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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1899.

No. 11.

THE WARRIOR BRAVE.

"Where are you going, Johnnie?"
"I'm going to the war;"
"Whom will you fight there, Johnnie?"
"The same I've fought before!"

"Is it the mighty Turk, Johnnie,
The Spaniard, or the Greek?"
'I do not have to sail abroad
My bitter foes
to seek.

"I fight them in
the pasture,
I dare them in
the lane;
I've cut the heads
off hundreds,
Ten thousand
I have slain.

"They rally in
the garden,
Among my fair-
est seeds."

"Who are
those foes,
brave John-
nie?"

"I 'spect you
you'd call
'em weeds."

HIPPOCAM- PUS, OR SEA-HORSE.

This "strange fish," for a fish he truly is, though belonging to a very odd family—the pipe-fishes—is not an entire stranger to our northern waters, being found along the New Jersey coasts, and quite far up the Hudson River. Some very fine specimens constitute one of the points of special attraction in the New York Aquarium.

The picture gives a striking portraiture of the creature; and what a jumble of oddities—the head of a horse, fins of a fish, tail compounded of a crocodile's and a ring-tailed monkey's, and the ribbed body of a Chinese lantern! In general he is

found holding on to some sea-weed or fragment of shell, swaying backward and forward, with oft repeated and very rapid vibrations of the pectoral fins. If it is his pleasure to release his hold and change his location, he moves in the upright form seen in the engraving, using the large back fin for propulsion. His voyaging, however, is very short; as he generally

A MISSIONARY HERO.

Now, children, I am going to tell you a story about a missionary hero, and I want you to listen with both your ears and not to be like those idols that have ears and hear not, for when I get through we are going to have questions on what I have read, and I want each one to answer them right. I will read very slowly:

I will tell you about a man who is called the Father of Missions, for he lived one hundred years ago in England. His name was Carey, and he was a poor man and a shoe-maker. After he gave his heart to Jesus he also gave his life, and as he sat at his shoe-maker's bench, pegging and sewing shoes he kept a book open in front of him and in this way learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, and French. One hundred and three years ago he started out alone for India, that great land so full of people who knew nothing of the dear Lord Jesus.

Some one said,
"There is a gold

mining in India, who will explore?" Carey answered, "I will go down, but you, brethren, must hold the ropes." Can any of you tell me what he meant by that? He worked there for forty years, preaching and teaching the people about Christ, writing our Bible in their language, so they could read about him themselves, and fighting the Government, who did not want the people taught about Christ, and trying to get them to make laws against Suttee.

There isn't anything more blessed than to "do errands" for God.



HIPPOCAM-PUS, OR SEA-HORSE.

Who knows what that was? When he died he was known all over the world for a life given entirely to Christ and as one who left to the world a great work—the Bible written in twentyfour different languages.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1899.

FACING THE FOE.

"O, please let me do that," begged Rhoda; "I hate cutting out dress-skirts!" Aunt Ruth dropped her shears on the cutting-table and straightened her back to give a sharp look at the eager face coaxing her.

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do a thing brought forward as a reason for doing it!" she remarked, looking the girl over shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth," said Rhoda; "mother says that's the very reason. 'Face the Foe,' that's her motto that she's always brought us up on. If you don't, she says you go on dreading and dreading it for ever, and worse and worse as you put off trying it, and by-and-bye you are incapable. She always makes us try to do everything we hate to do, and keep at it till we like it."

"Your mother's a very sensible woman," was Aunt Ruth's comment. "Here, take the shears, then. I was going to let you look on and see me do it, but you might as well make your mistakes and profit by them.

"There!" said Rhoda in triumph fifteen minutes later; "that bugbear never will block me again."

"Plucky way of doing," muttered Robert to himself, coming out of the window-seat where he had been lounging over a "Harper's Weekly" instead of doing what he called "tackling" his debating club essay. "'Face the foe!' Did it, too, like a soldier. Wonder how that rule

would work on some of my 'bugbears.' There's that Christian Endeavour meeting to-night. Dick wanted I should lead it for him. Sneaked out of it by telling him I never did such a thing in my life. Believe I'll go and try it, Rhoda-fashion! Wouldn't she be surprised if she knew what she made me do with her dress-making lesson?"

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa; "he wasn't rich, he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he was not such a little boy; "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa; "he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky, felt hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, oh, as many as six times, to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'tank you,' papa?" asked Jim gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa; "but the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now, that is the way flowers talk; so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen, all together, for they were like some children who always say, "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said, "If you don't, they'll gobble you up!"

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose that shook off all but one,

and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty. I'll keep that one."

The older overheard her and called. "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I did not think one caterpillar would ruin me."

"One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson."

A LIVE FLOWER.

"I am going to tell you," said a father, "about an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"Oh, father, you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," he replied, and he pointed to what looked like a bright coloured flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower!" exclaimed the mother.

"Do you think so?" said the father. "Can a flower be afraid?" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long leaves had curled up, and it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked father. "Look here!" He caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves, or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where the father said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which is called a sea-anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it saw and heard the shrimp coming; no tongue nor teeth, but it has eaten up Sir Shrimp; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off the rock to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another, and fasten itself there. God has filled the earth, sky and sea with marvels like this and greater than this. 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all."

How many a poor boy has been led to commit some crime that seemed small, and was small in itself, but it led to greater and still greater crimes, until a sad end was reached. We remember one poor lad who, standing on the scaffold, with the black cap on his face, said that his first crime was stealing a pin, the next one an apple, the next a knife, and so on, until he had at last killed a man. Beware of the little sins that ruin the life and damn the soul.

NO.

"No" is a very little word;
Not long it takes to say it.
Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right;
So let us justly weigh it.

"No," I must say when asked to swear,
And "No," when asked to gamble;
"No," when the beer I'm urged to share,
"No," to a Sunday's ramble.

"No," though I'm tempted sore to lie,
Or steal, and then conceal it;
And "No," to sin when darkness hides,
And I alone should feel it.

Whenever sinners would entice
My feet from paths of duty,
"No," I'll unhesitating cry—
"No, not for price nor booty."

God watches how this little word
By every one is spoken,
And marks those children as his own
Who give this simple token.

The child who utters "No," to wrong,
Says "Yes," to right as surely;
That child has entered wisdom's ways,
And treads her paths securely.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON X. [June 4.]

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 17-30. Memory verses, 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of God who loved me, and gave himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20.

A LESSON TALK.

This is a sad story, and we should try to read it thoughtfully and reverently. The death on the cross was thought to be a very shameful death, because only the very worst people were put to death in this way. Think of our Lord allowing his enemies to crucify him when he might have prevented it if he had chosen to do so! Notice the tender thought of Jesus for his mother, even in this hour of awful suffering! Does it make you think that we should be thoughtful of others and plan how we can help them? This is one of the sweet things John tells us which the others do not. Do not forget in studying this lesson that all this suffering for our sakes can do us no good unless we accept Jesus as our personal Saviour.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus die? On Mount Calvary.
Where was this? Near Jerusalem.
How did he die? On the cross.
Why did he die such a sad death? To save sinners.

Who were crucified with him? Two thieves.

What did one of these men do on the cross? He believed in Jesus.

What did Jesus promise him? That he should be with him in paradise.

What did Jesus ask John to do? To take care of his mother.

What were the last words of Jesus? "It is finished."

What was finished? His redeeming work for sinful men.

What ought all sinners to do? Love and obey Jesus.

What still makes his heart sad? When they will not do this.

LESSON XI. [June 11.]

CHRIST RISEN.

John 20. 11-20. Memory verses, 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

A LESSON TALK.

There are some beautiful stories in the gospels of the visits which Jesus made to the disciples after his resurrection. You will learn in the lesson chapter, first and second verses, who first went to the sepulchre, and in the lesson verses you will see to whom Jesus first appeared. Read the stories of his walk with disciples to Emmaus, and the words to Thomas and to Peter. Perhaps you may think that if you had been one of the disciples you would not have been so slow to believe that it was really Jesus who spoke and ate food, and even prepared a meal for them when they were tired and hungry. But do not be too sure! It is not always easy to believe even now, is it? Have you thought that Jesus had to call Mary by name before she knew that it was really her Lord? How good it is to know that he can call each one of us by name! John 10. 3-14 will tell you who know the voice of Jesus. Mary knew his voice, and was ready at once to do what he said. Are we like Mary, quick to hear and to obey?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who were very sad when Jesus died? All his disciples.

What did they seem to forget? That he said he would rise again.

When was he crucified? On Friday.

When did he rise from the dead? On Sunday morning.

When did some women go to the tomb? Early on Sunday.

Why did they wait until then? Saturday was the Jewish Sabbath.

What did they carry with them? Sweet spices.

What did they find? That the tomb was empty.

Whom did Mary hurry to tell? The disciples.

To whom did Jesus first appear? To Mary Magdalene.

Did she know him? Not till he called her by name.

When did the other disciples see him? That same evening.

HER WISE IDEA.

One of Boston's bright school-teachers had a boy come into her class from the next lower grade who had the worst reputation of any boy in school. His behaviour, says the Boston "Herald," was so tricky and disobedient that he had always been put into a seat directly in front of the teacher's desk, where he could conveniently be watched. His reputation had preceded him, but the new teacher had her own ideas as to how recalcitrant boys should be treated. On the very first day she said: "Now, Thomas, they tell me you are a bad boy and need to be watched. I don't believe it. I like your looks, and I am going to trust you. Your seat will be at the back of the room, end seat, the fourth row from the wall."

That was all she said. Thomas went to his seat dumbfounded. He had never in his life been put upon his honour before, and the new experience overcame him. From the very first he proved one of the best and most industrious pupils in the school, and not long ago his teacher gave him a good-conduct prize of a jackknife.

One day she was going down one of the streets not far from the school, when suddenly she noticed Thomas among a small crowd of street gamins. He saw her, too, and immediately took off his hat and called out, his face beaming with a glad grin: "Halloo, Miss E——! Nice day."

The other boys laughed at him, but he silenced them by saying: "Well, she's the best friend I ever had, and I'm going to take my hat off every time I see her."

ROBBIE AND THE BUBBLES.

"You must not throw your ball, Robby," said mother.

"Why not, mother?"

"Because baby is asleep and you will disturb him. He is not well, you know."

Robby went and looked at the dear little fellow asleep in his crib.

"I love him," he said. "I'll not wake him."

He took his picture-book and sat down. But he had seen all the pictures very often before.

Mother went to the kitchen and brought back a bowl and a pipe.

"Here, dear," she said, "you can blow some bubbles."

It was great fun. The bubbles were streaked with green, and gold, and red, and purple. They sailed high in the air.

When he was done he said, "Mothers are always doing nice things for little boys."

And mother said, "Little boys can be very sweet to their mothers when they try."



STREET SCENE IN CHINA.

This picture represents a scene in China in one of the most crowded parts of a large town. The street is very narrow, and the houses are rather high. The lower parts of the houses are used as shops, and the upper stories are dwellings. They seem to be as badly off for yard room as some people in this country, and are obliged to hang their washing out across the street to dry. In the background is shown one of the many bridges of the country.

THE COMING MAN.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

We hear a great deal about "the coming man," and what he will do. Do you know who the coming man is? Well, I will tell you. He is a boy now. He thinks manhood is a long way off, and some older people seem to think that boyhood will last forever; but it will only be a few days before that little boy will be taller than his mother, stronger than his father, and perhaps will think he knows more than both of them.

What kind of a man will the coming man be? That depends on what kind of a boy he is now. If he is dirty and crooked and mean and tricky and greedy and quarrelsome and dishonest and disobedient, he will make a poor kind of

man; but if he is sober and temperate and honest and trusty and studious and obedient and truthful and frank and kind and clean and diligent and faithful, then the coming man will be worth seeing and waiting for.

Fathers and mothers are looking after the coming man. He is "a little man" now, but he may soon be a great man; and they are hoping and working to give him all the chance they can, that he may be a good man.

What are the boys and girls doing to help on the coming man to be what he may be and what he should be and what they want him to be?

—o—

HOW TEDDY WON THE BATTLE.

Teddy had had a severe cold for a week, and had been looking forward to the next week, when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

He read his Sunday-school lesson on Sunday with his mother, and sat a long time looking quite solemnly out of the window.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

"No coasting to-day," his father said; and his father was a doctor, and knew what was best for little boys.

Teddy stood in the hall, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. "No coasting!" he exclaimed; and tears of disappointment shone in his black eyes.

"Not to-day," his father replied as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and the mother turned at length wondering if her son were crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

"You just keep still, you old Satan! You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not! You tempted Jesus once, and he wouldn't yield; and I'm trying to be like Him, and I'm not to yield, either. I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always 'member how I disobeyed father. No, sir! I'm not going to listen; so hush up!"

This is what his mother heard as she reached the hall door, and she slipped quietly away.

The next day Teddy had his longed-for

coast, and his black eyes shone with delight as he thought that, besides having honest fun, he had won a battle the day before and conquered Satan.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
The tears well forth as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are growing feeble now.
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! how near the time
Of pain and loss to me,
When, 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond the shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless
years
Flow over golden sands.
Where there is neither pain nor tears,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

I saw two gentlemen on a street-car lately. One of them was grown up and was handsomely dressed. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more; and his shirt was of brown cotton.

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned, his bare foot touched the grown gentleman's knee and left a little mud on it. Turning round on the platform, he raised his straw hat and said, very politely, in a clear tone: "Please excuse me." Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said, with a smile: "Certainly."

"You must desire first to become good. That is the first and great end of life. That is what God sent you into the world for.

"Grandpa, how old are you?" "I am eighty-seven years old, my little dear." "Then you were born eighty years before I was." "Yes, my little girl." "What a long time you had alone waiting for me."