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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

[No. 4

## WINTER IN ENGLAND.

What a lovely winter scene this is, to be sure, with the quaint old cottage with its thatched roof in front, and the tower of the village church in the background. There comes the cart on its rounds from one village to another, for in these distant villages of the Old Country it is not worth while for the railway companies to build stations where there is so little traffic done. The consequence is that some one drives a cart for a long distance through the country, taking in all the villages it can on the way, and thus parcels and packages are conveyed to their destination. At the gate of the cottage we can see the little daughter of the house eagerly looking out for the carrier's cart, and probably she is expecting some nice Christmas present from kind friends in the town.



WINTER IN ENGLAND.

### HE ASKED JESUS.

BY PANSY.

Deane's mother was very ill; the doctor said she could not live through the night. Deane was to go to a neighbour's for the night. When he went to bid his mother good-bye, she kissed him many times and told him she was going to heaven that night. Deane was very grave. The children in the home where he went tried to amuse him, but he did not want to play. He kept close beside their mother. When

she was getting him ready for bed he said "Auntie Holman, I don't want mamma to go to heaven yet; papa and I need her. Won't Jesus let her stay?"

"Jesus knows best about it, dear."

"Yes, but he sometimes does things when we ask him. Couldn't I ask him to let us keep mamma?"

Mrs. Holman tried not to cry as she told him that he might ask Jesus anything.

The house grew still, all the children were asleep except Deane. He lay with his face turned to the wall, and so still

hold it in his little fat hands, then he put it down on the ground and kept rolling it around in the snow until it grew larger. It did not grow very fast, but every time he rolled it over a little more snow stuck to it. So he kept on without stopping, until soon the snowball was so very large that Freddy had to push hard to move it.

Kind words seem like very small things, but they can make a great deal of happiness, just as the little snowflakes made the big snowball.

that Mrs. Holman hoped he too had dropped asleep, but when she softly spoke his name he always turned toward her with wide-open eyes and said "Auntie I'm talking to Jesus about mamma"

Just as the clock was striking twelve, Deane turned suddenly, his face full of smiles, and said

"Jesus will do it, Auntie Holman' He says he will!" In three minutes more Deane was asleep

At daylight Mrs. Holman went to hear from the sick mother. She met the doctor at the door

"There has been a wonderful change here," he said smiling. "It took place about midnight. I did not expect to find her here this morning, but now I believe that she will get well." And she did.

### A SNOWBALL

When Freddy first began to make his snowball, it was so small that he could

## BABY'S FIRST WALK

BY A. P. S.

With lingering steps the baby starts;  
He has so far to go,  
From mamma's dress to sister's hands,  
Where treasure tempts him so.

He wishes they would let him creep:  
It's 'way down to the ground,  
He's sure he cannot trust his feet  
They are so fat and round.

He wishes he could see his toes,  
Safe cuddled in each shoe.  
Dear little things, how well he knows  
They'll try to help him, too.

He wishes that he'd brought his wings  
When he came down to earth:  
One step, two steps, the walk is done;  
He crows in baby mirth.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

## FREDDY'S OBJECT LESSON.

Freddy Reed's grand-uncle, Hiram Lee, had gone to California when the "gold fever" was raging, years and years before Freddy was born. Indeed Freddy's mamma could scarcely remember him, but she was glad to see him when he came to visit her.

He was very fond of little boys and Freddy was soon on the best of terms with him. One morning Freddy came in with a pretty red bird, that he had caught in his trap, perched on his arm.

"Poor thing," said his mamma. "See Freddy, its wing is broken."

"I know," answered Freddy unfeelingly, "it will soon heal up."

"You mean to keep it then," said Uncle Hiram in surprise.

"Of course," Freddy replied.

Uncle Hiram did not say another word then, but thought to himself, "That boy is going to grow up cruel, unless somebody teaches him a practical lesson. I believe I can do it myself." Several hours later, as Freddy was passing along the upper hall, he heard a queer noise in his uncle's room. Peeping through the half-open door he saw a little engine on the centre table, puffing and blowing away for all the world like a real one. The next minute Freddy was by the table examining the little beauty. He took hold of the wire handles, but when his fingers began to sting he found he could not let it go. His screams brought his uncle and mother to his help, and as soon as he was released, he began to find fault with his uncle for setting such a trap for him.

"It is a new kind of a battery that I bought for my rheumatism," explained Uncle Hiram, "and if you had not been meddling with what did not belong to you, there would have been no trouble."

"But you left the door open," insisted Freddy.

"And you left the door of your trap open to entice the bird into your net, and it got its wing broken, which is much worse than getting your fingers full of needles. You know now how it feels to be a wounded prisoner, and I hope you will have more pity for the birds hereafter."

Freddy let the red bird go as soon as it was able to fly.

## ARCHIE'S MISTAKE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"A stormy Saturday! Oh dear!" Archie's face was doleful as the gloomy sky outside, and he fretted about in a way which made the weather in the house seem as dreary as that out of doors. I wonder how many children stop to think how much they have to do with the home weather?

"I must write in my diary," said Elsie; "I did not do it last night."

"I think you ought to play with me," whimpered Archie.

"I will afterwards."

"Then will you show me what you write?"

"No," said Elsie, laughing; "I never show it to anybody."

It was an old grievance. The only reason for Archie wishing very much to see his sister's diary was that she did not wish him to. It must have now been that the weather had affected him badly, for almost without thinking Archie did a very rude thing. He came behind Elsie and peeped over her shoulder.

"There! there!" he cried. "No wonder you don't want me to see your old diary!"

"What is the trouble, Archie?" asked mother.

"She's writing mean things about me. She wrote, 'I do not like my brother!'"

With a merry little laugh Elsie showed her diary to her mother, who laughed too and said:

"Come here, Archie, and see what comes after the words you do not like."

Archie came and read:

"I do not like my brother to think I am unkind, so I will stop writing and go and play with him."

How he coloured with shame as mother and Elsie still laughed.

But I think it served him right for looking over Elsie's shoulder—don't you?

## DOODLE-BUGS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Helen and Sallie Yarnall are two little girls who live down in Virginia. They know all about opossums and chincapins and the luscious persimmons which all Southern children love to gather after the heavy frosts in the autumn.

But what pleases them most are the funny little doodle-bugs that come up out of the ground at their call.

Sometimes the girls go out in the pine woods where doodle-bugs make their holes in the warm sand, and there they play with them for hours, calling the bugs up with a funny little sing-song tune:

"Doodle dan-dy, doodle dan-dy,  
Doodle up, doodle up."

They say the last line in a quick voice.

Then after the doodle-bugs have come up from their holes, the song is changed to:

"Doodle dan-dy, doodle dan-dy,  
Doodle down, doodle down,"

and the bugs will hurry back into their holes again.

Sometimes the doodle-bugs will not obey promptly, and the girls have to sing their little song two or three times, but generally they come up at first call. You would think there was some understanding between the little girls and the bugs.

## ANIMALS THAT LIVE WITHOUT WATER.

"My!" said Herbert, as he lifted his glass and drank the clear, cool water in it, "I'm glad there's plenty of water. It's so good, and nothing can live without water, can there, father?"

"Some things do, Herbert, though most things can't. Isn't the Lord good when he gives us plenty of the things we can't live without—air and water and light? But there are some animals that can't get water, and so the Lord has made them able to do without it."

"What animals are they, father?"

"One kind is the llama. Llamas live away off in Patagonia, and never taste a drop of water in their lives. Then out West on the hot, dry plains of the desert there is a little mouse which does not know what a drink of water tastes like."

"Isn't that queer?" said Herbert. "Why, I thought everything had to drink sometimes."

"No, even in France there are herds of cows who almost never drink.

"Do they give milk?" asked Herbert.

"Yes; and such good milk that from it is made a very famous cheese called Roquefort."

## THE DOLLIES AT SCHOOL.

BY A. P. S.

I'm going to teach you, my children.  
Come, all of you, sit in a row.  
The lesson I'm going to give you  
You will each of you have to know.

Pray how would I feel, little darlings,  
If we were out somewhere for tea,  
And one of you'd happen to mention  
You did not know A from B, C?

Yes, Johnnie, you may stand, my dearest,  
I know there's no bend to your leg;  
The rest of you sit still and silent  
And listen to each word, I beg.

You dear little Japanese baby,  
I won't try to teach you to read,  
For all of our words are so different,  
I'm sure you would never succeed.

And you, my own sweet Arabella,  
You're looking so pale and so thin,  
I really don't think that I'd better  
You lessons to-day, dear, begin.

And Johnnie, you're too full of music,  
I'm sure that no one could teach you,  
So children, I'm glad for to-day, dears,  
Our lessons are every one through.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

## LESSON IX. [Feb. 26.]

CHRIST AT THE FEAST.

John 7. 14, 28-37. Memory verses, 28-31.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.—John 7. 37.

## A LESSON TALK.

Jesus was in Jerusalem now. He had gone up to attend the Feast of Tabernacles, which was something like our Thanksgiving. It was held in October, and lasted a whole week. People came from all over the country and lived in little houses made of the branches of trees. This was to help them remember the forty years their fathers lived in tents. Jesus spoke in the temple many times that week, and the people wondered at the beautiful, gracious words which he spoke. They did not know he was the great God! There was a ceremony every morning at daybreak which was very beautiful. A priest went to the pool of Siloam and filled a golden pitcher with water which was poured out in the temple as a sign of the pouring out of the Holy Spirit at the coming of the Messiah. How strange this must have seemed to Jesus, knowing that he was the Messiah, and that he had the water of life to give to the thirsty, dying souls about him! Do you wonder that on the last day

of the feast he stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

Do you see what this means? When we want more love and goodness in our hearts, then we "thirst." If we believe that Jesus can give us what we want, then we "come" to Him and "drink,"—which means that we take the love and goodness which he is so ready to give.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus now? In Jerusalem.  
What great feast was held at this time? The Feast of Tabernacles.

What was this like? Our Thanksgiving.

For what did the people give thanks at this time? For all their blessings.

How did they live during the feast? In little houses made of green branches.

What did Jesus do in the temple? He taught the people.

Did they like to hear him? Many did.  
Who were his enemies? The Pharisees and rulers of the Jews.

What did they send officers to do? To arrest Jesus.

Why could they not do it? They were afraid.

What did Jesus cry on the last day of the Feast? Golden Text.

What may we have? The water of life.

## LESSON X. [March 5.]

CHRIST FREEING FROM SIN.

John 8. 12, 31-36. Memory verses, 34-36.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—John 8. 36.

## A LESSON TALK.

You remember that Jesus called the people to come to him and drink, in the last lesson. He called himself the Bread of life many times, and in the lesson to-day he says he is the Light of the world. Try and think of some ways in which Jesus is like the beautiful light. There were crowds of people in Jerusalem now attending the feast, and as soon as Jesus came into the temple people would gather around him to hear him speak. Not only those came to hear who believed on him, but the Pharisees who hated him came to find fault and to try to show him in the wrong in some way. Notice this talk about being free. The Jews were like some people now who think themselves free, when they are really slaves. There are slaves to tobacco, and strong drink, and bad temper, and naughty habits of many kinds.

The only way to be truly free is to know God, and to let his truth make us free. To be free in the right way is to obey God because we love him. Do you think a child truly loves his mother who obeys her because he is afraid to disobey? O, no; a true child of God loves to please the heavenly Father, just as a true-hearted

child loves to please an earthly parent? Never forget that it is the obedience of love that pleases God.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST

What did Jesus call himself? "The light of the world."

What does Jesus call bad people? Servants of sin.

Who is the master of those who do wrong? Satan.

What does Satan try to make us believe? That sin is pleasant.

How is sin sure to end? In sorrow and death.

Does not Satan know this? Yes, but he is a liar.

What do we need to know to make us free? The truth.

Where shall we learn the truth? In the word of God.

What did the Jews think? That they were free.

What do bad people often think? That they are free.

What do God's children love to do? The things that please God.

Who may be God's children? All who will.

## THE ROBINS' VICTORY.

BY A. P. S.

George came in laughing one summer afternoon.

"I've seen a battle, mother," he said, "a real battle, and the enemy was whipped and had to run away."

"Who fought the battle, George?" asked Rose. "Where was it?"

"Up in the apple-tree where the robin's nest is. The enemy was a big owl, and what a fuss there was in the apple-tree when the robins found him! They know he was hunting their babies, and how they screamed for help!"

"I didn't know robins could cry for help. How did they do it?"

"Oh, they made a queer, loud, chirping sound, and all the birds in the yard came flying, and they were cross. They fluttered and scolded and chirped, but Mr. Owl just sat there and winked. I couldn't help laughing, only I felt so sorry for the birdies."

"Is he out there yet?" asked mamma. "I think I will go and try to drive him away."

"No, he's gone now, because there is a regular Hobson among the birds. I was just going to get the rake and scare him off by poking it at him, when a beautiful blue-jay came flying along. He lit on the top branches of the tree and listened to the other birds scolding, and then he rushed straight to the rescue and just gave Mr. Owl such a bump he was glad enough to go flying away as fast as he could. Wasn't that brave?"

"Indeed it was," said mamma, "and won't there be a lot of things to talk about in birdland to-night? Mr. Owl will tell his story, and General Jay will have his, and the Robin family theirs. How I'd like to hear it all; wouldn't you?"



THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A great ship was about to set sail for America, from a foreign port. Passengers were hurrying to and fro, either embarking or taking leave of those who were going away, porters staggering under huge loads of baggage, and sailors everywhere hauling away at the ropes and cordage, and making all taut and trim for the voyage.

Among the passengers was a lady who had been abroad for her health, and was now returning to her native land. She was quietly walking about, while her husband attended to certain formalities for making her voyage pleasant, a little bird flying and hopping on the canvas covering of one of the boats attracted her attention, and when he flew off to the shrouds and rigging, the lady followed, keeping him in sight, anxious to discover whether or not he meant to start on the long journey with them.

But presently she forgot the tiny bird in a sight far more interesting. Almost under the shadow of the deck-house stood a pile of luggage, the lowest piece of which was an old-fashioned chest securely locked and corded, upon which sat two little children.

The oldest was a bright-eyed, manly boy, and the other a sweet little girl of eight or nine years. Both were plainly

clothed, and opening it at the fly-leaf, the lady read these words: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And underneath was added, in the same hand. "These children, Johann and Gretchen Schrimmer, have lost both father and mother. Their old grandmother, feeling that she has not much longer to stay in this world, sends them to the home of the free, in the care of the good Lord, asking any of his friends who may meet them to be kind to the orphans, for his sake. And may the blessing of the old woman rest upon any such forever."

The writing had this signature, "Barbara Schrimmer, aged eighty-one."

The lady who read these touching words of faith was an ardent Christian, always ready to do the Master's work. Perhaps it was by his special will the little Testament fell first into her hands. She at once showed it to her husband, and they agreed together that the little German orphans should be their own charge while they were at sea. From the captain they learned that their passage money had been paid to New York by the grandmother. Further than that, she had, indeed, left them to the Lord. Her faith and trust were not disappointed. By the time the ship reached the American shore, the lady and her husband had grown too attached to the children to wish to part with them. They adopted them into their own family, and there they are

dressed, but perfectly neat and clean. The boy stood with his arm around his little sister's neck, as if to be her protector, and both looked so innocent and forlorn, that the kind lady stopped and asked them where their friends were.

The two little things shook their heads, and made no answer, when the good lady, judging that they had not understood her, addressed them in the German tongue with which she was familiar. Instantly the childish faces began to brighten, and the boy replied to her eagerly. She learned that they were going on the long voyage alone, hoping to find friends in the land of America. The boy took from his pocket a well-worn German Testa-

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## HOW FRITZ CAME HOME.

BY DAISY R. CAMPBELL.

Alan could not believe that Fritz was lost. Fritz was a big Irish setter. Alan's uncle had sent the dog to him six months before. Alan was an only child and lived on a big farm, but after Fritz came he was never lonely.

"Fritz is just as good as a boy," Alan declared. He played games and hunted in the deep snow till he found his little master, he brought Alan's slippers to him when they came in cold or wet, and when, before bedtime, Alan lay down before the fire and looked at his picture-books, Fritz lay close beside him. And now he had disappeared.

Alan was a very unhappy boy without his playmate, though mother tried to comfort him. He sobbed out in his prayer one night. "Please God, send Fritz home." Then he fell asleep and dreamed that he heard Fritz calling him, and that he ran out to the barn, and there he was.

It was a very real dream, and Alan woke up out of it with a start. He sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes. It seemed that it really must have happened. He felt sure Fritz was at the barn. He got out of bed and crept softly down the back stairs. It was dark and cold, but Alan did not care—Fritz wanted him. Fritz was outside somewhere, trying to get in. Alan was sure of it! Across the cold kitchen floor he ran in his bare feet. Surely that was some one at the door! With eager hands Alan pushed back the bolt and flung open the door. A blast of wind came in, but something else came with it—a big, shaggy dog, wild with joy at seeing his little master! It was truly Fritz, with a piece of rope about his neck. He had been stolen, and kept for a time in captivity, but he had managed to break the rope that held him and run back to his master.

Upstairs the two went without arousing any of the other folks in the house, and when mother came in to dress her boy next morning there he lay fast asleep, with Fritz cuddled up beside him, keeping him warm.

The Jews say that when Moses was keeping the sheep of Jethro a lamb ran away and lost itself in the desert. He went after it and pursued it a great way, till the little creature fell, panting and footsore on the ground, unable to go further. Then Moses said to it, "Little lamb, didst thou think I sought to hurt thee that thou didst fly me? Nay, it was in love that I went after thee, and now in love I will bear thee home in my bosom." And, when God saw his gentleness to the lamb, he said, "This man shall rule my people Israel."