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# Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1887.

[No. 13.

## MIGNON.

WHAT a pretty, thoughtful face this is. We are sure this is a loving and dutiful, as well as beautiful, girl. You remember the old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does," and yet how many young girls, and young boys too, often spoil a pretty face by indulging in selfishness and spitefulness to others. We hope this is not the case with any of our young readers.

## HOW A GIRL MAY LOOK NICE.

WHEN I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for 'making her things last.' Her dress, hats, gloves, and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she managed to make them so without their looking shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her at her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took such good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was discovered.

"Her hat was wrapped in an old pocket handkerchief, and put away in a box as soon as done with, the strings and laces being straightened and rolled out most systematically each time. Her gloves were never folded together but were pulled out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon another, each time they were used, the tiniest hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself.

"But the thing that impressed me most was the care she bestowed on her ribbons. When making up bows she used to line the under part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon

from becoming limp and creased, but kept it clean, so that when the bow was soiled on one side she could turn the ribbon and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh.

"That girl married and brought up a large family. Her husband had to fight his way, and did so bravely, and was un-

Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm, the team went pretty briskly down a steep. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly, "I asked the Lord to help me and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach the life lesson. In all troubles pray and hang on like a beaver, by which I mean, that while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.

## TRUE STORIES.

A LITTLE girl and her mother were on their way to the ragged school on a cold Winter's morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass of the common were white with frost, the wind very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of coat over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion up to her, saying:

"Come under my coat, Johnny"

"It isn't big enough for both," he replied.

"O, but I can stretch it a little," and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in this world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves



MIGNON.

usually successful, for he became wealthy. But his prosperity was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his in making it."

## HANG ON LIKE A BEAVER.

WHEN our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master

## BABY.

Now what shall we do for the baby,

To make her a birthday sweet?

She came in the wintry weather,

In blustering wind and sleet.

There is not a flower in the garden,

There is not a bird to sing,

And all in a row on the leafless vine

The sharp white icicles cling.

Oh, what does it matter to baby!

Her world is warm as a nest;

The song that her mother sings her

Is the music she loves best.

She laughs to hear in the twilight

The bleak winds whistle and blow,

And the small white icicles swing and ring

Like crystal bells in a row.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1887.

## IT SHINES ALL THROUGH.

LOUIE is a dear little child, always quiet and attentive at the Sunday-school. Though she cannot read, she brings her little Testament with her, and sits with it open in her hand while the other children are reading their Bible lessons. Her mother told me, about a week ago, that Louie often sits looking at her Testament at home, and that one day while doing so, she said, as if to herself: "There are no pictures in this book because it is God's book, and shines all through!"

What a sweet thought, dear children, was is not? Can you say it shines all through? Can you see brightness in God's book? If it is as yet all dark and mysterious to you, may God open your eyes by His Spirit that you may see how his word shines, and take it as the lamp that will light your feet through this dark world to the unclouded brightness of his presence!

## JOHNNY'S TEARS.

JOHNNY had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out, "O mamma, see:" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up.

"No," he said, with great interest; "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water," asked Johnny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could only have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking chair he fell and got a great bump. It was too much for any little boy, and too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger too quick in fact, for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said ruefully.

## WHAT WILL YOU BE?

WE see two boys standing side by side—both are intelligent-looking and kind-looking; but one becomes an idle, shiftless fellow, and the other an influential and useful man. Perhaps when they were both boys no one could have seen much difference between them; when they were men the contrast was marked. One became dissolute step by step; as one went up the other went down. It is a question of great moment—What will you be? One determines he will do right and improve his powers and opportunities to the utmost. He is industrious, learns his business, becomes a partner or proprietor, and is known as a man of influence and power. Another does not determine to be bad, but is lazy, and neglects to improve his opportunities. He shirks work; he fools

around; next he is seen with tobacco, and probably beer and whiskey follow; his appearance shows he is unhealthy; he does not do his work well, he loses his position, and becomes intemperate and probably criminal. There are many to-day who are standing at the parting-place. You can take one path and you will go down as sure as the sun rises. If you prefer to hang around a saloon to reading good books at home, then you are on the road to ruin. You do not obey your parents, if you run away from school, if you lie, if you swear you will surely go down in life. If a boy steadily improves his time, tries to learn his business, obey his father and mother, truthful and industrious, is respectful and pleasing toward others, he will succeed. No one can stop his doing well in life. He has determined that he will be a noble specimen of a man and every good person will help him.—*Scholar's Companion.*

## RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

"I'll pay him back, see if I don't," exclaimed Tommy as he came running in the house with a flushed and angry face.

"Who are you going to pay back?" asked his mother.

"Walter Jones. He took my marbles and ran away," said Tommy.

"I hope you will pay him in a good way," said his mother.

Tommy hung his head and said nothing for he was ashamed to tell just how mean he was going to treat Walter.

"I am afraid you intend to act just as badly as Walter has done. Think better of it, my son, and return good for evil. If you do not forgive, you cannot ask to be forgiven."

That night when Tommy came to bed he placed where it says, "Forgive our debtors—we forgive our debtors," he stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his mother.

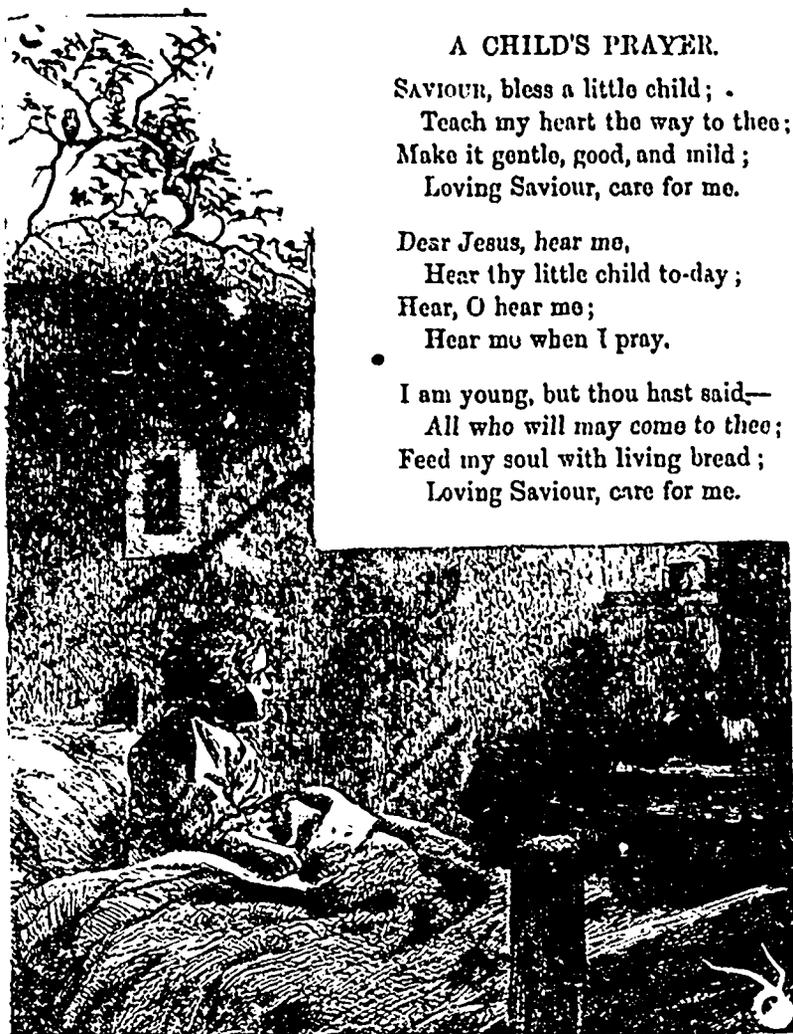
"I can't: I haven't forgiven Walter," said Tommy.

"Then you had better ask Jesus to help you forgive him right now."

Tommy did so, and when he had finished his prayer he went to bed with a happy heart.

Dear children, how can you ask God to forgive you while you carry a bitter and unforgiving spirit within you. Forgive and return good for evil, and then when you pray to be forgiven you can feel that God hears and answers your prayer.—*Selected.*

THE Bible is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.



A CHILD'S PRAYER.

SAVIOUR, bless a little child; -  
Teach my heart the way to thee;  
Make it gentle, good, and mild;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

Dear Jesus, hear me,  
Hear thy little child to-day;  
Hear, O hear me;  
Hear me when I pray.

I am young, but thou hast said—  
All who will may come to thee;  
Feed my soul with living bread;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

ROBERT'S CERTIFICATE.

"HAVE you a recommendation?"  
"Yes, sir."

Robert had been seeking a situation for almost a week; and, now that he had at last met with something that promised success, he was as nervous as a boy can be. His hand went down in his jacket pocket—a handkerchief, a strap, but no recommendation. He emptied another pocket and another without success. "Ah, there it is, I suppose; you have dropped it on the floor," said the gentleman who was standing by, waiting, as a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

"No, sir; that's only my pledge," Robert answered, stooping to pick up the paper.

"Your pledge?"

"Yes, sir. My temperance pledge."

"May I see it?"

Robert handed it to him, and continued his search for the missing paper, growing more nervous as the search proceeded.

"Never mind, my boy. I don't need any further reference," said the gentleman, after reading the pledge. "I am willing to trust a boy who puts his name to a promise like this. That boy is his own reference."—*Royal Road.*

Jesus, help me, I am weak;  
Let me put my trust in thee;  
Teach me how, and what to speak;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

I would never go astray,  
Never turn aside from thee;  
Keep me in the heavenly way;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

"I SHOULD KEEP HIM."

I WAS very much struck with an answer I received the other day from a little boy who was visiting me. He had been playing a long while and was very tired. One of his playmates, I am sorry to say, was not a very good boy; he did not mind his mother, and sometimes uttered words I do not wish ever to hear from children's lips; but he was a generous, merry kind of a boy for all that, and was quite a favourite.

"I am afraid, Charley," said I, "that Willie Ray is naughty; he is a very troublesome child. Now, if you were his mother, what would you do with him?"

"I should keep him," answered Charley, looking up into my face fearlessly.

"Would you keep a naughty boy, Charley? Does he deserve his mother's kindness?"

"Yes, I should keep him," said Charley again, shutting his lips firmly together, as if that was all he had to say.

"But, Charley," I persisted, "do you think a naughty boy like Willie Ray ought to be kept by a good, kind mother? He is disobedient and unruly in every way."

"Now, Auntie," replied the little boy, "now, Auntie, do you think he could be good if his mother did not keep him? I should keep him and try to make him better."

Here was his answer. How many mothers act upon little Charley's resolute reply, "I should keep him!" He is my boy; God gave him to me. He may be undutiful and disobedient sometimes, but I shall keep him—work with him and for him, pray with him and for him, still hoping, and never quite despairing.

Yes, children, the mother is the last to give up her child; through evil report, and good report, in times of sickness and sorrow and trial, and even in crime, she will shield, she will love him, and pray for him, and keep him always in her heart.

And does not the blessed Saviour show the same patience and love to us all, his children, for whom he died? Does he not wait "yet this year," that that may bring forth fruit? He intercedes for us, sends blessings and mercies and trials, all to bring us back to him. He will not let us go until we prove wholly recreant. Let us pray that, as little Charley said, "He will keep us," and at last receive us into his heavenly habitations.—*Christian Advocate*

UP OR DOWN—WHICH?

"UP or down, which way?" Uncle John said to little Harry, as they started out for a walk. One way led up a hillside; the other, down into a valley.

"Let's go up, Uncle John," said Harry.

"But you must climb to go up," said Uncle John.

"I know it, but it's nicer when you get there," was the little boy's answer.

Which way will Harry go on his life-path? we wonder. It isn't so easy to go up, but it's nicer when you get there. Go up, Harry. Be sure and go up. Look up to the good God, and ask him to teach you how to climb, and then do just as he tells you.

"DOCTOR," said a gentleman to his clergyman, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself."

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

Now once upon a time, there were three children,

And each of them had little daisy crowns  
Their mother freshly wove for them each morning,

And all of them wore dotted muslin gowns.

And, once upon a time, the three went rambling

Away from home, amid the wild green-wood;

And, once upon a time, they met a lambkin,  
And not a wolf, like poor Red Riding Hood;

And, once upon a time, the three fell weeping:

"Oh, we are lost! where can our mother be!"

Then meekly spake the little snow-white lambkin:

"If you will come, I'll take you home with me."

And, once upon a time, the lambkin trotted  
Briskly away (the West was turning gold);

And once upon a time the children followed  
And entered shyly into the lambkin's fold;

And, once upon a time, among the lambkins  
The children slumbered, in their muslin gowns,

Till morning came; and then they found  
their mother,

Who wove for them anew their daisy-crowns.

—*Wide Awake.*

## THE QUARREL.

ALFRED was ten years old, and Nelson eight—old enough, you would have thought, to know better than to quarrel. But, I am sorry to say, even if they did know better, they had a terrible squabble one Saturday afternoon.

Alfred was making a kite, and Nelson, who was watching him, would keep taking up the thin bits of stick that Alfred had cut ready for the kite. Alfred said:

"Just you let those alone;" but Nelson was so vexed at the way he spoke that he handled them all the more.

Soon Alfred grew so angry he slapped Nelson on the face, and then Nelson bit him on the arm. They were both so angry that they did not know what they were doing.

Just then their mother came out and put a stop to the squabble by sending them each into a room by himself.

At bedtime their mother said:

"If you are sorry for the way you behaved, you must ask God in your prayers to forgive you."

Nelson being the younger, kneeled down first, and asked God so sweetly to forgive him, and make him love his brother so much that he could not forget to be gentle and kind.

This made Alfred so ashamed that he put his face in his hands and cried.

Philip and Edna stood by looking very solemn. After prayers they all felt very happy.

## DON'T LOOK AT IT.

WE all have temptations of some sort, the children as well as grown-up people. Satan is always trying to make us do wrong; he is constantly whispering evil thoughts to us, putting temptations in our way, and if he can make us look at the sin, he can soon make us do it. So I say to all, "Don't look at it."

How often Satan tempts a child to take fruit, to take some sugar out of the bowl, or take a biscuit from the plate when no one is looking! But sometimes the temptation is to look into a forbidden box or book, or go to a forbidden place. How does Satan do it? Why he first puts the desire into the child's heart, and he leads him to look at the forbidden thing; and if the child does not look away, we are sure that by-and-bye he will do what is wrong.

Satan tries the same way with grown-up people. First he gets them to walk in the way of wicked people, and when they do as he wants, he whispers to them to stand and see a little more of the evil, and then by-and-bye he gets them to sit down in the middle of it. Oh, if only they would not look at temptation, how much safer they would be.

I once learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog and say "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No; he seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said: "There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the only safe way; do not look at the temptation. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, however small a thing it is, you may be sure it comes from

Satan; so do not look at it but look to Jesus, and ask him to keep you and save you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.  
*Children's Treasury.*

## THE TEACHER'S TEARS.

"CHARLIE! What are you thinking about?" so spoke Willie Brown to Charlie Hinds as they walked home from Sabbath school.

"Oh, I don't know," said Charlie. "I do too. That was a mean answer. You really want to know what I was thinking about?"

"Yes, honour bright."

"Well, it was about the teacher's just before the bell rang."

"What did she say?"

"You know Will, just as well as I. You think she cared for us so much. Why, the tears really came into her eyes when she said, 'Boys, I talk to the Saviour about each of you every day. Remember me to you by name: remember I tell you how much I want you to be Christians. You could not stand that, Will. The tears came to my eyes, too. It is a shame for the teacher to care so much, and we not to care one bit for ourselves. Isn't it time you began to talk to Jesus?'"

"I expect it is, Charles."

"Well, won't you begin to-night?"

"Yes; I'll try. Our teacher shall pray alone any longer. I cannot stand her prayers; I cannot bear her tears."

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

MR. MOODY gave an illustration which made all the ladies cry. It was of a widowed father left with three young children, the eldest ten years of age. One night she came to her father and said: "Father, may I pray with the children before going to bed, like mamma did, and the father, with choking heart, said yes. And in fifteen minutes the girl came back weeping, and said: "I prayed for my brother and sister, just as mamma did, when I was through, little sister, who never prayed before, lifted up her hands and said: 'Oh, God, you have taken away our mamma, and I know she is in heaven, and will pray for us. Oh, God, make me good like mamma was, that I may join her there when I die.'"

LOVE is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.