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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

[No 21.]

GLIMPSES AT CHINA.

OUR engraving brings to view several scenes that are familiar to travellers in China. The upper section represents a puppet show and exhibition of juggling and magic, accompanied by excruciating music such as the Chinese know so well how to make. The central portion indicates one of the prominent Chinese industries, that of silk culture, the cocoons being brought into the place where they are prepared to be unwound. The lower scene is a sketch of a farmer's family at work in various occupations, with the little vine-covered cottage in the back ground.



beautiful gaslight to sit by on cold winter nights? All kinds of machinery are worked by it, from the factory to the engine. Even the oil that we use in our lamp comes from coal and the remains of plants. If you were to take a piece in your hands you could see the impression of leaves like those you gather in country lanes. Many have stems, too. They are very hard, and even have the marks where the roots grew.

Many kinds of ferns and huge trees of the forest often make coal, for every coal mine has more or less of these. Even the cones of the pine have been found in the coal.

Peat is the beginning of a bed of coal before it grows hard. You know what a nice fire it makes. Coke which you have seen burning so brightly in the grate is made by driving out all the oil and gases from coal—the very gas that we burn.

Tar often oozes out of the lumps of coal on a fire, making little black bubbles

HOW COAL IS MADE.

Did you know that coal is made from plants? Not one child in a hundred knows that! The very heat it gives out is what the plant first took in. What is there more valuable than coal, that warms our houses so nicely and gives us such

HAPPY DAYS.

which burst and burn. Paraffin oil is made from this very tar, and benzoline too. Aniline comes from benzoline, which makes some of our most beautiful dyes. Essences that are put in the candles you buy, that taste so good, come from tar. So you see that from coal we get nearly all our heat and light, colours and pleasant flavours. Isn't it useful?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

THE following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest days in February last.

A little boy, about ten years old, was standing before a shoe store in Broadway, bare-footed, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silks, alighted from the carriage and went quietly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he would give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down and washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and, patting him on the head, said:

"I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad took her hand, and, looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words:

"Are you God's wife?"

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat—
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane.

How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout,
Across the window-pane.
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain and welcome rain!

WHAT A TIMELY SMILE DID.

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 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 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 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 until she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before a 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 fast 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 would never call her names again.—*Dr. Newton.*

BAD TASTE.

THE buying of articles of dress or of household decoration at the most approved places does not insure harmonious results if the purchaser lacks the skill and art properly to combine what he has purchased. This is especially true in matters of personal adornment, as is neatly illustrated by the reply of a Frenchman to an English lady.

He had complained that he had found the English women very badly dressed.

"They have no taste," he said; "no originality. They are a terror as compared to my countrywomen."

"I do not see how you can say that," the lady responded. "I am sure we buy almost all our clothes in Paris."

"That is very possible," the Frenchman replied; "but if you will pardon my saying it, it is you who select them."

NED and Frank have a fine dog whose name is Don. He is very fond of going to walk, but he never likes to go alone, and often begs the boys to go with him. If Frank said, "Ned, do you want to take a walk?" Don would hear even if he had been asleep, and would jump up and go with them. When the boys did not care to have the dog go, they would spell the words, "Do you want to take a walk?" But very soon Don learned to know those letters, and when "D-o-y-o-u-w-a-n-t" was spelled, he would wag his tail and be in a great hurry to start.—*Mayflower.*

NATURAL.

YOUNG people who do not stop to think of the full meaning that their remarks may have, frequently utter the "things one would rather have left unsaid."

A group of young ladies were talking of their presents, when one of the party, a lady not so young as some of the others, remarked:

"My father has always given me a book on my birthday."

"Oh!" exclaimed a sixteen-year-old, "what a library you must have by this time!"

THE FAIRY THAT APRIL-FOOLED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A COMICAL young fairy
 One bright spring afternoon,
 Who long had been close prisoned in
 A butterfly's cocoon,
 Came flying round a barnyard
 Brimful of elfish fun.
 Said she, "To-day some tricks I'll play,
 For April's just begun."

She touched the sheep and pony,
 She gave the cow a pat,
 She cast a spell o'er dog as well,
 And chickens, birds, and cat,
 And soon was great confusion.
 The birds began to mew,
 The cat sang loud, the cow bow-wowed,
 The dog said, "Moo-oo-oo!"

The sheep neighed shrill, the pony
 Crowed, "cock-a-doodle-doo!"
 The chickens haa-d, and in that yard
 Was such a hubbublo!
 When lo! that way came speeding,
 All dressed in gold and green
 (Her steed a bee as gay as she)
 The lovely fairy queen.

She waved her wand, and, presto!
 Things were as they should be.
 Then, quick as thought, the fay was caught,
 And, long and earnestly,
 Whack! whack! the royal slipper
 Was plied with might and main;
 And 'twas safe to say that frisky fay
 Won't April fool again.

"MESSENGER OF SPRING."

THE Chinese name of the first convert in one of the Hakka villages means in English, "Messenger of Spring." His story is very interesting.

His family had been wealthy, but they lost all at the time of the great Taiping rebellion, about thirty years ago. And a greater calamity befell them than the loss of their wealth, for the whole family were killed by the rebels, Messenger of Spring and his mother only escaping with their lives. He did not know what to do. His troubles so depressed him that he fell into a state of melancholy. He tried to make some money by professing to doctor people, but he did not succeed and had to give it up.

When he was almost in despair he accidentally heard the Gospel. He was having his head shaved by a barber, who, as the custom is in China, was carrying on his trade in the street. Messenger of Spring was seated on the barber's stool, and the barber was busy with his razor when a native preacher, called Yong, began to preach the Gospel. His words were clearly heard by the barber and his customer. After listening for some time Messenger of Spring suddenly jumped off the stool, though the barber had still the half of his head to shave, and passing through the little crowd that surrounded the preacher

he knelt down and asked, "Can God save me?"

Yong replied, "Yes, if you repent and believe, God will certainly save you. But who are you, and what do you want to be saved from?"

"I am crushed to death with sin, and I wish to be saved," was the reply, a confession very rarely heard in China.

After some further talk Messenger of Spring returned to the stool, that the barber might finish his work. Then Yong went with him to his house, which was close at hand, and heard from him the sad story of his life.

In the house there was a very large idol of the Goddess of Mercy, with incense bowl and everything required for its worship. Yong told him of the love of God, and of the work of the Lord Jesus, and before leaving taught him, until he was able to repeat it, a short and simple prayer.

Yong had to return to his home, about twenty miles away, but he promised before leaving to come back in a week. Before the week was up, however, Messenger of Spring walked to the house of the preacher, to tell him that God had heard his prayer and had given him peace and rest. Yong returned with him to his village, and found the old mother delighted with the change that had taken place in her son. The Goddess of Mercy was still in the house, but the idol was no longer cared for by either the mother or the son, so it was taken down from the shrine and burned in the court before the house.

Messenger of Spring soon became well acquainted with the Gospel, and in the following year he was received by baptism into the fellowship of the Church. For the past nine years he has been an active worker for his Saviour.

WINNING BY KINDNESS.

A LITTLE girl one day had some fruit given to her, and she ran to show it to her mother.

"How very kind to give you so much!"

"Yes; but she gave me more than this. I have given some away."

Being asked to whom, she answered, "I gave it to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

"Why did you do that, dear?"

"Because I thought it would let her know that I wished to be kind to her; and she will not, perhaps, be rude to me again."

"HARD ON THE CHAIRS."

AMONG the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a touch of heredity which made him at five years of age a preacher.

His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlour, while a taller chair, with a Bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would denounce these wooden audiences by the

"Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?"

"No, papa," wittily replied the boy preacher, "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs!"

SHUT THE DOOR.

Two gentlemen sat near the door of a rail-car on a cold morning. A young man went out and left the door ajar. One of the gentlemen rose and shut it, and then said: "This makes twice that I shut this door after that man during the last few minutes. Somebody will probably have to do it for him as long as he lives."

What amount of work just in shutting doors will this young man impose on others during his life! Boys, shut the doors after you! It is selfish and mean to take advantage of other people by making them do your work for you.

A PRINCE OF A BOY.

"HE is just a prince of a boy" said Mrs Hatton of Willie; and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see if Willie was like a King I read of.

When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly, I began to get my answer. When he came out of school, smiling instead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt pretty sure, but when he cut his apple in two and gave one half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied.

Yes, Willie is a "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that Son of a King who came to minister, and not to be ministered unto.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 28.

LESSON TOPIC.—A Paralytic Healed.—Mark 2. 1-12.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 2. 9-12

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

NOVEMBER 4.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus Lord of the Sabbath.—Mark 2. 23-28; 3. 1-5.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 3. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.—Mark 2. 28.

A LADY stood holding to the strap of a street car, when a workman in the far corner arose and politely offered her a seat. "I thank you," she said, in a very sweet tone, "but I dislike to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat"—*Our Dumb Animals.*



LITTLE PHEBE.

LITTLE PHEBE.

It was in a simple fishing-village upon the coast of Maine that I first met Phebe Morrison. She lived with her parents in a cozy red house built near the shore, where from her window she could look far out to sea, and where she was soothed to sleep by the solemn roar of waves upon the rocks.

Her father was a young fisherman, and her mother was a busy little woman, whose days were spent in doing all she could for Phebe, while at the same time she kept the red house bright and clean, and waited upon the small store which, to help her husband, she had set up in the front room. Here was a counter over which she handed many a package of tea and sugar; besides fishing-tackle, nails, confectionery, and I know not what. Sometimes the little one was allowed to wait on customers; but oftener she was scampering over the slippery rocks, or wading in the shallow water near the shore, where the breakers sent cool sprays into her eyes, and made the brown curls roll up into tight rings about her face and neck.

I never knew how God's love fell into little Phebe's heart, unless Christ himself had put it there when she was born. It is true her mother found time on Sundays to teach her child something about God; but the busy woman seldom thought of it again throughout the week.

But Phebe did, and often she would sit upon the rocks, her brown hands folded upon her knee, and wish she could see Christ walking upon the waves as the Bible said he once walked to Peter, long ago.

One day her father thought he would give Phebe a rare treat, and so took her with him a little way out to sea in his trim little fishing-boat.

Well, it was a merry day. The big fish came bobbing up on her father's hook; the summer wind filled the sail; and the white caps looked like the clouds that floated across the sky.

Oh, who would dream such pretty

things could grow so terrible. The fisherman was so eager drawing in the fish he did not notice the black cloud rising in the west until the shadows dimmed the sun, and then he knew the danger that lay ahead.

A storm of wind was upon them; and with a wild glance at his smiling child, the fisherman gathered in the swaying sail, and telling Phebe to hold on tight, he tried to row for the distant shore.

Overhead the sky was a tender blue; but out of that bank of cloud rushed a gale of wind which tossed the boat like a cork, lashed the waves to fury, and sent them over the sides till the water covered Phebe's feet.

"Phebe," shouted the fisherman above the roar, "can you help father bale out?"

"Yes, sir," she replied bravely, grasping a tin pail he held toward her, and so the strong man and the tender child began a fight with death.

"Are you afraid, Phebe?" called the father.

"Yes, I am afraid, but God will see to us," rang out the young voice above the wind.

"O Phebe, you're a good girl! Pray for us so we need not die," exclaimed the fisherman; and while the sea lashed the frail boat, a sweet voice took up that pitiful prayer of the disciples. "Lord, save us, we perish!"

In a little while the black clouds parted into paths of light, the wind grew still, and the fisherman and his child glided smoothly across the rippling waves. Oh, joy when they saw the red house upon the shore! Oh, joy when they saw the mother weeping and laughing in its doorway! And the sea never soothed a happier heart to rest than Phebe Morrison's, as she lay in her little bed and remembered how the Saviour had hushed the storm.

THE BEST FRIENDS.

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life," said lazy Dennis.

"Good friends! Why, you have ten," replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many; and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

"I have: there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those ten friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."



TELL ME, BIRDIE.

"Do tell me, dear birdie, where do you go through all the long winter months? Pretty soon I will not see you among our trees. I often think of you when the autumn winds blow, and the snows of winter cover the ground, and then I will wonder where you are."

"I thank you for thinking so kindly of me. I go where the sun is always warm. No snows fall, and no cold winds blow. The trees and grass are always green, and the fruits ripen every month. I meet many of my bird friends there, the same that sing in the trees about your home. It takes many days to make the long journey to that land. But we fly a part of the way every day, and when the snows fall and the rough winds blow, we are away in the lands where the sun is always bright and warm."

OUR BABY.

OUR baby boy sat on the floor,
His big blue eyes were full of wonder;
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward the golden head
The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side, then softly said:
"I can't get out, can you come in?"

We had a birthday at our house not long ago, and "our baby," as we call Harriet, was six years old. She bubbled over with joy when she received as birthday presents six red apples and six little bags of candy and a silver ring for her napkin, which is take the place of her bib at her plate when she goes out to her meals. We are so glad that all her birthdays have been spent in happy America, and not in India, where dear little babies no older than she is are sent to the homes of their husbands to begin their sad, dark lives of sorrow.

You can't always tell what the result will be, but you may feel sure it is always safe to do right.