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# Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

[No. 4.



THE SNOW STORM.

## THE SNOW STORM.

THIS is a country scene in Canada. Mr. Linton and his family are going to church, and as there is not room for the boys in the sleigh they are riding on their own ponies, for their father had given them each one that they could call their own. It was

snowing heavily, but they did not mind that. It was not at all cold, and even the baby laughed and cowered at the sight of the beautiful white snow flakes floating down so softly from the sky. No wonder that poets have so often sung of the fairy-like loveliness of the beautiful snow.

## A SECRET.—DON'T TELL.

A FRIEND once asked a child, "which do you love the best,—your cat, or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before giving an answer, and then said in a low tone, "I love my cat better than I do my doll, but please don't tell my doll."

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

DEAR Lord, who came from heaven to bring  
 Salvation down to me,  
 I love to learn thy praise to sing,  
 And say my prayer to thee.

I wish to make thy way my choice,  
 And every sin confess;  
 I long to hear thy gentle voice,  
 And feel thy fond caress.

Thou hadst no home with men before:  
 How hard it was with thee!  
 Dear Saviour, come to earth once more,  
 And make thy home with me.

And when before thy throne I stand,  
 If I am fearful then,  
 Stoop down and take my trembling hand;  
 For Jesus' sake. Amen.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

## GOING TO SCHOOL.

THE important matter to you in beginning school is not how this teacher or that one conducts himself toward you—whether he is partial, incapable, unjust; but how you conduct yourself toward him—whether you are truthful, honest, manly. Forty years hence what will his injustice or incapacity matter to you? But the lie you tell, the cheating to gain high standing, tricky meanness shown to a weaker boy, they will live with you; you will carry their marks with you when you lie stiff and white in your coffin. In a word, boys and girls, it is not parents or schools that are making you; it is you who make yourselves. It is not Legendre or Virgil which the world will see alive in you at middle age, but the trifling actions of your daily life now—the little vices and uncleannesses, or the sweet, high courtesies, kindnesses and courage of your school-day lives.

## LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

AFTER all, men and women are only grown-up children, and we have often seen people who have reached mature years behave very much as do our own little nursery folks. These men or women show plainly by their lack of self-control and of judgment, by their selfish ways and peevishness, and by numerous other traits, the fact that their early training was sadly neglected. Of course it is not easy to enumerate even all of the points at which a child's character needs watching, but one or two may be mentioned; and first, let us look out for that fault called *selfishness*. I suppose all of us, from Eve's first-born down through the ages since, have had this, to a greater or less extent, to battle with. It appears in so many forms that it is sometimes not recognized, but is called by some other and less disagreeable name. There is the child who refuses to share cake, fruit, or toys with his sister, who will not allow another to look at his toys or his books. This little one we all know, and this form of selfishness is usually struggled with by father, mother and relations generally, because, for one thing, it makes a child appear in so bad a light to others, and none of us like our children to be disliked.

Then there is another child who will share his good things or his toys with any one, and who is therefore thought to be a model of unselfishness, and yet that same child will spend half his time in teasing and fretting some other little one, with no end in view except his own selfish amusement. Who has not seen him slyly, and in evident delight, knock down the tower of blocks or the sand-house which his little brother was building, and laugh in glee when he had kicked over the rolling hoop or broken the kite-string? This child is usually reprov'd, if at all, in the lightest possible manner, and the adoring mother often laughs at what she considers his smart devices for worrying his playmates and amusing himself. "He can't help teasing, it is born in him," is what is often said as excuse when one child has in this way spoiled the whole morning's play for another. This is a far more deplorable phase of selfishness than the first, because it causes the child to gratify himself at the expense of the rights and feelings of others, and this of itself leads to all sorts of evils.

Then there is that form of selfishness which manifests itself in the strife after the easiest chair, the cosiest corner, the biggest apple, and so on almost without end. Do let us keep a good look out for this many-sided fault.

Next comes *rudeness*—that entire lack of

courtesy which is so common among children, and particularly among those who are members of a large family. This may be in a great measure corrected by the mother. Insist that they shall speak pleasantly to each other; require Susie to say "if you please" to Tom, and Tom to say "thank you" to Susie, and keep it up through the entire list. It is a troublesome task, and often it seems that, no matter how great the effort made, the result is failure; but patience and perseverance accomplish, if not all, certainly most things, and the result is worth striving for.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of Jesus, he can't be a church officer or a preacher, but he can be a goodly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to show the spirit of Christ, and be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco and intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. He ought to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

## HAL'S HABITS.

HAL had been complained of by his teacher for being tardy at school. He owns up, but tells his papa that it is because he has no watch to tell the time for starting. How did people manage before watches were made? How does the farmer tell when dinner-time comes when working out in the field? How can the horse tell when it is time to be fed at night? Get hungry, do they? Well, don't you think a healthy boy ought to get hungry for his book about nine o'clock every morning? The trouble is, Hal has a habit of being late, and a watch will not cure a habit—he would as easily forget to look at the watch as forget to start when the first bell rings. Not much—a little thing? Well, it will be no little thing when from this same habit he misses trains, misses getting to the bank before it closes, misses important engagements. Don't miss salvation in the same way.—*Our Morning Guide*.

## THE "GOODEST" MOTHER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVENING was falling cold and dark,  
And people hurried along the way  
As if they were longing soon to mark  
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind  
A woman with bundles great and small,  
And after her tugged, a step behind,  
The bundle she loved the best of all—

A dear little roly-poly boy,  
With rosy cheeks and jacket blue,  
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,  
And here's what he said (I tell you true).

"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."  
A voice as clear as a forest-bird's,  
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause  
To utter the sweet and the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day  
Washing or scrubbing, perhaps she sewed;  
I knew by her weary footfall's way  
That life for her was an up-hill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear;  
Think what a comfort you might give  
To the very best friend you can have here,  
The mother dear in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,  
In task or play, for a moment's pause,  
And tell her, in sweet and winning way,  
"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."

## WILLIE'S PRAYER.

WILLIE was the chore boy on Mr. Gould's farm. He had no father or mother, and no one but good Mrs. Gould to be kind to him and teach him what he needed most of all to know.

Willie had a great many bits of work to do; he must run here and there to wait upon the farmers; he must be regular with certain kinds of doing every day. In all this he was required to be faithful. That was right. If Mr. Gould had allowed the boy to be careless in his duties it would have been no kindness to him.

One of the happy times in Mrs. Gould's family was the Saturday night talk she had with the children. When the work of the week was all done, and the lessons and the chores were finished, she talked over the events of the week, and said any good words she thought were specially needed. Then they all knelt, and mother and children told anything that was in their hearts to say to him.

One Saturday night Willie seemed quite unhappy. When his turn came to pray, he broke down into tears and sobs. This is what he said in his prayer:

"O Lord, I haven't been a good boy all this week. One day I was disobedient because I wished to go and play with the boys. Mr. Gould told me to fodder the oxen, and I was in such a hurry I didn't give them but half enough. And when he asked me if I had fed them, I said 'Yes, Sir,' and that was telling half a lie. O Lord, I am sorry I didn't be a good boy, and mind Mr. Gould; and I am sorry I acted a lie when I went to play, and I will always feed the poor oxen enough; and I'll try to mind Mr. Gould and Mrs. Gould, too, and tell all the truth when they ask me."

That was the right kind of a way for Willie to pray. It confessed his sin just as he knew it and felt it; and it asked God's pardon just as he felt the need of being pardoned.

Mrs. Gould was glad to have Willie sorry for his sin. She talked kindly with the little orphan, and comforted him with the great promise which he could read in the word of God:

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

There was a right way to pray, and there was a wrong way also. God desires exact truthfulness in his children, both when they speak to each other and when they speak to him. He is better pleased with a humble prayer in broken words, out of one's heart, than with any fine words that do not say what the heart thinks and feels and is. It was God's Spirit who put it into Willie's heart to be sorry for the wrong he did, and then moved him to confess it and ask forgiveness.

## A MOTHER'S WORK.

"My children brought their contributions to the missionary cause," we heard a mother say one day at a woman's conference; "but it dawned upon my mind that they did not bring their interest, their *hearts*. How was I to awaken the interest of my boys and girls in this far-away work that I considered of such vital importance? I resolved to have a missionary evening once a week; the time set apart is now tea-time on Sabbaths, when we make a family collection for missions. All through the week my eyes are open for an anecdote or bit of news bearing on the subject; these I mark or cut out. By Sabbath I manage to have quite a store of missionary reading, and the children have grown to expect and enjoy it. Now they know our missionaries' names, and eagerly follow their work. All this means trouble, but the children say to themselves: Since mother has taken all this trouble, this matter must be worth thinking about, and we will begin to look into it."

## A WORKING BAND

THE "working band" is made up of girls, eleven, twelve and thirteen years of age. They like to play and have "good times" as well as other girls, but when I tell you what they did one summer vacation not very long ago, you will see that they have learned something about self-denial. These are all school girls, and when the hot days came on it was very pleasant to think about vacation. You know how that is, boys and girls, and so you are better able to appreciate the self-sacrifice which led these girls, as soon as school was closed, to unite in a working band, which was to meet every Saturday afternoon. A dear lady who had long been an active worker in the Lord's vineyard won these young hearts to the work, and they met at her house.

We will not tell you about their meetings, but we will tell you about this, that in the autumn they sent away a barrel of warm, serviceable clothing which they had made or collected from friends who were willing to help the good work, to a home for poor, old people who had no children to love and care for them, but who were tenderly cared for by one of the Lord's children. Among the articles in the barrel were three quilts pieced by the school-girls and tied with their own hands. So you see that these same hands were doing something besides fancy-work.—*S. S. Advocate*

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

WHEN it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking through coloured glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have some other thing than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest, that it is principally parlour.

"I am sorry that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," said another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else than he receives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.



### TOM IN TROUBLE.

"SAY, Tom! Do you know who drew that picture of Miss Thompson on the blackboard? I tell you what, he'll get into a row for it."

This was said by a small boy who, leisurely walking down the yard from the school-house, met one of his friends. "Do you really think he'll get into trouble," asked Tom, rather guiltily. "Let us go and rub it off, Fred, before she sees it." His friend then said, "Oh, it would seem as if you did it yourself! Did you?" Tom said he did, and made his friend promise not to tell, which, of course, he would not have done anyway.

These two boys were "chums," although they were as little alike as possible. Fred was a quiet, truthful little fellow, while Tom was a boisterous, but good-natured boy. Whenever Tom got into trouble with the teachers he went to Fred for advice, but did not always follow it.

"Tom," said Fred, "you had better tell the teacher you did it, and she will let you off easily. What did you do it for anyhow? You are sure to be found out."

Tom could not answer all these rebukes at once, so he contented himself with saying, "You will see if I am found out. I will!"

The bell had just rung, and, some more boys joining the group, Tom did not finish his sentence but walked along with the rest, and took his seat as usual in the class. Miss Thompson stood by the platform till all the scholars were seated, then asked the boy who drew the figure on the blackboard

to stand up. But no one stood up. She asked again, saying that it would be better for him to acknowledge it at once than to wait and be picked out of the class— but with no better result. Then she said she was sorry that there was a boy in the class who was so disobedient as to act a lie. She said, "I am sorry I cannot rely upon the boys' honesty. I will give him one more chance. Will the boy please stand up who drew this. Well, I am very sorry I have to go to this extremity."

Tom began to wish he had not done it, and to feel very guilty when she said this

"I want each boy to hold out his hands while I go round to see if there is any chalk on them." Instantly Tom brushed his hands against his pants to knock off any chalk that might be left, although it was nearly an hour since he had handled any. Of course he was the only boy who

did it, because none of the other boys had touched any. The teacher, looking sharply around, noticed Tom's gesture. This was just what she wanted. She now called him to come up to the front, and after giving him a short lecture made him rub off the blackboard.

Neither he nor any of the other boys know to this day how the teacher knew that Tom drew that picture on the blackboard.—*W. J. W.*

### DISOBEDIENCE DOESN'T PAY.

IN the pantry was a basket of delicious pears. Susie knew just how good they were, and she did want a few more so badly; but mamma had said before she went out, "Don't eat any more pears, Susie, you have had quite as many as are good for you." Susie knew very well that mamma knew best, and her little girl ought to obey her, but she let Satan persuade her to do the wrong thing, and soon there were two pears less than when mamma went away. A few hours later, when Susie was so sick, and had to take disagreeable medicine, and had to stay at home next day, while mamma and little brother went to spend the day with auntie, she concluded disobedience didn't pay.

### NEVER SORRY.

NOT long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday-school what their idea was of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up

in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees," one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet-voiced Episcopal choir boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy—though one of the smallest in the class answered, "A place where where you're never sorry!"

### NOT DARK AT ALL.

A CHILD lay dying; but still her brow was clear:

Sad faces drooped around; but on her own

No shadow darkened. Was the end unknown

To her young heart? And struck with sudden fear

Lest death should take her by surprise—"My dear,"

Her mother whispered, "thou wilt soon be gone;

But, oh, my lamb will not be left alone; Thou art in Death's dark vale, but Christ is near."

The child looked wonderingly in her mother's face.

"I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.

"I see the light; it is not dark at all!"

Love, thou didst light Death's valley for that child;

And to the childlike soul that trusts thy grace

Thus wilt thou come when Death's dark shadows fall!

### THE THREE WISHES.

A GENTLEMAN, while sitting at the dinner-table with his family had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose." To give you a better chance said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes, what would they be? Be careful Charley!" He made his choice thoughtfully: first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education. His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things are held in general esteem among men. "I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good character, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place" A wise decision.