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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1869.

[No. 20.]

ON THE BRINK OF DANGER.

This young lady, while trying to pluck a flower from the brink of Niagara, fell over the cliff and was killed. So many persons while trying to pluck the pleasures of sin fall into peril and be destroyed.

THE TOOLS OF ANIMALS.

ANIMALS do not know enough to make their own tools, as man can, and God has given them ready-made ones. The tail of the fish is his sculling-oar. He moves it first on one side and then on the other using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish moves fast and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

A man makes a tool for drilling wood, but the woodpecker has a drill in his own bill, and when he drills holes in trees in search of food you can hear the click of his tool just as you would the man's. This drill of the woodpecker's has another tool inside, a sort of

insect-catcher. On the end is a bony thorn with sharp teeth like barbs, or a fish-hook. As he works and finds an insect, he opens the drill and sends out his barbed tongue, and draws it into his mouth.

Some animals have tools to dig with. The hen digs for herself and her chickens.

The pig uses his snout and roots away under the mud. The elephant uses his strong tusks, and the queer underground galleries of the mole are made with the heavy claws with which he plows and digs. The woodchuck, too, is a great digger—his hind feet are shovels to dig the hole where

he lives; and the beaver uses his broad, flat tail as the mason does his trowel, spattering and smoothing the mud with it as he builds the walls of his cabin, while his sharp, powerful teeth are his saws, with which he gnaws off large branches of trees to build his dams. There is no limit to God's power in supplying the needs of the creatures he has made—*Christian at Work.*

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN."

A LITTLE girl had learned the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me" to repeat at a meeting. She stepped on the platform and began

"Suffer—"

It was her first attempt at public recitation. She was frightened, and stopped for a moment, then courageously began again

"Suffer little—"

Again her fear overcame her, but being a resolute little one, she made a third attempt, and said

"Suffer little children."

The third time she looked

with dismay at the upturned faces and stopped. With a last grand effort she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words—

"Jesus wants us all to come to him, and don't anybody try to stop us."

Have courage to be ignorant of evil.



ON THE BRINK OF DANGER.

CHILDREN'S PENNIES.

LITTLE children, give your pennies,
Think not it will prove a loss,
Send the Gospel to the heathen,
Send the story of the Cross.

Send the babes Christ's invitation,
"Little children, come to me,"
Soon their willing hearts will answer,
"Blessed Lord, we come to thee."

Heathen mothers in their blindness,
Of wooden gods salvation crave,
Give your pennies, send them teachers,
Tell them only Christ can save.

Bring your pennies, give them freely,
Treasures they will prove in heaven,
God will bless them, God will bless you,
For each little sum you've given.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1889.

HOW SHOULD LITTLE CHILDREN PRAY?

WE will answer this question in the language of some of your own age. A little boy, one of the Sunday-school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary; and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray for him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years old, in a Sunday-school, said: "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God." A little girl about four years of age, being asked, "Why do you

pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him." "But how do you know he hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said: "I know he hears me, because there is something here that tells me so."

Ah, children, you may never fully know the power and the usefulness of prayer until you find yourselves in trouble and in sorrow; then you will love the mercy-seat better than any other place on earth. But see to it that you never approach God in prayer, even now, unless you are sincere and in earnest; for to ask for what you do not want would only be mocking the great Jehovah.

FILIAL HONOUR.

YOUNG people sometimes know so very much more than their elders! at least according to their own estimate of their knowledge. They pride themselves on advanced methods of thought, and freedom from "old foggy notions," but possibly they will find, on reaching middle age, that years do bring their own peculiar teachings, which youth is not yet capable of receiving. Said an overworked mother once, in a moment of bitterness:—

"I'm afraid I don't enjoy my children as much as I did when they were little. Then they were merely clinging, affectionate creatures; they never judged what I did, or doubted that I was the most remarkable woman in the world. Now they seem so much wiser than I, that it appears to be natural for them to find fault with me.

"Nothing I do is considered very praiseworthy. In fact, I am almost always in the wrong. If I try to join in their conversation, they evidently think 'mother's opinions aren't worth much; she hasn't had the latest advantages.'

"It's true I haven't. I've been too busy to become a very cultivated woman, but it seems to me affection, taken by itself, ought to count for something in this world."

Yet her children did love her; they only omitted to "honour" her in daily life. The next day after her death her son stood beside her coffin, looking at the worn, placid face, and said, through his tears,—

"I never could understand why mother wasn't happier. She had every comfort in her later years, but she always looked worn and discouraged."

Had he been of clearer vision, he need not have sought far for the reason. It is usually our own warmth or lack of tenderness which makes the faces about us bright or gloomy—a truth to be remembered before it is forever too late.—*Companion.*

THAT REGULAR BOY.

HE was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped
or jumped.

He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which
thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banisters so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster,
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy!

—St. Nichols.

HE SEES.

A LITTLE girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for seven months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly. At last the pastor said,—

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How then does he know?"

"He sees."

"Sees what?"

"Sees I am a Christian, sir."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then you think he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it; and with a modest, happy boldness she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

"Let your light so shine before men."

The light shone dim on the headland,
For the storm was raging high,
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,
And gazed on the wet, gray sky.
It was dark and lowering; on the sea
The waves were booming loud;
And the snow and the piercing winter sleet
Weve over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"
I said to my little ones;
And we shuddered as we heard afar
The sound of minute guns.
My good man came in, in his fishing-coat,
(He was wet and cold that night),
And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"
Cried little Mary then;
'Tis but a little light, but still
It might save drowning men."
"Oh, nonsense!" cried her father (he
Was tired and cross that night),
"The highland lighthouse is enough,"—
And he put out the light.

That night on a rock below us,
A noble ship went down;
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck—
The rest were left to drown.
"We steered by a little light," he said,
"Till we saw it sink from view;
If they'd only left that light all night,
My mates might be here, too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud;
Her father blushed for shame.
"Twas our light that you saw," he said,
"And I'm the one to blame."
'Twas a little light—how small a thing!
And trifling was its cost;
Yet, for want of it a ship went down,
And a hundred souls were lost.

A BED-TIME STORY.

"A STORY! I will soon be in bed," said
Birdie Brown, as her sister promised to tell
her a story. Her sister began:

"There was a king who had a little
daughter whom he loved very much. He
wanted to make her a beautiful and wise
princess; so he sent her to a country where
she was to pass through many schools and
learn lessons that would fit her for her
father's home. This kind father did not
send his little daughter alone. He gave
her ten servants to wait upon and care for
her.

"Two of these servants were to show her
all the beautiful and useful things that she

would meet with in her absence, and when
she got homesick they were to bid her look
up and tell it all to father, and he would
hear and comfort her. Two more were to
help the little girl to hear sweet music and
sounds that would give her joy and pleasure,
and that would tell her about what
she saw, and bid her always remember her
father's love. Two more carried her wherever
she went; and poor, indeed, she would
have been without these little servants.
Another told her all she wanted to say to
those around her, and sang hymns of praise
to her father, the king. Two more helped
her to do everything that would give happiness
to herself and others about her; but
the last servant was only seen by her father
and herself. When this one did his bidding
then all the other servants were faithful and
true, and the little girl was beautiful and
happy. The last servant always told his
little mistress to love her father dearly, and
not want to guide the other servants to do
what would displease him. Sometimes the
princess would say to herself, 'Father is not
here, and I will do what I please;' then in
spite of this servant's pleading, she bade
him guide the others into forbidden paths,
and thus brought upon herself trouble and
pain.

"You see that even a little princess, with
ten servants to wait upon her, may at times
do naughty things.

"At last the loving father gave a com-
mand to each of his daughter's servants,
calling them by name as he spoke. The
names and commands were these:

"Little Eyes, look up to God;
Little Ears, hear his word;
Little Feet, walk his ways;
Little Mouth, sing his praise;
Little Hands, do his will;
Little Heart, love him still.'

"When the little princess heard these
commands she made them into one great
message for herself, and when she was
tempted to bid her servants to do wrong,
she would say, 'No, no; I will not, for
there are

"Two little eyes to look to God;
Two little ears to hear his word;
Two little feet to walk his ways;
One little mouth to sing his praise;
Two little hands to do his will,
And one little heart to love him still.'

"Then her whole soul would be filled
with love to her kind father, and all wicked
thoughts would fly away."

"O sister, I understand your story. I
am the little princess, and God is my Heav-
enly Father. He has given me ten little

servants to help me do his will. Sister, I
think my little heart does 'love him still.'
Isn't it delightful that I am a little princess?
I am going to try to remember the King's
commands. Will you please teach me them
to-morrow?"

"Yes, darling. Now shut your eyes and
go to sleep, for the King likes his little
princess to be up in time in the morning."

"Good night, sister. I will not grumble
any more about servants when I have ten
of my own. We are going to be little
workers to-morrow for the King."

A HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

NELLY SQUIRE was a town-born and a
town-bred child. She had never seen a
green field, nor flower growing in a garden,
nor an orchard. Her father and mother
were poor, hard-working people, who loved
their little girl very much. They had be-
come very anxious about her. She was
sickly. The doctor told them she wanted
fresh air and some country life. But Mrs.
Squire said it was well enough to order that
for the children of gentlefolk, but the chil-
dren of the poor must pine and die in towns,
because their parents could not afford to
send them to the seaside or the country
place. One Sunday, when Nelly came from
school, she told her mother that the teachers
said that the scholars could be sent for a
fortnight to the country if their fathers paid
only a very little for them, because there
was a Country Holidays Fund that would
help. So her father and mother thought
about this, and made inquiries, and it was
soon arranged that Nelly should go. No
one could tell how much the child enjoyed
that holiday; the railway ride; the meeting
at the station; the nice cottage where she
stayed; the kind, motherly woman that took
her in; the hens and the chickens; the
bees; the trees; the flowers; the fields;
the new milk; the fruit; the bird that
hung in the cage; the birds that sang in
the trees; the brook at the bottom of the
garden; the blue sky; the fifty other things
that charmed her; all these Nelly could
never describe, but she wonderfully en-
joyed them. She played in the fresh air,
took her walks, made new friends, and was
quite sorry when the time came to bid
good-bye to all her new friends and new
sort of life. But when she got home, and
her father and mother heard what she had
to say, and when they saw how much better
she was in health, they were very thankful
for the Summer Holidays Fund of the Sun-
day-school, and they resolved to save their
spare pennies so as to give Nelly another
treat of the same kind next year.



WHICH WAS THE WISER?

Our picture illustrates the manner in which goats pass each other when they meet in a narrow mountain pass where there is only room in the path for one goat to pass. One of the goats has lain down in the path and the other is walking safely over him. How they made each other understand what to do, is more than we are able to say. Perhaps they have some kind of language by which they make each other understand. But the most wonderful part of it is how they came to an understanding about which one should lie down and allow the other to walk over him.

We once heard of two men who were enemies. They hated each other very much, but they met in a mountain pass like the one in our picture, where the path was only wide enough to allow one person to pass at a time. If they attempted to pass each other side by side one of them would be crowded off the path, and would fall hundreds of feet down the mountain side, and be dashed in pieces. Each wished the other to lie down and allow the other to walk over him, but neither would yield. At length they began to fight, and the result was that both of them were hurled from the path, and were dashed in pieces on the rocks below. How much better for both of them had one yielded, and allowed the other to walk over him as the goat in the picture has done. The spirit of Christ is a yielding spirit, and for the want of it many have lost their lives.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

JOHNNIE lives out in Western New York, near the famous Silver Lake camp-ground. One day at Sunday-school the minister talked to the children about the duty of their making a right start early in life, and showed them what a safeguard the temperance pledge would be. He had a supply of

triple-pledge cards on hand, and Johnnie with many others very gladly gave his name. He carried the card home to his mother, with his name written on it in his very best style, and proudly showed it to his mother and father. His good mother was very glad of his act, but his father only laughed. Said he:

"Why, Johnnie, you don't understand this. You are too young to know all it means."

"No, I ain't, papa," said Johnnie. "I understand all about it. It means, if I always keep that pledge, I'll never come home as drunk as you did last Fourth of July."

His father said no more, but concluded that Johnnie knew more than he gave him credit for.—*Selected.*

JOHNNY'S LIE.

"He told a lie about me, so he did—Bo! Ho—eh!" stamping his feet in a passion, all the time keeping watch of his mother's face to see if he might detect any chance of her approval.

Johnny was not a bad boy at heart, but his mother knew full well he had one great fault—that was, always throwing the fault of any wrong act on some one besides himself; and she suspected this time the fault really lay in her own little boy. So she looked at him for a moment and said: "Well, Johnny, take off your things and stay with me; then you will not be blamed for something you did not do."

As some of our severest storms are soonest over, so it happened in this case. The tears were soon dried, and he came coaxingly up to mamma, and said: "You can't trust little boys who lie, can you?"

"No; who has been telling a lie?"

"Why, Jim; he said I threw mud at him."

"How do you know he said that?" said his mother.

"He said he was going to tell you I threw mud at him, and you sent for me to come in. He told a lie, now—"

"Did you do anything to make him think you would throw it?"

"No, ma; I only took up the mud and pretended I was going to throw, and he came and told you."

"Then you put up your hand, so"—showing him how he would do—"and made him think you would throw when you really had no such thought?"

"Yes, ma."

"Then really you intended to deceive, and if you made him think so he only told what he supposed to be true, did he?"

"No, ma."

"Then who did tell the lie?"

"Oh, mamma, I did! I did not think I did, though."

"No, my son, I know you did not; God knows; and be very careful how you try to blame another, or try to make another think, will you? A lie does not always come from the lips."—*Sabbath Reading.*

SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Smuggles up close and whispers loud:
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts the door;
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor;

Climbs on the fence, and tears her clothes
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate, and makes mud pies
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair;
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then
Somebody doesn't care."

WHAT SHE COULD.

EVELINE CARSON wanted to do something for Jesus, but she said there was nothing she could do. She felt very sorry, for she forgot that Jesus only wanted her to do what she could, and not what she could not do. One day she sang, in her sweet dear little voice, a hymn that she had learned at Sunday-school. It was—

"Is my name written there?
On the page white and fair,
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?"

A man was going by on horseback who had hurt his arm and carried it in a sling. He heard the song and asked himself whether his name was written in God's book. As he came back he stopped at the door and asked for a drink of water. Eveline gladly gave it to him, not knowing how she had influenced him. He afterwards learned to love Jesus through his song and her bright face, and she thanked God that he had given her something to do for him.

SUFFER not your thoughts to dwell on an injury, or provoking words spoken to you. Learn the art of neglecting them at the time. Let them grow less and less every moment until they die out of your mind.