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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

[No. 8.]

GRETCHEN'S PROMISE

BY E. P. A.

As little Gretchen was trotting home on her sturdy fat legs, along the streets of Haarlem, she came to a full stop and gave a little cry of pleasure. Her noisy wooden shoes had stopped their clatter before a little old house whose upper story looked as if it had gone to sleep and was nodding over into the street. The sight that had caught her eye was a little ruffled white pin-cushion at the door. You, my dear little Canuck, would not know what that meant, but Gretchen knew well enough, and broke into a run, that she might get home quickly and tell her mother.

"Ah, mother dear," she cried, bounding into Madame Grossbeck's clean kitchen, "there is a new baby at Madame Van der Brock's—a girl, because the fashion is white. Do let me go and see the dear little thing, mother, at once."

"Very well," said mother Grossbeck, smiling; then, laying down her par-

knife, she prepared a dainty basket of bread and milk as a present to the mother of the new baby. "Now, Gretchen," she



GRETCHEN'S PROMISE.

said gravely, taking the little daughter's hand, "I do not want you to stay but a quarter of an hour. When the great

grow into just such a girl— one who cannot break a promise." But Gretchen only screwed up her short nose and winked

market-bell strikes twelve will you come away? And Gretchen promised.

Madame Van der Brock's house might look old and dingy on the outside, but inside it shone like a piece of the sun. The china plates and bowls fastened against the wall, the pictured tiles, the kettles, churn-presses, mounds and furnaces looked as if they had been covered with sun-paper every day.

And in a little wooden box built against the wall you would never know it for a bed was the new baby another dear little Gretchen. Ah, how fast the minutes flew while our Gretchen played with the queer pink velvet fingers and toes! The bell struck twelve all too soon, and the madame begged her to stay longer. "I will explain to your mother, my child," she said coaxingly.

"That might do, madame," answered the little maid resolutely, "if I had not promised; but one must never break a promise."

And when she was gone Madame Grossbeck said to the pink baby, "Don't hear, Gretchen? These must

THE LOST DOLL

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world,
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath, one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears.
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath, one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away.

And her arm's trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS.

JESUS taught the people that whatever they desired very much, and asked for, believing that God would give it, they should have. They were not to ask for wrong or hurtful things; for God would not give them anything that was not right; just as your parents sometimes refuse to give you what you ask for, because it would do you harm; but what-
ever was best for them to have he would give, if they came to him in a loving, trusting spirit, just as kind father gives his children what is good for them, because he loves them and wishes to make them happy.

Jesus also said that when they prayed, they must put away all unkind feelings toward others, and forgive everyone who had offended or injured them; for if they did not forgive, their heavenly Father would not forgive them when they asked him.

GOING OUT WITH MOTHER

"WHY, Edie! all dressed and ready! Where are you going?" asked Marion, entering the almost empty room.

"I am going out with mother."
"Are you? But why do you not go down-stairs, then; she is in the dining-room waiting?"

Edith looked up at her tall cousin with quiet rest in her eyes. "She told me to stand here till she called."

"Aren't you afraid you'll be forgotten?" she asked, slowly.

"Mother never forgets me."
"Do you always do as she bids you?" asked Marion, pursuing her own thoughts.

"Yes——" considering; "yes, I do; it's what I try to do always."

"There is the carriage," said Marion, looking down on the street.

Still Edie did not move; but she listened intently.

"There's aunt getting into the carriage!" exclaimed her cousin in dismay.

Edith's little face flushed beneath her broad hat, but that was all.

Marion looked out on the street with a beating heart, and then back at the little, waiting girl. Would this little child trust on, in spite of all evidences to the contrary?

"She is driving away!" burst from Marion's lips almost involuntarily.

But Edie raised her head with sudden courage.

"She said she would not forget that I was waiting, and she will not. I can trust her." The flush died out of her face, and a quiet patience came back to it.

Marion sat down by her side, and took her little hand almost reverently. "Edie, dear, will you kiss me?" she asked.

The child stooped her head. "What makes you cry, Marion?" she said, wistfully.

"Because—oh, Edie! if I could only wait like you!"

"Don't you wait when your mother tells you?" she asked innocently.

"It is father this time," said Marion.

"Well, don't you?"

"Not always; but—but I will—"

"Edie! Edie!" called a ringing voice up the stairs. "I am ready now! Come, my child!"

"There!" said the little girl. And then, only waiting to give her cousin another kiss, she flew downstairs to her dear mother.

A BETTER THOUGHT.

"KITTY, you're a bad girl!" Elsie said it to her little sister. Poor little Kitty put up a very sorry lip.

"Yes you are, Kitty. I let you take my doll and you've lost her best hat. You sha'n't take her any more. And I won't get you any apples."

Poor little Kitty went down the garden walk crying as if her heart would break. Elsie hunted for the lost hat, but could not find it.

"Yes, Kitty's a very naughty girl," she

said to herself. "She ought to be punished. I don't think I shall play with her all day."

But as she hunted about in the garden she could just hear Kitty's pitiful little sobs. She tried very hard to make herself think it was right that Kitty should cry. But Elsie was usually kind to her little sister, and found it hard to keep angry with her.

She ran to the apple tree and knocked down some apples. She went to the garden seat and called Kitty. The dear little thing came running to her, and climbed up beside her.

"You may take my doll, Kitty," she said, "she never tans, so it's no matter if her hat is lost. O Kitty, you hug me so tight you'll choke me."

They laughed together as they ate their apples.

A NAUGHTY BOY.

CHARLIE was getting over the measles, and couldn't go out of the house. He was very tired of staying indoors, and his mother felt sorry for him, and read to him, bought him new toys and nice fruit and did everything she could to make the time less tedious.

But one day she was obliged to go out, and told Charlie that he must amuse himself with his playthings, and, if he was good, she would bring him a big present.

So Charlie played about the nursery for a while; but by-and-bye he got tired of staying there, and thought he would take his toys down to the parlour.

Now Charlie knew this was wrong, because there were pretty things about the room, which could easily be broken, and because his mother liked to keep the parlour in order for visitors. He didn't choose to think of this, however, but went in, carrying his toy animals, his picture books, and even his pet cat.

They had a great frolic, racing and chasing, he and Miss Puss; raising a fine dust, and scattering the crumbs all over the floor.

Presently he heard steps coming up the porch.

"Oh, if mother sees all this dirt, she won't give me my present!" And he ran for the broom to sweep it up.

But he did not know how to manage a broom, and presently the handle swung against a beautiful vase and knocked it over. Just as it fell to the floor, splintering into fragments, the door opened, and his mother appeared.

How do you suppose she felt when she saw her elegant vase dashed to pieces, and knew her boy had disobeyed her? And how do you think Charlie felt when he saw her sorrowful, displeased face?

Do you think he deserved a big present?

SOME days seem to come from nearer heaven than others, filled with a sweet influence, as if they had walked reverently through holy places before they came to us.

BE CAREFUL

BE careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash.
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By-and-bye;
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home.
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

THE WISE OLD WRAPPER.

Two little frocks hung side by side on the hooks. They were just as pretty as they could be. One was trimmed with lace, the other with velvet, and just because of this difference they quarrelled.

"I'm nicer than you are," said Blue Frock.

"I'm a brighter colour," said Pink Frock.

"No, you are not," said Blue Frock.

"Yes, I am," said Pink Frock.

"I stick out all round," said Blue Frock, who had the lace on it.

"But you are not half so smooth and nice as my velvet makes me," said Pink Frock.

"How silly you two children are," said an old silk wrapper, on the wardrobe door. "Have you ever heard my history?"

"No," said little Blue Frock and Pink Frock in one breath.

"Ah, a story has its uses," said the silk wrapper, in its strange, foreign voice. "Well, turn yourselves this way; you will hear better. To go very far back, I will tell you that I am made of silk, and silk is made by little worms, who feed on mulberry-leaves. They spin out silk threads—just as spiders do—to wrap themselves up in and go to sleep, so that they can become butterflies. But men and women take this silk, ravel it, wind it on spools, and weave it into yards and yards of beautiful stuff that they call many fine names, such as damask and satin and

velvet. So the little worm does not get much good of its spinning. I was made of a beautiful piece of silk into a wedding-gown for a Chinese lady. You know all about Chinese ladies."

"Oh, no, we don't," said the two Frocks quietly.

"Have you never heard of their strange ways? Well, I have not time to tell you so very much. They have one curious custom, though, which you ought to know. It is this: when Chinese baby-girls are very little, their feet are put into wooden shoes and bound down tightly, so that they cannot grow. As their bodies become larger the feet remain as small as ever; and when the child is a woman, no matter how large she is, her feet are as small as when she was a baby. This they think very elegant."

"Can they walk?" asked the two Frocks.

"No, they can only hobble, and it hurts them dreadfully."

"Oh, how wicked!" said both the Frocks.

"Yes, it is; but they are not the only people who do wrong."

The little Frocks looked ashamed.

"Please go on with your story," they said rather softly.

"I was made into a wedding-gown," said the wrapper. "I was pure white, with silver leaves all over me—very beautiful—and I was very anxious to see the bride who was to wear me, but I never did. A man came to the place where I was living, and said he wanted me for the French market. He paid a great price for me, and I was packed up and sent away. I can't tell you all I suffered in the dark hold of a vessel at sea, and the worst of it was some salt water got into the box where I was, and when they came to look at me they said I must be dyed. Now, I knew that meant something dreadful, and so it did; for I was put into a pot of horrid red stuff, and when I came out of it all my lovely silver leaves were gone. They said I was only fit for linings; but a lady bought me and said I would do well enough for a wrapper, and a wrapper I became. Now, since sooner or later we shall all reach the rag-bag, don't you think we ought to be humble and not think too much of ourselves?"

Both the little Frocks nodded till their buttons touched. This was the way they kissed each other. They never quarrelled after that, and they had the pleasure of knowing that the old wrapper would not go to the rag-bag in a long while, for some one had said it would cut up beautifully into squares for a quilt.

THE EDUCATED MOUSE

UNCLE Albert had just come from Australia, where he had been living a great many years. Susie had never seen him, but he had written her so many nice letters, and sent her and her mamma so many pretty presents, that Susie had learned to love him dearly, and was very happy because he had come.

When arrived, he was carrying a

large box covered with paper that had holes cut in it. Susie wondered what was in it. After supper, Uncle Albert said, "I have a hungry little friend in that box. May I bring him to the table and give him these crumbs?"

He uncovered the box, took out a pretty cage, opened the door, and out ran a white mouse.

"Come, Mus, dance for your supper," said Uncle Albert. "Susie, sit still, or you will frighten my little friend. He is a very well educated gentleman, as he will show you, if you keep quiet."

Mouse danced all over the table, and Susie just had to squeal a little bit with delight.

"Now be a soldier, Mus, and present arms," said Uncle Albert, handing the mouse a lead pencil. It did that, and a great many other things that Uncle Albert had taught it to do. Susie declared that it well deserved to be called the educated mouse.

Uncle Albert had taught Susie a lesson of kindness, though she did not at first think of it as such.

The educated mouse showed by its ways that the kindness of Uncle Albert had won its obedience to his word.

Susie was taught that very often little people may spoil their own pleasures and that of others, by not keeping quiet. These were some of the good lessons taught by the educated mouse.

DAISY AND JUDGE.

HARRY TURNER has two pretty little spaniels, Daisy and Judge. They have long ears and bushy tails. Daisy is very fond of music. She will lie on the rug in the parlor and listen to the piano, and when some part of the music pleases her more than another, she twitches her ears and moves nearer to the player. She seems to prefer sweet, soft music. Judge is very intelligent. He knows when it is time for Harry to come from school, and he will go to the front door and watch down the street until he sees Harry turn the corner, and then he runs down to meet him.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS

APRIL 29.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph Forgiving his Brethren.—Gen. 45. 1-15.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 45. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him.—Luke 17. 3.

MAY 6.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph's Last Days.—Gen. 50. 14-26.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 50. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4. 18.



AH, PETER!

BY S D

PETER! Why do you stand out there? Don't you know it is raining hard? Perhaps you think that basket keeps it off you. But it does not. The rain beats right through it, and your shirt will be soaked.

It comes on a slant and will wet your trousers too. And it does not help things at all for you to put your hands in your pockets, Peter, and look as if you did not care if you are wet.

What's the trouble?

Just this. Peter's mamma told him to go to the orchard for some apples. Peter liked to go. He liked to pick up the red and yellow fruit lying under the trees. He liked to watch for a squirrel which sometimes came peeping about. But just as he was half way there it began to rain, and mamma called him back.

"It won't rain hard," he said.

"Yes, it will. Come back, Peter."

Then Peter got out of sight of his mamma and sulked.

"I don't want to go in," he said to himself. "I'll wait till it stops. The basket will keep me dry."

But the rain did not stop. It poured down harder and harder. At last he went back to the house as wet as a little rat.

"I think you'll have to pay for this," said mamma, as she put dry clothes on him.

And she was right. Haven't you noticed that we always have to pay in some way for wrongdoing? For three days Peter was in bed, with a sore throat and headache and fever. He had plenty of time to think about it.

SEARCH thy friend for his virtues; thyself for thy faults.

THE BEST NUTS.

ONE morning Harold called for Charlie, his friend, on his way to the kindergarten. And they stopped at what Harold called the hot peanut man's to spend Harold's nickel, which had been given him because that for a whole week he had not missed his lessons.

"I think peanuts are the best nuts in the world," said Charlie as they walked on, eating.

"Butternuts are good too," said Harold, "and walnuts." But I tell you what, Charlie, when I was at grandma's farm, last summer, and when we were playing all day, and came in tired, and hot, and thirsty, grandma made us wash our faces and sit down for a while, and then would bring out a glass of milk and a plate of doughnuts, and doughnuts are the very best of all."

"That's so," said Charlie, "especially if she gave you a great big plateful, hot."

"She always did," said Harold.

"And she never seemed to mind how many of them we ate, and always asked if they were good, or if we had enough; and there isn't a shell to 'em, and they're just as big and fat and good!"

"Just like a grandma themselves," said Charlie.

ASKING.

"God is always at home, isn't he nurse?" questioned a curly-headed child one night, after the last kiss had been given.

"Of course he is," said nurse, astonished at the question.

"Oh, how nice! Always at home if we knock at the door; always there if we go to look; always ready to give us anything. Thank you, dear God." And the child turned to sleep, glad in her thoughts of the great heavenly Father's love. She was one of Christ's "little ones," and had just been asking for his care and blessing. Do you like to think of God's nearness; of his readiness to answer prayer; and of his willingness to save?

"Papa likes us to ask him for what we want," is a common enough saying among children. Do you know that your heavenly Father likes to be asked? Although his hands are full of gifts, and his heart overflows with love, yet "He waits to be gracious," and likes to hear the "voice of our cry." When you were a tiny baby, your mother waited so anxiously until you were old enough to tell her all you wanted; she felt such joy when your little feet ran to look for her, on your return from a long walk; she loved to hear you tap at her door early in the morning, and to open it, and see your fresh face lifted up for a morning kiss.

God loves you to "ask," to "seek" him, to "knock." The little broken prayers you lip, the tiny, trembling knock at heaven's

gate, the echo of childish feet in his sanctuary are so sweet, so precious to him.

God loves you. Treat him just as one believing in. Trust him. Take hold of his promises, and just give God credit for meaning every one of them.

CHARLIE'S CONCLUSION—AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE

BY MRS. M. ELLA CORNELL

"I wish you would tell me, mamma," Said four-year-old Charlie, one day, "What makes grandpa's beard and moustache, And the hair on his head, so gray."

I answered with smile and with sigh, "When grandpa was younger, his hair Was glossy and brown as your own, His face bore no traces of care;

"But now he is gray-haired and old, Grows older each day and less strong; The gray on his head is a sign That he may not live very long."

The child said no more at the time, But turned, and with loitering feet He stepped to the window and gazed With thoughtfulness out on the street

Then suddenly startled us all By uttering loudly this cry— "Come, quickly! come, see an old horse That surely will very soon die.

"If people with gray on their heads On earth will not much longer stay, Then surely that horse will soon die, For see, he is all over gray!"

GIVE YOUR VERY OWN

WE feel best if we give to the Lord something of our own, something that it has cost us an effort to get.

"Papa, please let me have an apple tree this season," said a little girl.

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I can call it my very own and use the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick up the fruit and sell it and make missionary money, which will then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of ground, or something of the kind, the income of which they every year could use for church work.

To find life full of good opportunity in the little kindnesses—daily, unrecorded acts—and to fulfil these in love, is an important part of the true blessedness of life that goes far toward writing it on our hearts, that "each day is the best day of the year."