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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

[No. 12.]

A PICTURE WANTING WORDS.

We wonder what the real interpretation of this interesting picture is. Is it that the little fellow standing there with his feathered hat in his hand has not been able to say his lesson properly and is going to be punished for a long course of laziness, when his brother interposes and offers to bear it for him? or is it that the boy has been accused of doing something which in reality he did not do, but to save his brother, the real culprit is going to bear the punishment? This may be so. Anyhow, the little boy is actively trying to save his brother.

No boy who has any notions at all of courage and manhood in him, should be afraid to bear his own punishment, and we are sure this little fellow would not stand by and see his brother whipped for his own crime. At the same time there is something very noble about the little man who was willing to bear the undeserved punishment of his younger brother. Does not this remind us of the wonderful love and brotherhood of Christ, who bore the sins and punishment, not of one only, but of the whole world?

BLACK PETER.

The people with whom I was staying had a tame crow with a history worth recording. About a year ago the boys got possession of the bird soon after it had left the nest. It was so cunning that they enjoyed playing tricks on it. These were harmless, but the crow resented the indignities, and cut their acquaintance, and betook itself to the boys' father, who is noted for his kindness to all creatures. His new master called his black pet Peter,

a name that the recipient readily recognized, and always answered to, unless called when he was angry. Peter followed his master about the farm, to the woods, and to the neighbours. For sometimes he made excursions about the neighbourhood

winter, and been exceedingly deep, but in March it went off suddenly with a heavy rain. Soon after the ground became bare, the master, who was at work in the orchard, saw at a little distance a poor, tired, bedraggled crow walking and hob-

bling along towards him. A second glance showed it to be Peter, the prodigal. Instantly he had the poor creature on his arm, caressing him as tenderly as though he was a returning truant boy. Peter was beside himself with joy at the meeting, and tried his best to express his affection to his friend. It seemed too bad that he was not fully able to tell his adventures and the cause of his absence; but these, through other sources, were learned afterwards. During that December snow-storm Peter was blown to the ground, several miles from his home. A toy caught him, and not knowing to whom he belonged, clipped short his wings to prevent his flying off. The homesick bird could not walk through the deep snow, neither could he fly; so he waited patiently through the winter, till the ground was bare, and then started afoot on his journey. How he found his unknown way so many miles through fields and woods and across roads will remain a mystery. Although again able to fly, he will not venture off the premises, but attaches himself more closely than ever to his old friend.



A PICTURE WANTING WORDS.

alone, generally returning before dark. Last winter he got caught out in a big snow-storm, and did not as usual, return at night. As days went by and no news from Peter, the family concluded he was either dead or gone off with other crows. The snow had lain on the ground all

A little boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."

THE CHILD'S CREED.

I believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun.
All that we have each day
To us by him is given;
We call him when we pray,
"Our Father who art in heaven."

I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one.
He taught us to be holy
Till on the cross he died,
And now we call him Saviour,
And Christ the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve him
He will never go away
From heaven upon Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And he dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

EFFECT OF A HYMN.

A Hong Kong correspondent of the Boston News tells an interesting incident. He had been intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry learned that he might probably be found in a gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the

older one continually giving utterance to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair, while the elder shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He began to sing that beautiful one of Phoebe Cary's:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my Father's House,
Than I've ever been before.

"Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

At first, says the writer, these words in such a vile place made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling-den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, staring at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: "Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he was singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the man said, he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up; "Come, Harry; here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misused you, Harry, and I'm sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quite this infernal business."

The writer says, those two men left the gambling-house together and walked away arm in arm; and as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily, God moves in a mysterious way."

NO DIFFERENCE.

BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.

Will came in from school in a half-ashamed way, hiding his report card under the corner of his jacket. Mamma held out her hand, and Will reluctantly gave it up. "What! poor marks again this month? O Will, why don't you study?"

"It makes no difference about the marks now, mother. There's plenty of time. By-and-bye I'll show you what I can do."

"No difference! Suppose a man intending to build a house thought the foundation of no consequence. What would you think of him? Don't you know it's the foundation you are laying, my boy? Your future success depends largely upon your knowledge of arithmetic and grammar and—"

Will silenced any further "preaching,"

as he called it, by an emphatic hug and kiss.

"O, yes, ma; I know it all. You'll be proud of your boy yet, just wait and see." With a rush and a whoop he was off for the pantry, from which he soon emerged with bulging pockets.

Mrs. Welles watched him fondly as he ran down the street to join his friends; but I think a little more care on his part would have smoothed the wrinkles gathering on her forehead.

At the end of the school year Will found he was not to be promoted with his class. Another year as senior in the grammar school enabled him to "squeeze through," as he said, and with glowing plans for the future he became a high-school student.

"Welles, you must give more time to your Latin," said the master one day. "You haven't had a fair recitation this week. You have good abilities. With study there's no reason why you shouldn't excel. Haven't you any ambition?"

"Why, yes, sir, but there are so many things to attend to now, and I can't see that my standing here makes much difference. When I go to college I expect to lead my class."

The master's reply was all unheeded, for though Will appeared to attend, and said, "Yes, sir," now and then, he was really planning for the ball match of the morrow.

Four years of high-school, and Will was admitted to college. I cannot say that he was prepared for college, but he was admitted.

"Now you'll see what I can do," he told his mother at parting. "I've been foolish long enough. Now I shall begin study in earnest."

To his surprise he found that his record was known at college. The best students avoided or treated him indifferently. "We always find out the previous standing of a new man," some one told him.

He set to work determined to win for himself a name; but aside from his poor record he found his former habits were like chains to bind him down. In vain he sighed for neglected opportunities.

Near the close of his second year Mrs. Welles died, the property took to itself wings, and Will found himself thrown on his own resources. He looked for employment in his native town. "We need a new assistant," said the high-school master, shaking his head; "I wish your Greek and Latin had been more satisfactory." Another friend spoke of a position in the bank, but the old grammar-school teacher would not recommend him as quick or accurate in accounts. The minister spoke of him as honest. "But we need trained minds as well as honest purposes in our offices," said the business men of the place. At last he accepted a position as porter in a furniture shop. The work was hard, the pay small, but it was employment.

"Don't tell me it makes no difference," he often says to careless boys who are neglecting their studies. "I tell you it does make a vast difference."

WHAT HAVE I?

Two eyes have I, so bright and clear,
With them to see both far and near,
The birds, the flowers, the bright blue sky,
The waters deep, the sun on high;
The Lord, my God, gave them to me,
To him belongs what'er I see.

Two ears have I, here on my head,
With them to hear what'er is said;
When mother says, "Come here, my child,
Be always truthful, gentle, mild;"
When father takes me on his knee
And says, "My darling, I love thee."

A mouth have I, and well I know
What with that mouth I oft can do;
Can speak, and ask for many a thing,
Can tell my thoughts, and sweetly sing,
Can pray, and praise the Lord above,
And tell him all my care and love.

Two hands have I, both left and right,
To work and play with all my might;
Two little feet to leap and run
O'er hills and fields in merry fun,
To ramble by the brook so cool,
To go to church and Sunday-school.

A heart have I, that beats in love
For father, mother, God above —
The Saviour dear, so good and mild,
Who seeks the heart of every child.
Know ye who gave this heart of love?
Twas God the Lord, who reigns above.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let your light so shine before men, that
they may see your good works, and glorify
your Father which is in heaven.—Matt.
5. 16.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
oughly studied.

- 1. F. C. in E. - - The entrance of—
- 2. P. and the P. G. Believe on the—
- 3. P. at T. and B. They received the—
- 4. P. P. in A. - - God is a Spirit—
- 5. P. M. in C. - - Other foundation—
- 6. W. and W. for C. If I go and—
- 7. A. for S. of O. For none of us—
- 8. The E. of C. L. And now abideth—
- 9. P. O. at E. - - Take heed, and—
- 10. G. G. for J. C. Ye know the grace—
- 11. C. L. - - - Be not overcome of—
- 12. P. A. to the E. E. Remember the—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I. [Oct. 3.]

PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 1-15. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but
also to die at Jerusalem for the name of
the Lord Jesus. Acts 21 13

OUTLINE.

- 1. Fellowship, v. 1-9
- 2. Self-surrender, v. 10-15.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul went on his journey, sailing now
in one ship, then in another, until he came
to Tyre. Can you not trace his journeys
on the map? At Tyre the ship stopped
to unload, and Paul and his friends went
on shore and stayed seven days with the
Christians of Tyre. Some of them, who
were taught by the Spirit of God, told
Paul that he ought not to go to Jerusalem.
When the time came to sail away the men,
women, and children who loved Jesus
went with them down to the seashore.
There they kneeled down and prayed, and
then said good-bye and went away.

The ship soon came to the end of its
voyage, just at the foot of Mount Carmel.
Now Paul and his friends had to continue
their journey on foot. They walked along
the seashore about thirty-five miles and
came to the fine city of Casarea. A good
man lived there who was one of the seven
deacons when the Christian Church was
young. His name was Philip. He had
four daughters who were all prophetesses.
While Paul was at his house a prophet
came from Judea named Agabus. He
prophesied that Paul would be bound and
given into the hands of his enemies at
Jerusalem. Paul's friends begged him not
to go, but Paul felt that the Lord called
him, and so they went on, walking to
Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 21.
1-15.
- Tues. Read of the woman of Tyre who
came to Jesus. Mark 7. 24-30.
- Wed. Find what once took place at Mount
Carmel. 1 Kings 18. 19-39.
- Thur. Read a story about Philip. Acts
8. 27-40.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn what Paul had learned.
Matt. 16. 25.
- Sun. Find what gave Paul comfort now.
2 Tim. 4. 7, 8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

To what city did Paul come in his jour-
ney? Whom did he find there? What
woman had probably preached the Gospel
there? [See Helps for TuesDay.] How
long did Paul and his friends stay?
Where did the ship stop at last? How
did Paul and his company travel then?
To what city did they come? What good
man lived there? What do you know
about Philip? What did his four daugh-
ters do? Who gave them power to
prophesy, or teach? The Holy Spirit.
What prophet came there from Judea?
What did he tell Paul? Why would

Paul not turn back? He know the Lord
had called him?

MY LESSON

To go straight on when God calls
To trust him to take care of me.
To put his work above everything else.

TINY'S ALARM-CLOCK.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her
big brother Kent came in one day with an
odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands.
Tiny ran to meet him.

"O Kent, what is it?" she asked cur-
iously. "Anything for me?"

"No," said Kent. "Such a wide-awake
puss as you are doesn't need aids to early
rising," and he untied the strings and
opened the package.

"Why, it's a clock!" said Tiny, dis-
appointed. "We've got three clocks now,
Kent. What made you bring another?"

Kent began winding the little clock
"You just listen," he said.

Whir-r-r: rattle, rattle, rattle! whir-r-r!
What a way for a clock to strike!

"It's an alarm-clock," explained Kent,
smiling at Tiny's wonder. "We can set it
so that the alarm will strike at any time
of night and wake us. You know that I
have to leave home before daylight some-
times," for Kent was a railroad engineer.

"How very, very funny!" said Tiny
with sparkling eyes. "Goes off all itself,
without any one touching it. O, how I
wish that I had one!"

"There's another funny thing about it,"
went on Kent. "If people don't mind the
alarm when it strikes, but think that they
will sleep a little longer, they grow less
and less liable to be waked by it, and soon
it doesn't make any impression at all."

Tiny considered. "I wish that I could
have one all my own!" she said again.
"It must be such fun to hear it go off!"

"You have one," said Kent gravely.

"I? An alarm-clock?"

Kent nodded.

"Where?"

"Right in there," said Kent, with his
hand over Tiny's heart.

"Well, I don't believe that it ever went
off," laughed Tiny.

"Yes, I'm sure that it has. Wait till
you feel like doing something wrong.
That little clock will say: 'Whir! Tiny,
don't.' You see if it doesn't."

Tiny laughed, and went back to her
examples. Soon a call came from the
kitchen: "Tiny, dear, I want you."

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she
suddenly called out cheerily, "Yes, mam-
ma;" and danced out of the room, looking
back to say: "It went off then, Kent, good
and loud."

Kent nodded and smiled. "I thought
it would," he said.

And all you little folks with alarm-
clocks want to be sure that you answer
the first call, or they will ring and ring in
vain, and turn you out good-for-nothing
men and women.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of the Lord,
In the mansion of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits!
Gives the crown his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates;
Let the little travellers in:

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We'll together meet at last,
At the portal of the sky.
Each the welcome "come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

"I WAS GOING TO."

Children are very fond of saying "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass and to set traps for the rats but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happens in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is," not only "the thief of time," but it is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and a nuisance. He never did any good. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The girl or boy who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things that you are going to do.

A LITTLE HERO.

There are many adult Christians who have not the courage displayed by little Charlie. Here is what he did.

Charlie was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. These little beds are called borths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

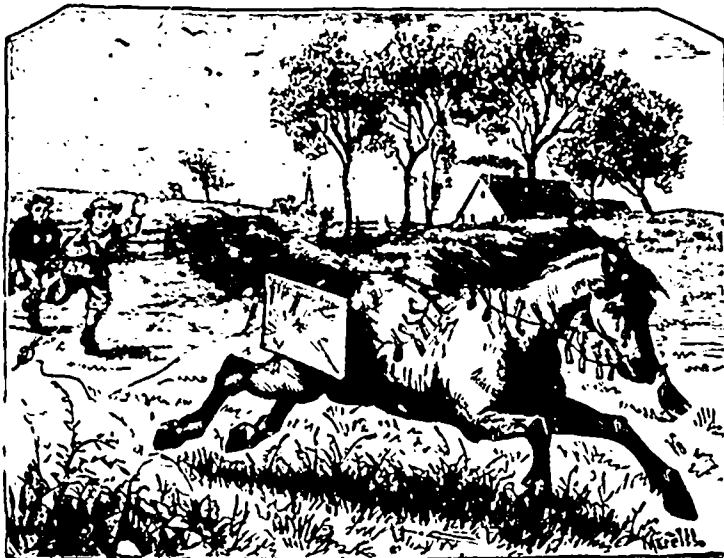
"Make haste and jump into your borth, boy," cried his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We sh-'ll be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that; and Charlie knelt down just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children, but never take it without first asking.



A SAD MISFORTUNE.

A SAD MISFORTUNE.

These boys have been flying their kite out in the fields and there was not enough wind for it to rise. So they took the end of the long string in their hands and set off to run across the field as fast as ever they could. By this means they would probably have got the kite to rise, had not an unexpected calamity prevented it. As they were running without looking behind them they suddenly felt a jerk on the string, and looking round were astonished to see that the tail of the kite had caught on the neck of a horse that was feeding in the field, and become entangled in his mane; this was bad enough, but it was not all. Before they could get it loose the animal had taken the string between its teeth and cantered off to the other end of the field. There will be a long chase before it is caught and the boys will be more careful in future.

THE ROSE, THE BIRD AND THE BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume," said a rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendour, and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness; but the selfish bud shrivelled and withered away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird; "I do not want to sing." But when his brothers soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making weary hearers forget sorrow and bless the singers, then the forlorn little bird was lonesome and ashamed. He tried to sing, but the power was gone; he could only make a harsh, shrill chirp.

"If I give away my wave'sts, I shall not have enough for myself," said the brook. And it hoarded all its water in a hollow place, where it formed a stagnant, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a buoyant, singing bird, and a leaping, refreshing brooklet, thought on these things, and said, "If I would have, and would be, I must share all my goods with others, for

To give is to live;
To deny is to die.

CHILD-LIKE FOLLOWING GOD.

Very suggestively does an inspired writer say, "Be ye followers of God as dear children." A good model is thus commended. Children naturally imitate or follow the example of their parents. Whatever they see them do they attempt to do. They conform as closely as possible to the copy set before them in parental doings and sayings. This tendency is developed at quite an early period in life. The young child is found in various ways resembling the parent. To this imitative principle in human nature allusion is evidently made in the apostolic injunction just quoted.

Thus, to follow God is to fully confide in him. No feeling of a child toward a parent is more spontaneous and distinguishing than confidence. Hardly anything is more unnatural than a child's distrust of a parent. Ordinarily, a child's highest idea of excellence is embodied in the parent, who is deemed a paragon of perfection. Many a child trusts a parent even without a question. It is taken for granted that all is right in what a father or mother does. Of the class of children who believe that their parents can do nothing wrong was the little girl, seven years old, who said of a counterfeit coin which some one had refused to take of her, "I am sure it is a good one, for my father has just made it." Such a confiding child certainly deserved a better father, that she might never come to know that her confidence was misplaced.

My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion.