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Happy Days

VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1892.

[No. 15.

CHERRIES RIPE.

Who will buy my cherries ripe, with their coats so red? That is what this bright-faced, sunny-haired little girl is saying as she shows me the fruit she has for sale. She has been staying with grand-mamma in the country for a month and she likes nothing so well as to keep a store and sell her cherries. Grand-mamma loves the little darling, so she always her cherries from her and makes pies out of them while the little girl runs off to get sweet-meats with her money. I think this little girl will be sorry when the lovely summer is over and she returns to her home in the city, because they do not have lovely cherry trees in the city; but she is not a selfish little girl, so will not grumble, but go home willingly and be a good little girl till the next summer, when she may visit grand-mamma again and sing her little song,



CHERRIES RIPE.

"Who will buy my cherries ripe, with their coats so red?"

BLINDNESS.

A LITTLE blind girl, who I hoped loved the Saviour, brought as many as seven shillings, and wished them to be given to the work of the Lord. This was thought to be a great sum for a blind girl to give, and her teacher asked her if she was sure she could afford to give so much.

She said she could afford to give it, and begged it would be accepted. She made baskets, and could work as well in the dark as in the light, and for this reason she said she could afford to give more than many girls who had eyes, for she never had to spend money for candles, and that saved a good deal during the winter nights. This she was quite willing should be spent for the Lord, instead of upon her own comforts.

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands,
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door,
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal never more.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From earth to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1892.

CONFESS YOUR FAULTS TO GOD.

"If we confess." How often little children are troubled with such a question as this: "If I confess, what will happen?" If I tell mother I have eaten the sugar, or John I have broken his kite, or Kate I have spilled ink over her work-box, what will they say? How will they look?

Sometimes a man has stolen money, and wishes to admit it; but the dread of the prison is before him if he confesses. He

has done wrong, and now he fears to do right lest he should be punished for doing wrong.

It is always right to own it when we have done any one a wrong or an injury, even by accident; yet I suppose there is not one of us who has not had to struggle with this thought at some time, "What will happen if I confess?"

Sometimes a sinner goes to a priest, and ponders as he goes, "What will be the penance if I confess?" We may go with our sins, not to a priest, but to him who imposes no penance; who, "if we confess our sins, is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." You have nothing to dread when you come to God, humbly confessing your faults. He will meet you as the father did the prodigal son, while he was yet a great way off, and give you his pardon and his blessing, and fill your hearts with his peace.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

A GENTLEMAN who was well known for his liberality was besieged by many children who were selling tickets for a fair. A dozen filed into his office at once. He could not be expected to buy of all, yet he hesitated to refuse any without a good cause. Said he:

"I will buy tickets of all who can say the ten commandments."

Of the twelve not one could make the required recitation, and all belonged to the same Sunday-school and the same class.

Another energetic young sales-woman made her appearance.

"How many commandments should you say there were?" she was asked.

"Sixteen."

"You place the figures rather high; but let's hear what you know."

"Well," she said, slowly, "I know but four."

"Say the four for me, then."

A moment's pause,

"I don't believe I know but two."

"We will hear the two, then, if you please."

"I've forgot them," said the vendor of tickets; a member of the same Sunday-school and the same class before mentioned.

"Well, then, I guess I can't deal with you;" and she was dismissed.

As many as fifty applied at that time, yet none could say the commandments except one little girl, of whom tickets were bought.

A JAPANESE FAMILY.

THE Japanese are a very pleasant hospitable people. The first thing they do is to make you feel at home. They are kind, too, in their families. The children in Japan have nothing like the hard times the poor children in China have. Indeed the most of them have a bright, happy home life. What a queer picture inside of a Japanese home often presented

Here is what a missionary travelled a good deal in Japan had to say of one home she visited: "The children are very curious at the ways of the visitor, and watch him use a knife and fork, which he had brought with him with as much interest as we should watch a Chinaman eat with chopsticks. They were very happy indeed when he gave them some of his bread to taste, as they had never seen bread before. But they were curious things, too, for an English missionary to see. A handsome white horse lived in the house, and was quite at home there. Cocks and hens strutted about, crowing and cackling. There were hutches full of rabbits, which every now and then the smoke from the fire filled the room, for there was no chimney. Yet this was not the house of a pauper: in fact, there were signs of his being well off. Some handsomely painted screens formed the door into the sitting room. There the most curious thing was a saddle mounted on a sort of dog-kennel to keep it from harm."

Japanese pillows are of wood, and used to support the neck so that the head need not be disarranged at night. Some of these pillows have a drawer to hold hairpins and other articles in.

Burning incense is a custom of the Japanese. They say they burn it to please the gods, because the gods like to smell it. The incense is made from an evergreen tree, and making it is quite an industry in Japan. The burning incense has quite an agreeable odour, reflecting credit upon the good taste of their gods.—*Little Worker*

A BRAVE BOY.

A LITTLE boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said his companion, "for if your father should find out he is too good to hurt you."

"Yes," said the brave little fellow, "I know that and it's the very reason why I won't take any. He wouldn't hurt me, but it would hurt him to know I did mind him."

TIME ENOUGH.

at two little squirrels out in the sun,
the one gathered nuts, the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Indoors listen, my child, while I tell you his fate.
He roused him at last, but he roused him
too late;
Down fell the snow from the pitiless
cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white
shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were
placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said;
"I'll climb by-and-by from the foot to
the head."

Listen, my darling: Their locks have
turned gray,
One as a governor is sitting to-day;
the other, a pauper, looks out of the door
of the alms-house, and idles his days as
of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day,
One is at work, the other at play;
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have
taught
The lesson I long to impart to your
thought;

Answer me this, and my story is done:
Which of the two would you be, little
one?

WHAT A SMILE DID.

BY DR. NEWTON.

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

She was a general favourite in Cherry-
ville; 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!"
she said: "Will Evans has called me 'Old
Tow-Head' 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 Ger-
trude met Will Evans going to school, and
remembering her prayer and the resolu-
tion she had formed, she actually smiled
at him.

This was such a mystery to Will 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 thought-
ful mood.

Before another week passed they met
again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's
forgiveness for calling her names. Ger-
trude 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.

AN OLD DITTY EXPLAINED.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of
Sixpence." Have you ever read what it
meant?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds repre-
sent twenty-four hours. The bottom of
the pie is the world, the top crust is the
sky that overarches it. The opening of
the pie is day-dawn, when the birds began
to sing, and surely such a sight is "a
dainty dish to set before the king."

The King, who is represented as sitting
in his parlour counting his money, is the
sun, while the gold-pieces that slip through
his fingers are golden sunshine. The
queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the
moon, and the honey with which she
regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the
garden at work before the king—the
sun—has risen, is the day-dawn, and the
clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while
the bird which so tragically ends the song
by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of
sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLDER.

"O, yes, I have all kinds of tenants,"
said a kindly-faced old gentleman, "but the
one I like best is a child not more than ten
years of age. A few years ago I got a
chance to buy a piece of land over on the
west side, and did so. I noticed that there
was an old coop of a house on it, but I
paid no attention to it. After awhile a
man came to me and wanted to know if I
would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay
me what you think it worth to you."

"The first month he brought \$2, and the
second month a little boy, who said he was
the man's son, came with \$3. After that
I saw the man once in a while, but in the
course of time the boy paid the rent regu-
larly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One
day I asked the boy what had become
of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took the money, but I made up my
mind that I would go over and investigate,
and the next day I drove over there. The
old shed looked quite decent. I knocked
at the door and a little girl let me in. I
asked for her mother. She said she did
not have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away
after my father died, and we've never seen
her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years
old came in, and I learned that these three
children had been keeping house together
for a year and a half, the boy supporting
his two little sisters by blacking boots and
selling newspapers, and the elder girl
managing the house and taking care of the
baby. Well, I just had my daughter
call on them and we kept an eye on
them. I thought I wouldn't disturb
them while they were getting along. The
next time the boy came with the rent I
talked with him a little, and then I said—
'My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you
have begun and you will never be sorry.
Keep your little sisters together and never
leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had
entered up all the money that he had paid
me for rent, and I told him it was all his,
with interest. 'You keep right on,' said I,
'and I'll be your banker, and when this
amount to a little more I'll see that you
get a house somewhere of your own.' That
is the kind of a tenant to have."



IN THE FIELDS.

TOMMY and Maggie went off in the train
Away to visit Grandmamma Cane,
Over the mountains, down valleys so green,
'Twas the prettiest sight they ever had
seen.

Grandmamma prepared them a supper
so nice,
Of all kinds of cakes and pasties and
pies;
When this they had finished they scam-
pered to bed,
And beautiful dreams filled each little
head.

They woke with the sun and planned for
the day;
What they should do and what they
should play,
So they played hide and seek in the fields
of new hay
And played in the brook all the rest of
the day.

YOUR EVENINGS.

JOSEPH CLARK was as fine looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city warehouse. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk about six months when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Abbott said nothing for awhile. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting house one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You have looked sickly of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," the young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?" Joseph blushed. "As early as most of the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it: it is a young man's evenings that make him or break him."

LITTLE MAY MATTHEWS.

LITTLE May Matthews was a friend of mine who wanted to do right, but who "forgot" very often. Sometimes she forgot to say, "Thank you," or "Please" and many other things.

One day mamma said, "How can you make yourself stop doing these naughty things, and learn to do right and polite things?"

"I know," said May. "I'll name each one of my fingers and thumbs, then I'll be sure to remember."

So she named one "Thank you," and one "If you please," and one "Put-away-your-playthings," and one "Be-kind-to-baby," and one "Don't-make-a-noise." Then, every time she looked at her dear little hands, she thought of the things she must do, and the things she must not do, until she became a very thoughtful child.

What do you think of her plan?

A BED-TIME SONG.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadew-town;
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
You and I in the rocking-chair.

See, when the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbour of Shadowtown.

TWO FACES.

I KNOW a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. For she expects that the ladies who call on her mother will say, "What a little darling!" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, and perhaps give her some sweets.

And the ladies who praise her think she is very lady-like too, for she always says "Yes, ma'am," and No, ma'am," when she ought, and says, "Thank you" so sweetly when anything is given to her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. She cannot have what she would like, and cannot do just as she wishes, then she will pout and scream, and no one would ever think of kissing her, and no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaves so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress, the other she wears when she is alone with her mother.

I know another little girl who has only one face, and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when alone with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The one with two faces, or the one who has but one? And which will you be like?