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# Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

[No. 21.

## CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

AND they brought young children to him, that he should touch them. and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid

## LUCY AND THE MOUSE.

LUCY was only five years old, but she was used to going to church, and one day when her mamma was sick she went all alone. She said she knew where the pew was, and she knew how to behave and would sit very still, so mamma let her go.

help her not to be afraid. Her mamma had told her always to pray when she was afraid. She remembered, too, what papa had often told her, that she was a great deal bigger and stronger than a mouse, and that mousie was more afraid than she could be. So she turned around and shook her book



CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

not for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.—Mark x. 13-16.

The great duty of life is not to give pain.

She was getting on very nicely, when all of a sudden a little mouse crept up from behind the cushion. How frightened Lucy felt! How her little heart beat! She was just on the point of screaming aloud, when she remembered where she was, and with trying very hard she kept still. She lifted up her thoughts in a little prayer that God would make mousie go away and would

at the little creature, and it darted away sure enough.

I know a lady who is very much afraid of a mouse. I wish she was as brave and sensible as little Lucy. Why should she fear such a tiny, timid thing? If she would pray, as Lucy did, for God to take away this silly fear, I am sure he would. It is better to learn while we are children to be brave and sensible.

## ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

LET the little children come  
To a Saviour's breast!  
Little souls feel weariness,  
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand  
In the harvest field;  
To the touch of fingers small,  
G hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,  
Praises sweet to sing;  
Earth's discordant choruses  
Shaming, silencing.

Heaven is full of little ones,  
God's great nursery,  
Where the fairest flowers of earth  
Bloom eternally.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

## KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

THERE is a story told of a little boy who began keeping accounts when he was seven years old. A little blank book was given him. On one page he wrote, "What is mine;" on the opposite, "What is God's." Then he kept a careful account. He gave one-fifth to God. He did not do it for a little while only, but kept it up faithfully.

That little boy will grow into a Christian giver, without doubt. He did this because he thought it was right, not because he was told to do it, and so he found it a pleasure. We always find those things pleasant in the end which we do to please God.

A young girl began many years ago to keep an account, much in the same way. She had no home. She was obliged to earn all the money she had. But she gave one-tenth of it all to the Lord. She, too,

had a little book, and kept her accounts faithfully. Said she: "I would not dare use the Lord's money for myself; no, not if I were starving." This young girl was greatly prospered in her life. A great deal of money was given her to use, and she used it faithfully.

Are any of our readers too young to begin to keep accounts? Think: how many of your pennies do you want to give to God? May be you do not have many. Never mind; it is the willing heart God loves to see, rather than a large gift. Only if you say you will give him one-fifth, or one-tenth, do not forget, or take it back.

## A BAD HABIT.

LITTLE Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the beehives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry at being disturbed, and lighted on Mattie's face, neck, and hands, stinging her so badly that she fell to the ground screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the beehives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie; but just as she spoke over she went.

The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all; but she had time to get very wet, and cry almost a teacupful of tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well bucket. She caught cold, too, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddlesome as ever, and it took a very severe lesson to cure her of her bad habit.

One day her brother Joe left his gun in the hall while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said; "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away, she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun and tried lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. As Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play outdoors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.

## WHAT LIZZIE THOUGHT.

"Oh, dear!" said Lizzie, twisting a piece of string around her small fingers. Jennie was busy with a story-book, and did not look up.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could make a cat's-cradle!" said little Lizzie again. "I wish somebody would help me."

Jennie did want to finish that story, but in a minute she laid her book down, and said, pleasantly, "Well, bring the string here, then."

It seemed a little thing to do, and no one looking at the two children would have known that Jennie was not as much interested in the game of cat's-cradle as was her little sister. But Lizzie herself guessed it for that evening, when mamma asked what she remembered the morning's verse, Lizzie said, softly: "'Even Christ pleased himself.' But, mamma, I don't believe I have remembered if Jennie had not made me think of it when she gave up her string to play cat's-cradle with me."

Was not that a good thought to give to little sister?

## OUT IN THE MEADOW.

ONE beautiful morning Nellie and Ruth drew their little baby brother out into the meadow.

The sun was shining and the birds were singing. Daisies and butter-cups grew in green grass, and the darling little fellow clapped his hands with delight.

Pretty soon his pretty blue eyes closed and he went so sleep. Nellie and Ruth went a little way off to pick flowers.

After a while baby opened his eyes again—what do you think he saw? Three calves—one red calf and two white ones.

Baby screamed, and Nellie and Ruth heard him, and ran to him and laughed.

"Why, you little dear, they won't hurt you," said Ruthie.

"I guess they are wondering what kind of a cunning little thing has come to see them," said Nellie.

"When they are older they will be cows," said Ruthie.

"And then they will give us sweet milk every day," said Nellie.

## BOBBIE'S VERSES.

THE children were learning their verses one day,  
 When baby-boy stopped in his busiest play,  
 Saying, "Me, too, mamma—teach me what to say,  
 For you know Bobbie *did* learn "children obey!"

"Please say it quick, mamma—I mean say it slow;"  
 Then standing quite still, with face all aglow,  
 "Now see, I can say it, now Bobbie *does* know—  
 It is, "Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

"And, the n'other one, mamma—what Jesus said  
 When children came to him—they were not afraid  
 When he put his kind hand on every one's head,  
 Like grandpa does when I'm going to bed."

He climbed up, and sat himself down on my knee:  
 "See now, Bobbie's a big boy! Bobbie is *three*!"  
 His sweet voice was grave, as he said reverently,  
 "Suffer little children to come unto me,"

When papa came home, the boys called,  
 "Bobbie, hello!  
 Come quick, and tell papa the verses you know!"  
 One minute he stopped, then began sweet and low,  
 "Consider the . . . little children, . . . how they grow!"

—Virginia Dare.

## MABEL'S GOLDEN TEXT.

BY M. A. MILLER.

"HALLOA, Mabel! You didn't get up, did you?" shouted Charlie Moss. "I told your mother, so she knows all about it, he added, as he dashed along to do an errand for his mother.

Poor Mabel was more hurt than angry, for Charlie was her very best friend, and had always been kind and thoughtful. If he had stopped to think half a minute, I do not believe he would have hurt his little friend; for words hurt very often, and sometimes break friendships if they do not break bones.

Charlie and Mabel had begun school together when they were wee little tots, and had kept in the same class until this examination, when Oba. was promoted. As Mabel walked slowly towards home

the tears ran down her cheeks. She thought how disappointed mamma would be, and how mean it was in Charlie to be in such a hurry to tell her first, just as if she was afraid to tell it herself.

"Well, daughter, what news?" Mrs. Hart cheerfully inquired as Mabel came into the sitting-room.

She tried to swallow the great lump which came in her throat, but the tears fell so fast she could not answer.

"Never mind, dear, we are all very sorry, but we will try harder next time," said her mother, as she drew the sobbing little girl to her side and kissed her; and Mabel determined to do her very best to please the dearest mother in the world.

She could not forget Charlie's words, and she told mother about them, adding in a very hurt tone, "He might have waited, I think; it seems as if he was glad I didn't get up."

"Yes, he might have waited; but then he was so pleased for himself he did not stop to think how you would like it," answered mamma.

"But boys ought to stop and think, just as much as girls," persisted Mabel, although she looked at Charlie's conduct in a new light.

"That is true; and it is always best not to be in a hurry to tell bad news, but to let our feet be swift to tell *good* news," was the wise reply.

Six months rolled around. Mabel conquered the multiplication table, and all through the term had paid careful attention to whatever her teacher told her, instead of letting her thoughts fly off to mamma and darling little sister Eva or her new tricycle.

When the examination came she was promoted number one, and papa gave her the bright new gold dollar he had promised as a reward for being at the head of the class.

This time Charlie was among the disappointed ones, so they were again in the same class. As they met on the way home Mabel was just about to say, "Ah! you are left back now; how do you like it?" when something stopped her; it was a Golden Text which she had stored away in her heart: "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

So this little heroine shut her lips tight and walked away as fast as ever she could. It would have been a satisfaction to pay Charlie back; but it was braver in Mabel to resist the temptation.

Charlie learned a new lesson, and the friendship between them is stronger than ever.

## THE HAPPY SPARROWS.

CHIPPER-REE chipper-ree, chipper-ree, chee,  
 Never were birds so blithe as we;  
 Up above us the golden sun  
 Shining bright, till the day is done  
 Down below and beneath our feet  
 Shine the sheaves of the golden wheat.

Chipper-ree, chipper-ree, chipper-ree, chee,  
 What a beautiful lunch have we!  
 Chilly winds and summer rain  
 Never blighted our golden grain;  
 He who feedeth us all so well  
 Knows where all the sparrows dwell.

Where do you think those sparrows brown  
 Sleep, when the golden sun goes down?  
 Up in the top of a tall pine tree  
 Nestle snugly those sparrows three,  
 Each with its head beneath its wing,  
 Trusting in God for everything.

## A HAPPY HEART.

My little boy came to me this morning with a broken toy, and begged I would mend it for him. It was a very handsome toy, and was the pride of his heart just then; so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously a few moments and then said, cheerfully, "Never mind, mamma. If you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said, "Never mind, Freddie, just see what a nice cradle the top will make."

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.

## ARTIE'S DREAM.

A FEW weeks ago Artie and his mamma took a walk by the brook. The willows were just putting forth large buds. Artie's mamma said, "See, there are the pussy willows." Artie laughed at the thought of calling the big buds pussies. He told papa about it in the evening, and in the night he dreamed of the pussy willows. They were real live pussies, climbing up a slender stem.



RED DEER.

### WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID TO HELEN.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

HELEN and Alice were great friends, but one day Alice dropped Helen's big wax doll and broke it, and Helen was very angry.

"You did it on purpose—I know you did—and I'll never speak to you again," Helen cried in a great rage. Then she ran home as fast as she could go, to tell her mother, without waiting to hear what Alice had to say.

When she had cried until her eyes were red, her mother said, "I wouldn't think about it any more now. You and Harry go to the woods and pick some wild flowers for papa. I think you will find a good many to-day."

They went, and I cannot begin to tell you all the flowers they found.

Suddenly Helen stopped with her hand on a tree and stood still. Harry thought she was afraid to go down the hill, and held out his hand to help her. But Helen was only thinking. Pretty soon she said, "Harry, let's pick a lot of these May-flowers for Alice."

Harry did not know about the quarrel, but he helped to gather a large bunch of the flowers. When they reached Alice's

house on their way home, Helen ran in with them and gave them to Alice with a big kiss.

"How did you come to think about it?" her mother asked when Helen told her what she had done.

"Close the flowers kept looking up at me all the time and saying, 'We never get mad at each other, little girl. And, besides, you know, Alice didn't mean to do it.' And so I thought I'd bring them to her, and maybe they'd tell her I wasn't angry any more."

Then her mother looked very happy, and said she hoped her little girl would always be gentle and sweet like the flowers.

### IT IS GONE.

TOMMY loves pretty things. When he sees a humming-bird, he is delighted, and wants some one to get it for him. He likes the robins, and the blue-birds too, and loves to hear them sing. One day Tommy saw a bright-coloured dragon-fly. He thought it was almost as pretty as a humming-bird, and he tried to catch it. But alas for Tommy, the wonderful little creature flew over the wall, and was gone. Tommy puckered up his lips and cried. After that he walked with his mamma in the garden, and saw the sweet flowers.

### GRANDMA'S HELP.

MARJORIE S. HENRY.

"GRANDMAMMA sat by the window,  
Where the flowers looked out to  
sun,  
Darning and darning from morning  
night;  
I was sure she would never get don-

"So I drew up my stool close beside her  
And chose a gray sock from the pile  
And tied up the hole with a bit of  
thread,  
So strong it would last for a while.

"When grandpapa dressed that next Sunday  
He called out, 'Why, grandma,  
here!  
Have you had help in darning my stockings?  
They certainly look rather queer.'

"But he liked it. Yes, grandpapa liked it  
For he gave me a hug and a kiss,  
And said, 'All the years I've worn  
stockings  
I never saw darning like this.'"

### NELLIE'S SPELLING LESSON.

"Well, Nellie, do you know your spelling lesson?"

"I think I do, mamma. Will you help me say it?"

"Yes. Let me have the book. 'Self-denial.'"

"S-e-l-f-d-e-n-i-a-l. What does it mean, mamma?"

"It means to do without something for some pleasure you would very much like to have for yourself, in order that some one else may be benefited. It is what the Apostle Paul meant when he said, 'Be kindly affectionate one to another, with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another!'" said mamma.

"I think I see," said Nellie, and then she went on with the rest of her lesson. But she did not forget the first word.

Many times during the day, she found opportunities to help others to some pleasure by doing without herself, and she remembered that she was pleasing Jesus, and she was very happy. Just as she was going to bed, her mother called her to her side, and asked:

"What makes you so happy to-day, Nellie?"

And Nellie answered, "I've been trying to be a Jesus-child all day, and he has put a great happy in my heart."

He will put a great happy in your heart too, little reader, if you will try to be a Jesus-child.