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# Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1889.

[No. 10.]

## SO SAFE.

IT was a little meeting for prayer; very informal and social, and all were giving some reason why it was good to be the children of God.

"What reason were you thinking of, Willie," asked the leader.

"The others have given excellent reasons," Willie answered, "but I was thinking how safe God's children are. Nothing can really hurt them. They need fear nothing."

"Do you feel so? Do you really feel it?" said John.

"Yes, I trust so. Death used to look like a horrible event. Now I do not fear it. It is good to have the fear of death taken from us."

"Why do you feel thus?"

"Jesus has promised to take care of us always. Why, then, should we fear?"

One who sat by Willie looked up wonderingly, almost longingly, into his face. He uttered no words, but the look said: "I wish I could say and feel that."

"Are you, too, one of Christ's little ones?" asked the leader (for he was a stranger, only with us for a day.)



OUR MABEL.

He shook his head sadly, and answered: "I am not."

"Ah, how we wish," exclaimed Willie, "we could make you feel how sweet and safe it is."

He went out from us. As we met for

prayer the next Sabbath, Willie told us how near death the stranger had been since we saw him. A terrible accident had happened on the train as he was homeward bound. Many were killed, many seriously injured, he among the latter.

"Ah," said one, "he has doubtless thought many times of last Sabbath's talk, and wished that he was safe in Christ's love."

We are never safe away from him.

## AMONG THE PICTURES.

LeRoy's papa paints beautiful pictures. LeRoy's mamma does not often allow him to come into papa's studio, for fear he will be in papa's way, or get into some mischief. To-day LeRoy's mamma has a sick headache, and LeRoy had no one to play with. Papa said "I think LeRoy will be a good boy. I will take him with me if he will

promise not to touch the pictures." LeRoy promised; and, though he looked at them all, he did not touch any of them.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.

BAD WORDS.

HUSH! hush! my lad! Pray don't repeat  
The bad words spoken in the street—  
Wrong and unfit for you;  
Perchance the lad those words who said,  
'Mid crime and darkness born and bred,  
Their meaning little know.

But you so much more highly blessed,  
Of Christian home and friends possessed,  
And Scripture knowledge, too—  
To take God's holy name in vain,  
Or utter any words profane,  
Is surely guilt in you.

Then, O my boy, let every word  
In future, from your lip that's heard,  
Some worthy thought express;  
Then, as to heaven those sounds ascend,  
May God, the Father, Judge, and Friend,  
Hear, and approve, and bless.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1889.

MINA'S CHOICE.

MINA was reading the Beatitudes to her mother one day, as they are found in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. After she had finished, her mother said, "Mina, if you could have but one of these blessed tempers mentioned by our Lord, which would you choose?"

"I would choose to be pure in heart," replied Mina, after thinking several minutes.

"But why choose this before all the other blessings?" asked her mother.

"Because," said Mina, "if I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces too."

Wise little Mina! No learned doctor of divinity could have made a better choice, or defended it with a better reason. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

HOW WILLIE'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

AFTER Willie had said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," he said, "O Lord, I want you to rub the bad words I said to-day out of your book; and all the wicked words papa has said in his life, and make him go to church with me and mamma."

The ground was covered with snow when Willie got up next morning, and he could hardly wait to pull on his long-legged boots before going out.

"What are you sitting there crying for?" he asked, seeing Jimmie Sanders on the next door-step.

"Guess you'd cry if you had been turned out doors in a snow storm," answered Ned Harwood, who stood near.

"My! was he turned out in the night?"

"Yes, and his mamma and the baby."

"What for?"

"Cause his father was drunk; and all their money has gone into your father's saloon to buy liquor to drink."

When Willie went into the house his father said, "Here is the new knife you wanted."

The little hand was quickly put out to take it, then dropped behind him, while great tears rolled down his cheek.

"Don't you like it?" his papa asked.

"Yes; and I want it awfully bad—but—I can't take it!"

"Why not? I bought it for you."

"Cause it's Jimmie's money that bought it, and he's turned out doors, and hain't got nothing to eat and no clothes. His father has sold all his money to you, and hain't got nothing; and Jimmie's feet are right out on the snow; and his mamma and their little baby was drove out too!" and Willie cried harder than ever.

Mr. Sherman wiped a tear from his eyes, as he left the room.

In a few minutes Mrs Sherman saw Willie crossing the street with something in his arms; when he came into the house, she asked, "What did you carry out, Willie?"

"My new clothes," he answered. "I wanted Jimmie to have them, and my boots too."

"What will you do for clothes?"

"Wear my old ones; they are better'n his."

"You shouldn't give away your things without asking me," his mamma said.

That night Mr. Sherman shut up the saloon, saying, "Boys, there'll be no more liquor sold here!"

The next Sunday Willie's papa sat with him in church, and the little fellow knew that his prayer had been answered.

THE SAND FORT.

THE children at the sea-shore  
Were playing on the sand;  
"Let's make a fort," cried Bertie,  
"Broad and high and grand."  
"I'll bring the sand," said Edna;  
"Bertie'll pack it tight;"  
And little May stood gazing  
To see if all went right.

They heard the wild waves roaring,  
Breaking on the shore;  
The tide they never heeded,  
Rising more and more.  
They were so busy building,  
Of course they would forget,  
But quick enough they scampered  
When their feet were wet.

"We'll run and get dry stockings,  
And come again," they said;  
"We'll have our castle bulded  
Before we go to bed."  
They were so sure, the children;  
But when with setting sun  
Back to the spot they hastened,  
Behold! their fort was gone.

For oh, my dears, the water  
Had washed it all away!  
Sand-houses never tarry  
Longer than a day.  
Since all our earthly pleasures  
Are houses built of sand,  
We'll seek for something better—  
Something that will stand.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

ONE day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not run to meet her and throw his arms around her neck, as he was in the habit of doing to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed to be afraid to look into his mother's face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found out the reason. When she was about to undress to go to bed, he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet-door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said; "he can see us at all times and in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow; "and I may as well tell you all about it. When you were gone out I got into the closet and ate up the cake. I am so very sorry. Please forgive me;" and he laid his head on his mother's shoulder and cried bitterly.

CHRIST 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.

"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.

LITTLE SAILOR JEM.

"How is it I don't hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war, as they were sitting together up on the rigging.

"Oh, because I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy, brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor; "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep them safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem slowly and distinctly: "I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by the head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor; "which I don't know much about these days."

"Then, I'm afraid you've lost your reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are drifting on to the breakers."

"What then?" asked the old man.

"You'll be wrecked," answered Jem, "wrecked for ever."

The old sailor had been wrecked. He knew what it was to be in a ship breaking

up and going to pieces on a wintry coast. He knew what it was to be lashed to a spar, half naked, hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-tossed. He had heard the shrieks of the perishing. Yes; he well knew what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked for ever," said the old sailor, slowly; "that's a long time, boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jem; "it is so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and the old man turned away his head. "That wrecking for ever is a bad business," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?" said the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he says. He says the Admiralty of heaven has got out a Life-boat for poor souls. That Life-boat is Jesus Christ. It was launched on Calvary, and has been round picking up poor souls lost in the stormy waters of sin ever since; and he used to tell us, 'Stretch out your arms to get in; and pray, Lord, save me, or I perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy, humbly. "I was going down, and cried to the Lord, and he had mercy on me, and took me in, and I've shipped with him ever since. He is a good Captain, the Captain of our salvation, sir. Won't you ship too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that craft," said the old man, feelingly.

"Besides saving you, He'll fit you for his service," said Jem. "There's no difficulty on that account. He's good—very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times," said the old man, with a tear on his weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid we old sinners are too water-logged and sin-soaked to be worth saving; but you young ones jump into the Life-boat before it's too late, and ship for the port of heaven. It's a blessed chance."

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

THE Rev. Richard Cecil, who lived to be a greatly useful minister, was born in London, in 1748. When a boy he was strong-willed, but brave, straightforward and thoroughly to be trusted, hating all that was mean, shuffling or deceitful. One day his father, who had business in the city, took little Dick with him, and left him at the door of the East India House, telling him to wait there till he should finish his business and return to him. Taken up with other matters his father forgot all about him, and left the house by another door. Richard in the evening was missed by his mother. His father, now remembering

where they had parted, said, "Depend upon it, he is still waiting for me where I left him." Immediately returning to the spot, there, to be sure, he found poor Dick faithfully waiting as he had been for hours, and as he had been ordered to do!

THE NEST UNDER THE WOODSHED.

"WHEN I get to be a man," said Frank to his grandma, who was winding up the tall clock, "I'll do that for you! I'll do lots of things. I wish I was a man now."

"Frank!" called Uncle Will from the yard, "come here."

Frank ran out, and found his uncle standing beside the woodshed with a large dish partly filled with eggs.

"I want you to help me," he said. "The old speckled hen has made a nest under the shed, and I don't want her to sit there. I'm too big to get into such a small place, but you're just about the right size to reach under. Take this stick and push the hen off as gently as possible."

Frank lay down flat on the ground, and with the stick made the hen get off the nest. She was very angry, cackling and flying around at a great rate. But Uncle Will caught her as Frank drove her out, and shut her up in a coop. Then Frank crawled under the shed, and got all the eggs without breaking a single one.

When they went into the house Uncle Will said to grandma, "I don't know how I should have got that hen off the nest and the eggs out, if it hadn't been for Frank."

"Now," said grandma, "you see you needn't be in such a hurry to be a man. There are some things little boys can do better than grown-up folks—that is, little boys who are willing and careful."

WILLIE AND KITTIE.

POOR little Willie had neither father nor mother, but kind friends did all they could to supply his great loss. He was spending a week at a house where a poor little friendless kitten came creeping in day after day. She would get into various places where she was not wanted, and the cook would send her whirling out of the door or window. This grieved Willie very much. Taking the little thing in his arms, he gently smoothed its fur, and said to the woman, "You must be kind to this little kitten, for it hasn't got any mother!" He knew how sad it was to be motherless.

Children, take the side of the weak and ill-treated whenever you can. The Bible teaches us to help the suffering and those who have no helper. "Open thy mouth for the dumb," it says. God's dumb creatures cannot complain when badly treated, but we can speak for them.



SELLING ICE CREAM IN CHINA.

## IF! IF!

If every boy and every girl,  
Arising with the sun,  
Should plan this day to do alone  
The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,  
Strong, helpful hands should lend,  
And to each other's wants and cries  
Attentive ears should lend;

If every man, and woman too,  
Should join these workers small—  
O what a flood of happiness  
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,  
Which now are filled with care!  
And joyous, smiling faces, too,  
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun  
Would shine more clear and bright,  
And every little twinkling star  
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see,  
If other folks are true,  
And thus neglect so much that God  
Intends for us to do.

It is good to be children sometimes,  
and never better than at Christmas, when  
its mighty founder was a child Himself.  
—Dickens.

## THE DREAM-LESSON.

AN old lady was telling me how happy she was with her Bible and her God, even though she had to work hard, and had but few of what people call the comforts of life. She often longed to leave this lower world for the bright home above, where is perfect rest and bliss.

One night she dreamed she saw a beautiful angel come through the scuttle of her attic room. She was dressed in a white robe, and had a crown of gold upon her head. She flew down, and clasping the little old woman in her arms, flew up with her as far as the opening in the roof; and then seeming to receive some sign from above, returned and set her down in the old place.

"Oh, take me, take me with you," cried the poor, disappointed little woman, as the beautiful angel soared up,

and was vanishing from her sight. The angel turned one gentle look toward her, and said, "A little while longer you are to stay upon the earth, and when all your duty is done, God will send to take you to your rest and reward. Be patient and earnest and cheerful."

So my aged friend plods on in her daily toil, rejoicing in the thought that she will surely one day rise to the immortal life. She loves to hear the dear Saviour's words in her much treasured Bible: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

## MIND THE DOOR.

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street-door is?—how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a firm lock? If there was nothing of value in the house or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house: our heart may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our

heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah! I know him. It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on every thing as though it were too mean for his notice. No, sir; we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine suit to wear and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! come in! We must unbar the door for you.

O if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and come out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad. We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your heart.—*Sunday.*

## SINS BLOTTED OUT.

"ACCORDING unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."—Psalms 51. 1.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out and said, "I can not think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins they are gone—blotted out—'remembered no more.'"

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."