angels go.

"And he who keeps the temple
Should pray to God to-night
That faith may light the altar flame
And Hope may keep it bright.

"And may no evil spirit
Have in it place or part.
What is this temple beautiful?
The temple of the heart."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X. [June 6.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

James 3. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips
from speaking guile.—Psalm 34. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Power of the Tongue, v. 1-5.
2. The Danger of the Tongue, v. 6-13.

THE LESSON STORY.

In the letter to the Jewish Christians James wrote about the tongue. It is a very small part of the body, but see how important it is! A ship is large and powerful, and yet it is turned about by a very small helm. Just so the tongue, although so small, has a great deal to do in governing the life. James says the tongue is like a fire. It can speak sharp words that burn and do a world of harm. One little word may start a flame of trouble that will bring sorrow to many hearts. How careful we should be, then, of the words we speak!

The same tongue that we use to speak of God and to sing his praise is the one that we use in speaking unkind words, and even in telling falsehoods. Satan is glad when he can get boys and girls to use their tongues for him, and he does not care if the little tongue sings sweet hymns and recites Bible verses, if he can only get it to say wrong words. He knows that the fountain which sends out bitter water is bitter, and he will be glad when it never sends out any good water at all. What can we do with the troublesome tongue? Take it to Jesus to be moved by his good Spirit. Then it will speak right, true, loving words.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. James 3. 1-13.
Tues. Find what Solomon says. Prov. 12. 19.

Wed. Learn some good advice. Golden Text.

Thur. Find how to keep the tongue. Psa. 39. 1.

Fri. Learn how to live so as to please God. Eph. 4 1-3.

Sat. Learn what should make us careful. Psalm 139 4

Sun. Read true words about the tongue. Psalm 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

What did James write about in his letter? How is a great ship turned about? How is the helm of a ship like the tongue? What else is the tongue like? How is it like a fire? Is the tongue always used to speak right words? How is it sometimes used? Who moves the tongue when it speaks wrong words? What does he hope to do? How can we make our tongues speak right words? Who will move them if we give them to Jesus?

REMEMBER—

That our bodies belong to God.
That he knows every word we speak.
That he can make a naughty tongue right if it is given to him.

LESSON XI. [June 13.

PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 1. 1-7; 3. 14-17. Mem. vs., 3. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—2 Tim. 3. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Young Disciple, v. 1-7.
2. The Holy Scriptures, v. 14-17.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Paul preached at Lystra the first time a young man named Timothy came to hear him. He had a Jewish mother and grandmother, and they had taught him to know the Scriptures when he was yet a child.

But he did not know about Jesus until he heard Paul, and then he believed and became an earnest disciple. Paul loved him very much and took him travelling with him, together with Silas. He called him his beloved son, and Timothy was his faithful helper in the Gospel.

When Paul was a prisoner in Rome he wrote a letter to Timothy. Our lesson is a part of this letter. You know how much a good father wants his son to do right in all things. Just so Paul felt toward Timothy, and he wrote this letter to teach Timothy how to live in such a way as to please God. Paul loved Timothy so much that he prayed for him night and day, and he urged him to remember to use the good gifts of God, and to use them for him. It is so easy to use his gifts for ourselves! We must watch not to fall into this sin. God had been good to Timothy in giving him a good mother to teach him the Holy

Scriptures. Then he had given him a loving friend in Paul, and, more than all, a Saviour to teach him and guide him. How much he had to be thankful for!

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. 2 Tim. 1. 17, 3 14-17

Tues. Read how Paul found Timothy. Acts 16. 1-3.

Wed. Learn about Timothy's "gift." 1 Tim. 4. 14.

Thur. Learn why we should use God's gifts. Matt. 25. 29.

Fri. Learn what the Scriptures are able to do. Golden Text.

Sat. Find why the Scriptures are worth so much. 2 Peter 1. 21.

Sun. Find all you can about Timothy in the Book of Acts.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Where did Paul first see Timothy? Who was his mother? Who was his grandmother? What did they teach Timothy? Who taught him about Jesus? Where did Paul take Timothy? What did he become? What does Paul call him in this lesson? Where was Paul when he wrote this letter? Why did he write it? How did he show his love to Timothy? What did he remind him to do? Why should we use our gifts for God? [See Helps for Thursday.] What were some things Timothy had to be thankful for? What are some of God's good gifts to you?

QUESTIONS FOR ME.

Do I try to learn the Holy Scriptures?
Do I believe they will make me wise?
Am I thankful for my good friends and teachers?

"THE FLY."

One of my friends was telling me the other day that he recollected an address of mine to the boys in the school-room at Cambridge. He said that I told them a story about a fly on a window. I told them that I was standing in a farm-house, and there saw a fly on the window, and I tried to catch him; but as soon as I put out my finger he went a little lower down on the pane, and as I moved he moved. I soon saw that the fly was on the other side of the glass, so that I was not likely to catch him; and my friend reminded me that I said to the boys, "Now, there are many people who are trying to be happy, and they are aiming at happiness in this way and that way, and they think they will get it here or get it there; but all their efforts are in vain, for it is on the other side of the glass. It is only when they have been renewed in the spirit of their minds that they will catch that fly, and secure that happiness which they so much desire." It was a striking simile for boys, and I was glad my friend had not forgotten it. I recollect a boy who was struck with that simile; he was the worst lad in the school until the day when God blessed that message to him.—C. H. Spurgeon.



"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day."

WHEN I AM A MAN

BY MRS. LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"When I am a man, I'll not worry and scold,

Or growl at the weather if too hot or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure to keep clear.

I'll try for the good of others to plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I am a man.

"When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of noise.
I'll feed the beggar who stop at my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing and poor;

I'll strive to be honest, and do what I can
To make the world better, when I'm a man."

Said grandma "Why wait till you're grown?
Commence your reform. Right away
Begin with to-day;

You may never be old, nor rich, nor yet great,
And many a blessing you'll lose while you wait.

Strive to be and to do the best that you can,
And life will be sweeter when you are a man."

SURE SIGNS.

Solomon said, many centuries ago,
"Even a child is known by his doings,
whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a boy slow to go to school,
and glad of every excuse to neglect his books,
I think it a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy haste to spend his every penny as soon as he gets it,
I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see boys and girls of ten queering,
I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a child obedient to his parents,
I think it is a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

TRUSTFUL ROBIN.

In the depth of winter a robin came to the window of a house in the country, and looked as if it would like to come in. The master of the house opened the window and took the trustful little bird kindly into his dwelling. Soon it began to pick up the crumbs that fell from the table. The children of the house became very fond of the little bird. But the spring came again, and the bushes began to be green, the father opened the window, and the little robin flew away to the nearest wood and built a nest and sung a happy, lively song. And, behold, when the winter came again, there came the robin also to the house in the country, and he brought his little wife with

him. The master of the house and children were very pleased to see the two sweet birds looking about them so trustfully. And the children said: "The little birds look at us as if they wanted to say something." The father answered: "If they could speak, they would say, 'Kindly trust awakens trust, and love begets love.'"

HE SWALLOWED HIS OWN SKIN.

The following amusing incident is related by a writer in *Our Animal Friends*. My uncle and sister and I were out in the garden one day watching a little toad, and my uncle took a twig, and very, very gently scratched first one side of the toad, then the other. The toad evidently enjoyed it, for he would roll slowly from side to side, and blink very expressively. I was so interested that when they went in I took the twig and did as my uncle had done. 'If,' thought I, 'he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the twig down his back?' I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam, showing a bright, new coat below; and then my quiet little toad showed his knowledge, for he gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, taking it off the body and legs first, and then blinking it over his eyes, till—where had it gone? He had rolled it into a ball, and swallowed it!"

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye. She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instru-

ment, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then, kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman. How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour, and he will hear every child that calls on his name.

A lady who teaches the little Indian boys says it is very funny to see them modeling in mud. She says they take a lump of mud, and with a few pinches here and there they will transform it into a pig, buffalo, horse, man, chicken, or anything they have seen. She says she thinks few white children could do so well.

A GOOD TEXT FOR YOU.

Merton had to stay after school.

"You can learn that lesson in fifteen minutes. I will be back then and let you go, if you are ready," said the teacher.

Merton looked at his book, spelled a few words, wondered how many marbles he had altogether, wished he could see that ball game, caught a fly, and—fell asleep.

"I'll let him sleep," said his teacher, a few minutes later.

And so Merton slept till the room grew dark and the stars were out.

When he awoke the door was locked. He tried to open the door to go home. Then Merton remembered his lesson. "I could learn it in fifteen minutes if I had a light," he said.

But there was no light, and he was hungry, and—well, he wouldn't cry, but he wanted to.

"Hello, Merton! Have you learned your lesson?" said his teacher, coming in.

"I—don't—know," said Merton.

"Let's see; spell concern."

"C-o-n-s-u-r-n."

"No use. You must stay here until that lesson is learned."

Very soon it was learned, for Merton was given a light.

"Wish I'd done it sooner," said Merton.

"I wonder how many more times in your life you will think that?" said his teacher. "Suppose you keep account a week and let me know."

Merton did keep account one week, two weeks, three weeks, and then came to his teacher with a happy face.

"I've kept my text this week, every time!" he said.

And what was the text?

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."