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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1886.

[No. 5.

## SUNSHINE.

It is pleasant to have sunshine in the soul. And if it is there it will be seen in the twinkle of the eye, in the flexibility of the lip, and upon the unruffled brow. Kate surely has a good share of it. What a happy countenance! This sunshine of cheerfulness is pleasant and desirable anywhere and everywhere, but a thousand-fold more desirable in the home. We hope that all our young readers will try to be like Katie, in getting their nature so permeated by sunshine, that it will beam out in the face. It is no use trying to put it on, just as you put on other fine things, for company. Shams never take or stand the rub anywhere. But nothing is more unreliable and explosive than sham goodness. It is a bubble that will burst as soon as the first breath of opposition strikes its empty head. It is only the real inward cheerfulness which will make the life radiant with genuine sunshine. Goodness in the heart will produce graciousness in the life.

Sunshine in the soul makes life pleasant. It is not difficult for Katie to learn her lessons; it is no hardship for her to obey her parents or do her work, it requires no



SUNSHINE.

great effort on her part to be pleasant to friend or stranger, because her soul is bathed in the sunbeams of loving-kindness. In the morning she sings like the lark, through the day she is busy like the bee, and in

to do something they like than when told to do that they dislike. Can you imagine such a thing, as a whole school saying "What?" when the teacher says, "You may be excused for the rest of the day?"

the evening she skips like a lamb. The sunshiny soul is ready to sing, work, or play, and finds enjoyment in either, and delights to make others feel the joyousness of life.

We hope that the readers of HAPPY DAYS will gather sunshine, and reflect it on all around.

Dear little friends, live under the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, and you will soon enter upon a day whose sun shall never go down.

—o—

## ADVICE TO LITTLE ONES.

CAN any of you tell me why so many children hear so badly? You hardly ever speak to them without their saying, "What?" just as though they were deaf. I used sometimes to wonder if their ears were stuffed up with cotton-wool or cobwebs. I have even looked to see, yet never could find any; and have now concluded they are stuffed with carelessness and inattention. I made up my mind to this because they seem to hear so much better when they are told

## EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE

EVERY little step I take  
Forward in my heavenly way,  
Every little effort make  
To grow Christ-like day by day;

Little sighs and little prayers,  
Even little tears which fall,  
Little hopes, and tears, and cares—  
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,  
That my Saviour, loving, mild,  
Knows the children's weaknesses,  
And himself was once a child.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1886.

## A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THE great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and future habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart, "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a stimulus against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.



MOTHER'S WEE MAN.

## MOTHER'S WEE MAN.

BY D. H. R. GOODALE.

Two violet eyes, intent and wise,  
This great world view with a grave surprise:  
Gaze at it, master it, rule if you can!  
This is the problem—Mother's wee man.

Two sensitive ears, with unknown fears,  
Turns at each sound the darling hears;  
'Tis a strange great world, but love is its plan,  
There is no danger—Mother's wee man.

Each tiny pink fist, fit but to be kissed,  
Wave hither and thither wherever they list;  
The right 'gainst the wrong, strike a blow  
when you can,  
This is the battle—Mother's wee man.

Two delicate feet, all dimpled and sweet,  
To walk this rough earth seem strangely unmeet;  
Yet tread the path boldly, it is but a span,  
Life's little crossing—Mother's wee man.

With violet eyes, intent and wise,  
A spotless babe untried he lies;  
Life and Death—meet them unshrinkingly  
who can:  
Both of one substance—Mother's wee man.

## THE HOME LIFE OF JESUS.

"LET all children remember," says Dr. Dwight, "if ever they are weary of laboring for their parents, that Christ labored for his; if impatient of their commands, that that Christ cheerfully obeyed; if reluctant to provide for their parents, that Christ forgot himself, and provided for his mother amid the agonies of the crucifixion. The affectionate language of this divine example to every child is, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

## FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

ONE of the simplest and best illustrations of faith which I remember to have seen is a story told by M. Theodore Monod. A Sunday-school teacher, when teaching his class on one occasion, left his seat and went around among his scholars with his watch in his hand. Holding it out to the first child, he said, "I give you this watch."

The boy stared at it, and stood still. He then went to the next and repeated, "I give you this watch."

The boy blushed, but that was all. One by one the teacher repeated the words and the actions to each. Some stared, some blushed, some smiled incredulously—but none took the watch. But when he came near to the bottom of the class, a small boy put out his hand and took the watch which the teacher handed to him.

As the latter returned to his seat, the little fellow said, timidly, "Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?"

"Yes, it is yours." The older boys were fairly roused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly. I gave it to any boy who would have it?"

"Oh, if I had known that!" exclaimed one of them; "I would have taken it."

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you! He believed me, and he has the watch."

Saving faith is as simple as this. I just take God at his word, and trust him. 'Though it sounds too good to be true, Christ is the gift of God, fully and freely offered (John 3. 16)—his 'unspeakable gift.'—Rev. Jas. Neill.



A BIG SPONGE.

## A BIG SPONGE.

SPONGES are the most truly manifold in form of any animals; they are met with of all shapes, all sizes, and all colours.

Some branch out like trees; many resemble a funnel or a trumpet; others are divided into lobes like great fingers; for instance, the *Neptune's Glove*; and there are some which are known by the name of *sea-muffs* and *sea-tapers*, on account of their form.

A closely-allied variety produces regular sponge monuments, which grow from one to two metres high (three feet three inches to six feet and a half) on the submarine rocks.

They have a narrow stalk, which at a certain height expands considerably and gives the structure the look of a cup, symmetrically hollowed out and exactly like an immense drinking goblet. To such a colossal vase the imagination of the sailor could only give one name, that of the redoubtable god of the sea; this living vase is the *Cup of Neptune!*

## WELL SAID.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said, "I like that sermon so much." "Well," inquired her father, "who are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father said he thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

## "THE SUNDAY STONE."

IN one point of the coal mines in England, we are told, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard and form the limestone. This stone would be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. Now, in the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on, alternately black and white through the week until Sunday comes. Then, if the

miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if the men work on the Sabbath they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it the "Sunday stone." How they need to be very careful to observe the holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone—an image of the indelible record in heaven!

## CARL'S MISSIONARY GARDEN.

Do any of the boys and girls who read HAPPY DAYS know what a missionary garden is? Little Carl was a member of a mission band, and one day early in the spring he went to his mamma and asked her how he could earn some money for the missionaries.

"You may have a missionary garden, Carl," she answered.

"I will give you a little plot of ground at the end of the garden, and you may dig it up and plant vegetables in it. Then I will buy your vegetables from you, and you can give the money to the missionaries."

Carl was very happy that there was some way in which he could earn money, and he took great care of his little garden and kept it free from weeds. When he took his first load of vegetables to mamma, he was

very proud of his success. Carl told his little friends about his garden, and now there are other missionary gardens besides Carl's. Perhaps some of the little boys who read this story would like to earn in this way money to send the Bible to the heathen in the far away countries.

Do they know anything about One who came from heaven to this earth to be a missionary? Who was He? Whom did He come to save?

## THE CHILDREN ARE PASSING AWAY

BY MRS. HEYFIELD.

*On the recent deaths of several little children*

But little children are passing away  
From the shadows of earth to endless day,  
Up to the gleaming city of light,  
Where "they shall walk with Him in white."

Beside the grave stand weeping friends,  
And with their bitter sorrow blends  
The voice of Christ, with comfort rife,  
"I'm the Resurrection and the Life"

"Thy brother shall rise again," He said,  
To the Bethany sisters, who mourned their  
dead;

And we know we have a pitying Lord,  
For "Jesus wept"—'tis in His Word.

He still looks down, in tenderest love,  
And calls the little ones above;  
He loves them, as when on earth He trod,  
And said, "Of such is the kingdom of God."

They dwell within those mansions fair,  
Our blessed Lord went to prepare:  
A countless throng beneath those bowers,  
Which bloom with never-fading flowers.

Up in that heavenly land of peace,  
Where holy songs that never cease,  
Within its glittering portals swell;  
Where Jesus with his saints doth dwell.

Oh! to be ready to meet them above,  
In that blest land of joy and love:  
May we have all our sins forgiven,  
And join the ransomed ones in heaven!

THE PARSONAGE,

Pouch Cove, Nfld.

## YOU HAVE A PART.

"I CAN do nothing to make my home happy," said a little girl.

But stop! Did you ever look into the inside of a watch? There you saw some very tiny wheels as well as larger ones. But what would happen if these little wheels were taken out? The watch would be of no use to keep time. So also you have a great part to do in making a good home, if you are very small.—*S&L*.

## SUNDAY.

O SWEET Sabbath bells !  
A message of musical chiming  
Ye bring us from God, and we know what  
you say ;  
Now rising, now falling,  
So tunefully calling  
His children to seek him, and praise him  
to-day.

The day we love best,  
The brightest and best of the seven,  
The pearl of the week and the light of our  
way ;  
We hold it a treasure,  
And count it a pleasure  
To welcome the dawning and praise him  
to-day.

Oh sweet Sabbath rest !  
The gift of our Father in heaven,  
A herald sent down from the home far  
away ;  
With peace for the weary,  
And joy for the dreary,  
Then oh let us thank him and praise him  
to-day.

## PRAY OVER IT.

Two boys were disputing about a little ship which had been given by their teacher to both, and which, like many such presents, had become a source of quarrelling instead of pleasure.

"I must have the first sail, because I am the elder," exclaimed Hugh, sturdily.

"No," returned Jackson; "Mr. Erard handed the ship to me, and he looked at me."

"But he said 'both of you,'" persisted Hugh.

"I know that," argued Jackson. "One would think, to hear you talk, I was a cheat or a liar, and wanted to have the boat all for myself."

"I did not mean that," said the elder; but I shan't give up my rights because you choose to lose your temper."

Now, when a person is angry, it only makes him angrier to be told of it. Jackson's wrath blazed anew. The matter was trifling, but the seeds of discontent and passion were sown, and the boys looked at each other with scorn and hatred, while their hands were clenched as if ready to strike.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," said a deep and solemn voice, as their father suddenly emerged from the coppice.

The boys were silent for a moment, and then began to speak both together.

"Hush!" rejoined their father; "come with me." And he drew them into a shady retreat. "Now, before I hear your story, let us pray over it."

He bared his head, the lads following his example, while in a few earnest words he sought guidance for himself and a more Christ-like spirit for his children.

"Now, Hugh," he said, in the silence that succeeded, "tell your story."

"We differed as to which of us should have the first sail," replied the elder; "but, father, I do not want it now."

"Nor I," added Jackson, "and I spoke wrong words, for which I am sorry."

"Then the matter is ended," said the father, cheerfully. "Come on, lads, to the pond, and I will have the first sail. But remember for the future, when you want to end a dispute well pray over it."

## STEAMBOATS.

PEOPLE always were inclined to laugh at those things which they don't understand or have not been used to seeing. We are told that the man who carried the first umbrella was stoned in the street. So the first steamboat that was ever made caused much ridicule. It is not seventy years since steamboats began to be used to any extent, all boats being moved by oars or sails. The ocean was crossed by vessels with nothing but great sails, driven by the wind, taking often three months to make the same trip that a steamer now makes in nine days. Over three hundred years ago a man of Biscay made a boat which was moved by power received from a caldron of boiling water. This was thought a great wonder. Robert Fulton was the first successful steamboat man of America. Even he, in 1807, launched his first boat on the Hudson river amid the jeers of the crowd on the banks.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

A CHILD of five years, overwhelmed with the loss of a gold locket, which contained a lock of her dead mother's hair, cried out, "If God will not help me, no one else can."

She feared her father's anger, and hoped to avert it by finding the locket. She knew that she might pray for this, but thought that, to be heard, she must pray in church. The Sunday came at length; and in her pew she prayed for the return of the locket, ending with, "If you do not help me, no one else can." She returned home, and found that the lost treasure had been returned by the thief. This is one of the first incidents in the life of that well-known writer for the young, Anna Shipton.

## LET JESUS IN.

A WEE little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sang and talked as if she was a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After awhile she looked toward the door, and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."—*Our little People.*

## A "TRY" BOY.

A GENTLEMAN travelling on the railroad made acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, who with his wife and little son occupied seats adjoining his own. The boy was a good-tempered, frank little fellow, whose bright ways and childish talk were very entertaining. He was busily engaged in trying to untie the knot of a parcel, which his new friend suggested he could not do, and offered to cut the string for him, but his prompt and well-pronounced reply was: "Thank you, sir; but my papa never allows me to say I can't. I belong to the try company."

## A GREAT WONDER.

ONCE when the great missionary Henry Martyn was telling a boy in Persia about the high-priest who struck Jesus on the face with his hand, the boy asked: "And, sir, did not his hand dry up at once?" The boy thought it could not be possible for one to sin so greatly against the Lord and not be punished at once. But this only shows how great is his love and pity and patience. But it does not prove that he will never punish us if we go on in our sins. If we much longer refuse to hear him, he may turn from us and leave us to ourselves.

## "PAPA HAS NOT ASKED THE BLESSING."

THERE were visitors at the house, and Mr. Black was ashamed to ask a blessing before them. After they began to eat, one of them said to his little girl, "Why are you not eating, Nettie?"

"I am waiting while papa asks the blessing," was the answer; and then he had real reason to be ashamed.

I wonder if all my little readers are careful to wait "till papa asks a blessing" before they begin to eat.—*Anon.*