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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1894.

[No. 3.

WHAT THEY FOUND AT THE BOTTOM.

"I TELL you, Joe, what's lots of fun," said Eva, as they stood red-cheeked and panting at the top of their toboggan slide, having dragged themselves and their gay runner up from the bottom. "Let's see how many things we can guess we might find at the bottom of the hill, while we are going down."

"All right," said Joe, settling down behind the shabby little sister; "you guess first."

A little swaying forward, a light push of Joe's foot from behind, and away they flew.

The rapidly increasing motion was almost too great to think, and much too great to talk; but Joe heard a word or two that suggested "a fairy princess, a crown of moonbeams, an icicle sceptre," and then the little guesser had all she could do to keep breath another body for the final effort, and none to waste in talking.

They couldn't stop right at the bottom, of course, but went on and on over the level snow, as if the runners had life and were running away. When they did pull up, it was not in a place where one might look for a fairy princess.

It was on the edge of a hill of aged wood, and the poor-dressed little figure at

look there looked as if she needed the help of fairy or human very much indeed. She was hunting under the snow for sticks and twigs to burn; a hard task for gloved hands and half-shod feet.



THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

wild neglect of grammar as Joe himself. Then going up to the fag-gatherer, she said, as much like a fairy princess as she knew how, "We are going to help."

So now there were three pair of hands instead of one, and the mitted ones, not being stiff with cold, could work faster. Then there was merry company, which makes all work light. Then there was the sled to pull the fagots home on, and finally there were three happy little hearts—the helped and the helper. How much better than the fairy princess, with moonbeam crown and icicle sceptre! —E P A.

"THE GRUMBLING FAMILY."

DID you ever hear of this family? Oh, so many belong to it. They are all over the world, and you can tell them just as soon as you see them.

They travel a great deal, too, on steamboats and cars, yes, and they stop in hotels!

This big family are all the time on the watch for something to grumble about, you can't suit them any way, no matter how hard you try.

Don't grow up to be grumbly children; you will never be liked if you do, and the family is too large already.

She stopped rooting in the snow, and gazed astonished at the little sledder.

"Eva, I s'pect she thinks we is a fairy princess," whispered Joe.

"Oh, s'pose we do," cried Eva, with as

Look bright and cheerful and happy, satisfied with everything that is done for you. Join that other large company the "Happy family," and so bring comfort and cheer to everybody about you."

SMILE AND BLESS.

There's nothing more pure in heaven,
—And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

So sweet it is, so simple,
And yet so angel-wise,
With the peace of God on the clear brow
And the love of Christ in the eyes.

The sinless lips, half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul when children smile
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweet
world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1894.

THE FIRST-FRUITS.

A LITTLE girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some of the beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first-fruit of all the money he made, and then always felt the happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give grapes to God? And if you were

able to do such a thing he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mr. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first-fruit" of the vine, and other good things all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousand-fold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of nice things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.—*Presbyterian.*

PERCY'S DAY.

BY ANGIE GOLDMAN.

LITTLE Percy was one of a family of six, five brothers and one sister. The sixth and oldest of the flock had been taken to heaven, and Mrs. Fletcher always said that Percy was more like this little one than any of the other children. Perhaps it was on account of this that some people thought Percy was his mother's favourite. This assertion Mrs. Fletcher denied, and said that she loved all her children equally. Be that as it may, I think Percy held the best claim upon her affection. I have heard his mother say that when she was sick, Percy would be the last one to retire, and always placed a glass of water and the candle and matches by her bed before he left the room. You see this was in the country, where they did not use gas.

Percy's little sister was too young to help her mother, and the work always fell to him. But I started to tell about Percy's day. He rose in the morning, lighted the fire in the stove, filled the kettle, set the table for breakfast, and then went off to feed the ducks and chickens. After breakfast he tied on a long apron, which his mother had made especially for her "girl-boy," as she called him, and washed the breakfast dishes, putting them away nicely. He did not forget, either to wash the pans and kettles, as so many "hired helps" are apt to do. After that he filled the wood-box and brought in water, and then trotted off to school as happy a little fellow as you could find anywhere.

At school all the children loved Percy. He was so obliging; always ready to give up his own pleasure to the wishes of others. When school was out Percy went home quickly, not stopping to play on the road, as I am sorry to say his brothers sometimes did. When he reached home he ran directly to the wood-shed, and got some wood and carried it to the kitchen ready for the next morning, then he went to his mother's room.

"Mother," the little fellow said earn-

estly, "I have been a good boy to-day. I received perfect marks for all my lessons, and I tried to bear in mind my verse, 'Thou God see'st me,' and to be kind to the little boys and girls."

Mrs. Fletcher kissed the flushed cheek pressed against hers, and laid the baby in the outstretched arms.

"He has been fretful all day, dear. He is not well, I think; he has not slept worth speaking of all day. I am afraid you are tired too."

"I am never too tired to help you, mother; and I love baby, you know."

Mrs. Fletcher went about her work smiling, as she watched the patient little figure swaying back and forth in the low rocker, crooning a soft, sweet lullaby which must have been very grateful to the baby's ears, for in half an hour he was fast asleep. Mrs. Fletcher laid the little one in his crib, and Percy was free for a game of ball with his brothers. Don't you think he enjoyed his play more than if he had known all the while his poor, tired mother was still holding the nervous, fretful baby?

"My boy has made me very happy to-day," the mother said, as the little clinging arms encircled her neck for the good-night kiss. And I think the angels listened while God heard the little boy's prayer that night: "Lord Jesus, help me to be a good boy always and mind my mother."

A GOOD WAY.

"Look in there," said Willie, as he led his brother to where he could get a peep at a small table set out with doll-dishes. On the dishes were some nice little cakes. "Neil's getting ready for a party," he said. "But she's out of the way now. Let's call Rover and see what he'll do."

"Here Rover—Rover."

The big dog came with a bound. Into the arbour he sprang and knocked over the pretty table. It was a very low one, and none of the dishes were broken.

But you should have seen Nellie when she saw the mischief. Tears flew to her eyes. Nellie was angry as well as sorry. "I'll pay you up," she cried. "I'll do something mean to you."

She went and told mamma how unkind her brothers had been, and that she was going to do something to punish them.

"What shall it be, mamma?" she asked.

She and Nellie had a long talk about it. The next day Nellie set her table out again.

"My, what a fine spread!" said Jack, as he saw it. "I'd like to be at it myself."

"So would I," said Willie; "but she won't ask us."

Nellie brought her dolls and seated them at the table. Then she called her brothers.

"Come," she said; "there's strawberries and cherries and plenty of good things."

They had a fine time all together. Don't you suppose the boys were sorry they had been unkind to their sister? Don't you think it was a good way for her to pay up?

THE BOTTLE OF GIN.

BY ELIZABETH A. VOSE.

ONCE a bottle of gin,
In a smart, flashy inn,
Looked craftily out on the street;
Till a boy happened by—
(Liked "the spider and fly"
Is the tale I'm about to repeat.)

Said the bottle of gin,
"Come in, come in,
Young sir, and be friendly with me."
And the youth came awhile,
At the bottle's bland smile,
"I'll stop but a moment," thought he.

Then the bottle spoke up,
"Take a sup, take a sup,
Young sir, and make merry with me."
And the boy took a drink,
(Oh, children, just think!
It was dreadful as dreadful could be.)

Oried the bottle of gin,
With a bad, mocking grin—
"Tut! tut! my young sir, oh, I say!
Your nose is too red,
And too light is your head,
You are really in quite a bad way!"

When the bottle of gin
Looked as ugly as sin,
And laughed in a demon-like glee;
For he well knew he had
Enchained the poor lad,
Till a slave of the bottle was he.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE sufferings of a bashful boy! Can any torture chamber be more dreadful than the juvenile party, the drawing-room filled with critical elders, the necessary parade of the Christmas dinner, to a shy boy? I have sometimes taken the hand of such a one and found it cold and clammy; desperate was the struggle of that young soul, afraid of he knew not what, caught by the machinery of society, which mangled him at every point, crushed every nerve, and filled him with faintness and fear. How happy he might have been with that brood of young puppies in the barn, or the soft rabbits in their nest of hay! How grand he was, paddling his poor leaky boat down the rapids, jumping into the river and dragging it with his splendid strength over the rocks! Nature and he were friends; he was not afraid of her; she recognized her child, and greeted him with smiles. The young animals loved him, and his dog looked up into his fair blue eyes, and recognized his king. But this creature must be tamed; he must be brought into prim parlours, and dine with propriety; he must dress himself in garments which scratch, and pull, and hurt him; boots must be put on his feet which pinch; he must be clean—terrible injustice to a faun who loves to roll down hill, to grub for roots, to follow young squirrels to their lair, and to polish old girths rather than his manners!

And then the sensitive boy, who has a finer grain than the majority of his fellows, suddenly thrown into the pandemonium of a public school! Nails driven into the flesh could not inflict such pain as such a one suffers, and the scars remain. One gentleman told me, in mature life, that the loss of a toy stolen from him in childhood still rankled. How much of the infirmity of human character may be traced to the anger, the sense of wounded feeling, engendered by a wrong done in childhood when one is helpless to avenge.

All this may be called the necessary hardening process, but I do not believe in it. We have learned how to temper iron and steel, but we have not learned how to treat children. Could it be made a money-making process, like the Bessemer, I believe one could learn how to temper the human character. Our instincts of intense love for our children are not enough, we should study it as a science. The human race is very busy; it has to take care of itself, and to feed its young; it must conquer the earth—perhaps it has not time to study Jim and Jack and Charley, and Mary and Emily and Jane, as problems. But, if it had, would it not perhaps pay? There would be fewer criminals.

Many observers recommend a wise neglect—not too much inquiry, but a judicious surrounding of the best influences; and then—let your young plant grow up. Yes; but it should be a very wise neglect—it should be a neglect which is always on the watch lest some insidious parasite, some unnoticed but strong bias of character, take possession of the child, and mould or ruin him. Of the ten boys running up yonder hill, five will be failures, two will be moderate successes, two will do better, one will be great, good and distinguished. If such are the terrible statistics—and I am told that they are so—who is to blame? Certainly the parent, or guardian, or circumstance—and what is circumstance?

WHAT OUR GOOD BOYS MUST LEARN.

- To cultivate a cheerful temper.
- To choose their friends among good boys.
- To learn to sew on their own buttons
- Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.
- To take pride in being a little gentleman at home.
- To be polite and helpful to their own sisters, as they are to other boys' sisters.
- To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady, who did not spend her life in their service.
- To feel a noble pride in making their mothers and sisters their best friends.
- When their play is over for the day, to wash faces and hands, brush the hair, and spend the evening in the house.
- If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and above all never to lie about anything they have done.
- Not to take the easiest chair in the room, and put it directly in front of the fire, and

to forget to offer it to their mother when she comes in to sit down.

Not to grumble, or refuse, when asked to do some errand that must be done, and which otherwise will take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, to chew, to drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

THE STORY KITTY MADE UP.

Lou was naughty that day, and Kitty said, "Now let's read a nice story."

The sisters liked to take a picture book and pretend to read stories from the pictures.

"You read this time," said Lou.

"All right," said Kitty.

So she turned the leaves until she came to a picture of a little girl with a big pout on her pretty lips, and this is the story she read:

"Once a good fairy said to her queen, 'Please send me where I can do a kind deed.' And the queen said, 'Go to that beautiful house over there, and you will find some work to do.' Now, the good fairy did not know that a bad spirit named 'Ill Temper' had been there all the morning, and had left a pout on the little girl's lips. What do you guess the good fairy did? Why, she just went and kissed that pout, and it all went away, quick."

"Oh, oh!" cried Lou; "you're the good fairy, for you kissed me, and then I felt good."

NOT OUR OWN.

A LITTLE boy was debating what to do with some money his uncle had given him. He wanted to buy candy with it, but felt that he ought to give a part of it for the missionary society of which he was a member. At last he said, "I guess it is mine, and I can do as I please with it." "No," said his brother, "you cannot do as you please, for you are not your own; I heard our minister say that we were all bought with the blood of Christ. If he has bought us, we are his, and the missionaries are his, and we must please him, not ourselves."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS

FEBRUARY 4.

LESSON TOPIC—Beginning of the Hebrew Nation.—Gen. 12. 1-9.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 12. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT—I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12. 2.

FEBRUARY 11

LESSON TOPIC—God's Covenant with Abram.—Gen. 17. 1-3.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 17. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT—He believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness.—Gen. 15. 6.



ROSALIE.

A THOUGHTFUL little Miss,
Is our pretty Rosalie,
She takes such care of doily,
Which she nurses on her knee.

OUR NEW PETS.

WE had canaries in cages one time, but Maudie forgot to feed them so often that Aunt Jane said we shouldn't have them any longer, so she gave them away. You see we lived with Aunt Jane because our mamma was dead. We loved Aunt Jane, of course, but she wasn't one bit like our own mamma. You see she had never been used to children, and I s'pose we were lots of trouble. But somehow, mamma never seemed to mind the trouble that we made her.

Well, we had some kittens once; but they got into the pantry and drank up all the cream Aunt Jane was saving for company. The next day we couldn't find our kittens anywhere, and Aunt Jane's eyes looked queer whenever we said those kittens were lost. Somehow, we didn't like to ask her if she knew where they were, 'cause we had no business to go into her pantry, but we did, and we left the door open, too.

We felt pretty lonesome after that, Maudie and I, until one day I discovered our new pets. I heard a noise up in the old apple tree, and there were two of the cutest squirrels you ever saw. I brought Maudie to see them. We wanted awfully to catch them and keep them in a box in our room, but we remembered what Aunt Jane did to the birds and the kitties, so we thought we'd better let them stay in the tree. We were glad we did, for they didn't seem one bit 'fraid of us, and by-an'-bye we saw they had a nest, with three of the

cutest baby squirrels in it you ever saw. It was lots of fun to watch the old squirrels bring nuts to their babies, and feed them. Aunt Jane didn't touch those pets. Some who I think she liked to watch them frisk and play herself. They've gone to sleep for the winter; but next summer we'll have them again, I know.

LITTLE JACK.

HAVE you ever read of "Little Jack, the Boy Missionary?" Perhaps not. Well, little Jack was the son of Captain and Mrs. E. C. Hore. He was only eleven weeks old when, in 1882, they started for Africa, in company with a number of other missionaries, including Bishop Hannington. The baby was carried in a wheelbarrow to Mamboia, then back to Zanzibar, and afterward round a great portion of the African continent, while he also accompanied his parents on many of their missionary journeys into the interior. He quickly became very popular with the natives, by whom he was known as "the little missionary," and by his winning ways contributed much, it can hardly be doubted, to the success of his parents' missionary endeavours. He passed safely through the many dangers of Africa, and in 1888 returned with his mother to this country; but early in 1889 he was stricken with measles, and on the 5th of April of that year he died. A tablet, subscribed for by Sunday-school children, was put up to his memory in Highgate Cemetery. It bears the text: "A little child shall lead them."—*London Free Methodist*.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY PICCIOLA.

A GREAT many years ago, Gregory, a Roman monk, went into the slave market near the Forum, and saw, among others, some beautiful children, with long golden hair falling over their shoulders, fair, peachy complexion, and sad blue eyes, exposed for sale. Their pathetic expression appealed powerfully to his better nature. He asked who they were, and was told that they were from the people of the North, and were called Angles.

"Ah," said he, "they would be angels were they but Christians."

Their pleading faces went with the old monk into his cell and into his prayers, and he began to contrive means to convert them to the Christian faith. He determined to go to their country, England, but his friends induced the Pope to forbid his going. He obeyed reluctantly. A few years after this the Pope died, and Gregory was ordained in his place. Still intent on the conversion of the Angles, he sent Augustus-

ine, the great son of the still greater Monica, with forty other monks, and they were successful. Thousands among them were converted to the religion of Jesus, and among them the king, Ethelbert, bowed before the cross of Christ. In the little slave children of the Roman Forum was this prophecy fulfilled: "A little child shall lead them."

MOTHER GOOSE IN CHINA.

SOME people seem to think that Chinese children are all moon-faced, solemn-eyed little people, without a spark of life or fun in them. This is quite a mistake. They have their plays, and are very noisy in them sometimes; they have also their songs and rhymes, which they repeat as glibly and with as much zest as American children do their Mother Goose Melodies. It may interest some of the young folks who read our paper to know how their rhymes sound. The Chinese words are so short that it is not easy to get verses of the same length to rhyme in the translation:

Walk around, walk around!
Through the garden fair,
Sago cakes for all are found,
And soft rice dumplings rare.
A man is calling me,
The dragon boat to see;
I will not go for such a sight,
Though she beats my back
With all her might.

This is the translation of other verses to which the little Celestials listen intently:

Ants, ants, ants, both little and big,
Come out and carry off my little pig!
When the little pig gets big and fat,
We'll take him off and sell him.
"How much money," says the man, "for that?"
"Two basketfuls," we tell him.

A golden girdle you shall have,
And a silver girdle gay;
Then all the dames shall o'er thee rave,
And greetings to thee pay.
Let them worship; who's to blame
For winning such a wondrous fame?

—*Children's Work for Children*.

OBEYING MAMMA.

MARY, Ella and John went out in the garden to play. John rolled his hoop. But Mary and Ella looked at the flowers, and gathered a few. Just as Ella was going to pluck one from the bush by the fence, John said, "Mother don't want us to pick any from that bush." I am glad to tell you that the little girls went cheerfully away, and did not worry about the one they might not have. This was cheerful obedience. Do you always obey papa and mamma in that way? I hope you do.

MANY a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.