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Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO JANUARY 2, 1892.

[No. 1.

YOUNG CANADA.

NEW YEAR'S morning and lots of snow. Little Harry and Frank Winlow are two of the happiest boys in the country, and do you know why? They have an Uncle Walter who lives in the city and knows what boys little enjoy, and he knows they like nothing better than a toboggan in the winter and he is going to visit his brother, that is, the boys' father, and he intends to take a toboggan with him for the boys. Harry and Frank didn't know that their Uncle Walter was coming or they would not have gone to bed so early. But Uncle Walter did come and with him the lovely toboggan all painted in pretty bright colours. Mamma and papa are delighted to see uncle and are sure the

boys will be overjoyed with the gift. Papa has bought them a sled for a New Year's gift; but it is not so nice as the toboggan. Early in the morning! yet the boys have risen and what is their delight at seeing



YOUNG CANADA.

Uncle Walter and his present. There is a large hill not far from their house and they will not be long before they go over to visit it along with uncle. That is why there was not two happier boys in all

the country than Harry and Frank Winlow that Christmas day.

THE DARK SIDE.

JEREMIAH, who is twelve years old, looks on the dark side. Among the things which he continually grumbles about are his lead-pencils, which never have points, and to sharpen which he always has to borrow a knife of some schoolmate.

"Why don't you have a knife of your own, Jerry?" one of the boys asked.

"Got no pocket to keep it in," said Jerry.

"Then why don't you have a pocket?"

"If I had one, 'd have a hole in it."

"Well you would not be any worse off than you are now."

"H'm! Yes, I should 'f I had a pocket, 'n' a hole in it, I never'd have anything to lose through it!"

Jerry sighed deeply, and went on whittling his pencil with the dull blade of the other boy's knife.

HE must needs go that the devil drives.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HARK! oh, hark! those sounds ascending,
Heaven and earth one anthem raise:

"God of love our lives defending,
Through a year of happy days!

"God of seasons, still providing
Summer's heat and winter's cheer;
Giving life, and love and gladdening;
Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

"Still with grateful love confessing,
By thee fed and feasted here;
Still we crave another blessing:
Grace to crown the circling year.

"Oh, may Jesus tune our voices,
Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
Till our every sense rejoices
In our Saviour's best employ."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

WHAT RELIGION DID FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

RELIGION helps children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home—didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

In one of the West India Islands a man owned a slave who had, some years before, been brought over from Africa. He had heard and accepted the Gospel from the missionaries on the island, and by his honesty and good conduct, became so useful to his master that he made him his overseer.

One day the planter hearing of the arrival of a slave ship, went down to buy some of its poor victims. He took the overseer with him that he might assist him in his choice. After looking about for some time the overseer fixed his eye very closely on a feeble old man, and then earnestly desired his master to buy him.

The master, greatly surprised, said, "It will not do; he is too old to work and is worth nothing at all."

But the overseer begged hard, and at length the trader offered to throw the old man in with the lot that had been selected.

On the way home nothing could exceed the respect and tenderness which he showed to the poor broken-down old African. He took him to his own home; laid him on his own bed; every day he prepared his food; when he was cold he carried him out into the sunshine, and when too warm placed him under the shade trees.

The master wondered at all this kindness to a stranger and at last said:

"I suppose the old man is your father from whom you have been separated so long?"

"No, massa, he no my fadder."

"Perhaps, then, he is your brother?"

"No, massa, he no my brudder."

"He must be your uncle or some other dear relative?"

"No, massa, he no my uncle, no kin at all."

"Then what do you make so much of him for?"

"O, massa, he my ole enemy. He stole me one day from my fadder's house, and sold me to the trader, but I thank God I come where I fin' Jesus, and he tell me in de Book to love my enemy, when he hungry, feed him, when he thirsty, give water, and so I do and it makes me happy, happy. I want him to know Jesus too."

This story shows the beautiful spirit of a freeman in Jesus, and only a faint illustration of the love of Christ who, while we were yet enemies, died for us. Shall we not imitate this forgiving, loving spirit?

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I LENT my dear dolly, and what do you think?

They gave her no victuals, they gave her no drink;

They left her uncovered all night in the cold—

My dear little dolly, not quite a year old.

Her colour how faded! It rained where she lay:

She had for her pillow a wisp of wet hay;
To have her so treated, say, who would not scold?

My own little dolly, not quite a year old.

Now, swallow it, dolly—this little white pill;

'Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will;

We'll no more be parted, for love or for gold,

My dear little dolly not quite a year old.

I WATCHED FOUR BOYS.

LAST summer I sat in a yard and watched four little boys at their game of "hop-scotch." These noisy, rollicking boys, full of life and fun, were alive to their play.

Were they good and kind? I can safely answer, Yes. Shall I tell you why? Cut from under a door-step where I sat, near the field marked out for the game, hopped a bright-eyed little toad. "There he is!" "There is No. 1!" they shouted. He was not afraid. Why should he be? He was one of them.

They said he came out every night and many others besides. Sure enough, while I was sitting there I counted more than a dozen of these little fellows in different parts of the yard. They were out for their evening sport as well as the boys. The boys loved to see them, and would let no one hurt them. Would not you call that kindness to dumb animals?

AN EAGER PUPIL.

A FEW years ago there came to the Tuskegee school a young negro lad, with a tiny bundle in one hand and in the other a pair of chickens. I want to come here to school," said he to the principal. "Won't these chickens pay for me?" He was allowed to stay and attend night school. During the day he worked at the carpenter's trade to pay for his board. The same boy was the valedictorian of the class which graduated last May.

TELL JESUS.

I KNOW the Saviour's loving,
And gentle, good and kind,
And thoughts of holy comfort
I in his words oft find;
But I'm so very humble,
So feeble, weak and small,
I wonder if he'd like me
To go and tell him all?

If angels veil their faces
Whene'er his presence near,
'Twas strange if he should listen
My simple tale to hear;
To soothe me when I'm weary,
And raise me when I fall,
To cheer my path when dreary,
And answer when I call.

And yet I know he's given
A message I may see;
Within his book 'tis written,
"Cast all thy care on me."
So I'll no more repel him,
Who strives my love to gain,
But go to him and tell him
My every joy or pain.

I'll ask him every morning
To guide me through the day;
I'll thank him every evening
For care upon the way.
And all day long I'll tell him
What doth my path befall,
And I shall feel so happy
To think he knows it all.

MARGIE'S LESSON.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

MARGIE sat on the doorstep, a very sober look on her pale, little face. It was Sunday afternoon, a perfect summer day, and the scene spread out before the eyes of the little girl was fair as heart could wish. But Margie was not thinking of the wondrous beauty all about her, of the sunshine or the blue sky; nor even of the birds and blossoms she loved so dearly.

The subject of the Sunday-school lesson that day had been "The Good Samaritan," and Miss Arnold had sought most earnestly to impress upon her class of girls the duty and the blessedness of helpfulness. Margie was very fond of her bright, young teacher, and her quick sympathy had responded at once to the tender, inspiring words.

She was a bright, affectionate child, this Margie; generous and scrupulously truthful; but she possessed one or two serious faults that needed a thorough up-

rooting, else would they mar most sadly an otherwise lovable character.

She was quite too fond of her own ease and comfort, and very impatient with anything that interfered with her own little plans; and though at times she sincerely regretted the existence of these faults and made many resolves to overcome them, still there they were, ready to show themselves on the least provocation.

She was of an imaginative temperament, and many a long hour slipped noiselessly away as she dreamed of wonderful things that could never exist outside of fairy-land.

And so, as she sat there in the almost unbroken silence, she was thinking of the lesson of the day and its teaching, thinking at first seriously and earnestly. But the force of habit was strong and it was not strange that after a time she fell into one of her fanciful reveries.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed at length. "How I wish I could do something grand, like the girl Miss Arnold told us about. But nothing ever happens here, and besides I couldn't do anything;" and she glanced at the little crutch leaning beside her while the quick tears sprang to her eyes.

A footstep sounded in the hall and a moment later father appeared in the doorway, the *Congregationalist* in his hand. His eyesight was fast failing him, and of late mother always read his favourite paper aloud to him, usually on Sunday afternoon. But to-day mother was suffering from a severe headache, and was trying to get a little rest in her cool, darkened chamber, where baby Harold was also sleeping quietly. A smile brightened father's careworn features as he saw Margie. "Ah, here you are!" he said. "Don't you want to read awhile to your blind, old father?"

Margie took the paper half-ungraciously. She hated reading aloud, and father always chose such dull articles, full of long, hard words that she could not understand.

AVOID EGOTISM.

PERHAPS some of my readers do not know the meaning of the word egotism. We say a person is an egotist when he thinks too much of himself or of what he can do. He thinks he can do things fully as well as another, or perhaps better. He never seems abashed when he makes a mistake, but goes right on in great confidence.

Arrogance, then, is that trait of character which makes us do these rude things.

Very many children are too timid and bashful to try to do many things which they can do nicely; but there are some who are too sure they know just how to do, and they push along, acting as though no one else could fill the place they do. They appear all puffed up; and attempt great things, and fail just because they are too proud of themselves. They elbow around, and silence others who might do better; when all the time they are making themselves ridiculous to others.

This is an unpleasant trait of character, and I trust our young people will avoid it. Have you not seen some who caused your face to burn from disgust by their important manners? You lose influence for good. You fail to learn a better way while you entertain such ways. You can cure yourself of such ways if you will.

Do not be an egotist, but be sure to have courage to do good when you can and whenever you can.

THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUTHFUL TIME.

If we compare life to a day, youth is the morning of it. The feelings are then strong and lively; the hours are favourable to activity, and he who wastes them in idleness or folly will probably find his noon perplexed and his evening destitute of the sweetest pleasures he can enjoy—a peaceful review of the day.

If we compare life to a year, then youth is the spring-time, upon which the happiness of all the other seasons depends. It is then the seeds must be sown and the plants cherished, the fruits of which may delight us in summer, enrich us in autumn, and sustain and cheer us when winter shall arrive.

If we compare life to a voyage, then youth is the time for preparation. It is then we must choose our course, and provide the stores which may sustain, and the means which may improve or amuse us on our way. Our friends should be made glad by seeing us well furnished for our destination. Whatever view we take of life, youth is its most precious period—a period which he who suffers it to go by unimproved may afterwards bewail, but cannot retrieve. The day may revolve, and morning again return, the year may elapse, and other springs appear, oceans may be crossed, and the voyager may set out anew, but to human life there is but one morning, one spring, but one eventful journey. Dear boys and girls, improve well your time, and spend it in God's service.



THE SNOWFALL.

THE SNOW-FALL.

HURRAH for old King Winter and the snow. That is what the boys and the girls say, for they are delighted to see the snow and the ice that they may slide down hill and skate on the ponds. They are glad when school is over that they may take their sleds and toboggans over to the big hill and have a jolly time. They are looking forward to the Christmas holidays when they can have a good time all the day.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

A FRIEND of ours told us a story which interested us so much that we want to tell it to all our little friends. This gentleman owned a horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice, and follow him about like a dog. Well, at one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stand in his stable, and not be used for many weeks, and it was during this time that Mr. C. became interested to see how much the horse knew and how kind his sympathies were.

An old cat had made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger and had laid there her little family of five kittens, to bring them up under good tuition, we suppose. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down in his manger and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger, with her foot bleed-

ing, and badly hurt so that she could scarcely crawl, but she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast; when she came back she was entirely unable to get up to her kittens, and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till at last the pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens,

who, we doubt not, were glad enough to see her.

This, Mr. C. told us, he saw repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll into the manger, go out and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language and been willing to listen to it.

A DRINK OF MILK.

It was such a warm day; and the children had taken a long walk with mamma. "Oh, mamma! I'm so thirsty! Please let us stop and ask for a drink!" said Frank. So they opened the gate, and went up to a little house. "Would you like some milk? My little girl guessed you would," said the kind-looking woman who opened the door. "Oh, yes ma'am, please! It is better than water!" "But where is your little girl? Why doesn't she come out?" asked Frank, peeping in the door. Then a sad look came over the mother's face, and she told them why her little girl did not come out. Lilla could not walk. A year ago she had been swinging on the branches of an old tree, with other children, when one of the branches broke, and Lilla fell. She hurt her back, so that she had never been able to walk since. The mother asked them to go in and see Lilla. So they became acquainted; and the children have never forgotten her. After they went home from the country, they sent pictures and story books, and many little letters, to show how they remembered her. They told their schoolmates about Lilla, and they sent some gifts too.

So the little girl is much happier with such kind friends, and mamma is glad that her boy and girl are doing such a kind work. Frank says it is all because they stopped to ask for a drink that day.

DARLING'S QUESTIONS.

"WHERE does the Old Year go, mamma,
When it has passed away?
It was a good Old Year,
I wish that it could stay.

"It gave us spring and summer,
The winter and the fall;
It brought us baby sister,
And that was best of all.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma?
I cannot understand."

"My love, it goes to join the years
Safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year
When the good Old Year is dead?
Now all my birds and all my flowers
With the Old Year have fled.

"I do not think that I shall love
This New Year at all."

"Yes, dear, it, too, will bring the spring,
The summer and the fall."

"Where will it come from, mamma?
I do not understand."

"It comes from where all coming years
Are hidden in God's hand."

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s shop with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your shop, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em off," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at the boy's assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in those walnuts gratis."

"Oh! you gave them to me, did you?" said the countryman.

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing.

"Well, if that ain't a young scamp!" said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is a good motto.