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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

No. 20.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A handful of red sand, from
the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes
the spy of time,
The minister of thought.

How many weary centuries
has it been
About those deserts
blown!

How many strange vicissitudes
has seen,
How many histories
known.

Perhaps the camels of the
Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it
o'er,
When into Egypt from the
patriarch's sight
His favourite son they
bore;

Perhaps the feet of Moses,
burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their
tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing
wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of
Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope
and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath
Engaddi's palms
Pacing the dead beach,
and singingslow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart,
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have
passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand,
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,

The column and its broader
shadow run,
Till thought pursues in
vain.

The vision vanishes! These
walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasur-
able plain,
The half-hour's sand is run!

THE TURNING POINT.

Boys, never be ashamed
to pray! Never shrink from
acknowledging God. Let
not the laugh and jeer of
comrades deter you from the
path of duty. You know
not what important results
depend upon your example.

Many years ago a youth
named John was apprenticed
in the town of Poole. John
had been piously
trained by his good parents,
but unhappily he yielded to
temptations, neglected the
reading of his Bible, disre-
garded the Sabbath and
gave up praying. John was
gradually going from bad to
worse when one night a new
apprentice arrived. On
being pointed to, his little
bed the youth put down his
luggage, and then, in a very
silent but solemn manner,
knelt down to pray. John,
who was busily undressing,
saw this and the sight
troubled him. He did not
raise a titter, but he felt
ashamed of himself. Con-
science troubled him, and
God's Holy Spirit strove
with him. It was the turn-

ing point in John's life. He began again
to pray; he felt the burden of his sins to
be great, but he sought that Saviour who
died for poor sinners, he cast his helpless
soul, by faith, on the atonement made on
Calvary, and was enabled, at length, to
rejoice as one of God's forgiven children.
A few years afterwards he began to preach
to others, and he became one of the most
successful and honoured ministers of the
Gospel ever known. This was the Rev.
John Angell James.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morn till night,
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise may not vex you;
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's
voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom.
You'd give all the world for just this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow!
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

WOOL-GATHERING.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

Jamie and Bessie Baldwin had the promise of going with their brother Paul to the meadows to spend the day. Paul was his father's shepherd and had learned to love his work, as well as the sheep, and brook, and birds, and pleasant fields. Jamie was too small to wade the brook, which they must cross to reach the meadows. But Bessie thought it great fun, so she took off her shoes and stockings, and put them into Paul's pocket, and

her hand within his, and followed the sheep through the cool water of the brook. It was a fine June day, and the sweet meadow lands were blooming with white clover. The bees were shaking the blossoms and gathering honey. The birds were darting in and out of the tree-tops, and among the alders along the brookside, searching for suitable places to build their nests.

The sheep ran here and everywhere through the clover, bothering the bees, and nipping the tender leaves, for it was their breakfast time. Bessie made daisy chains and trimmed her brothers' hats and put one upon her pet Nanny's neck.

It was the month of roses, and pink wild roses crowded along the walls and fences, and when daisy chains became common Bessie and Jamie strolled along the walls and filled hat and apron with the fragrant blossoms.

Paul was resting under the shadow of his favourite tree on the hillside where he had spent much of his boyhood in faithfully watching his flocks, and at the same time studying the habits of flowers, birds, and bees.

He blew his horn when it was time for lunch, and Bessie and Jamie hurried to the spot gay with blossoms and with a very wonderful thing to tell to brother Paul.

"Paul, Paul," said Bessie, "we have seen such a funny sight: some birdies came down and took a ride upon the backs of the sheep while they were feeding."

"And what do you think they were there for?" said Paul

"Why, for a ride," said Bessie, "And all the time they were stretching up their little necks and pulling out wool, and—"

"And they flew away with it," said Jamie.

"No," said Paul, "they were wool-gathering. I have often seen them pull as much as they could carry and fly away; and with it they line their little nests, and thus prepare a soft and warm home for their little birdies."

This fact amused the children very much and they resolved to watch the birdies some time and learn how to build a nest. After lunch they rested in the shade as did the sheep, and when evening came they returned with their flock, and three happier children never gathered about the hearthstone.

WHY THE KING CHANGED HIS MIND.

One of the strongest opposers of Christianity in South Africa was the King of Pondoland, which country was lately attached to Cape Colony. He has recently been much impressed, and has gone so far as to say, "Up to this time I have not believed in the existence of a God, but now I must admit there is one."

The reason of the king's change of mind was the conversion of his chief officer, whose duties would be something the same as the Prime Minister in other countries.

The officer was a drunkard and a wretched man in every way. He had been truly led to Christ. On returning to his home he destroyed a large and varied collection of beer-pots, and taking all his wives but one apart, he made provision for them and sent them back to their homes. It was this news which caused the King to believe in God—he felt that none other could have so changed the man.

We hope that before long the King, too, will find salvation.

THE CARELESS NURSE.

Faithfulness in little matters is a great virtue. A girl was sent out with her little sister to watch her and take care of her while the mother was busy. Instead of doing so she took along a story book, and became so interested in it that her little sister was likely to fall into the creek for want of watching. Unless this girl changes her habits very much, she will grow into a careless, selfish woman, who will make everybody about her unpleasant by her neglect of her little duties.

THE LITTLE HEART FOR JESUS.

A little boy, who, during a long illness, contemplated his departure from the world, conceived the odd idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when the mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." But no, the little patient felt that he could make no further bequest, and promptly replied that the little heart must be kept for Jesus; a surprising, beautiful, almost sublime, turn in the strange colloquy.

DIDN'T WANT A PONY.

"Papa," says the small boy, "Willie Winkers has got a pony."

"Has he?" says papa.
"Yes, and it's the bee-utafulist pony I ever saw."

"You don't say?"
"Just as gentle as can be. I rode on it and didn't fall off once. A boy couldn't get hurt on that pony."

"I suppose not."
"It eats hardly anything, too, and doesn't cost much to keep."

"It doesn't?"
"Not anything hardly. Willie said his papa bought it real cheap."

"No doubt!"
"And he said there were plenty more where that came from."

"Humph! Do you want me to buy you a pony?"
"N-o. I was only thinking what a nice pony Willie Winkers has."

"Oh!"
"Yes. Willie has got a nice papa, too, hasn't he?"—*Farm and Fireside.*

Here is a verse for you to learn by heart: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

DRARY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear,
"Dear Lord," I pray, "O, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!"
He only smiles. He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long;
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON II. [Oct. 8.]

HAMAN'S PLOT AGAINST THE JEWS.

Esther 3, 1-11. Memory verse, 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?
—Rom. 8, 31.

A LESSON TALK.

This lesson shows how foolish and hateful a thing pride in the heart may be. Our actions grow out of what we are, and just so surely as a nettle cannot bear sweet violets, just so surely cannot a proud, envious, hateful heart bear the sweet blossoms of love and peace. Haman's pride and self-love became so great when the king of Persia put him above all his other princes that he could not be satisfied with the honour which he had, but reached out for more! It shows a small mind to notice a slight, and the growth of pride and self-love in the heart helps to make the mind small and weak. Do you wonder why Mordecai would not do reverence to Haman? Mordecai was a Jew, you know, and he believed that the great God was the only being to whom he should bow down. Perhaps he knew that Haman was a wicked man and deserved no honour. See how cruel and bloodthirsty Haman was to want to kill all the Jews in the land because one had refused to do him reverence. Are you not glad you did not live when human life was worth so little? See how easily the king gave Haman the right to kill all these innocent people!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Esther? A beautiful queen.

Who was her king? Ahasuerus, the king of Persia.

What did not the king know? That Esther was a Jewess.

Who had brought Esther up? Her relative, Mordecai.

What had he taught her? To love the true God.

To whom did the king give a high place? Haman.

What kind of a man was Haman? A bad man.

Why was he angry with Mordecai? Because Mordecai did not bow down to him.

What did Haman tell the king? That the Jews were bad people.

What did he ask permission to do? Destroy them all.

What did the king say? That he might do it.

What did they not know? That God takes care of his people.

LESSON III. [Oct. 15.]

ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER PEOPLE.

Esth. 8, 3-8, 15-17. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.
—Psalm 37, 5.

A LESSON TALK.

You will need to read all the Helps carefully to get the whole of the beautiful story of Queen Esther. The faith and courage of the young queen saved her people, and you will not fail to notice that she did not trust her own beauty and her power over the king, but that she called upon her own people, who believed in God, to fast with her before she went to the king. This lesson shows how Mordecai was raised to a position of honour, and all the Jews throughout the kingdom had "light, and gladness, and joy, and honour," because a woman was not afraid, even at the risk of her life, to stand for the right. When we see how the king held out his golden sceptre to Esther, it reminds us that our great King is always ready to hold out to us the sceptre of his love and truth, and we should be encouraged to ask large things of him. This lesson, too, may help us to remember that when we are in a place of trouble and danger the best thing we can do is to go to our King for help. As Esther got help for herself and her people, so may we find help not only for ourselves, but for others.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the Jews' enemy? Haman.

What was done with the ring of Haman? It was given to Mordecai.

What did this ring mean to Mordecai? Power.

What did Esther ask of the king? That he would save her people.

What did the king do? He held out the golden sceptre.

What did this mean? That he would grant what she asked.

What did he say the Jews might do? Defend themselves.

What did this mean? That they might fight for their lives.

Who were very happy now? All the Jews.

What did many of the Persians become? Like the Jews.

What did they see? That God was on their side.

TWO BRAVE MEN.

In an article in Youth's Companion, an army general gives some interesting acts of bravery which have come under his notice. Once a party of citizens and soldiers was completely surrounded in a piece of timber by large force of Indians. The whites had a number of wounded with them, some so badly hurt that they could not be moved, even if they had not been entirely surrounded by hostile savages. The wounded whites lay all day and all night with loaded pistols by their sides, ready for use should the Indians make a rush upon them. The unwounded, lying behind rocks and stumps, guarded the camp all that day and night, firing upon the Indians whenever one could be seen.

At last two of the party volunteered to crawl out through the lines of the surrounding Indians and carry news of the wants of the beleaguered party to the settlements, ninety miles away. The risk was great, but the task was accomplished. The brave fellows made their way, unnoticed, through the Indians, reached the settlements, and returned with reinforcements before the savages made an attack.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL FOUND OUT.

A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot. One day the nurse came round at the usual hour, and "Little Broagstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered "I am having real good times here, ever such good times! Spose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well, but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus being born?"

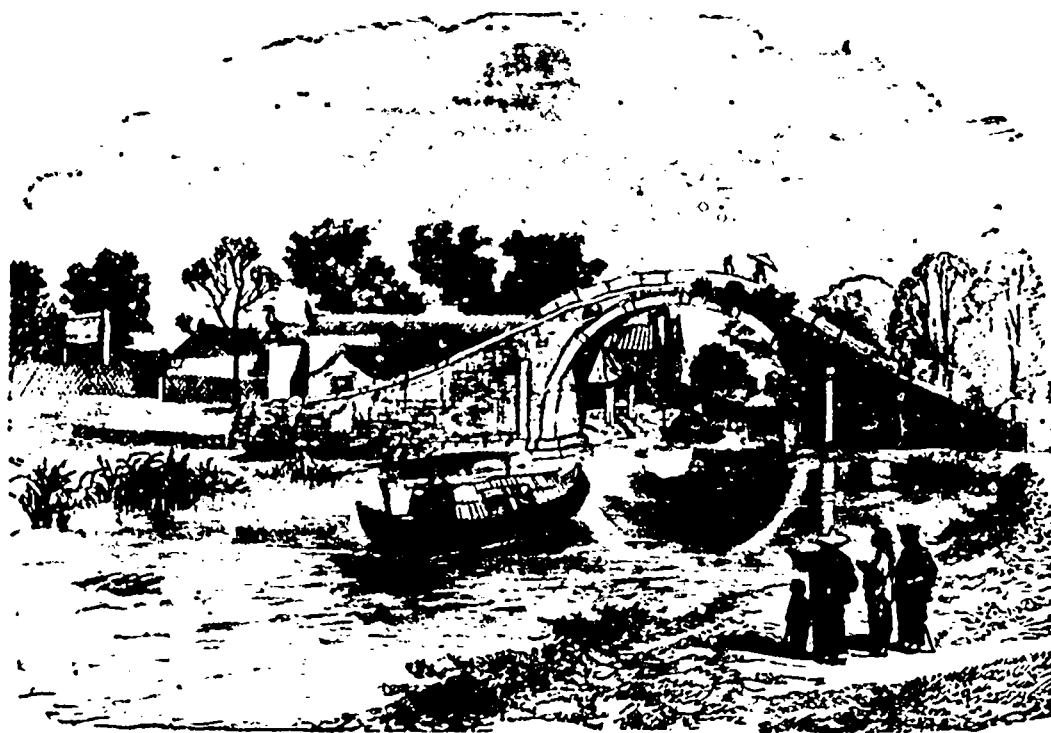
"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought that you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her orders in her curiosity.

"O, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think that you'd ever look glum if you knowed about Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "about Jesus bein' born"? If you do, won't you tell it to others?



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

China is intersected everywhere with a great number of canals, and as there are numerous highways crossing these canals, a great many bridges are required. Some of these take a peculiar hunchback form, as it is called—like the one shown in the cut—to permit large-sized vessels to pass. The canal traffic is of enormous extent, and these water-ways of the empire contribute greatly to its wealth and prosperity.

WORK FOR JESUS.

The whole bright afternoon Mary sat busily sewing. Her companions were playing upon the lawn. Why did she not join them? She was making a dressing-gown for papa, and wished to have it finished upon his return home. It was almost dark when the last stitch was taken, and Mary carried her work to papa's room and placed it on a chair by his bedside, with a little slip of paper pinned upon it, on which was written, "For my dear papa, with the love of Mary."

"Mary, Mary!" cried the girls.

"Yes, I am all ready," she answered, and away she ran to join them.

"How happy you look, after sewing all afternoon too! Do you like to sew for so long a time?"

"No; but I have been working to-day for papa, and it has seemed very pleasant. I love him so much that nothing seems hard that I can do for him."

"That is what Miss Alice, our Sunday-school teacher, told us," replied Annie. "She said love made labour light."

"And she also said that it was just so in working for Jesus," added Fanny.

"Working for Jesus' what do you mean?" asked Carrie.

"That if we love Jesus we shall seek to

please him. If we are kind and loving and try to do good to others, this will be working for him."

"Will Jesus be pleased with us if we do so?"

"Yes," said Mary, "more pleased than papa will be when he sees the gown that I have made for him."

"I wish that I loved Jesus," said Carrie.

"You cannot help loving him if you will only think how much he loves you; he died for you," said Fannie.

"I think the more we do for those we love, the better we love them," said Mary; and if we will try every day to work for Jesus in every way that we can, we need not fear but we shall love him."

"Let us begin now," said Fanny, "and let us ask Jesus to teach us the way that we can please him best."

Yes, let us all try, you and I, to live every day working for Jesus.

A LITTLE FELLOW WHO DOES NOT TAKE A WINTER NAP.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"Dear! dear! it is so cold in winter!" sighed Dolly Green. "The leaves and ferns and wild flowers take a nap tucked under their soft snow blanket, the snakes curl up in hollow logs till spring, and the frogs doze in the mud at the bottom of the ponds. Most everything goes to sleep in winter except children."

"You are mistaken, Dollykins," cried Tom, the little girl's big brother, who had been at college for a whole year. "There's one spry fellow who is just as wide-awake in winter as in summer. He lives in a pond, and though Jack Frost builds a thick icy roof right over his head, he is bright and lively as ever. Folks call him larva, which is only another name for baby. He

is about an inch long and twice as thick through as a match. He has a queer tail fitted in his body, with hairs at the end, and near his head is a lively set of organs that seem partly legs and partly feelers. This strange little fellow lives in the weeds at the bottom of the pond, and, like a human being, has a nice wooden house. The water is so clear that you can see right to the bottom, and there you will find what appears to be a hollow twig two or three inches long. The twig begins to stir, when out comes a head and tiny feelers, or legs, that help him to climb from one blade of water-grass to another. He does not leave his house behind, O no! he carries it with him wherever he goes, holding on by his tail inside. Sometimes it is pretty hard work to travel with such a load, but he has plenty of perseverance, and that counts for a great deal in this world. When anything frightens him the creature quickly draws back his head and feelers into the wooden house and sinks

again to the bottom of the pond, where the sharpest eyes could not tell that his strong case was not a simple twig that had fallen from a tree."

LITTLE TOP.

Top was a poor little hunchback. When he was a baby he had a fall which hurt him badly, and he never grew like other children. We don't know why they called him Top, but perhaps it was because he was so bright and cheerful that he seemed to be atop of every one around him.

He was so deformed he could not lie down in his bed after a while. He even had to sleep on his knees. And when he couldn't sleep, he would crawl to the window and kneel on the window-seat and amuse himself by guessing from the sound of the wheels whether the vehicle he heard coming would be a carriage, a stage, or a cart. And he would laugh in the morning as he counted up his guesses and misses.

But Top loved Jesus. One night some one told him about an old woman who was very sick, on a wretched bed in a damp basement. When the minister visited her and seemed to feel very sad to leave her in such a miserable place, she said, "Oh, sir, remember what a beautiful arm chair I've got!" He looked all around the room for it, when she smiled and said, "Don't you know what I mean? The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

Top was delighted with this story, and afterwards used to talk about his wonderful armchair; for "it was his too," he said. And when some one asked to see it, he replied, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Top died when he was about fourteen years old. He suffered more and more to the last and was very happy. "I shall soon see Jesus," was one of his last sayings.