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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1888.

[No. 11.

MAKING A CALL.

THESE little would-be "big folks," as the picture itself so prettily suggests, are imitating their mamma in the interesting role of making a social visit. They have doubtless had a pleasant "little chat" (which too often, however, in the instance of the elders, is anything but "pleasant" in some of its qualities), and now they have come to the exciting finale of leave-taking. The excellences of the respective babies having been duly discussed, the little make-believe mothers are making their affecting adieux to the "sweet creatures" in orthodox fashion. To be sure, the baby dolls are just as good as they are represented to be, but is this always so of the live little ones, past babyhood, too, that real mothers often boast about? Certainly boys and girls ought not to see themselves outdone in good behaviour by only pretended children, but should always try to behave properly.



MAKING A CALL.

STOPPING TO S'POSE.

UP the hill plodded old Sorrel drawing the cart with Guy, Bell, and Sammy, over the rough, muddy road.

He seemed to think it was hard pulling

"Get up there!" shouted Guy, impatiently. "Get up there I say! I wish I had a whip! Wait until we get a little nearer to those trees, and I'll break off a switch. Then we'll see if you can't go a little faster!"

Bell laughed, but little Sammy looked up with a grave face.

"I guess you'd better stop and s'pose first!"

"Stop and--what?" asked Guy.

"S'pose. I mean, s'pose you were a horse; how would you like to be whipped 'cause you couldn't go any faster when the roads were bad?"

Guy looked up at faithful old Sorrel for a minute, and said nothing more about a whip. We should not find it so easy to do unkind things if we stopped to s'pose how we wish to be treated ourselves.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

A LITTLE bird sang in the dead of the night,
When the moon peeped out through a
cloud;

He sang for his heart was so full of delight,
It seemed almost throbbing aloud.

"Hush! hush!" cried the old birds; "you
foolish young thing,

To wake up and sing for the moon!
Come, tuck your silly head under your wing;
You'll rouse our good neighbours too soon."

But the little bird flew to the top of the tree,
And looked up into the sky;

"Our time for singing is short," quoth he,
"And sing in the night will I."

—Selected.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1888.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MR. HAY, in his work on Western Barbary, tells the following anecdote:

"On one occasion, travelling in the Barbary States with a companion who had some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebellers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed, 'May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more; that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'"

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

WITH a hop, skip and jump, Harry was dancing home from school. Susie was on the walk before him, and as he came up behind her he could not help giving her a little poke. What a cross face she turned toward him!

"Stop that!" she said snappishly. "You're a bad boy, and I'll tell mamma of you."

"Why," said Harry very much surprised, "I was only in fun."

"I don't care. You let me alone!" "You're as crabbed and hateful as forty cats," retorted Harry, with a face as cloudy as her own. "No, I don't want to say anything so mean of the cats, for I don't believe there ever was one as cross as you; and I won't give you a bite of my apple."

He hurried on, leaving Susie feeling quite as cross as he had said she was. She walked slowly along, thinking that everybody was cross and unkind to her. The very bees seemed to have a snarl in their hum as they flew about among the flowers, and she felt sure they were all ready to sting her if she should give them a chance.

She thought she would like a piece of frosted cake when she got home; but she knew very well that if she asked for it her mamma would tell her that if a little girl was really hungry she could always enjoy bread and butter, and that if she was not hungry she ought not to eat anything. And she knew it was going to rain to-morrow just because it was Saturday.

Susie made up her mind that she was a very badly abused child.

Harry ran on until he came up with Jessie. He gave her a poke too—rather a rougher one, perhaps, than he gave Susie, for he seemed to have caught a little of her crossness. But Jessie turned to him with such a merry little face that he burst into a laugh, and they laughed together till the very air rang, and the birds seemed to twitter a "What is it? what is it?" while even the sun smiled brighter than he had smiled before.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" said Harry, feeling very sorry that he had not been gentler.

"Oh no. Let's see who can hippety-hop the longest."

Harry stumbled the first, and they stopped for a few moments to take breath. His apple was all gone, but he felt in his pockets under the top-string and the shingle-nails and three cents and a slate-pencil and a knife-blade and some marble and half a cracker till he found two peanuts. He gave them to her and said, "Come into my house with me and see my kitties. There's four,

and I'll give you whichever one you like the best."

They trotted along till Jessie stopped to pick a flower.

"Take care," said Harry, "or the bees'll sting you."

"Oh no, they won't," said Jessie; "they're kind bees. They hum in the sunshine all day while they're making honey for us, and they never sting unless they think somebody is going to hurt them."

Jessie thought all Harry's kittens were very cunning, but chose a little white one with a gray spot on its head. She said "Thank you" to Harry, and skipped home singing,

"The birdies sing and the flowers gay
Blossom all through the summer day
While little children laugh and play."

Harry looked after her, saying to himself, "It always makes me feel pleasant, somehow, to be with Jessie."

Why did he think so? and which of these girls would you rather be?

If we go through the world with bright faces and cheery smiles and pleasant words, we shall find that we can make other faces sunshiny and other voices sweet. But if we carry only scowls and growls, we shall find plenty more to meet us wherever we go.

—Sydney Dayre.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

It was for His name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he stopped smoking for Jesus' sake, and gives the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sabbath morning to teach a class in the Sabbath-school, though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress, she hardly know how to spare the time; but she says: "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then Molly wanted a new sack this winter, and had a nice one picked out; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not get work or enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell; "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well to mind baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus?
—Our Children.

OFF FOR DREAMLAND.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery stairs they climb
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies;
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave
And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly;
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good night! The tired heads are still,
On pillows soft reposing;
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begins to creep;
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore,
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming.

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

"WHY, that's not four o'clock! I'm certain it cannot be so late!" exclaimed Minnie, starting from the seat on which she had been amusing herself with a book, while her work lay neglected beside her. "I looked at the great clock not ten minutes ago, and I'm sure the long hand had not reached a quarter-past three."

"O did you not know that something is the matter with the great clock?" replied her aunt, who, with her bonnet and shawl on, had just come down-stairs, prepared to accompany her on a walk. "Since yesterday it has gone quite wrong; it strikes one hour and points to another. I think the hands must be loose."

"Something has gone wrong indeed!" cried the child with impatience, "and I will never trust it again!"

She looked up and saw a quiet smile on the face of the lady. "Aunt, what are you thinking of?" she said quickly.

Her aunt glanced down at the unfinished seam, from which the needle and thread hung dangling. "Did you not promise to have that ready before four?" said she.

"Yes," replied Minnie looking a little ashamed; "but—but—"

"But there is somebody, I fear, besides the great clock, whose hands are in fault, who is swift to promise and slow to perform, whose words say one thing and whose

actions say another. Shall I repeat her own words, Minnie, and say, 'Something has gone wrong indeed, and I will never trust her again?'"

Dear young reader, ever keep this in mind—that our words and our actions should agree, as the hands of a good clock with the chime of its bell. Never make a promise rashly, but if once made, let no pleasure, no feeling of indolence, tempt you for one moment to break it. Let no one ever be able to say, in speaking of the word which you had given but not kept, "Something has gone wrong indeed, I will never trust him again!"—*Child's Record.*

WORSHIP IN GIVING

ALLEN was digging into his Sunday-school lesson. It was long before the days of Quarterlies and Lesson Helpers and he had few helps.

"I can't make it out, anyhow!" he said, at last, impatiently,

"Can't make out what, my boy?" said grandpa, laying down his Bible.

"How 'covetousness is idolatry,'" said Allen. "I wanted to think it out myself, but I guess you'll have to tell me, grandpa."

"Yes, yes!" said grandpa. "You can't understand that too early, for God is a jealous God: he will have no other gods before him, nor along with him, for that matter. 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon' Mammon means money—the root of all evil, you know."

"Now, many people are so fond of money that they let their love for it absorb all their thoughts and energies. They so covet wealth that they give it the highest place in their hearts, the place that belongs to God only. They worship their money; they are idolaters."

"Thank you, grandpa. I should think I might have puzzled that out myself, it seems so plain," said Allen.

"May be you'd like to know a safeguard from that danger," said grandpa. "I know of nothing better than to take some of that same money which we were tempted to covet and bring it as an offering to the Lord. That is assailing mammon in the vital parts; pulling the temple of Dagon down over his head."

"And that's why the boxes go round every Sunday," said Allen, quickly.

"That's why they ought to go round," said grandpa, "and why we should always give something as a part of our public worship, and so give our money and God's rival blow after blow, till he is vanished. So, only, do we truly and fully worship Jehovah."—*Selected.*

TOMMY'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILSON was to go to church for the very first time, this bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book, so Tommy must have one, too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day.

Tommy walked to church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still.

But the little boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me"

"Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times, it wouldn't go away."

"Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text."

Tommy went with grandma every Sunday after that.

RUNNING AND PRAYING.

ONE day a dear little baby of this city was sick, and its mamma sent its brother, four or five years old, after the doctor. He passed some boys at the corner of a street, but he did not stop to play with them. He ran on as fast as he could until he found the doctor. When he came back he said: "Mamma, I ran just as fast as I could. And"—putting his lips to her ear and whispering—"I did more than that." "What was that, my dear?" "I prayed to Jesus." "What did you pray to him?" "I prayed, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' That was not just what to say, for I wanted God to make Harry well, but I could not think of the other words, and I was sure he knew what I meant." And he was right. Even if he could not think of the words he wanted, God looked into his heart and saw what he desired.

WHICH DO YOU LOVE BEST?

Which do you love best? I mean yourself or mamma? You are playing with horse or doll, when mamma says, "Mary, Charley, come here, I want you to do an errand for me." But you answer, "In a minute, mamma, wait till I get through with this play." Does not this answer prove that you want to please yourself more than you want to please mamma? This is not like Jesus, for you know that "he pleased not himself."



JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE children, how he loved them!

Passing all the grown folks by
Just to raise the little children,
On his breast to let them lie!

Do you think you would have loved him?

Would have tried to win his smile?
Jesus' arms to-day will take you,
Hold you all the life-long while.

Let them come! that is, to love him,

And to do his bidding sweet;
He has many little errands
Fitted well for little feet.

Sometimes what he says is harder—

"Let the restless feet be still;"
If the little heart is patient,
That is doing Jesus' will.

"He it is," he says, "who loves me
That will my commandments do."

There are many he has left us
That are plain enough for you.

"Overcome with good the evil"—

When some little playmate strikes,
If you give a gentle answer,
That will be what Jesus likes.

Let this loving Saviour, children,
Teach and lead you all your days
In green pastures, by still waters;
Jesus' ways are pleasant ways.

ABOUT FRUITS.

It is known that in plants like the corn and pea, when the flower drops off its stem it leaves something like a "seedholder," crowded full of seeds, in the shape of the pod and ear of corn, and so it is with the fruits of the flowers. You could not eat a rose, but you could a pear, and yet the seedholder in both has very much the same appearance, only the seedholder of the pear is large and ripe and good to eat, as you know, and in the middle are stored away a good many seeds, which if planted, will bring a great supply of pears by and by.

So it is with the apple. This is even a larger seedholder than the pear.

Berries ripen in the same way—gooseberries, currants, blackberries, huckleberries, all have their seeds inside, but the strawberry, the most luscious of all, has its seeds upon the outside, which add very much to its beauty. Grapes, too, are made for eating, and they are seedholders as well. Then take the melon and squash. See what large seeds they have,

and what a seedholder to carry them. But if you look at the chestnut, hickory, and other nuts, they are very small seeds, for they are seeds too, to grow on such large trees. In warm countries some of the trees bear very large fruit, or seeds, like the coconut. Think of the coconut being a seed!

God might have made the fruit and vegetables to sustain us, and yet not given them the pleasant taste they have. And each kind of fruit has its own peculiar taste, too, just as each flower has its own delicious perfume.

Let us think what a good heavenly Father we have, who has so wonderfully provided for our wants in not only giving us beautiful things to look at, but useful ones to nourish our bodies and please our palates. Isn't it strange that anyone can accept these bounties at his hands, and yet have no gratitude towards the Giver of them all?

THE ANGEL IN IT.

EDDIE JOHNSON was very fond of music. His uncle Henry was spending his college vacation at his home, and had bought an accordion. Eddie had never seen anything of the kind, and was much delighted while his uncle played college songs and familiar hymns.

One hymn was Eddie's favorite, and he soon asked his uncle to play "Dear angel, ever at my side." The little boy was much pleased, and as he watched his uncle it seemed so easy to play the tune that he jumped from his seat and eagerly said, "Oh, uncle, do please let me take it? Let me play!"

His uncle laughing consented, and gave the instrument into the little boy's hands. Eddie took it with an air of great satisfaction, and began to play. He pulled the accordion out and pushed it in. He put his fingers on some of the keys, and then upon others. Of course he made a great noise; but there was very little music.

Very soon he stopped and looked quite hopelessly at the accordion as he handed it back to his uncle, saying, "Uncle, I can't get the angel out!"

"No, Eddie," said his uncle, laughing. "The music doesn't come until after many failures and much practice. I think that you will be a musician some day; but the angel of success does not come at our untutored bidding."

You will also learn that which so many of us have learned with disappointed hearts—that time, trial, and patience are needed to make successful Christians, that is, successful in the spiritual sense, even as they are needed to make successful musicians.

ELSIE'S THOUGHT.

"MAMMA," said little Elsie,

With very earnest look,
"The sky is like a story
In a very pretty book.

"The blue is all the cover,
The sun a picture bright,
Every star a twinkling page,
The moon makes up the sight.

"I love to read this story,
With its beauty ever new,
And all its changing pictures,
So wondrous and so true.

"Some day the story's ended;
For me each page has read;
Then I shall read a story—
A fairer one—instead.

"The sequel of life's story,
We read it far above,
Where every page hath splendor,
And all the theme is love."

—Anna D. Walker.

THE TONGUE.

"SINCE God made the tongue, and he never makes anything in vain, we may be sure he made it for some good purpose. What was it then?" asked the teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we might pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with it," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what he did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now, boys and girls, think every time you use your tongue, if you are using it in the way God meant you to. He wants you to honour him with your tongue.