

## A FRIEND TO YOU

Boys and girls, as you will know,  
Into men and women grow.

Let it then be understood  
Would you each be wise and good?

You must strive with all your might  
To do what you know is right.

Should you do a thing amiss  
You had best remember this.

God in mercy pardons all  
Who repent and on him call,

By his grace, o'er every sin,  
Victory you may always win.

Follow Christ life's journey through,  
He will be a friend to you.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1892.

## WHAT CAN IDOLS DO?

A MISSIONARY in India tells the following story of a little boy who, in a mission school, had been taught about the one God and about Jesus:

"One day this boy, who lived with a heathen, said to him: 'There is only one God, the one who made the earth and sky and everything. He gives us the rain and the sunshine; he knows everything we do; he can save us or kill us. But these images you pray to are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see nor hear. How can they do any good or save you from any trouble?'

"The heathen paid no attention to him, but soon afterward went on a journey. While he was gone the little boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick.

"When the man returned, he was very angry at what had happened, and exclaimed: 'Who has done this?'

"Perhaps the big idol has been beating his little brothers,' said the boy.

"Nonsense,' said the man, 'don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I am a fool? You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise his hand. It was you, you little rascal! it was you! To pay you for your wickedness I will beat you to death with the same stick;' and seizing the stick, he went toward him.

"But,' said the boy quickly, 'how can you worship a god like that? Do you suppose if he can't take care of himself and the other idols, he can take of you and the world, let alone making you?'

"The heathen stopped to think, for this was a new idea. The more he thought, the more senseless the idol seemed. After awhile he broke his idol and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called him 'My Father.'

## SAFE LITTLE EFFIE.

SHE came bounding down the steps ready for school.

"Come across," called her little friend, Johnnie Bates. "I'll wait for you." Right in front of her were two prancing horses.

"I can't come across the street," said Effie, "till the horses pass."

"O pooh!" said Johnnie, "slip across. You'll have time, the horses are standing still. They don't mean to go on yet. 'Fore I'd be such a coward!'"

Down sat Effie plump on the stone step.

"I can't come across till the horses go by, not if they don't go in a week," she said. "Mamma said never to cross the street alone if there is a horse to be seen, and I'm not going to."

Just then the horses that a man was trying to manage became frightened at a kite some boys were playing with, and broke from him. Away they went, right over the very crossing that Effie would have taken. Effie's mamma ran to the door, pale and trembling. She had seen those dreadful horses fly past.

"O my darling," she said, putting her arms around Effie, "what danger you have been in!"

"Why, mamma!" Effie said, looking up at her mother, with her eyes full of wonder; "I don't think I was in a speck of danger. You told me not to cross the street when I saw horses, and of course I wouldn't. So how could they hurt me?"

## THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH A SHORT NECK.

BY T. R. THOMPSON.

HAVE you ever seen him, child? Some folk carry him about with them the time, and take as much pleasure in him as you would in a nice doll or a new harmonica.

He is not particularly good looking either, but rather inclined to be plain, to some his looks are repulsive; but make up for this he is apt to be full of spirits, and promises those who are acquainted with him an abundance of amusement. He has a vast number of friends who smile upon and caress him; he is petted and fondled by those whom society teaches us to call ladies. He is to be found in the parlour and in the kitchen, in the street and on the cars, in the workshop and in the office. He loves to go on a pic-nic or on an excursion; he is a liking little fellow, and will go anywhere you like to take him. He has one fault, however, which I ought to have mentioned, he is very apt to deceive those who place their trust in him; in fact, he deceives those the most who think the most of him. His friends and patrons, however, cling to him, and some of them become so firmly attached to the little fellow that it would be difficult to separate them. He has been known to knock down more than one man just because he was applied to for relief too often.

I cannot tell you just how tall he is. I have never measured him or made him a suit of clothes, neither can I tell you his age or birth place. He is rather big, however, short of stature and wears a cap hat.

Perhaps you will allow us to take a picture of him. Here he is, children; this is a correct picture of him surrounded by his friends. "Why," you say, "that is a whisky or a brandy jug." Yes, and I hope none of you will grow up to associate with such a companion. It is to warn you against such an acquaintance that kind friends endeavour to instruct you through HAPPY DAYS. Week after week you will find counsel and advice, words of wisdom and warning. If you would never become a slave to the little fellow you have read about, STICK TO YOUR PLEDGE,

"And say right here:

'I'll never drink

Wine, cider, beer;

Then I shall never learn to love

The little fellow seen above."