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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

[No. 19.

REVERIE.

ONE would think, to judge from the expression on her face, that it is not a very happy train of thought this dreamy maiden is indulging in. Do you know, young friends, that the thoughts you oftenest entertain leave their impress on your countenances, and declare your characters, as well as even words could, to every observing eye? Well, such is the fact, as any one of considerable experience can tell you; so be very careful, even from this lesser consideration, what you permit yourselves to think about. If you are a studious child, much applied to research after useful knowledge, your face plainly shows it; if merely inquisitive, whether of good or ill, that can be read, too. If you are cheerful and happy-hearted, every one can see it at a single glance; if inclined to sulk and meditate



REVERIE.

upon grievances, they can perceive that just as plainly. The girl in our picture does not look like the kind of a young person last described; she only seems a little puzzled or troubled about the subject of her reverie.

"REALLY IN EARNEST."

"THERE was a little girl in Vermont, who had been taught to have faith that God would answer her prayers. One night, when her sister was sick and not expected to live,

she went to her room and prayed long and earnestly that God would spare her and make her well. Then she came out, and asked her mother if her sister was better.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "she is no better, but worse."

"Then," said the little girl, "I guess the Lord wants to know if I am really in earnest."

So she went back and prayed till midnight, when a change came, and her sister began to recover. The Lord heard her prayer because she was really in earnest.

When we ask God for anything, we must be in earnest. He rewards only those who "diligently seek him." Elijah was in earnest when he prayed seven times for rain, and God heard him. 1 Kings 18. 41-45. The blind men were in earnest when they wanted their eyes opened, and Jesus heard and answered their prayers. Dear young friends, the

Lord is just as willing to hear your prayers when you ask him, to help you to overcome your wicked ways, to forgive your sins, and help you to do right. Only you must be really in earnest.—H. W. Pierce.

THE USE OF BABY.

"WHAT'S the use of baby, Nelly—
Five months old, and, oh, so small!
What's he come for? Do you want him?
Is he any use at all?"

"Do you think your little brother
Can be any good to us?
Crying, sleeping—sleeping, eating;
Are you glad to have him thus?"

"Yes, mamma, I think he's useful;
Soft and warm, like Janie's dove;
And though weak and brown and tiny,
He's a deal of use to love!"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1898.

THE ONE-TALENT MAN.

HE came slowly, he was in no hurry. He had had no chance—at least none to signify. Those others had been well treated in the start and had made money; of course they were eager to come and boast. But he?—well, he never had had much to brag of in this world and he supposed he never should. It was queer how some masters helped one servant and hindered another. If he had only had their chance, now!

Well what would he have done with their chance if he had it?

Precisely what he did with his own chance. He might have been flattered at first that so large a sum as ten talents had been entrusted to him, but after a few cautious ventures with it, he would have suspiciously remembered that his Lord was sometimes hard, and concluded that the best and safest way was to bury and keep it.

But how did these other men do? They went cheerfully about the duty of using their master's money so as to increase it. They knew that if they did their best he would not blame them for lack of success. They

put forth the talents he gave them and trusted that they would bring back more than their value, and what a reward they received!

Oh, boys and girls, the world is full of one-talent people! How ungracious they are! how suspicious! how self-centered! Honest! Oh, yes. They would not spend their Lord's money, but their very honesty comes from timidity. They would run a risk of discovery and punishment if they equandered their talent. (Read Matt. xxv. 14-30.)

FREDDY AND THE FLOWER.

A LITTLE boy named Freddy was very fond of flowers. He came in from the garden one morning before breakfast to show his mother a beautiful violet. It was the first that had come out that season.

"It is so beautiful, mother," said Freddy, "and smells so sweet, that I am going to put it in my button-hole, and carry it with me all day."

"I think you might do something better with it than that," said his mother.

This set Freddy to thinking while he was getting his breakfast. Pretty soon he guessed what his mother meant. So he looked up, and said, "Mother, did you mean that I should take the violet to little Nellie Reynolds?"

"I did, my son," she said.

As soon as breakfast was over Freddy ran down the lane to Mrs. Reynolds' cottage. She was a widow, and supported herself and her daughter by going out to do washing. This made it necessary for her often to be away from home all day. Nellie was a little girl about eleven years old. She had been a cripple since she was a baby. Her mother had taught her to read and knit, and as she had to be so much alone, her books and her knitting were a great comfort to her. Their cottage was very neat and clean, and their little garden before it was kept free from weeds.

Freddy opened the gate and walked through the garden. The path to the cottage door was white with cockle-shells, for it was near the sea-side.

Nellie was sitting at the window, longing to be out, when Freddy came in with his bright, rosy face, which to look upon was enough of itself to do one good.

"Good-morning, Nellie," said he "See what I have brought you. This is the first violet that has bloomed in our garden this spring."

You should have seen Nellie's face, how it brightened up when she saw that beautiful flower, and thought of Freddy's kindness in bringing it to her.

"O thank you, thank you, Master Freddy she cried. "I do love violets so much. Now I shall look at it and smell it and take it till mother comes home."

"Why, Nellie," asked little Freddy, in astonishment, "how can you talk to a flower?"

"O I can," said Nellie. "It will tell me how good God is to me to make me so happy; and when mother comes home she will be so glad to see it!"

"Well, good-bye, Nellie; I must go to my lessons now," said Freddy; and off he ran feeling very happy.

Now you see how truly that little flower was a missionary. And it did its work well. It made three people happy that day. Nellie was made happy by the sight of the flower, and the kindness which had brought it to her. Freddy was made happy by trying to do good; that always makes us happy. And Freddy's mother was made happy by seeing her dear boy trying to overcome his selfishness.

BE PLEASANT.

WHEN little ones worry,
Their parents feel sorry,
And all who are near them are sad;
But when they are good,
And smile, as they should,
Their friends are happy and glad.

How much better it is
To be cheerful and sing,
Than to have to be called
"A cross little thing!"

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

A LITTLE girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading her Bible. A gentleman who was taking a walk stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and, after he had rested himself awhile, he set out again on his walk. Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was. "It is the Bible," said she. "Oh, I suppose you are learning your task for school?" "Task, sir? No," replied she. "Then what are you reading your Bible for?" he asked. "Because I love it, sir." The gentleman went away; but the little child's words and her evident sincerity held of his mind. "That child," he thought, "certainly did love her Bible. I don't know how I can help it. I don't know how I can help it. He resolved to read it again, that he might find out what there was in it to love. He borrowed a Bible that evening from the landlady and continued thenceforward to "search the Scriptures," and found in the Jesus Christ and "eternal life."

THE DOLL'S PHOTOGRAPH.

WE wanted the little girl's picture ;
But when she came to sit
In front of the artist's camera,
She was afraid of it
And quite unlike herself, she cried,
Would not be coaxed or pacified ;
So for that day
We gave it up, and came away.

And, after that, if mention
Was made of her photograph,
Upon that dimpled face the look
Of terror made us laugh,
'Tis plain we must contrive some plan
To cheat our timid little Nan,

So some one said :
"But, Nannie, the doll is not afraid !
Suppose, if you don't like it
Yourself, we have her stand,
And you need only to sit by
And hold her little hand."
This pleased Nan very much indeed,
Dear little girl, and she agreed ;
And not one word
Of further doubt or fear was heard.

Dolly behaved so nicely,
Quite as a doll should do,
No trouble anywhere this time ;
And here they are, the two.
And this was the little girl's report
When we got home: "We had such sport!
They took my doll,
But I don't think I got tokened at all!"

FOLLOWING IN THE DARK.

"MAMMA," said little Bessie, "I should be afraid to die, 'cause I should lose my way in the dark."

Her mother did not say a word, but went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little way and said: "Come dear, it is your bed-time. Take hold of my hand and I will lead you up stairs." So Bessie put her hand in her mother's and trotted bravely up-stairs in the dark. After she had said "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said; "You were not afraid coming up, were you, Bessie?"

"Oh, no, mamma," she answered, "I couldn't be, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

"Well," said her mother, "then you need not be afraid of death, for Jesus is holding his hand to you, and you have only to put your own in his and he will lead you safely through the dark."

"But how can I take hold of his hand, mamma?"

"By trying to be good every day, and praying to him to help you; he loves little children so well that they need not be afraid to follow him anywhere."

KITTY'S VISITOR.

MAMMA had gone out, nurse was sick with headache, and sister Grace was reading a story-book and taking care of Kittie. Kittie had company though she didn't know it. Was not that queer? She thought she was all alone as she sat on the nursery floor putting together her sliced birds. She had put the last strip on the peacock's tail, and had found all the pieces of the long legs of the crane. Then she looked about for something else to do.

"Let's come into mamma's room. It is nice in there," said the visitor.

Kittie stole away like a little thief.

"Scissors are very nice to play with. They are in the basket."

Kittie put her hands behind her, and shook her head.

"Just take them out of the case and see how pretty they are."

"O Kittie, Kittie!" The little hands unclasp. They reach up and take the red case. They draw out the bright scissors. The little heart beats hard, but the ears listen for the next whisper.

"Nothing very nice to cut here. Lace is pretty to cut. The curtains in the parlor are very long."

Naughty little feet! They steal down the stairs into the great parlor.

"Kittie! Kittie!" calls Grace; but Kittie does not hear.

"Snip! snip!" go the scissors.

"A hole looks more pretty than just a net. Auntie makes holes in her fancy work."

Gracie hears the soft little voice in the parlor, and runs in. "O Kittie! naughty, naughty Kittie!" she cries.

"Not naughty 't all!" screams Kittie, trying to get free.

Then both little sisters scream together, for the scissors in angry Kittie's hand make a long scratch on Gracie's cheek. The blood runs, and poor sick nurse comes in, and carries both little girls to the nursery.

When the blood was all washed away and a long strip of court-plaster put over the cheek, mamma came home. She listened to the whole story, and then took Kittie on her lap. She told her how the heavenly Father sends every morning a good spirit to stay with his little ones. But sometimes these little ones are naughty, and open their hearts to bad spirits. Then the Father is very sorry. "Which spirit did my little girl let in this morning?" asked mamma.

And Kittie put her head on mamma's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break, for she knew she had driven away the good spirit and taken in the naughty one.

"MAKE ME GOODER."

LITTLE Alice McMaster, who has just left us for 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' was a sweet girl of eight summers, who lost her mother when very young, but who was blest with a true, loving, Christian father, in whose heart she lived, and who combined in his tender thoughtfulness a woman's gentleness with a man's strength. Alice for some time had been loving Christ, and had frequently conversed with her faithful Sunday-school teacher about her love for him. She seemed to come into the Christian life as a plant blooms. Only a few days before her death, she went with her father into a store where little books were for sale, and seeing one with the title, "Make Me Gooder," she asked her father to buy it for her. It seemed to represent just what she was praying to be.

Dear little child! Christ has answered her prayer, and she is now spotless with the angels. But her wish still speaks to us; "Make Me Gooder." How many ways God has of making us better! Sometimes, as with little Alice, he takes us out of this world of sin to grow in the holy atmosphere of heaven; and hard as it is to part with young hearts opening in beauty, it is a great comfort to feel that they go to grow in all that is true, good and beautiful. They are but transplanted lives. Sometimes he sends great burdens, by which our souls are to become enlarged, mellowed and transformed into the image of our Lord. Responsibilities, when taken up in the love of Christ, bring out his character in us. Sometimes it is by disappointments, tears and burdens of sorrow, that we are purified, self is crucified and we are prepared to receive him in all his fulness.

Sometimes, also, he sends great joys which so fill and lift our souls that we seem to see his truth and love as never before; but whatever the way he chooses with which to perfect us, may our daily prayer be, "Make me gooder." O Lord, 'Make me gooder.'

DISPUTES OF CHRISTIANS.

IN whale fishing, when a whale is struck with the harpoon and feels the smart, it sometimes makes for the boat, and would probably dash it to pieces. To prevent this, the seamen throw a cask overboard; and when it is staved to pieces, they throw over another. The whale spends his strength on these, and soon becomes harmless to the men. So when Satan fears that Christians united, would become too powerful for him, he throws overboard a tub—some non-essential point of doctrine or polity, and lets them spend in angry disputation over this, the strength that ought to be used in defeating him.



THE PICNIC BY THE SEA.

A NURSERY LESSON

SAY, little child, who gives to thee
Thy life and limbs so light and free?
Thy moving eyes to look around,
Thy ears to catch the softest sound?
Thy food and clothing, friends and home?
'Tis God from whom those blessings come;
And what shouldst thou do! canst thou
guess?

To prove to him thy thankfulness
For life and friends, for clothes and food?
"Be good."

And tell me, little one, I pray,
Who gives thee pleasure in thy play?
Who makes the happy girl and boy
To run and leap and shout for joy
When looking on the clear blue sky,
The clouds that float, the birds that fly,
Trees, flowers, and every pretty thing?
'Tis God from whom these blessings spring;
And in return what shouldst thou do?

"Be good, and love him too."
—*Johanna Baillie.*

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

SOME time ago I attended a religious meeting, and at the close of the exercise the audience was asked to participate in testimonies. A middle-aged man arose and said, in substance, "I've been saved from intemperance by my little boy," pointing to a bright lad in the audience. I owe my conversion under God to my little son. Religion has made me a sober man and helps me to live an honest, industrious life. It was not always so. On one occasion I was absent three or four days from my home, and my poor wife and boy were nearly broken-hearted. On the fourth day my dear child asked his

teacher to let him go home at recess, as he was not feeling well. The boy was sick at heart on my account; when he reached home he burst into tears, and said to his mother, "I can't study in school. I can't sleep at night, my head aches and my lips are parched praying to God to send home father. Mother, does God hear?" His mother strove to comfort him, but her faith was beginning to waver, for through her married life her unceasing prayer had been for my reclamation. After wandering from one saloon to another, at the end of the fourth day I returned home intoxicated. Did my boy turn from his drunken father? No, he ran to me, clasped his arms about my neck, and wept tears of joy. After his emotion, his first words were, 'Father, I almost feel I can never pray again, for God has let you come home drunk.' The words struck me to the heart, and I said, 'Don't lose your faith in God, and your poor, miserable father will never get drunk again.' God heard that promise, and has enabled me to keep it.' This man is amongst one of the most earnest workers in the temperance cause to-day. He had lost all self-respect and had sunk very low, but could not bear to see his child lose confidence in God, therefore the boy became the means of the father's reformation. The exertions put forth on behalf of children in temperance instruction will not be lost in the home, but will produce lasting fruitage.

ONCE a minister asked the poor children before him, 'What is holiness?' A poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, 'Please your reverence, it is to be clean inside.' Could anything be truer?

GIVEN IN LOVE.

A LITTLE girl about seven years old, died in Philadelphia some years ago. When the doctor told her she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church and gave him her little savings bank.

"Open it," she said.

There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for poor people, poor people, mind who sit in back seats of our church. They must not pay anything, I want all the seats to be free."

The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said solemnly, "it shall be done with God's help."

When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the pittance it contained on the pulpit, and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering. Children came, women also; and the poor with their mites.

The completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God who willed that the widow's mite and the poor little child's offering should not fail of their errand.

For such is the kingdom of Heaven.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

ONE day, when Bishop Wilberforce was travelling by rail, a young man in the carriage said to a companion that he would like to meet his Lordship.

"Would you?" said the bishop, speaking under the shade of his newspaper; "and why?"

"I should like to give him a poser," rejoined the youth.

"What would it be?" asked the bishop.

"Why, I should ask him to tell me the way to Heaven."

'And the bishop's answer would be, 'Turn to the right and go straight on,' was the prelate's response, looking up with a twinkle in his eye to his interrogator.—*Young Reaper.*

THE REASON WHY.

AT an inn in Pennsylvania a man who had arrived the evening before was asked on the Sabbath morning whether he intended to pursue his journey on that day. He answered, 'No.' He was then asked, "Why not?" "Because," said he, "I am going a long journey, and wish to perform it as soon as I can. I have long been accustomed to travel on horseback, and have found that if I stop on the Sabbath my horse will travel farther during the week than if I do not."