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Happy Days

[Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1892.

[No. 15.]

CHEERRIES RIPE.

Who will buy my cherries ripe, with their coats so red? What is what this bright-faced, sunny faced 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 peck here 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 her 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,



CHEERRIES 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 ~~excess~~ 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, 1893.

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 and 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 life the poor children in China have. Indeed the most of them have a bright, happy home life. What a queer picture the inside of a Japanese home often presents.

Here is what a missionary who has 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 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 poor man: 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 I saw was a saddle mounted on a sort of dog-kennel to keep it from harm."

Japanese pillows are of wood, and are used to support the neck so that the head need not be disarranged at night. Some of these pillows have a drawer to hold hair-pins 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 it 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 not mind him."

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
 One gathered nuts, the other had none.
 "Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
 Summer is only just on the wane."
 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 kind-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.

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 for-
 get 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 Shadow-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 Shadow-
 town.

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 as
 good that you would like to kiss her.
 For she expects that the ladies who call
 her mother will say, "What a little dar-
 ling!" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "Wh-
 a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, as
 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
 is asked, 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. For
 she cannot have what she would like, or
 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
 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?