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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

No. 18.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

"'Tis only good children Whom the angels call fair."

"I wish God had made me pretty," said little Annie Sparks, who looked so doleful that Aunt Marie resolved to help the child, if she could.

That night, when Annie came home from school, her aunt said, "I am going to give you a new doll, my dear. I have two in my room, and you may choose one for your own."

Annie tripped up-stairs gaily to seek her new treasure. She found the two dolls upon the sofa. The one that first claimed her attention was exquisitely dressed in silk and velvet; dainty lace was about her neck and wrists; upon her feet were pretty shoes, and on her head a lovely hat.

Before Annie had examined the dolls closely, she thought this one would be her choice, for when she first glanced at the other she noticed only the dress, which was of the plainest calico, with no ornament of any kind; but when she examined more carefully, she found that the doll with the homely dress was a beautiful marble doll with real golden hair, eyes that would open and shut, dainty little feet on which she could stand alone, arms with joints



"The cloak and dress are pretty, I know," responded Annie; "but those things don't make the doll."

"Neither," said Aunt Marie, "do rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and soft hair make the little girl; and if a child has a cross and selfish spirit, no matter how fair are the form and face that clothe it, God and the angels and the people round her will look upon her with but little pleasure; but if she has a sweet and loving spirit, it will shine through the homeliest features, and many will delight in her. A beautiful spirit, no matter how uncomely the body in which it is dressed, will as surely be prized as your doll is prized, in spite of her faded calico."

Annie was an apt pupil, and never forgot Aunt Marie's comforting lesson, but ever after sought for the best beauty, which is

never denied to the earnest seeker—beauty of heart.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may find no room to enter.

which admitted many different positions—in short, the doll was a marvel of beauty, while the other, which was of rough wood, had no grace or loveliness aside from its dress. "Oh! I choose Miss Calico Dress," said Annie, at once taking possession of her new treasure.

"But," said Aunt Marie, "look at this beautiful silk dress and velvet cloak and the hat."

never denied to the earnest seeker—beauty of heart.

THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

There is a robe of lovely hue
Which Wisdom's eye delights to view;
The God of heaven himself admires
The child who in that robe attires.

Think you 'tis made of silk, all gay
With gold, or gems of sparkling ray?
An outward robe of texture rare,
Such as the rich and mighty wear!

Oh, no! dear child, it is not such:
It differs very, very much;
The robe I mean is nobler far
Than earth's most costly garments are.

It will both rich and poor adorn,
And should by every child be worn.
Hear, then, its name—and seek to be
Adorned with sweet HUMILITY.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

NO PRAYER IN THE PILLOW.

While Annie was saying her prayers, Nellie trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown—by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O, Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayers and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in so many minutes.

Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O-dearing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin with renewed energy.

"My pillow—it's as flat as a board and as hard as a stone, I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There is no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it is true; but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must be what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into bed again; "it's all right now."

We think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn—there are no prayers in them.

HOW LEU YEN WAS HELPED.

A Christian lady of Oakland has told in an exchange the story of Leu Yen.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came readily and quick, "All right; Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the Book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel just like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over he never swear, he praise God, then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

A SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums when little Sam Jones pushed against him, and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces," said the boys, laughing; but Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble, so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman and had to provide for several other little Tubbses besides John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your break-

fast all the week, and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones, and the satisfaction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the school and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What," said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him." And the boys did look at him as a criminal, and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate; that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise; and when he was done speaking the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah, it made the school walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph around the playground.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind you'll throw a fellow down."

A QUEER WAY OF RECKONING BIRTHDAYS.

Far away in north-east Greenland, where life is so cold and cheerless that people can hardly be said to live, but simply exist, the people have an odd way of keeping the family record. They have no written language nor method of making such rude chronicles as we find even among many uncivilized people.

One bit of history is carefully preserved however, and this is the way it is done: Each baby at its birth is provided with a fur bag, which is kept as his most precious possession. When, after the long Arctic winter, the sun makes his appearance, the bag is opened and a bone is put into it to mark a year of baby's life.

So, each succeeding year, as the sun makes his yearly four months' visit, another bone is added. This bag is regarded as something so very sacred that it never seems to enter into the head of the most impatient little Esquimo to add a bone to his collection "between times" to hurry himself into his "teens."

THE THREE LITTLE DOGS.

Three little dogs were talking
As they trotted along the road;
And the subject of speech,
With all and with each,
Was what bad folks were abroad.

Said the first: "You would hardly believe it,

But I can assure you it's true:
A man with a pail
Throw suds on my tail'
Now I think that is cruel, don't you?"

Said the second: "That's very atrocious,
But a worse thing happened to me:
A boy with a stone
Almost broke my backbone.
Now what do you think of that?" said he.

Said the third: "My fate was the hardest,
And I can prove it just now:
A man knocked me flat
When I looked at a cat'
Wasn't that too bad? Bowwow!"

But the three little dogs did not mention—
The first, that he'd stolen some sprats;
The next, that he ran
At a poor blind man;
And the third, that he'd taunted the cat.

Thus these three little dogs were talking,
And many little folks do the same;
They tell of a story
That redounds to their glory,
But forget where they well deserve blame.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XI. [Sept. 10.]

ENCOURAGING THE BUILDERS.

Hag. 2. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you.—Hag. 2. 4.

A LESSON TALK.

When you read Ezra 4. 1-5 you will find that the Jews soon began to have trouble. It is often so when people are working for the Lord. There are always enemies who want to hinder a good work. The leader among the Jews now was Zerubbabel, the high priest was Joshua. There were people living in Israel called Samaritans. They said they served the God of Israel, but they really served idols. They came and asked if they might help build the Lord's house, and when they were not allowed to do so they were angry, and did all they could to hinder the work as long as King Cyrus lived. When he

died, and Artaxerxes became king, they wrote letters telling him lies about the Jews, and he sent word to stop building the temple.

When this king died Darius was made king, but now the Jews were busy building houses for themselves, and thought they would not ask the king at once to let them go on with the temple. This did not please the Lord, and he sent the prophet Haggai to tell them to build. They obeyed, and in a short time he sent another message (our lesson) to give them strength and comfort.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To whom did the Lord send a message? To the Jews.

Where were they now? In Jerusalem. What had they gone there to do? To build the Lord's house.

Who had hindered them? The Samaritans.

How did many of them feel? Much discouraged.

What was the message God sent them? A message of hope and courage.

By whom was it brought? By the prophet Haggai.

What did the Lord say? "I am with you."

What more did he tell them? Not to be afraid.

Who are safe from all evil? Those who obey God.

Why should we love the Lord's house? Because he dwells there.

What does he promise to give in his house? Peace.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 17.]

POWER THROUGH THE SPIRIT.

Zech. 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4. 6.

A LESSON TALK.

This lesson is a promise of triumph. It did not look when the words were spoken as though the Lord's cause could triumph, but the Lord sent his own prophet to say that it surely would.

You remember that the people had been hindered in their work of rebuilding the temple by the Samaritans. The prophet Haggai brought words of courage and cheer from the Lord, and now Zechariah comes with a message. An angel brought the message to him and he gave it to the people. He saw in a vision a candlestick of pure gold with seven lamps and seven pipes running to the lamps. The candlestick was a promise of light, and the pipes that were to carry the oil made a picture of the coming of the Holy Spirit of grace and truth. Zechariah talked with the angel, and was told that this was the Lord's word to Zerubbabel: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." The great mountains of difficulty would

all come down, the Lord said, and poor Zerubbabel, the Jews' leader, must have been glad to hear it. This is our lesson: God is stronger than all difficulties Satan can bring up.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who came and talked with Zechariah? An angel.

What did he show him? A candlestick of gold.

What was upon it? Seven lamps.

What led to the lamps? Seven pipes.

What did the angel say this vision was? The word of the Lord.

To whom was the word sent? To Zerubbabel.

Who was he? The governor of the Jews.

Why was he troubled and unhappy? Because enemies hindered him from building.

How did the Lord say the work would be done? By his spirit.

What did he say would come down? The mountains of trouble.

Whose side is always sure to win? The Lord's side.

How may we have the Holy Spirit? By asking God for it.

WHY BESS KEPT STILL.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

They called her Baby Bess, though she was a big girl, three years old. Baby Bess hadn't had a picture taken since she was a real baby. Therefore Somebody felt pretty bad because he couldn't carry one away in his breast pocket. Everything was so sudden and there was so much to do. But mother said a picture should surely be sent within a fortnight.

When the house was quiet after Somebody went, one day Baby Bess was arrayed in her gown with the frills, and took a walk with her mother down to the Picture-man, with the long word on the sign which she was too little to spell. "PHOTOGRAPHER" it said.

The Picture-man was very much afraid she wouldn't sit still, and he put her head in a queer kind of a brace. Bess thought it felt like a big clothes-pin. Then he said, "If you will, please hold this bright toy where she can see it."

But mother said, "Leave it all to me. Trust me, she will not move."

Then mother stood where Baby Bess could look at her, and just kept saying one word over and over aloud.

The picture came out clear and lovely. The next week one was sent to Somebody.

Now what do you think the word was, and who was Somebody, and where had he gone? The word was "Father," and Somebody was "Father," and "Father" had gone to join a great camp of soldiers. No wonder he wanted dear Baby Bess in his breast pocket.

When God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.

A SECRET.

Shall I be like grandma when I'm old?
 Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet
 No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold
 With a little white edging upon it?
 Shall I sit in an easy-chair all the day long
 With a great ball of wool and a stocking?
 Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,
 And dirt and disorder quite shocking?
 Shall I wear a white cap, full of dear little bows,
 And a row of white curls on my forehead?
 Shall I keep my face clean and take care of my clothes,
 And never be snappish and horrid?

Then grandma laughed just as hard as could be,
 And her little white curls went bobbing.
 "Was any one ever so naughty as you?
 I'm sure that I know of one other."
 "Who was it?" I asked. "Oh, please tell me, do."
 She whispered, "Your own grandmother."

Now, isn't it strange? But, of course, it is true.
 I can tell you just one thing about it—
 She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do,
 And we'd only be silly to doubt it.
 But of course I feel certain you never will tell,
 For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
 To have people know, who all love her so well,
 That grandma was ever like me.

than to rebuild the walls of the ancient city!

For you must know that all these years the walls had been in ruins, nor had any permission been given to rebuild them.

Their homes and their houses of worship they might have, but to fortify Jerusalem and thus make it possible to shut out all enemies and rebels against their Master—ah, that was quite another thing.

The returned Israelites had indeed attempted to rebuild the wall, as soon as the temple was finished, in Zerubbabel's time; but their neighbours were hostile neighbours; and so, working and watching, watching and working, so hard pressed that day and night they did not lay off their clothes, except for washing, they finished the walls in the incredibly short space of fifty-two days!

One of their helps in working and watching I have not told you of, and yet it was the most important of all; without it both working and watching would have been vain. "Nevertheless," says Nehemiah, "we made our prayer unto our God . . . and God brought their counsel to naught." Watching, working, praying—these are the forces that are to make "Thy kingdom come."



LABOUR OF LOVE. (SEE LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER 3-10.)

Shall I think that the Bible's the nicest of books,
 And remember the sermon on Sunday?
 And not think how stupid the minister looks,
 And wish it would only be Monday.

Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said—
 I hope that you won't think me crazy;
 It happened one day when they sent me to bed
 For being ill-tempered and lazy.
 She came and sat by me and patted my hand,
 And told me, "There's no use in crying;
 It's by stumbling, my pet, that we learn how to stand,
 And we always grow better by trying."

"Was any one ever so wicked as me?"
 I asked her between my sobbing;

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Seventy years the children of Israel were captives in far Babylon, before Cyrus, moved by the prophecies concerning himself in their Scriptures, sent them back with men and means and chartered rights to rebuild "the Temple of the Lord God of heaven in Jerusalem." Twenty years was the temple in rebuilding.

And now another seventy years had passed, and on a certain day all Jerusalem was astir and the housetops crowded with eager gazers to see the new governor, Tirshatha, as he was called, who quite dazzled them by the state in which he came with "captains of the army and horsemen."

This new governor was Nehemiah, who was cupbearer to the king of Persia, but had been granted leave of absence that he might come to Jerusalem for a great purpose. His purpose was nothing less

result was a marked improvement in health.

King Humbert's resolution was taken after he began to suffer, when it was almost too late. Boys, resolve against tobacco before you begin! If you have begun, and are very sure it is not hurting you, and if you are very sure it never will, and if you are very sure you can quit its use as easily as you can continue to use it, now is your time to stop. If your nerves are beginning to twitch, if your sleep is disturbed, if your digestion is disordered, if you have the premonitory symptoms of nicotine poison, it is high time you should quit the use of tobacco in every form—especially in that most dangerous, delusive, deadly form of cigarettes.

Think well of your home; in a very few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.