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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

[No 15

BERRY TIME

is a merry time, so all the children say; and these little folks seem to find it so as they pick the ripe berries and feast to their heart's content. We hope all our young readers may have a right good time among the berries and the cherries and the fruits of every kind.

THE ECHO-BOY.

A LITTLE boy went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods,

and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said, "I will punch your head!"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if



BERRY TIME.

you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you

say to him he would have said back;

to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnnie, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old test in the Scripture: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

"ALWAYS," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak, "always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite." That evening on his return from business, he found his carnation bed despoiled, and the tiny imprint of shippared feet silently bearing witness to the small thief. "Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?" "Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in town?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did gran'ma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did, but I fount I'd change the subject."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

FATHER, keep thy little one
Safe this night
Through dark hours, until the sun
Brings us light.

While the earth is fast asleep,
All at rest.
Thine almighty eye doth keep
Vigil blest.

And thine arm is strong to save;
We need fear
Neither darkness, storm, nor wave;
Thou art near.

In the morning may I wake
Fresh and strong;
Find now things to undertake
All day long.

In the rugged path of life
Guide thou me;
Bring me through its toil and strife
Safe to thee.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

CHILDREN, did you ever know of a person who did right whom sensible people despised? If no one says, "You have done right," in words so we can hear it, the little voice we all carry within our minds will always say, "You did as you ought to."

When Athens was governed by thirty men, called "tyrants," they wanted a very rich man named Leon killed, so that they could have his riches. They wanted the great philosopher Socrates to help them; but he said, No; he would not engage in so great an "ill as to act unjustly." You see he did right with thirty rulers over him, and all cruel men, too.

Christ was a greater philosopher than Socrates, and he taught us to "do as we would be done by." If we follow that little rule, we shall always "dare to do right." How much more of joy and less of sorrow there would be if everybody loved these words of the Saviour!

FOR THE BOYS.

LET no boy think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horses he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.—*Parish Visitor.*

PATIENCE.

A LITTLE boy when asked what patience meant, said, "O! it's waiting till your time comes." Little children, are you willing to wait until your time comes? or are you like some little boys and girls, always wanting to be attended to first? Are you gentle and patient with your younger brothers and sisters? patient in your every-day life at home, and among your school-mates? If your lessons at school are difficult, do you patiently study them? If the little wee brother is long in coming down stairs, do you patiently wait for him? or, do you speak hastily and give him a pull by the arm and hurry him down, so spoiling both his little pleasure of walking down the steps and your own disposition.

My dear children, you must learn to have patience. You are called upon to exercise it through the day as often as mamma or papa, but in a different way; and if you let go the reins and let impatience run away with you, it is not an easy thing to check it again, and it may get you into trouble. Make patience a study. Learn to be more patient in some way every day, and just notice how bright home and everybody seem, because you are patient. The lessons of patience learned in childhood are bright gems in the crown of old age that make its brow shine with greater lustre.

Be patient in little things, and you will soon have great command over yourself for large ones. Remember, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Down the walk went Nelly Brown
On her way to school;
"Mamma says I always must
Keep the Golden Rule.
Do to others as I would
They should do to me;
So I'll give the birds my cake;
O, how glad they'll be!"
Nelly gave with willing heart;
'Twas the best she had,
And all day the loving act
Kept her sweet and glad.

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

A PIOUS woman, hunting up the child of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say: "Pull the string up high; pull the string up high." She looked up and saw a string which on being pulled, lifted up a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not cold? No fire on day like this?"

"Oh, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep;' and then we get warm."

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she always fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God-sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'Give us this day our daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the poor woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but those two little sparrows, perched in the cold, upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.—*The Nation.*

IMPROVING THE TIME.

ONE of my Sabbath-school boys earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging and selling dandelions. "When do you find time, Jemmy?" I asked, for he was a very punctual and constant scholar at the day-school. "There is almost always time for what we are bent on," said Jemmy. "You see, I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking air."

A BED-TIME SONG.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glimmer the lights of the Shadowland,
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.

Dear little passenger say, "Good-night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
—Lilian Dynevor Rice.

SOMETHING TO DECIDE.

SHE was homesick, at least not exactly, though it was her first day at school, but she was thinking. It was almost bed-time, and she dreaded it.

For the first time in her life she must get herself ready for bed in a room with three other girls, strangers to her, and two of them at least laughed and chattered so much that they made her nervous. If she could only slip away to her room before the others, and have a few minutes of quiet! But there was no use in trying for that; the moment the bell rang they were all expected to troop to their rooms.

If the truth must be told, Sophie Baker felt a little like a coward. She did not mind brushing out her lovely hair before the girls, nor getting out her pretty dressing-case and using her ivory-handled tooth-brush, nor even putting on her dainty night-gress with its delicate lace trimmings; the thing that she did not want to do was to kneel down before those girls and pray. She knew there were girls who never did this; she had heard Mollie Andrews, only a few days before she left home, laughing about a girl in school who kept her "baby" habits, and always "said her prayers" before she went to bed. And Mollie Andrews had been in boarding-school for two years and knew how things went. What was to be done? Sophie was the youngest of all the girls, and could not bear to be laughed at, and she "most knew," she said to herself, that none of those girls prayed. Yet

she had never in her life gone to sleep without praying, and it shocked her to think of doing so.

Of course she wouldn't, but could it she slip into bed, cover her head closely, and pray as well as she could on her knees? This was what she asked herself with a beating heart, while the girls buzzed around her, busy with a last glance at their next day's lesson.

Sophie had been very carefully taught, she knew that if she were sick and could not kneel down, God would be as well pleased with her prayer in bed as he would on her knees, but how about creeping into bed and praying because she was ashamed to have others see her?

It made her cheeks glow to think of it.

"I'll never do it," she said at last, decidedly. "I shall kneel down and pray just as usual, even if they all laugh and poke fun at me." After that she felt happier, it was so comfortable to know just what she was going to do.

It took her longer to brush her hair than usual that evening, and the merry voices around her did not quiet the beating of her heart, but at last she dropped on her knees and buried her face in the pillow and tried to pray. It was very still all about her; the girls might be planning some fun, but they did it quietly. A sweet sense of being with Jesus stole into Sophie's heart, and when she arose, the loud beating which it had almost seemed to her the rest could hear was still.

But why were the other girls so quiet? She looked about her, every girl was on her knees.

One by one they arose quietly, with no air about them of having done anything strange or unusual; they kissed one another good-night, their voices just as happy as before, but a little quieter, and very soon the light was out, and they were resting on their pillows.

"I have much people in this city." It was a part of a verse that Sophie had learned not long before, and it floated through her mind as she went to sleep.

Perhaps the Lord Jesus has "much people" in that school where she had foolishly imagined herself the only one who prayed! She did not feel lonely any more, and it seemed to her very silly to have been afraid to pray. What if she had jumped into bed without it, and all the others had knelt? How ashamed she would have felt.—*Pansy.*

THERE is no velvet as soft as a mother's lap, no star so lovely as her smile, no music so melodious as her voice, no rose so fragrant as the memory of her love.

THE CHILD'S CATECHISM

A little girl who had heard a good deal about the catechism once asked if there was not a "kitty chism," for the children. She meant a shorter and simpler form having about the same relation to the catechism that a kitten has to a cat. Now, there is such a beautiful little book, specially prepared for the youngest children. A little bit of it will be given with each Sunday-school lesson, in each number of the SUN-BEAM, and we want every one of our little readers to learn it off by heart and say it first to their mother or father at home, and then to the teacher at school. We hope that parents will help the little folk to learn and say this short lesson, and that each teacher will see that it is not neglected. A good plan will be to have it said by the whole class together at the close of the lesson. It will only take a minute, or less, and, if well learned, will never be forgotten, and will be a great blessing to the children all their lives long.

THE BARBER'S H.

BY QUIZ.

It was in cholera times that a man, sitting in a barber's chair to have his beard taken off, spoke of the cholera.

"It is my opinion," said the barber, as he wiped the lather from his razor, "that the disease is in the hair."

"Then you must be very careful about what brushes you use," replied his customer, thinking that, if the barber was right, he was in danger of getting the disease from a hair brush.

"O," rejoined the barber, "I don't mean the air of the 'ed but the hair of the atmosphere."

The gentleman laughed a quiet little laugh, and went away wondering why the barber had not learned to put his H's where they belonged, and not to trot them out where they were not needed. Perhaps he had been told to mind his P's and Q's, but the schoolmaster had forgotten to tell him to mind his H's.

"READY BEFOREHAND."

"I NEVER saw such a girl. You are always finding something to do. What is it now?" "I'm going to sew a button on my glove." "Why you are not going out, are you?" "O no, I only like to get things ready beforehand." And so this little thing, that had been persisted in by Rosa Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself ever had any idea of—more time too. Try it. If you do faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod "time-enough-when-it's-wanted" way of doing.



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

This picture brings to mind what the prophet Isaiah says when he speaks of the good time coming, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." Jesus, the Prince of Peace, is going to make all things new, and do away with all violence and wrong feeling, both in man and beast, and then we shall have a happy world.

Curious stories are told of animals making friends with each other, and living in perfect harmony. This picture shows us the cat, the rabbit and the dove, all as happy together as they can be. See how pleased they look. The bunnies are snuffing, the doves are cooing, and the old and young pussies are purring away. But if they had the disposition that some children have to

each other—and grown up people, too—you would soon see the fur and feathers begin to fly. Children differ in their temper and tastes as much as the group before us. It makes one miserable to come near some children or even to look upon them. And they seem to take pleasure in annoying those around them. And that is nothing less than a manifestation of the worst features of brute nature. Any boy or girl ought to be as good as the best of animals, and a little better. Children know much more than the pussy or the pigeon; and can do much by habitual cheerfulness to render each other comfortable, and home desirable and happy. The members of the family may have natures as diverse as the dumb creatures of our cut, but by yielding to and obliging one another, you may and will develop and enjoy all the elements necessary to constitute a *happy family*. Try it,

dear young readers, and you will find out how cheery the home and pleasant the life will be when made radiant with love.

ARCHIBALD STONE'S MISTAKE.

ARCHIBALD STONE is Archie's name,
And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;
Mamma's and Papa's are just the same,
And mine—why I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins you know,
Exactly eight years old;
We are just alike from top to toe,
And our hair is just like gold.

And Archie he is almost ten,
And figures on the slate.
But does not add up rightly when
He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—
It's name is "Two Times Two";
That's why I know that Archie's wrong,
For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,
Nor vex my little pate,
But Daisy's four and I am four,
And that makes us just eight.

THE TWO RICH MEN.

Two men set out in life the same year
In their school-days one of them was indolent, neglected his books and his mind became a merchant, acquired a large estate and lived at his ease. But he was miserable. No one found pleasure in his company and he envied the condition of the laborer in his fields.

The other was attentive to his book, acquired a useful trade, and followed it with success; became a man of wealth, still worked at his business, and found pleasure in labor and study, and in the society of the wise and good who sought his friendship.

What made the difference? *Idleness and industry in boyhood.* The last lived to good purpose, and the first to no purpose at all.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

WHEN we pray aright we are talking with God, and he is listening to us. When we read the Bible God is talking to us. So in reading the Scriptures and praying we are conversing with God. Remember this when you read your Bible and when you pray and never do either carelessly or thoughtlessly.

A CHILD being asked what was the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly replied, "Breakfast, dinner and supper."