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Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1892.

[No. 6.]

WAITING FOR PAPA.

ALICE waited for papa every evening to see him coming from work, and when she saw him coming around the corner she would put on her hat and run to meet him, and she never missed going unless it was raining, and then she would sit at the window to catch first sight of him and run to the door to let him in. What a lovely evening they would have! Papa would play all sorts of games with her till it was time for her to go to bed. No wonder Alice loved her papa, because he loved her.



WAITING FOR PAPA.

MARY'S LESSON.

LITTLE Mary lives in the city. She went to the country for the first time last summer. Mary is a very nice little girl, but she has one fault which is getting corrected by a series of experiences. The one of which we are about to tell you came

very near costing Mary her life. Her one great fault is that she does not give attention to what other people say to her, but insists on having her own way,

because she thinks that she knows better than any one else, what she ought to do.

When she first came to the country she was much interested in the well, with its

old-fashioned well-curb and bucket drawn up with a rope. She was told not to attempt drawing water when at the well alone. But Mary could see no danger. It looked a very easy thing to turn that iron crank round and round, and she was very happy when one day she had succeeded in bringing up the bucket overflowing with the sparkling water.

"There!" she said, as she poured the water into the pail, "I knew I could do that as easy as not. Now I will run to the house and tell them how smart I have been."

She did not remember what she had been told—that when she left the bucket she was to be sure and set it very securely on the shelf that was prepared for it just inside the curb. She only knew that she had drawn the water, and now she let go the crank without giving any

attention to the bucket. At once it started on its return down the well. The chains rattled, the great windlass flew round, and the crank went with it, striking Mary a

blow on the head which threw her senseless upon the grass beside the well

Here, shortly after, one of the servants, who chanced to be passing that way, found her and carried her to the house. Her poor head was bruised and bleeding, and it was a long time before she was well again.

As Mary lay on that couch day after day, suffering so severely, she thought about the fault of her wilful self-confidence, and became determined that she would learn wisdom by this experience.

She is better now of her wounds, has returned to the city and taken her place again in the school-room. She is a good scholar, and learns rapidly, but the best lesson, and the one of last year that will be the most useful to her future, is the one that she learned at the well that summer day.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1892.

HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door, a right way to move from one part of the room to the other, a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling

aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the garden. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these matters.

WILLIE'S RIDE.

WILLIE was visiting his grandmother, who lived in the country. He thought he was quite a man, but he was only seven. His grandmother had a very nice horse named Dobbin. Sometimes John would put Willie on the horse's back while he led him to water. He was never allowed to ride him alone although he wanted to do so.

One day everyone in the house was busy, no one thought of Willie. He thought of himself, went to the stable to look at Dobbin. John was not there. Willie thought he would take a little ride. He managed to untie the halter and climb upon Dobbin's back.

Slowly he walked the horse out of the stable, into the yard, and to the road. No one saw him. He wanted but one thing: a whip! Just then he saw a tree with a little branch growing on it that would do. He rode up, and with some trouble broke it off. Then he struck Dobbin a sharp blow—harder than he meant to. The good old horse was much surprised. He kicked up his heels and started at a quick pace down the road. Willie could not stop him. He did his best, but the old horse was too much for him. The poor little boy was very much frightened. He dropped his whip, and clung with all his might to Dobbin's neck.

Soon they came to a large mud-puddle in the middle of the road. Willie could hold on no longer. He slipped off, and fell with a splash into the muddy water. Dobbin then turned and trotted home.

Willie's mother happened to look out of the window as Dobbin came into the yard. She ran to see what it meant. Willie was missed, and his frightened mother and grandmother ran down the road to find him. They were much relieved to see a muddy little figure coming toward them. He was too muddy and too much ashamed to look at them, but, very fortunately, he was not hurt in the least by good old Dobbin.

Not very much was said, but for one month Willie, the seven-years-old, almost a man, had to be followed about by a nurse, because he could not be trusted!

GRANDMA.

WHEN grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I have done a naughty thing,
She's sure somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on,
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too!

But ah! what am I thinking of?
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet, and kind and good!
I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to turn away.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN AFRICA.

MISS LANE had a mission band of boys and girls. She often read to them, and one day she read this about the children of Africa:

"The girls in Africa, as elsewhere, are fond of dolls, but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. Some of them 'play baby' with little pigs.

"The boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the 'white man's gun.' Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is a tuft of loose cotton.

"In one African tribe the boys have spears made of reeds, shields, bows and arrows, with which they imitate their father's doings, and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters 'jump the rope.' Besides, the African children, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves 'making believe.' They imitate the life around them, not playing 'keep house,' 'go visiting,' or 'give a party,' because they see none of these in their houses, but they pretend building, and making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat."

TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid;
For people whisper with lip a-curl,
As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!"
Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret
Your ugly face will be uglier yet.
Let me tell you the secret without delay
Of growing beautiful day by day.
Tis a secret old as the world is old,
But worth in itself a mine of gold:
Beauty of soul is beauty of face,
For inward sweetness makes outward
grace.

There is the secret, simple and true;
Now prove what its wisdom can do for
you.
Fill up your heart with thoughts most
sweet,
Bidding all others at once retreat,
And these sweet thoughts will grow like
seeds,
And bloom into beautiful words and
deeds,
And soon, very soon, they will leave their
trace
Of loveliness on your ugly face;
The lines will be softer on cheek and
brow,
Bright smiles will shine where tears are
now;
Your eyes will sparkle, and some blest
power
Will make you lovelier every hour.

Just try it, my dear; begin to-day
To do kind things in the kindest way—
To kindly think and to kindly speak,
To be sweet-tempered, gentle and meek,
Then never again shall you need be afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid.
Opinions will change, with a pleasant
whirl,
And all will think, "What a charming
girl!"

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE.

"Its rotten clear through, it won't bear
us," said Joe, surveying, with an unbeliev-
ing look, the mossy tree that had fallen
across the brook at some unknown date.

"Why, of course it will," insisted Tom.
"It's a regular old giant. I'll risk myself
on it, any-how."

Neither of the boys could swim, and
they were in the middle of a dark wood
in company with the old farmer with
whom they lodged. They had come trout-
ing, but the farmer was revolving in his
mind some doctrinal thoughts called
by a late neighbourly discussion.

"There is a good bridge above here,"
said Joe.

"O nonsense," cried Tom; "come on!"

Joe looked at the farmer. "Going over
by that tree, sir, or round by the bridge!"

"Well," said the farmer, "they say it
does not make any difference what you
believe, if you are only sincere about it.
Tom thinks the tree is safe, and you don't.
There's the difference. We are not all
constituted alike. We must have different
beliefs for different people. If each one is
only honest and sincere in his belief, it
don't make any difference."

The boys looked at him as though they
thought he was crazy.

"Constituted?" echoed Joe; "what has
constitution got to do with it? Tom
might believe that tree was a carriage-
road, and it would not make it so. If it
isn't safe, Tom's thinking it is won't make
it so; will it, Mr. Bright?"

A twinkle came into Mr. Bright's eye.
"Certainly, certainly, Joe. If he is only
honest and sincere, that is all that is ne-
cessary. God is too good to let Tom suffer
any harm, anyway."

"Well Mr. Bright," said Tom, "I don't
know what you mean; but if I didn't be-
lieve that tree was safe to cross on I would
not do it, of course. I am willing to take
my chances."

"All right," said Mr. Bright. "If you go
over safely, Joe and I will follow?"

Tom turned towards the brook, and far-
mer Bright, throwing off his coat, said in
a quick undertone to Joe, "Keep still.
You can't swim, but I can."

Tom sprung quickly on the tree, and
with such force that he hardly knew his
first step had snapped the bark which
wrapped the fallen monarch. Fair and
perfect in strength as it looked to Tom, it
was held in shape only by its bark; and
his second step was a headlong plunge
through the crumbling mass into the brook.

Mr. Bright was not long in helping him,
dripping, ashore.

"Much obliged to you for trying the
bridge for me, Tom," said Joe mischiev-
ously. "I'll take a ducking for you some
day"

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Bright, "I sup-
pose you would like some dry clothes, but
Joe is out for a good time, and we don't
want to spoil it. Let's just believe our
clothes are dry, and it will be all the same.

"O Mr. Bright," said Tom with a shivery
laugh, "I honestly believed that tree
would hold! Why didn't you tell me it
wouldn't? I am wet to the skin, and I am
going home."

"Never mind me, Mr. Bright," said Joe.
"You and Tom have scared the trout off
for one day. Its no use fishing now."

"Well boys," said Mr. Bright, "always
remember that sincerity does not save a
man, he may be honest and yet be in the
wrong. Be very [careful] to find out
whether what you believe is right or not,
and stand by the right."

Then they took the shortest cut home,
crossing the brook by the bridge.

HOW BERTIE DECIDED.

BERTIE had spent the day picnicking in
the woods, and a very delightful day it
had been. To a boy who lived all the rest
of the year in the city, what could be bet-
ter than a whole month's holiday with his
aunts in the country? And to wander
about all the long sunshiny morning,
hunting ferns and mosses and picking
flowers along the lanes all the way home
—this was the very best of all. Just so
to-day had been passed and now with a
great bunch of daisies in his hands, Bertie
walked back with his Aunt Sophie, a tired
but very happy small boy.

"Bertie," said his aunt, "I will tell you
what I think would be a beautiful idea.
Suppose you were to give some of your
flowers to Miss Kittie, like a nice little
gentleman; I know she would be pleased."

Bertie's face clouded. "I don't have to,
do I?" he asked with a pout.

"No. They are yours, you must do as
you think right. Miss Kittie would be
sorry to take what you did not want to
give her."

Bertie hesitated a while, then separated
a small bunch of buds and rather droop-
ing daisies from the others and said, "I
guess those are enough to please her, aren't
they?"

"Do you think they are? Miss Kittie
has been lying in bed all this lovely day.
You have had a fine time to-day, haven't
you? And I am afraid that Miss Kittie
has had a rather dull and lonesome one,
shut up at home by herself. But still you
must decide for yourself."

Neither Bertie nor his aunt spoke for
some time as they walked on together.
At last Bertie asked "Aunt Sophie, do
you suppose God likes a boy to be a nice
little gentleman?"

"I am sure he does."

Still another pause, but finally Bertie
said, "Aunt Sophie, I've 'cided."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why I am going to give them all to
Miss Kittie. I guess that's being 'bout the
nicest gentleman I can be."



THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

Poor little cripple! Most of us who have strong, healthy limbs and sound bodies can form but a poor idea of what those who have them not must suffer. When the spring comes round, and every body who can do so is out in the open air, walking, running or climbing, the poor little cripples can only move along slowly and uneasily. Some of them, indeed, cannot move without great pain, and others cannot move at all but have to be carried or pushed in chairs and carriages. How thankful we, who have no such misfortunes, should be! and when we get a chance how ready and willing should we be to help the poor cripples!

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Nor to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to be about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

"In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

"When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking-vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers.

"Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied, 'I love him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.'

"On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of

the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn.'

"I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy when we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father."

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds in heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters, winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

DOUBLED.

STINGINESS often overreaches itself, seldom in quite so ridiculous a manner as in the case of a man mentioned by the *New York Star*.

When Dr. Willard Parker was just beginning his famous career, he was sent by a rich but avaricious man who had dislocated his jaw. The young surgeon promptly put the member into place.

"What is your bill, doctor?" asked the patient.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the man, and in his excitement he opened his mouth so wide as to dislocate his jaw the second time. Dr. Parker again set it.

"And what did you say your bill was?" again inquired the patient.

"One hundred dollars," answered Dr. Parker.

The man grumbled, but paid it.