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Happy Days

VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

[No. 33.



THIS is the sight that papa sees,
When the busy day in town is over,
As the cars glide out of a grove of trees
Into the fields of blooming clover.

O welcome sight to a good man's eyes
With the dust and heat of the day behind
him;
The wide green fields and soft blue skies
And only the fetters of love to bind him.

And thus when the day of life is done
And we slip the leash in which we have
striven,
May those we have loved and called our own
Be watching for us at the gate of heaven.

IN THE FALL

WHEN the sun shines red
In a soft gray haze,
When the flowers are dead,
And the tree-tops blaze,
We ask, though we see
Scarce a leaf lets go,
"How long will it be
Till the first good snow?"

When the birds fly home,
And the bright leaves fall,
When the cold days come,
And the frost rules all,
We ask in our glee,
While the chill winds blow,
"How long will it be
Till the first good snow?"

We sigh for a freeze
And for snow-paved ways,
For we think of the skees,
And the skates and sleighs.
And this is our song
While the clouds hang low,
"It will not be long
Till the first good snow!"
—Companion.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH.

ALWAYS encourage the children to attend church. Give them a Bible and have them bring it to church. Let them bring a slip of paper and write on it where the text is, and something that they understood about the sermon. Persuade your minister to preach five minutes to the children before he begins his regular discourse. Ask him to speak simply all through. To have one or two illustrations that even the children can understand. He need not be afraid any of the older ones will go to sleep.

"Papa, are you going to say anything to-day that I can understand?" asked a little girl of her father a pastor, as they went to church. This appeal touched the

father's heart. He could not say to his child that she must sit in penance through all the service, with never a word of cheer. So, as he preached, he said. "And now, children, I will say something to you about this." The face of every child brightened. Sleepy ones started up, tired ones took fresh heart. They were all eagerness for his message. And, although the sentences to them were few and simple, doubtless many felt as did the child who pleaded for his attention, when, on her return at noon, she said contentedly: "Papa, I understood all that you said this morning."—S.S. Lesson Illustrator.

MY LITTLE NIECE.

THE little incident about which I am going to write, reminded me so forcibly at the time it happened, of a lost sinner coming to Christ, that I could not get over the impression to write about it.

I went out one afternoon to pick some thimble-berries for tea. It was a rough place, overgrown with berry bushes. My brother was cutting wheat in the adjoining field. His little four-year-old daughter had followed him to the field, and after playing about for some time she became tired and started to go home. On the way something frightened her, and she came back crying. I suppose her papa told her where I was, for I overheard her saying, "I didn't know she was there." She had faith enough to believe that I was there somewhere, though she could not see me, and her main object as she struggled through the bushes was to find me.

I stood waiting to answer the first call, and to guide the little feet to where I was. All at once she stood still. I believe she thought she was lost, or a sense of loneliness or fear swept over her, for just then came the most heart-rending cry I ever heard.

"Aunt Maggie!"

Her whole soul was in her voice, and it seemed to say, if you don't answer me I'm lost forever.

The answer went straight back, "I am here."

I shall never forget the expression on the dear tear-stained face when she first caught sight of me. It was radiant with joy and happiness. She scrambled up to where I was, and clung to my skirt with both hands. She laughed, sang, and talked alternately, and did not seem to care how rough the way was, so long as I was by her side.

After awhile she let go her hold of me and started to pick and eat berries. Then one object after another diverted her attention and she kept getting farther and farther away, until finally she lost sight of me.

Then came the call. "Aunt Maggie, you won't go away and leave me, will you?" "No, dear." "Nor forsake thee," came floating into my mind.

Now all the while she was wandering away from me, I was watching over her, ready to answer the faintest little call, and

to come to her aid should anything happen to her.

But oh, how much more precious was to me when she kept close to my side and was entirely dependent on me. There are not all those who profess to love, more precious to him when they are close to him and are entirely dependent on him.

Glen Huron, Ont.

INSTINCT OF AN OLD RAT

ON a very warm day in early summer I happened to be standing near a chicken coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat protruding from a neighbouring rat hole, and I concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, our old rodent seemed satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently placed before the chicken coop, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, who immediately started towards it.

The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed after it and tried to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother raised herself on her haunches, and hit and scratched her offspring so severely whenever they attempted to reach the water that they finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behaviour of their mother. When the little ones were at a distance, the reason for her extraordinary behaviour began to be revealed at once. The intelligent action of the old mother. She first wetted her whiskers in the water, and looked suspiciously about her, then cautiously and carefully took a dainty sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squawks which quickly brought her young thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill. Does not that very like reason?

DEAR girls, do not be in a great hurry to become young women. Remain just as long as you can. Make the most of to-day—the free, untrammelled, to-day. Scatter benedictions that girls can scatter. Cause your home resound with your heartfelt songs of laughter. Force the wrinkles from father's brow, and cause mother's white face to crimson with the pleasures which you bring for her. Think of to-morrow, but not earnestly. Thank God for the good to-day, and drink from its fountain of pleasure. Our happy girls! God bless them!—*Epworth Herald.*

A MAN.

BEFORE a boy has doffed his kilt,
He wants a sword with a flashing hilt;
He must manage a train, though it be of
civars;
He must beat a drum, he must hunt for
bears;
In fact, his highest ambition and plan,
His dearest wish is to be a man.

But many a boy is unmanly to-day,
Because there are so many "ifs" in the
way;

He scorns this "if" and he frowns at that,
He shirks his lesson to wield a bat:
And so he will go, as best he can,
From youth to age without being a man.

O there are so many "ifs" in the road
That leads to manhood's highest abode:
Kindness, purity, courage, and truth,
Stumbling-blocks these to many a youth;
For he who will not make these his own
Can never reach manhood's glorious
throne.

So who would be manly should keep in
mind,

He must ever be gentle and brave and
kind,

Obedient always to Right's fair laws,
A brother to every noble cause,
Thus shall he serve God's cherished plan,
And come to the stature of a man.

—Harper's Young People.

HOW TOM GOT THE APPLES.

LITTLE Bennie Bancroft was very ill—
so ill that he did not want to eat anything
at all; and when Bennie did not want to
eat, you may be sure he was a very sick
boy. Day after day he had refused to eat
all the tempting dainties Mamma Bancroft
had brought him, or had eaten them under
the stoutest protest.

Once when Bennie had been well, he had
done a small act of kindness to a poor little
boy who lived around in the back street.
It wasn't much, but Tom Arthurs never
forgot it, and now that Bennie was sick,
he came every day to inquire after him.

He had never been used to the delicate
thoughtfulness which, in more favoured
circles than his own, often finds expression
in dainty gifts of rare hot-house flowers or
beautiful fruits to the sick; but the intu-
itive kindness of his own little heart often
led him out to some country path, and, if
he could find nothing better, dandelions
and fern leaves formed a primitive bouquet
for the sick-room of his kind friend.

One day—it was a happy day to Tom—
he was invited to see Bennie. There were
precautions about straying too long, or
talking loud, or making a noise, though I
do not think these very necessary. He
went softly to the bedside, and laid his
flowers on the white counterpane. Bennie
thought those yellow disks were prettier
than the roses on the bureau.

"Can't you eat nothin'?" asked Tom,
scowlingly.

Bennie shook his head.

"Ain't there nothin' that you could eat?"
Tom asked again.

"Yes," said Bennie, suddenly. "I could
eat an apple—a pretty one with a rosy
cheek."

Here Mrs. Bancroft thought it proper to
interfere, but Tom Arthurs went out
thoroughly possessed with one idea how
could he get an apple for Bennie—"one
with a rosy cheek?"

They never could afford to buy any
such, and Tom hadn't a penny in the
world. But he knew just where there was
a whole orchard full of them, out near
where the dandelions grew.

Through all their poverty his mother
had taught her children to be strictly
honest. Tom had never stolen so much as
a pin in all his life. But it can easily be
imagined that the present state of affairs
started a prompt and animated discussion
in his young mind.

"A few little apples will never be missed,
and maybe the man wouldn't care, any-
how. And then, wouldn't it be meaner
and so wickeder for him not to get them
for Bennie than it would be to steal them?"

He talked it over with his sister. At
first she was horrified at the idea, but he
talked so eloquently about his little friend
that she was presently won over, and even
promised to go with him to help steal
them.

At last they stood under the tree. She
held out her apron, while he reached up
with a long tick. He knocked down
three beauties; then he changed his mind.

"I can't do it—not even for Bennie," he
said.

What did he do?

He took those three apples up to the
farm-house, and told the owner what he
had done, and why, and ended by laying
them in the farmer's hand.

What did the farmer do?

He gave Tom a basket of the finest
apples he had ever seen, and when Bennie
was able to eat anything again, he pro-
nounced them the finest ever grown.

"I didn't steal 'em, Bennie; I couldn't,
even for you." Tom said—*Young Reaper*

A HERO OF OUR DAY

MANY years ago there was a great fire
that burned down a large part of the city
of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were
swept away, and many strange events
occurred while the flames were raging,
says a writer in *Our Little Ones*.

A rich lady was hurrying through the
crowd of frightened people, trying to save
a few of her household goods. She saw a
small boy, and called him to her, saying.
"Take this box, my boy, and do not part
with it for one instant until I see you
again. Take care of it, and I will reward
you well."

The boy took the box, and the lady
turned back to save some more of her
goods if possible.

Soon the crowd came rushing between
them, and they were separated. All that
night and the next day passed. The lady
took refuge with friends outside of the

city, and heard nothing more of boy or
box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of choice
jewelry, and all her valuable papers were
in the box, and of course she was in great
distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found
the boy sitting on the box and almost
buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen
about him. He had been there all through
the long hours, without food or shelter.
At times he had covered himself with the
sand to escape the terrible flames.

The poor child was almost dead with
fright and fatigue, but had never once
thought of deserting the precious box that
had been trusted to his care.

Of course he was amply rewarded by
the grateful lady, but the boy who could
be so faithful to a trust would be rich and
noble without any gift.

THE LITTLE SHOEBLACK.

MANY years ago there lived a little boy
in Oxford whose business it was to clean
the boots of the students of the famous
university there. He was poor, but bright
and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George,
grew rapidly in favour with the students.
His prompt and hearty way of doing
things, and his industrious habits and
faithful deeds, won their admiration. They
saw in him the promise of a noble man,
and they proposed to teach him a little
every day.

Eager to learn, George accepted their
proposal, and he soon surprised his teachers
by his rapid progress.

"A boy who can blacken boots well can
study well," said a student.

"Keen as a briar," said another, "and
pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience
and perseverance. He went on, step by
step, just as the song goes—

"One step and then another,"

until he became a man—a learned and
eloquent man—who preached the Gospel
to admiring thousands. The little boot-
black became the renowned pulpit orator,
George Whitfield.

GIVE YOUR VERY OWN.

WE feel best if we give to the Lord
something of our own, something that has
cost us an effort to get.

Papa, please let me have an apple tree
this season," said a little girl.

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I can call it my own, and use
the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick up the fruit and sell it
and make missionary money, which will
then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to
have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of
ground, or something of the kind, the in-
come of which they every year could use
for church work.



PLEADING FOR FATHER.

PLEADING FOR FATHER.

THIS poor man has been arrested, and brought to this cell, where he will have to remain till the judge passes a sentence upon him. He is sorry for his wrong doing now that he has time to think about what he has done. He was a very poor man and had to work very hard to keep his wife and family. Times were very dull and he could not find work to do, and becoming desperate he stole some money from a man, who had him arrested, and that is why he is here.

His little boy has just heard why his father did not come home to dinner, and is begging the policemen to let him off; but they cannot do it, and he has to go home with an aching heart to tell his poor mother where father is.

A LITTLE WEATHER PROPHET.

A FINNISH scientist gives in a Copenhagen paper this account of an old soldier's weather prophet:

"I have," said the soldier, "a sure weather prophet in a little spider. Let us visit him, and I will tell you what the weather will be for a few days. See him now sitting at the entrance of his house, we shall have rain to-morrow, for he sits near the door. If he had been sitting farther away the rain would not have come till the day after to-morrow. If he were still farther away, but turned toward the door, the rain would not come till the third day.

"Watch the spider to-morrow, and you will see him run into his house just before the rain comes. If he does not go in entirely, but leaves a part of his body outside, the rain will not last more than two or three days, but if he becomes entirely invisible the rain will last longer. If he closes the entrance, it will be stormy weather, cold, with heavy frost or snow.

"If you watch the spider while it rains, you will see how he once in awhile comes to the door and sticks his front legs out to try the weather. As the weather improves he comes out farther, and when the

weather is good again he puts half his body out. If he is out entirely, and repairs his web or spins a new one, you may be sure that the weather will be fine for many days."—*Our Animal Friends.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

DID you ever see the inside of a drunkard's home, with everything going to wreck and ruin? If you have you know how old Hunter's looked, not that he was very old, but he was so shabby and dilapidated, the boys called him "old Hunter."

He was very ugly when in liquor, abusing his wife and children shamefully. They often hid when they heard him coming; and the time has been when his poor wife has been turned out into a snowstorm. He had one little girl, however, the youngest, who seemed to fare better at his hands than the rest of the family. To her he was always kind. In his worst moments he appeared to know and spare Lucy.

One day she crept into his lap, and looking up into his face, she said:

"Father, I love 'ou." Lucy could not speak all her words plainly, though she was old enough to. "Father, I love 'ou," she repeated, "I love 'ou."

"Do you, Lucy?" said her father, in a subdued tone.

"Father, I want 'ou to be a good man, because I love 'ou. 'Ou will be a good man, father, won't 'ou? God wants 'ou to be a good man."

Tears rushed to the father's eyes, and he hugged his little girl to his bosom. Then he set her down and hurried out of the house. He had a job of work that day, and went to his work. Yet he saw and heard nothing for the rest of the day but Lucy and her pleading words. He be a good man. He wished he could. He did not then know that when other means had failed to bring him back to his duty and to himself, God sent his little girl to lead him.

Old Hunter was pricked in his conscience, for there was a little left, and it

kept pricking, until at length he was a temperance man.

"Sir," said he, "I want to sign a pledge, and turn over a new leaf."

"God be praised," said the temperance man; "it's the best news I've heard long time. But you must know that the pledge is not enough—it's only beginning; you must get help from on to keep it. Now, you take your first and come to church, and we'll rally on you, and help you, and help you on."

So one step leads to another. Hunter is now a reformed man, sober and industrious. He is Mr. Hunter now, goes to Sunday-school with his child every Sunday.

WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

BY CLARENCE LUCAS.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin shop sign,
Write, aye write, this truthful line
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
Where the young may often look
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it on the nation's laws,
Trampling out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it over every gate,
On the church, the halls of state,
In the heart of every band,
On the laws of every land,
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

ADVICE TO BOYS.

HORACE MANN gives a bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, be generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about his rags in his hearing. If there is a boy, assign him some part of the work that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get lessons. If there is a bright one, be envious of him, for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no boy is so talented as before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show their countenance how much better than to have a great fuss. And remember, who said, 'Love your enemies,' and 'Bless them that curse you.'"