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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894.

[No 15

PUSS AND THE TURTLE.

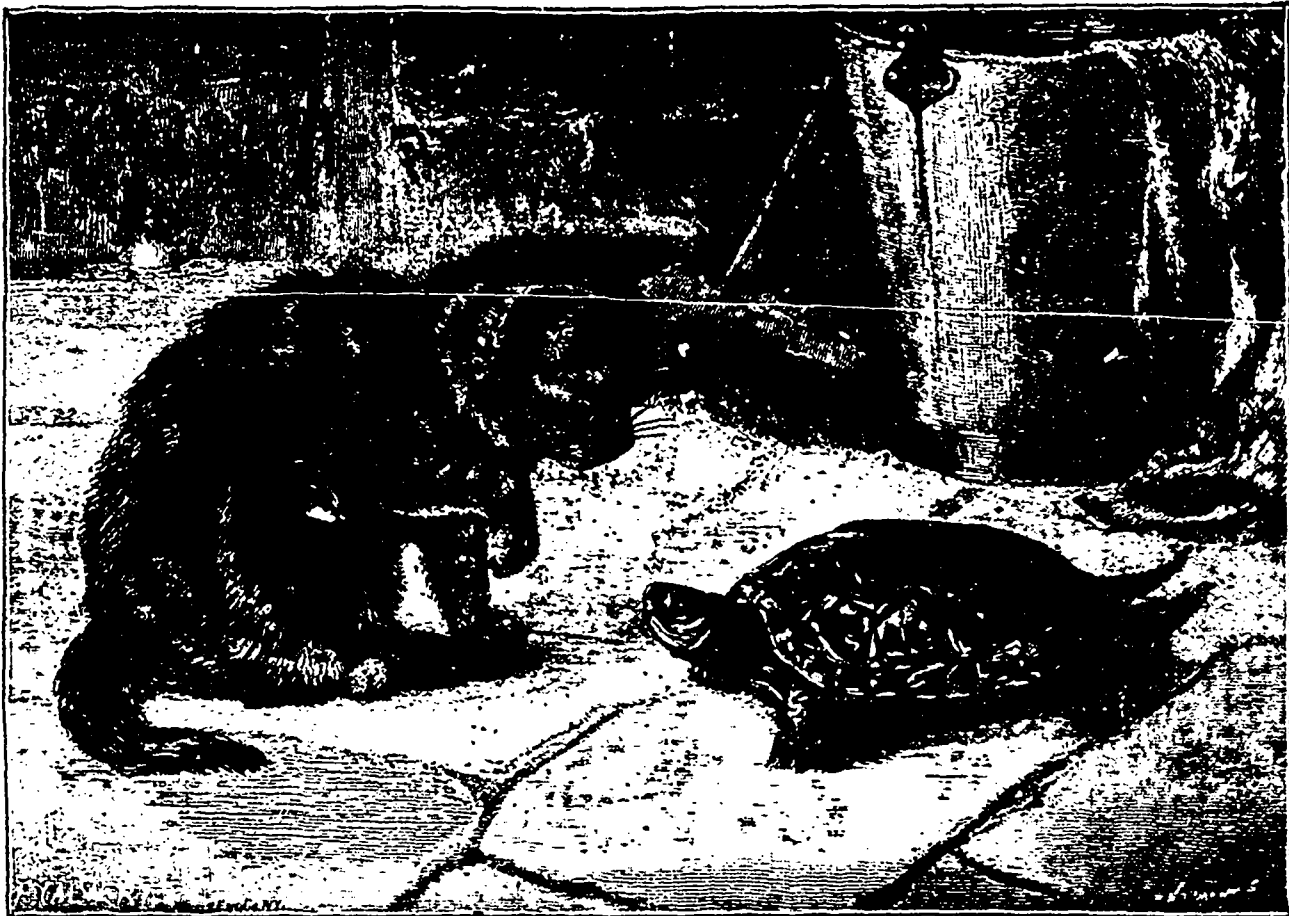
PUSS started out this morning for a walk in the warm sunshine, when to her surprise she met the strange-looking black thing slowly moving up to her. Puss had never seen a turtle before, and like a wise old cat she stands away from him at a safe distance

feel what the hard-looking, black house the turtle carries on his back feels like. Take care, pussy, for the turtle's jaws are very strong and sharp!

there lying helplessly upon its back. Uncle Ben stooped down, helped the poor animal out of its difficulty, and so saved its life.

That sheep is not the only wanderer that has fallen into danger. Out in the world's darkness are many people who "like sheep have gone astray," and have

Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent.



PUSS AND THE TURTLE.

and takes a good look at his queer little wagging head and his bright eyes. Pussy wonders why he carries his house on his back that way, just allowing his head, tail and four feet room outside. He moves along so slowly, too, that pussy is sure his must be a very uncomfortable way of getting around. At last she makes up her mind that this queer-looking object is quite harmless. She bravely lifts her paw to

THE SHEEP IN THE FURROW.

RETURNING home from a visit to the country one dark night, Uncle Ben's way lay through a ploughed field, where the earth lay in deep furrows. Fancying that he could dimly see a moving object not far from the path he sought to find what it might be. It was a sheep which had wandered from an adjoining meadow. It had tumbled into one of the furrows, and was

fallen into sin. How helpless they seem! Jesus would love to have them all within the shelter of his fold. Children! by prayer and effort try to lead them there.

UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

A CHILD'S LONGINGS.

I'm but a child yet Jesus died
From sin to set me free.
Suffer the little ones," he said
"And let them come to me."

I need the love which he bestows.
So tender and so true.
His blessing everywhere I go,
My whole life-journey through.

I know there's work for childish hands,
But I am very weak,
I cannot see, I do not know.
Unless his help I seek.

I must go to him, as he said,
And he will smile and say,
"Come close within my arms, dear child,
I'll lead thee all the way."

Then shall I know that I am his
And he my Friend and Guide;
Though I can little do for him,
I shall be near his side

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894.

MY LESSON.

I WAS sent to the store for some salt, and Sister May told me not to stop. I said I would run all the way, and so I did. But just as I came to the store I met John Dole. He was on his way to the creek, with a pole and line and a box of bait. He said, "Come on, Roy, you can fish part of the time."

Then I forgot all about the salt and went with John. We were gone a long time, and I only caught one fish. Then all at once I thought of the salt.

I ran all the way back to the store, but May had got the salt; so I went home. May wouldn't speak to me. I told mother I forgot, and was sorry, but she made me go upstairs and stay till the next morning. All I had for supper was bread and milk, and the rest had cake and preserves. I'll not forget next time.

THE COVERING OF BIRDS.

How little we realize, dear boys and girls, what a great variety of covering God has given his creatures! And some are so splendidly brilliant, too! Even the small insects, that most people scarcely notice, are very beautiful when examined under the microscope.

If you have a pocket-glass you might see for yourself the creatures we are discussing. You would doubtless find in the butterflies the greatest variety of colour, and arranged in a wonderful way, too. Even on the bottom of the sea, as well as upon land, the Creator has strewed attractive things, showing to us his abounding goodness.

The variety of beauty in the covering of birds is very great. We find all shades of covering, from the most brilliant to the most delicate. Usually the finest display in the plumage of birds is in the downy feathers of the breast. Some, however, have their chief beauty in the crest they wear as a coronet. Others, like the peacock, in the long and beautiful tail, which they lift in the air and spread like a fan, and exhibit, as they strut about very proud of its beauty.

The bird of paradise is more modest, though it has even more to be vain of, with its downy feathers of soft, pretty yellow, and a throat of a golden green. This superb bird is very careful to prevent a speck of dirt from spoiling his plumage, and when sitting on a tree, it is always careful to face the wind that it may not be ruffled.

Among the birds, the tiny humming birds, perhaps, have more variety of colour than any other. They are very brilliant, and beautifully shaded.

The furs of animals have much beauty, though not the variety of colour. Yet every fibre in the fur is a wonder in itself. Many creatures that we are apt to dislike have a great display of colour—worms of all kinds, and caterpillars, too.

But why does God give such beauty to these creatures? You ask, of what use can it possibly be? He knows. It is just as easy for him to make a thing beautiful as homely, and he has a good use for everything he makes.

Take all the creatures that live in shells—like the oyster. The outside of these queer coverings may be very plain, but the insides are often splendid in their colourings, and even the outsides, when we take the shell from the water, may sometimes, by rubbing, or by the use of acid, be made to show beautiful layers of gorgeous hues. All of this is of no use to the little animals within, for they cannot see it. What, then, is it for? Only to gratify us? There is no end to God's power in the creation of beauty, and perhaps he wants to teach us this lesson.

ONLY A PIG.

Bob and Dick one night slept out in a tent, near the old apple-tree. Some time in the night Bob awoke. There was some

creature running about the tent. "Oh dear! Is it a bear?" He quickly awoke Dick. Nearer and nearer came the tramping. Crunch! crunch! as the apples were eaten. Bob and Dick clung to each other in terror, then peeped out from beneath the tent. There it was, a great black creature, and it snuffled its nose over the ground for more apples. Out scrambled the boys: then up and away across the field, with the black thing running on behind. The boys screamed. Papa and mamma came out, just as black Jerry scooted through the broken fence of his pen and went out of sight. It was only the black pig, who had got out of his pen, and had gone straight off to the sweet apple-tree for a good lunch.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the boys, the merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,

The thoughtless boys,
God wants the boys, with all their joys—
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave he'd have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity;
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,

The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls his pearls—
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace:
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity;
God wants the girls.

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

THE very day that she was given to us the first snowdrops blossomed under the dining room windows. Aunt Jessie came into mamma's room holding up a beautiful spray of buds and blossoms, and said, "See my snowdrops," and mamma replied, "See my snowdrop, my wee spring flower." And there, under the blankets, lay the tiniest baby girl you ever saw.

How Aunt Jessie did jump! For she was so surprised.

"We must call her Snowdrop," declared Aunt Jessie, and so Snowdrop she was to all of us; although papa wrote her name in the big Bible, Mary Eleanor Gray.

One morning early in the spring, when she was just two years old, she crept down stairs, and out of the open door. Nobody was near so she stood up and looked around. Just beyond the walk, in the soft wet earth, the snowdrops were unfolding their pure white blossoms.

With a crow of delight, she toddled over to them, clutched a handful, and turned back to the house.

Up the stairs she climbed, and called, "Mamma, see pitties."

"Bless her heart, she has found her own name-flowers," exclaimed mamma, kissing her. "Mary Eleanor may do for a grown up lady, but my wee blossom shall be Snowdrop to us as long as she is little and white and sweet."

THE "COMING MAN."

A PAIR of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes:
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways:
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Hidden within their clasp?
Though now 'tis but a tuffly stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah! blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store.
God bless the "coming man!"

—*The Examiner.*

IF ONLY.

It was a lovely afternoon in summer when two merry-hearted girls, but little over fourteen years old, sprang with buoyant steps into a trim little boat on the margin of a pretty little lake. Their cousin, Willie Gray, was in the boat, standing in its bow with an oar in one hand, ready with the other to assist his cousins to pass astern. Alfred, his brother, having pushed the boat out from the beach, leaped quickly on board, and the boys were soon seated and rowing vigorously towards the middle of the lake. The calm water sparkled in the bright sunshine, a gentle breeze fanned their cheeks, and the beauty of the scenery along the border of the lake raised their spirits to the height of innocent gaily. Lively chit-chat and merry laughter gave expression to their gladness, and their excursion seemed likely to prove as delightful as the music of a chime of bells.

Presently by a false stroke of Willie's oar, the boat tipped slightly on one side. One of the girls—it was Alice—uttered a little scream. The boys laughed at her idle fear, and Alfred who took foolish delight in teasing his cousin, at once sought to increase her alarm by rocking the boat. Alice screamed louder, and cried, in a tremulous voice:

"O, Alfred, 'se don't!"

But with a rocking laugh, Alfred rocked the boat more and more violently, until its

edge almost touched the water. Then Willie, seeing that both girls were becoming affrighted, grasped his brother's arm, and in somewhat angry tones said:

"Stop your fooling, Alf!"

"Let me alone!" replied Alfred, angrily, as he tried to unclasp his brother's hand. This brief struggle caused the light little boat to capsize. In a moment all of them were struggling in the water. The boys being good swimmers, though shocked, did not lose their self-possession, but began, as soon as their eyes were freed from water, to look after their cousins. Alice was not to be seen. She had sunk out of sight, but they grasped Ellen, and, by holding on to the boat which lay bottom upward, they sought to swim with the almost senseless girl unto the shore. Fortunately a man in another boat came to their assistance, and they were saved from the fate which had so suddenly overtaken the timid but lovely Alice.

When Alfred looked on the pale face of his dead cousin, he shuddered and exclaimed, with a deep groan, "If only—"

He finished this sentence by adding to it in thought only, so that it became, "If only I had not been such a fool, such a wicked fool!" He said this not once or twice only, but times without number. Whenever for years afterward he thought of Alice, he still groaned out that sad, burning phrase, "If only."

"If only!" How many erring youths who began life under the sweet influences of home and mother's love but subsequently went astray, have uttered those bitter, agonizing words! There is not a prison cell on earth in which this cry is not constantly uttered; nor is there a heart which is stained with the guilt of sin that does not breathe it. No; for even when God has forgiven the sin, the guilty one cannot forgive himself; but always when thinking of his first wrong step, will sigh and whisper, "If only." Beware, therefore, O joyous girl, O merry boy, of doing any act which when done, will cause you in coming years to say, "If only."

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

TAKE time; it is no use to fume, or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes, and rattles it about the lock until both are broken, and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking glass. Laugh at it, and it laughs back, frown at it, and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind, and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge.

A BOY'S RESOLVE.

I WILL not swear,
I will not dare
God's holy name to take.
I will not lie
But I will try
The truth my guide to make

I will not steal
For I should feel
Degraded and ashamed.
I will be kind,
My parents' mind,
Nor as a fighter named

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

THE children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that shed such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the backstairs of life on a diet of meal and fish.

The parents seldom punish the children, for they are very docile. When they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Pleasure is expressed by a smile—among the girls often by a broad grin, with an abundant show of the teeth—but a hearty laugh is a rarity.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

AUGUST 5.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Baptism of Jesus.—Mark 1. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 1. 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Mark 1. 11.

AUGUST 12.

LESSON TOPIC.—Temptation of Jesus.—Matt. 4. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Matt. 4. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.—In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin—Heb 4 15

ONE Monday morning Dorothy volunteered to superintend the family washing. When Nora put the clothes on to boil, the little overseer gave one astonished look, then ran to mamma, exclaiming in great excitement: "Oh, mamma! mamma! Nora's cooking the clothes."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE invitations of Christ are to every one. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." The water gushing from the hillside is an invitation to every thirsty, weary one passing by to stop and rest and be refreshed. Just as free to all is the water of life offered in the invitation of Christ.



DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind;
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink—
She says her name is Allie;
But sad to say,
Ofttimes a day,
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way;
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by-and-bye," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her task undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

THE PLAN THEY TRIED—A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Two such woe-begone, draggled little figures! They came back to the house, one behind the other, as slowly as if they were going to their great-grandmother's funeral, and indeed they looked like chief mourners.

The nurse had caught them playing in the brook, an amusement strictly forbidden at this time of the year, and a whipping was inevitable.

The whippings didn't come very often in this family, but for direct disobedience they were as sure as fate.

"Letty," said the older of the two little sisters, "I'll tell you what let's do."

"They had on dry clothes, and had been seated on two stools, one on each side of the sitting-room fireplace, while mamma went to get the birch.

"Well, what let's do?" asked Letty, in a depressed tone.

"Why, the first lick mamma gives, let's

holler like we were bein' killed," whispered Sue, "then she won't whip much."

This naughty plan seemed to work well. Both little girls yelled so loud that mamma was scared.

"My birch must be too keen," she said, and left off.

"It didn't hardly hurt me a bit," said one little girl gleefully, when mamma was out of hearing.

"Me neither," said the other.

Just then they heard the rustle of a newspaper in the library, and, peeping through the half-opened door, they saw papa. After that the children went

about like culprits with a rope round their necks, expecting another whipping. But mamma was trying a new plan.

"Mamma, please take this splinter out of my hand," said Letty; "it hurts me."

"Oh, no!" said mamma, quietly. "You are hollering before you are hurt;" and the poor little finger festered and got sore.

"Please give me a drink of water," said Sue; "I'm so thirsty."

"I reckon not," said mamma. "You always holler before you are hurt, you know;" and Sue had to go to the kitchen for water.

Every petition was treated in the same way, until they could stand it no longer.

"We most haven't got any mamma," sniffled Sue.

Then they took courage, and made a clean breast of their misery:

"Is it 'cause papa told you what we did 'bout being whipped?" asked Letty.

"Yes," said mamma, gravely, "that's the reason I treat you as if you never told the truth."

"O mamma," they both cried, "we'd rather be whipped!"

"But this is God's plan with his big children," answered mamma. "Ananias and Sapphira were punished quick and sharp like a whipping, but mostly God leaves those who tell falsehoods to get their punishment by degrees. And it always comes; as soon as people find out that you have told an untruth, they quit believing anything you say; and I've just been showing you how uncomfortable that is."

"But mamma," cried Letty, "if we say we are sorry and won't do so no more, won't you believe us then?"

"Yes," said mamma, with her brightest smile. "That's God's way, too; as soon as anybody is sorry, and wants to do better, he says he is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

I never knew Letty or Sue to act another lie.

A LITTLE girl, who knew nothing about *encores*, found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert: "I know we didn't make one mistake, and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again!"

YOUTHFUL JINGLES.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

As one and one make always two
So those who drink are sure to rue.

As two and two make always four
So surely one glass leads to more.

As three and three are always six
As surely drink is spoiled by "sticks."

As sure as four and four make eight,
Will rum bring troubles soon or late.

As five and five are always ten
So surely drink makes drunken men.

FROWNS OR SMILES.

WHERE do they go, I wonder,
The clouds of a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! They keep them and cut them
down

For the cross little girls who want to
frown.

Frowns and wrinkles and pouts - O my!
How many 't would make—one cloudy
sky!

I think I should like it better

A sunshiny day to take,
And cut it down for dimples and smiles
What beautiful ones it would make!

Enough for all the dear little girls
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

—Child's Hour.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"DEAR me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong." And she tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deeds of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because the first one was wrong!

PRESENT NEED.

IN days of youth, oh! let me give
My life to learning how to live;
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace when I am old.