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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

[No. 23]

A KING'S VISIT.

BY E. P. A.

THERE was a whole long hour to wait before Aunt Nan could possibly come driving up from Union Station. The house was all in order for her visit; Jenny and little Nan had on their Sunday dresses, and began to get very restless. They had never seen Aunt Nan, who lived in a great city, and who, they thought, must be very fine indeed.

"I 'spect Aunt Nan will think we live in a mighty little house," suggested her namesake, who was sitting on Jenny's knee and gazing down the busy street.

"I wish I had a dress with silver buttons, like the picture of Aunt Nan's little girl," said Jenny, taking a rather gloomy view of her plain blue merino.

There was a restless silence for ten minutes, and Jenny began again in the same tone:

"Won't Aunt Nan feel queer not to have any waiter at tea? Mamma said there was a fine man in a black coat waiting on her table."

"Lassies!" said mamma, suddenly, and both little girls started and turned

away from the window; they had not known that mamma was in the room at all. "We don't know," said mamma, "just what Aunt Nan is going to think or say or ask of us; but we are going to have a visit some day from a king, and I think I know just what he will ask us."

"A king, mamma!" they cried; "is a

king coming? What is his name? and when is he coming?"

"I will answer your last question," said mamma, "and see if you can't answer the first one yourself. We don't know when our King is coming, but he says we must

as we would have them do unto us; if we have pure hearts and right thoughts."

"Is it Jesus, mamma?" asked Jenny, soberly.

"It is Jesus, my darling—the Lord of heaven and earth, he has promised to come back, and he surely will come, and his coming will make all his children perfectly happy."

The two little girls forgot then about their little house and old clothes and plain fare. They even forgot how long the hour would be in trying to stretch their little minds to take in the thought of the coming of the Lord Jesus.



WAITING FOR AUNTIE.

DOLLIE'S LESSONS.

ADA GRAY has a strange way of studying. She turns her study hours into play. This way.

She takes her six dolls and sets them in rows, and then she gets her books.

"Ethel Miranda, bound Ontario," she says to the first; and then in a squeaky voice, supposed to come from the doll, she gives the boundary; she refers to her book, and if her answer is correct she goes on to the next doll and the next question. If the answer was not correct,

Ethel Miranda gets a lecture, and has to study hard until she knows her lesson.

Spelling is great fun, for her dolls go up or down the class as they miss or know their lessons. Ada does not know that she really studies harder than most children, but her teachers know. It is "only play" to Ada while she teaches her dolls.

DOLLY'S POCKET.

My dolly is so happy,
Her eyes are very bright,
And when there's no one looking
She laughs with all her might.

She's perfectly ridic'us,
I'm sure you'd never guess,
It's 'cause I put a pocket
In her pretty gingham dress.

But I've told her that a pocket
Isn't made for peanut shells,
And she mustn't get it sticky
With dates and caramels.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

A TRUTHFUL HERO.

MASTER WALTERS had been much annoyed by someone of his scholars whistling in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day when the room was unusually quiet a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Everyone asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief maker and liar. He was called up, and though with a somewhat stubborn look he denied it again and again, and was commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant a slender little fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him; I whistled I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, I rubbed it out by mistake and spoiled it all and before I thought, whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there

and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may cane me, sir, as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was very much affected. "Charles," said he looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who made such a conquest over his natural timidity: "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle; you have been a truthful hero."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him with admiration, for the smallest scholars could appreciate the moral courage of such an action. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.

"I'LL HOLD IT FAST."

"ALEXIS, let me hold your balloon a little," said Lucy coaxingly to her brother. "I'm afraid you'll let go of the string, and it'll fly away. I would not like to lose it for the world, as it is a present from Uncle John," replied Alexis.

"No, I won't. I'll hold it fast. Please do, Alexis, just a little while," pleaded Lucy. Alexis, being a kind boy, yielded to the entreaties of his sister. After Lucy had held the string for a few moments, the balloon vainly trying to escape, her brother requested the return of it to him.

"Only a little longer," coaxed Lucy, allowing the string to slip through her hand so as to permit the balloon to reach the highest altitude. Unluckily the end of the string came sooner than Lucy expected, and away sailed the balloon in spite of Lucy's cries and Alexis's consternation.

Toward evening Alexis met Uncle John, who asked him what he had done with the balloon. With trembling voice Alexis recounted the mishap, accusing himself at the same time for having yielded to his sister's entreaties.

"I am sorry, my boy, that you lost the balloon, but glad that you gratified your sister by allowing her to hold the string. But go now and call Lucy."

Alexis did as requested, and soon Lucy appeared with her hands over her eyes slowly approaching her uncle; for she expected to be reprimanded for her carelessness. However, a few kind words from Uncle John soon reassured her, and she quickly went up to him, threw her arms around his neck, and said, "I couldn't help it, uncle."

"Now, Lucy and Alexis," said Uncle John, "I want to tell you that there are many things that are of great value to us, that are always tugging to get away from us. The balloon was of little worth and can be easily replaced, but not so with other things. There are things in the world that are called opportunities. These are always on the wing, and unless we are vigilant we cannot secure any of them.

Let me name to you a few of them especially important to young people. There are, for instance, the opportunities of obtaining an education, of forming correct habits, of building a good character, and others. These are very swift-winged, and unless we lay hold on them with a firm grip, as they come along, they fly away just as your balloon did, never to return, and we are lacking some of the most important things belonging to this life."

TOM'S BATTLE.

"THERE isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, one Sunday afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time that I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down; say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

The next day everything went smoothly until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser; but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. Tom shut his eyes tightly together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom, that night; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but every victory makes you stronger, and him weaker, and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

A LITTLE boy, about six years old, after sitting like the rest in a Quaker meeting, got up on the seat, and folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a clear, sweet voice, just loud enough to be heard by all, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and gooder, till there is no bad left."

MAKE MOTHER HAPPY

CHILDREN, make your mother happy ;
Make her sing instead of sigh,
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy,
Many griefs she has to bear ;
And she wearies 'neath her burdens,
Can you not these burdens share ?

Children, make your mother happy ;
Prompt obedience cheers the heart,
While a wilful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy,
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily ; don't you see them ?
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy ;
For, beneath the coffin-lid,
All too soon her face, so saint like,
Shall for evermore be hid.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

"YOU and Tom should be all the world to each other, since you have no one else," said Aunt Rebecca.

"Oh, we get on well enough," replied Josephine, carelessly. "He goes his way, and I go mine. So we don't quarrel."

"It would be better to go together without quarrelling. Have you any idea where Tom's 'way' leads him?"

"No, I haven't. Tom and I are not sympathetic, Aunt Rebecca, and it's no use pretending we are. It's pretty hard, too, when he's my only brother. But he never wants to go anywhere with me, or to stay at home with me, either. So I've just made up my mind not to care much. We don't meddle with each other, that's all you can say about it."

"And if some day the Lord should ask you, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?'" said the old lady, solemnly.

"I don't know what you mean," returned Josephine, flushing up. "I'm not Cain, Aunt Rebecca. I've not murdered my brother."

"Neglect is a murderer. More people have been killed by neglect than by knives and pistols. Some day, when you're out in your village cart, drive around by Plunkett's beer shop, and you may see what comes of letting boys go their own way."

"What do you mean, Aunt Rebecca?" Josephine cried out, alarmed now as well as angry.

But the old lady was now out of the room, and half-way down-stairs. She had said what she came to say, and she did not stop to explain it. Her words left a sting in the girl's mind which she could not get rid of. She sat down to practise, and music had no charm this morning. she

took out her water-colours, but she could not paint. And her pretty art embroideries were equally uninteresting, for conscience pricked her at every turn. She had gone her way, done the things that pleased herself always, and taken no pains to find out what would please Tom.

She ordered the village cart by-and-bye, and went out for her afternoon drive. Generally she took some girl-friend with her, but she chose to go alone to-day, and she drove around by Plunkett's shop. Some half-tipsy men were loafing at the door, amusing themselves with cracking nuts. One of them thought it would be a joke to throw a handful into the street as the horse drew near; and, in consequence, there was wild plunging and rearing for a few minutes. Josephine vainly tried to soothe her frightened beast; the tipsy loafers slunk away, scared at what they had done; and there might have been serious trouble if a boy had not sprung at the reins with a ready courage.

"Down, Dandie! down, you foolish fellow! There, now—steady, steady, sir. There's nothing to hurt you. Don't you know me, old Dandie?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Josephine, as the horse yielded to the firm hand and soothing words. "Oh, Tom, how glad I am! Jump in, please, and drive me home."

"It was lucky I happened to be around," said Tom, as he took his seat beside her. "What did you want to drive through this street for? There's always a loafing crowd around Plunkett's."

"I came to look for you," said Josephine, with a sob. "Oh, Tom, I'm so thankful you weren't in that horrid saloon."

"No thanks to you if I wasn't," returned the boy. "You don't care where I go."

"I do! I do! I do! Oh, Tom, I mean to show you after this." Josephine burst into tears, and Tom wondered. But the brother and sister had each learned a lesson which drew them together, and made the future tell a better story than the past.

APPLES! APPLES!

"O DEAR!" exclaimed poor, tired mamma. "There isn't an apple in the house, and I can't leave my cake in the oven to go clear over to the orchard to gather some, and I wanted to make some pies."

"Shall I go, ma'am?" asked the little housemaid.

"No, I can't spare you. I wish the children were here, and I'd send them."

There was a little noise at the kitchen door, but no one paid any attention to it, and mamma went on with her baking, and Mary Jane pared potatoes.

A half-hour passed, when there was a noise again at the door, but this time it was loud to be heard without anyone troubling to listen. It was a regular shout. "Apples! Apples!"

Mamma dropped her spoon into the butter, and a potato rolled out of Mary Jane's hand, way across the floor.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed mamma,

with a pleased smile, as the three children came in, staggering under the weight of a big basket heaped with apples. "How did you know I wanted them?" she asked.

"I was coming in for a drink of water, and heard what you said," answered Rosie. "but you didn't see or hear me, so I thought we'd surprise you."

THE NEW COUSIN.

HARRIET and Jennie had just arrived at Uncle Jack's house, and the first thing they said was, "We want to see our new cousin."

"He is asleep now," said their aunt, "and you had better wait a little while. As soon as I see any signs of his waking, I will call you."

The hour before they were called seemed very long to the impatient little girls. And they were very glad to see Aunt Mary beckoning them.

"Come quietly, so as not to startle him," she said in a whisper. "He is not quite awake, and I want to see what he will do when he opens his eyes and sees you."

So Harriet and Jennie tiptoed into the nursery and stood beside the cradle.

One little hand stirred. His pink mouth opened wide in a yawn. His fist found its way into his closed eyes. He turned over, and—went to sleep again.

This was too much for Jennie, and she exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

"He isn't going to wake up at all."

But wee Jack was not so sound asleep as she thought, and at her voice two great velvety brown eyes flew open. Harriet and Jennie almost held their breaths. Was he going to cry? Would he be afraid of them?

He looked first at one and then at another. At last he laughed, and two dear little dimples came in his cheeks. "Ah, goo, ah, da-da," he said.

"He's the very nicest new cousin I ever saw," said Jennie and Harriet to their mother.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 25.

LESSON TOPIC.—Opposition to Christ.—Mark 3. 22-35.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 3. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1. 11.

DECEMBER 2.

LESSON TOPIC.—Christ's Testimony to John.—Luke 7. 24-35.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 7. 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold I send my messenger before thy face.—Luke 7. 27.

A FRENCHMAN is teaching a donkey how to talk. What we want in this country is a man to teach donkeys not to talk.



ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

BACK in Old Testament times, when wicked Ahab was king of Israel, God determined to punish the people for their wickedness by sending a long drought upon them. He sent Elijah, the good prophet, to tell Ahab what he was going to do, and then told Elijah to go and hide himself by the brook Cherith, which runs into the river Jordan through a deep, narrow valley where nobody would be likely ever to come. Here Elijah stayed until the brook dried up (for the drought lasted three years and six months), and God sent ravens to carry him bread and meat every morning and evening. From there God sent him to Sarepta to stay at the house of a poor widow, whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil never gave out as long as the drought lasted. God takes care of his children.

THE TOW.

THE Hudson river is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. On each side the hills rise in great beauty. Birds may be seen poised in the air or gracefully moving from place to place. On the surface of the water are vessels of all sorts. There is a schooner, and a little beyond there are several sloops. What is that in the middle of the river? It is a tow. Many boats are held together by ropes. These ropes are fastened to a steamboat, and as the steamboat moves they move; where it goes they go, now in the stream, now close to the shore.

I have seen boys and girls who were towed about in very much the same way as these boats. They had not the courage to follow the voice of conscience, but were moved along by some evil boy. "Don't go to church," this evil boy would say, "I know where we can find some birds' nests."

and half a dozen boys would follow him just as these boats follow the steamboat. Another time he would lead the boys to stay away from school, or to be unkind to a playmate. They would be towed about by him.

Do not do evil to please another. Ask, Is it right? Will it please God? Then follow the voice of conscience.

A PLEASING GAME.

It is called "Observation." One of the ladies came into the room with a good-sized tray, which she placed in the middle of a large round table. On the tray was a collection of objects hidden by a napkin. We knew that something was under the napkin, because it was pushed up into little hillocks and depressed into little valleys. We all sat around, each one armed with a pencil and sheet of paper. At a given signal the lady removed the napkin and exposed the contents of the tray to view while she counted ten. Then she hid the tray again with a napkin. While she counted ten we were all struggling to get into our minds what was on the tray, and when the napkin was replaced we wrote down on paper what we had observed. These fifteen objects were on the tray: a toy fan, a cracker, a ball of floss, a pair of scissors, a button-hook, a little bottle of brown stuff (smelling salts we learned afterward) with a red cork, a Japanese lamp-mat, a marshmallow, a nail brush, a glass vinaigrette with tea-leaves in it, a Japanese box, a penwiper, a ball of brown worsted, a thimble, a little match safe. Some of us only caught two or three of the objects, and the winner managed to observe only the first seven. "Observation" is not only amusing, but it is good training for the eye. Robert Houdin, the famous magician, trained his son in some such way as this, so that he could pass rapidly

through a room and afterward accurately describe the furniture, pictures, and bric-a-brac which it contained.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE TERRIER.

A LARGE Newfoundland dog, standing at the corner of a street, attracted the attention of a tiny terrier, which made bold to run up to him and bark; and a little fat pug, passing that way, joined in the chorus. But the noble Newfoundland held up its head, and never condescended to notice the impertinent little things, so that before long they grew tired and walked quietly away.

It will be impossible for boys and girls to go through life without some little dogs barking at them, some little annoyances meeting them, now and then, in the high-ways and by-ways of the world. But the best plan is to take no notice of them, and they will soon pass away.

If we are to fight every little dog that lifts its voice against us, we shall have much precious time taken up, that could be turned to better account. Cultivate a noble spirit, and if you are to fight at all, "Fight the good fight of faith."

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A SWEET and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instrument, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour! and he will hear every child that calls on his name. Every pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I mert two!"