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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1886.

[No] 10.

RIP.

"You remember Rip, don't you? Jack's old dog, you know," said my nephew Tom, as he showed me a capital photograph of his favourite. "Yes, sir, that's his likeness; and if ever a dog deserved to have his picture taken Rip did. Not so much because of his doing anything so wonderful, for he never did; but because he was a dog you could trust. Rip understood every word you said to him; and if you told him to do a thing, or not to do it—no matter which—nothing would hinder him from minding."

"Not a bad example to follow, I should say," I remarked insignificantly; for my nephew was not always perfect in obedience.

Tom coloured up a little, then laughed and answered, coolly:

"I should say so, too. But Rip had to learn, you know, like the rest of us. When Jack first got him, he was like any other dog—he minded when he felt like it. If Jack called him when he was going out, he always felt like minding then; for there was nothing he liked so well as to trot around after him. It was a kind of a nuisance sometimes, you know—Jack didn't always want him. And, one day, when he was going to town, and Rip trotted after him as usual, Jack faced about suddenly, and ordered him home.

"Rip hated to go, awfully. He whim-



RIP.

pered, and pawed, and hung around Jack, and wagged his tail, and did everything but talk; but it was all no use. 'I don't want you,' says Jack. 'Go home, sir.' And Rip had to go.

"But there's a board fence that runs a good bit along the way between our house

and town. It used to have some loose boards, and by-and-bye Jack passed one that made quite a gap, and he happened to look through. And, would you believe it, there was Rip stealing along on the other side of that fence, just as sly as a fox! He had gone home, and then turned about, and tried to cheat that way.

"Well, Jack didn't say a word. He stopped in the middle of the road, and looked at Rip; and Rip stopped and looked at him. But his tail went between his legs, and his ears lay flat to his head. He felt awfully mean, I tell you! Jack never spoke, he only kept looking at him; and Rip got so ashamed of himself that he couldn't stand it. He just turned about and made tracks for home. And from that time till he died, he never followed Jack again without permission. More than that, if Jack told him to stay in any one place, he'd do it, if it was all day. Talk about sense! That dog had more than some boys I know. And I'm glad we've got his picture, poor old Rip! It's worth having."

And I thought the little

lesson of his life was worth telling

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS, I would love thee;
Thou art meek and mild,
Help me now to serve thee,
And be thy little child

JESUS KNOWS.

All our little heart-aches,
All our joys and woes,
All our hopes and wishes,
Jesus says he knows.

And our every action
Is to Jesus known,
From the time we're little
Till we're fully grown

When we play or study,
When we wake or sleep,
He delights to bless us,
And his children keep.

He will always guide us,
Listen to our prayers;
For the loving Saviour
For his children cares.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1886.

KEEP TRYING TO DO RIGHT.

Do not give up trying to be good after one mistake. Begin anew every morning, and see how much better you can do each day. A tree never grew to be a tree in a single night. First it was a seed, then a slender sprout, then a weak sapling, and at last a stout tree. So you will grow, if you keep trying to do right: from a fearful helpless disciple of Jesus, you will go on till you become a brave and successful soldier in his cause. And yet he loves the little ones who try to serve him just as well as the valiant bearer of the cross; he sees the love in the heart which prompted the action. Remember how he watches your movements. So never give up.

Dr. Waugh tells us of a converted Hindoo who, when too weak to kneel to pray, said: "I cannot pray, but I keep up a sweet talking with Jesus in my heart."—*Exchange*.



MAMMA AND BABY CHARLIE.

I WAS GOING TO.

CHILDREN are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rat catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A boy wets his feet and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in; and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but forgot it. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman and boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I was-going-to" lives in your house just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of the house and keep him out. Always do things which you were going to do.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly*.

CONTRADICTING.

WELL, that is a big word. What does it mean? It means to tell some one that what he is saying is not exactly true. It is a bad habit. It causes not a little strife in a family when the members are continually contradicting each other. When the wife begins to tell her neighbour that the snow was six inches deep, the husband exclaims "O, no, Mary, it was only five" Presently the husband begins to speak of some one having been sick two weeks and Mary says, "O, John, it was only thirteen days."

Oftentimes sisters and brothers fall into this habit. When they are out in society they make it unpleasant for all about them by their unmannerly interruptions, and their silly contradictions.

We have often heard children contradict their parents. It gives the parents a shamed face, and makes the guests wish they were at home. If those who follow this disagreeable habit could see themselves as others see them, they would quit it.

JOHNNIE ON THE CARS.

JOHNNIE was occupying a seat all by himself on the opposite side of the car from his mamma. He had an apple in his hand, and the conductor thought he would play a trick on Johnnie. So he asked Johnnie for money, but he had none. Then the conductor asked him for his apple, and, of course, Johnnie passed it over as pay for a ride.



TOBY AS A TEACHER.

TOBY AS A TEACHER.

PATSEY was a boy, and Toby was a dog. I knew them both.

While Patsey sat eating a great piece of currant cake, Toby sat watching him. Grandma saw them both, and said :

" I think Toby is a good teacher."

" How, grandma ?" said Ralph, " he can't read or spell a bit !"

" There are different kinds of teachers, my dear ; they don't all teach reading and spelling. Toby teaches something better than all these ; he teaches self-control."

" What is that, grandma ?" asked Ralph.

" To control means to rule, to be master over. Now, Toby is very hungry, I am sure, from the way he looks. He could snatch the cake from Patsey in a moment, and eat it up. Although Toby is only a dog, he knows this is not right, and does not do it ; so, I say, he controls, or masters, himself. We might all learn a lesson from him in not doing those things which we know are wrong, even though we want to very much. This is what makes good temperance men and women," said grandma.

" How ? I don't see," said Ralph.

" Those people who like wine and other strong drinks, and do not take them because they know it is not right, have learned self-control : but those who take it, let their desires control or master them," said grandma.

" I see," said Ralph, thoughtfully ; " and, grandma, I'd rather be the master than let the wine be," added he.

Wise little Ralph !

WHAT A TIMELY SMILE DID.

GERTRUDE WHITE, a sweet girl about nine years old, lived in a red brick house in our village.

She was a general favourite in Cherryville ; but she had one trouble : Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her " Tow-head " whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement : " Mother, I can't bear this any longer ! Will Evans called me ' Old Towhead ' before all the girls."

" Will you please bring me the Bible from the table ?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

" Now will my little

daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah ?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet " opened not his mouth."

" Mother," she asked, " do you think they called him names ?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will Evans that he was too much surprised to call after her—if, indeed, he felt any inclination ; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying, " I used to like to see you get cross ; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect

upon her. Will did not reply ; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.

—Dr. Newton

SING OF JESUS

Oh, sing to me of Jesus
And of his dying love,
Sing how he came to save us
And raise our souls above,
Sing of the great salvation
He purchased on the tree ;
Oh, glorious, welcome tidings,
He died for you and me.

He left the starry mansions,
His Father's home on high,
And came to earth to seek us
While doomed in sin to die,
Oh, tell the wondrous story
How Jesus came to save,
And wretched, guilty sinners
To ransom from the grave.

Ye children, bow and worship,
With angels sing his praise,
And sound aloud the anthems
Of his redeeming grace.
Oh, sing to me of Jesus,
Tell his amazing love ;
He came to earth to save us
And raise our souls above.

D. S. F.

"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 throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

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

" No father, not yet," she replied.

" What do you wish 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 afterwards 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 upon his name. Every pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL feet are those that go
On loving ministries to and fro.

Beautiful arms are those that bear
Burdens for those who are pressed with
care.

Beautiful hands are those that give
Blessings to those who in poverty live.

Beautiful lips are those that speak
Words to comfort the sad and weak.

Beautiful brows are those that wear
Virtue's signet engraven there.

Beautiful deeds are those that tell
That the Spirit of Christ in the heart doth
dwell.

Beautiful lives are those that shine
With love for the holy, the pure, divine

Beautiful angels such beauties see,
And chant them over the jasper sea.

Beautiful mansions the Lord will give
To those who beautiful lives will live.

—J. M. Hopkins.

CHILDREN'S WORDS AND WAYS.

A FATHER said to his five-year-old son, who came in late to dinner from school, "Robbie, why are you so late? Did you not hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie, "but I didn't hear it plain."

"There is something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a pale little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," answered the little girl, "it's tobacco."

Bessie and Ellie were snug in bed, when mamma heard Ellie say, "Bessie, will you forgive everything I have done to-day?" "Yes," said Bessie, "if you will forgive me all I have done." Then they said "Good night!" and were soon asleep. Next day their mother asked them why they had asked forgiveness of each other, when Ellie said, "Does not the Bible say we must not let the sun go down on our wrath?"

DID JESUS SING.

At a gathering of children, on Christmas day, a gentleman present related a very interesting incident.

A little girl, about three years of age, was very anxious to know why Christmas greens were so much used, and what they were intended to signify.

So Mr. L— told her the story of the Babe at Bethlehem—of the child whose name was Jesus.

The little questioner was just beginning to give voice to the music that was in her

heart, and after Mr. L— had concluded the narrative, she looked up in his face and asked:

"Did Christ sing?"

Who had ever thought of that? If you will look at Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and thirtieth verse, you will find proofs that Jesus sang with his disciples.

Is not that encouragement for us to sing, not with the understanding only, but with the heart also.—*Children's Friend*.

MISSIONARY TOMATOES.

At a Sabbath-school convention in Murphy's, California, a lad about fourteen years of age came to the superintendent and said:

"I've got some missionary money for you."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Oh, I earned it myself," was his reply, and his, bright eyes shone with joy.

"How did you earn it?"

"Last spring my mother had more tomato plants than she wanted, and I asked her to give me some. I planted them, and when the tomatoes were ripe I peddled them. At first I received three cents, then two, and by-and-by one cent a pound. Here is one dollar and a half, I want it all to go for missions."

"But, Herbert, who told you to do this?"

"I told myself."

"Didn't your mother ask you to do this?"

"No, but she encouraged me."

"Are you perfectly willing that all this money should go to missions, and none of it for marbles, toys, candies, etc.?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long are you going to keep this up?"

"I guess as long as I live."

EDITH'S PRESENT.

SOME years ago Col. Mason, an army officer, was stationed with his troops on the Western frontier. His wife and only child, Edith, were with him one summer. They enjoyed tent-life very much, with the prairie all about them so covered with grass and flowers that it looked like an immense garden. Friendly Indians were often at the fort, and one day an old chief brought Edith a pair of buckskin moccasins. They were beautifully ornamented with coloured beads, and were a present from the chief's daughter, but Edith's mother had to receive them, as the child could not be persuaded to go near him. How strange it seems that this great country of ours once belonged to the red men!

THE TWO ANGELS.

DAILY are two angels writing
What we do for good or ill;
One with smiles for good inditing
One the evil, sad and still.

Where repentance boweth lowly,
Long they wait at close of day,
Blotting out the deed unholy
Ere they bear the book away.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A LITTLE girl went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he prayed. He did not like the question and in an angry manner replied: "Is it your mother or your Aunt Sally who has put you up to that?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said that all good people pray, and those who don't pray cannot be saved. Father do you pray?"

"This was more than the father could stand, and, in a rough way, he said: "Well, you and your mother and Aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the child, with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the sure way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

It was for his name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he will stop smoking for Jesus' sake, and give the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in the Sunday-school though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress she hardly knows how to spare the time, but she says, "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then sister Molly, she wanted a new sack this winter, and had a beautiful one picked out at Smith's; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not work or get enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell, "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly, "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well, to mind baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus? If you do it cheerfully and without pouting, Uncle Frank thinks it is.—*Our Children*.