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Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1892.

[No. 7.]

TRAMPS.

JUST look at those dreadful-looking men, you say. Where do they come from, and where are they going? We don't know exactly where they come from, and they do not know themselves where they are going. Poor men, perhaps they once had happy homes, loving wives and

with a friend. That was the case with one of them, we know, the first of the five, and we may safely conclude that it was the same with all. This one, Bill Smith, found that he was beginning to like the tavern better than ever all the time, till by-and-bye he spent most of his time there, and then his home was gone, his

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE a little girl was walking with her father. It was winter, and the walking was very slippery. Her papa said he would hold her hand, but she had a new muff, and she thought it looked so nice to have her hands in that, so she said she would walk alone. After a while she fell and



TRAMPS.

children, pleasant faces and better clothes than they have now. What has made the change, you ask? Just look at them and think. Don't you know what is the only thing that can bring men to look like that? Why, of course, it is drink. They don't change all at once, you know. Perhaps a little whiskey shop was opened near their homes, and they began to go in at once a week or so for a little chat

poor, hard-working wife dies, the children were scattered, and he was left to wander alone. Poor, poor men. Don't you pity them? and won't you make up your minds, boys and girls, to do all you can to stamp out this dreadful thing that has such power to ruin men, body and soul?

THE love of heaven makes one heavenly.

hurt herself a little. Then she said, "I will take hold of your hand, papa." So she took one of his fingers in her tiny hand and thought she could hold fast. But by-and-bye, when she came to another slippery place, she fell again, for her little hand was not strong enough to keep fast hold of papa's finger. Then she said, "You may take my hand, papa." And after that she walked safely.

HER PARTY.

She twirled upon her tip-toes light,
Tossed back her tangled tresses bright,
And cried, "I'm truly tired of play;
I'll have a tea-party to-day!"
She set the table 'neath a tree,
With tempting tarts, and toast and tea,
Ten tiny cups upon the tray,
Ten plates and spoons in trim array,
Ten twinkling tapers thin and tall,
And then the feast was ready all.

The thrushes trilled and twittered sweet,
The turf was tender 'neath her feet,
Her tidy cap with lace was rimmed.
"Now here am I and here's the treat."
She cried, "But who is there to eat;
I am very thirsty for my tea;
I think I'll be the company."
And sipping now and tasting then,
She ate and drank for all the ten!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1892.

WE ARE SAFE.

WHEN I was in England, a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and every thing else.

She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught; and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away,

because of the glass between it and the sparrow.

So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger.

I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get at us.

He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it; and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it; and so they are frightened, and flutter backward and forward in terror. But all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

WHEN I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, "Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry!"

I often used to cease crying at this, and wondered to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one. One day I said "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there is no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often."

He smiled and said "Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now, I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness, and have for bait good resolutions and firmness."

"But, Grandfather," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the resolutions away after awhile?"

"No, Nancy, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandmother first told me, for I was such a very little boy, but I knew it was told for me, in some way, and after awhile I began to find out what she meant. She told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY MRS. K. N. FESTETTIS.

"MAMMA mayn't my new hat be some thing like Alice Wilmers'? Hers is just lovely, with the handsomest bird I ever saw looking just as natural as life in its nest of velvet bows!"

"Poor little bird!" said Hele's mamma. "But it isn't alive, you know; it has been put to a cruel death, and it will never sit and sing upon its nest any more."

"Why, mamma!" expostulated Hele. "How can you say that! Just as if every body didn't wear birds upon their hats!"

"All the worse," said the mother. "That only shows how many of those innocent little creatures are being slaughtered all the time just to foster feminine vanity. But did you ever see me wear a bird on my bonnet?"

"N—no—I don't believe I ever did. But you wear ostrich plumes, mamma."

"Ah, but the ostriches do not have to be killed to get their feathers, any more than geese. If they did, I should never wear them. It is enough to have to kill creatures for food, and I can never see a bird used merely for ornament without thinking what a sweet little life has been ruined. I think of the innocent little creature working away so busily making their nests, just as lovingly as a mother prepares a cradle for her infant; I see the tiny pearly eggs, and the downy little brood that comes nestling by-and-bye; fancy the father bird flying abroad to seek food for the cunning little creatures while the mother bird stays patiently to watch them; I imagine them taking their first timid flight from the nest, and then I seem to hear the bang! of the cruel gun—somehow, Helen, I never feel as if I wanted to wear a bird on my bonnet."

I never thought about it before, mother, but I guess—I don't want to, either."

IN A MINUTE.

CHILDREN, don't say, "In a minute" when mamma or papa tells you to do something. It is a very bad habit, and gives them a great deal of trouble. It does not take any longer to pick up a basket of chips or run to the store as soon as you are told the first time than it will after you have been spoken to half a dozen times. And neither God, your parents nor yourself will be as well pleased with work done that way as with that done cheerfully and promptly. Promptly, meaning right off, you know.

SPRINGTIDE AND EASTER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Oh, time of glad awakening
To sunrise and to song!
Oh, time when hearts, long grieving,
Grow glad again and strong,
Oh, springtide ever welcome,
With skies so blue and fair,
And scent of new-born blossoms
Upon the balmy air!
Our hearts awake to greet thee
Amid the bells' sweet chime,
For lo! with thee there cometh
The blessed Easter time.
Hear loud hosannas ringing
For joy that Christ is king;
Hear merry chimes up-springing
To swell the songs we sing!
We sing of Jesus' triumph,
And victory over pain;
We sing of sins forgiven,
And pardon won again.
Shine out, ye stars so tender!
Shine for the Easter day,
For winter's chill is over,
His reign has passed away.
And then, oh, risen Saviour,
Look from thy throne above,
And fill us with the Easter
Of thy wondrous love.
Disperse the clouds of sadness,
Till sorrowing be done,
And Lenten's woes be banished
Before the Easter's sun;
Bless to our use the springtide,
And all its gifts from thee,
And in our hearts may joy-bells
Ring ever ceaselessly,
And prayers, like morning incense
Most gratefully arise,
As smoke from altar fires
Soars upward to the skies.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER.

BEFORE a girl I knew was fifteen she was "remarkable;" all girls like to be remarkable. When she was ten, she cuddled herself up in a big rocker, gathered her manuscript into her lap, and with a laughing look, began to read aloud her book. It was three years before it was finished; and perhaps it is to-day in her waste-basket, or locked away to be shown as a curiosity, which it certainly is. She is twenty-five now; she has not done any thing any more remarkable than the little girl who sat at the same desk in the country school-house, who had to puzzle over her grammar, and never

could remember that one l was enough for cheerful.

A girl friend writes: "Before I was fifteen I cared most to have wealth, intellect, beauty." Another writes: "I cared most to become a Christian." Still another: "To have a lover, and to live in a house with lace curtains."

You might think this last girl so silly that she never would grow up wise, would you not? She is nineteen now, and her letters reveal a desire to know God's will, and to do it, that I am sure God put into her heart and will grant fully. "I do desire God's will and pray for it; how can I know when I have it?" she inquires.

So God, the wise and clear-seeing Father, begins with us, and leads us on, to love what he loves best to give. He knows that girls are girlish; he does not expect them to be "remarkable," unless by special gift he has made them so.

But poor Marie Bishkirtseff, who died when she was hardly more than a girl, before she was fifteen, prayed that she might never have small-pox, that she might grow up pretty, and have a beautiful voice, and be happily married. She learned many things, but not about God, and she did many things, but they were all to satisfy her own ambition and make herself glorious.

A little girl I knew had three heart's desires before she was fifteen; to travel, teach school, and write a book. Before she was twenty-one she crossed the Atlantic, taught in a public school, and held in her hand her first book. God cared about her heart's desires. Do you know how he can delight in yours, and give them to you? "Delight thyself also in him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desires." After we delight in him, he can give us any thing; for nothing will hurt us, or draw us away from him, but every thing will, like the sails of a ship filled with a fair wind, hurry us on to our desired haven—the haven of doing his will.

Girls, you must have hopes and desires and fancies, else you would not be girls; very silly ones (sometimes), but even the silly ones God cares for, and will turn them into wise ones, if you will let him.

You may have as many desires as you have hairs in your head, and he will not miss one in counting them. Can you do any thing better with them than ask him to show you how to use them? Then the "beauty" will be upon you, and your "hands" will help work it out. Mark that beauty and hands verse in your Bible. Find it in Psalm xc. 17.

OUR SURETY.

A VERY bad boy who had been turned out of a Sunday-school was taken back by his parents, who implored the superintendent to try him once more.

"We should be glad to do him any good," said the superintendent, "but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. If we could secure his good behaviour, he might return at once; but I will see what can be done." He then stepped back into the school, and rung his bell for silence. All listened while he said; "This boy wants to come back into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads; they said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him; but one little boy pitied him, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The superintendent soon heard his little voice saying: "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You! a little boy like you? Do you know what it is to be surety?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again I'm to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for this big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking toward the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked: "I know I am a bad boy, but I am not so bad as that, I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never!"

The surety at the close of the school began to pray with this bad boy; and God changed his heart, and in a few years he went out as a missionary to the heathen.

Christ became our Surety—bore our punishment, that we might be free.

BERTIE'S "DON'T CARE"

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am," cried Bertie, "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret and hide it."

Bertie laughed, and looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Auntie Nell," and away he ran.

I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet.



DON'T TEASE.

DON'T TEASE.

LITTLE brothers and sisters do not always do all that they might to be kind and thoughtful for each other; nor are they always considerate as they might be. Little boys often think that they must treat strangers with kindness and respect, it does not matter at all how much they tease or worry their little sisters.

Now, a little teasing is all very well, and we believe it may be the means of preventing sulking and of strengthening the temper, but when carried too far it only rouses anger and creates ill-feeling. In our cut, with the warning, "don't tease," we see the little girl standing against the wall and her brother poking fun at her. But we are sure from the general look of both of them that they are only playing and would not really cause one another a moment of unnecessary pain or trouble.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

I HAVE heard two stories about two little girls, and I will tell them both to you.

One little girl was very poor and very sick. She could not walk out in the bright sunshine at all, because she could not use her feet and limbs. Yet though she had no pretty clothes, nor costly playthings, nor rich food, she always seemed happy. She loved everybody, and everybody seemed to love her. She said she had many things to thank God for, and when her friends did her a kindness, she was sure to thank them with her very brightest smile. When some of her little mates put a wooden box on wheels, and took her out into the pleasant sunshine, she thanked God over and over again in her dear little heart.

The other little girl lived in a beautiful house, and was very well and strong. But she was not happy. She always wanted something better than she had, and never thanked God for anything. Which do you think pleased God the most?

BOUGHT WITH HIS BLOOD.

SOME Africans are terribly blood-thirsty and cruel. A chief one day ordered a slave to be killed for a very small offence. An Englishman who overheard the order at once went to the chief and offered him many costly things; if he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief said:

"I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go against yonder tribe and capture their stores and villages. I want no favours from the white man. All I want is blood."

Then he ordered one of his men to pull his bowstring and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. The black men were astonished. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief:

"Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life."

The chief had never seen such love before, and he was completely overcome by it. He gave the slave to the white man, saying:

"Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours."

In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed:

"O, white man, you have bought me with your blood, I will be your slave for ever."

The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the rescued man was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer.

If the heart of a poor heathen can thus be won by the wound on a stranger's arm, shall not we, who are "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ," give our whole lives to his service?

A PROBLEM IN THREES.

If three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little maids

At play in the garden wide,
And if each little maid had three little cats

(Three times three times three),
And if each little cat had three little kits
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends

With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little dolls

In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls, and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And if none of them would send regrets,
How many guests would there be?

PROMPTNESS AND ENERGY.

THERE was once a young man who was beginning life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was an industrious young man of great energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted with the superintendence of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock the master came in, and seeing the young man sitting in the counting-house, looked very angry at him, supposing the commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

This one act made the young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him, that was never shaken. He found him to be a man of industry, a man of promptness, and he very soon found that he was one that could not be spared; he was necessary to the concerns of that establishment. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death bed was able to leave his children an ample fortune.