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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

[No. 19.]

TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING."

Don't you quite realize this peculiar expression, little friends? Of course you do, for you meet it daily on the lips of most of you—girls of any age? But now, do you observe how absurdly extravagant, silly, utterly silly it sounds! In the first place the things you usually use the phrase in connection with are not "sweet" at all. Certainly, in this instance, there is no semblance of the "sweet" in any way you take it, but the unlovely little animal the little girl holds so tenderly. He may be a good, interesting little puppy, but he is manifestly not pretty, still less "sweet" in any means. Then think, "too sweet for anything." Now what in the world does that mean? Why, simply nothing, to be sure; so you use trying to gather an idea about it. Don't cultivate this senseless way of speaking, children; it will cling to you and make you the subject of disagreeable comment, if not an object of ridicule, in society in later years.

ONE pure life will do more toward the conversion of the world than any number of volumes on "Evidences on Christianity."



"TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING."

A GOOD REPUTATION TO HAVE.

A YOUNG man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night,

if he ever said he did, he did."

A LITTLE boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?

she said: "Did you pay that bill?"

"Yes," he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time.

"I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother, you know I've had so very many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago, he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it, but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but

THE DARK.

WHERE do the little chickens run
When they are made afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark—the shade.
Under the mother's downy wing,
They fear nor care for anything.

Where do the little violets creep
When comes the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground where storms can't reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,
Afraid of the dark of death?
Jesus will raise you full of joy
To the world of light, he saith;
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

TRUE, OR NOT TRUE.

"AND the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

What a beautiful promise this would be, if it were true! You say you are astonished to hear me talk that way. Who is there that doubts the promises of God? But I ask, who is there now really does believe the promise I have quoted? To thousands who profess to be the followers of Christ it remains a dead letter. If the Bible was written by holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, then it is the Word of God. Back of each promise is God's eternal power and holiness. What then about this promise I have quoted—this promise concerning the prayer of faith? If these words of the

apostle are true, I would be sorry to have them put under a bushel, or tucked away in the garret with the old trumpery. I think Christianity, as taught to-day, lacks just this one thing to make it what the world needs; and I am the biggest sinner of all. I am ashamed that I have so little faith. But now I charge you to tell me what you will do with the text. Some will say, "Explain it away. Skip over it. It does not apply to us." Oh, yes. It applies to some people who are dead, but to us it is nothing. The Bible must not carry it along as old lumber, to the end of time. Rivers of ink will be wasted in printing this dead letter. This is the way some talk.

If the promise is not now true to us, why do we have it in the Bible? I ask these questions because I want to know. If it is true, I want to be up to it. If the divine battery is charged, and only needs the touch of faith to bring down the power, then I want to know it.—*W. O. Cushing.*

NIP'S THANKS.

"A TRUE story about a dog? Is that what you want, children?"

"Yes, auntie; we like true ones ever so much the best."

"Well, then, what do you think happened to me last week? I was visiting a friend of mine, and we had some afternoon tea in the drawing-room. My friend had a few crumbs on her dress, and got up to throw them into the fire.

"On the hearthrug Nip reposed lazily, and as his mistress passed him he looked up at her and wagged his tail. We suppose one of the crumbs fell into his eye; but at any rate, in another moment he began rubbing it with his paw till I thought his poor eye would be scratched out."

"What did you do, auntie?" asked some one.

"I knelt down by him, and asked him to let me see what it was. Nip seemed to understand, for he lay quite still—in fact, almost like a dead dog, and allowed me to examine his eye, and even to remove the crumb with the corner of my handkerchief.

"But the end of my story is the part that pleases me.

"When the crumb was out, and Nip really found himself relieved, he followed me about everywhere, and when I got up, he got up, making much of me all the time.

"At last he settled himself down at my feet, and laid his nose confidently on my shoe."

"What a nice old dog!" said some one.

"Yes—and all the week he has taught me a lesson."

"How, auntie?"

"A lesson of gratitude. I have so dozens of times to myself this week, 'He thanked the Giver for this—and this—and this?' till I have come to the conclusion that I am a great deal more ungrateful than I supposed I was!"

GRACIE'S DISCOVERY.

A LITTLE girl who always cried
When mamma combed her hair,
And washed her dimpled face and hands
To make her sweet and fair,
Was whining dreadfully one day;
But mamma worked away,
And told all sorts of curious things
To keep the frowns at bay.

She said the tangled, snarly curls
Were wilted little vines;
And comb and water freshened them,
And made them glow and shine;
The rosy cheeks, and violet eyes,
And lily brow were soiled
With road-side dust, and needed shoven
To keep from being spoiled.

A few days after clouds came up,
And rain came pattering down,
And scattered blessings everywhere,
In forest, field and town;
The drooping flowers showed brighter tint
The grass a deeper green,
And every thing looked fresh and glad,
Where'er the rain had been.

The rain-drops trembled on the trees,
And sparkled in the sun;
The birds sang loud and joyously,
Because the rain was done;
And then to mamma, in surprise,
Came wondering little Grace:
"O mamma, mamma, come and see!
The world has washed its face!"

IDLE KATE.

LITTLE Katy sits on the log, under the shadow of the great tree, dreaming. Ah! little Katy, you had better find something to do. Don't sit with your hands folded in your lap in that way; it would be better to find something to do to help mamma, or try to learn to sew. Remember that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It is all very pleasant sitting there, and imagining all sorts of nice things, but it is very selfish, to say the least; run and do something for somebody, and see how much happier you will feel.

THE BOY WHO SKATES.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

HAVE you ever heard of Bobby Bates,
Whose only joy in life was skates?
All summer with a wistful eye,
He'd gaze upon his skates and sigh;
But when Jack Frost came down one night,
And glazed the ponds, with wild delight
Infatuated Bobby Bates
Put off his cares, put on his skates.

He skated with excessive zeal,
Out figure eight with toe and heel;
He glided here, he circled there,
He balanced with one skate in air;
He skated up and down the hall,
He tried to skate upon the wall—
In short, this little Bobby Bates
Had only one idea—skates!

And so it happened, when one night,
The moon was shining, frosty, bright,
A goblin peeped in through the pane,
And cried, "Ho, ho! get up again!
I'm for a frolic to the Pole;
Don't lie there, sleeping, like a mole,
The ice is splendid, Bobby Bates;
Come out, and don't forget your skates!"

They skated to the Arctic Sea;
They skated to the Zuyder-Zee;
Up Mont Blanc to the very top,
Then down again. They didn't stop
Until they'd scaled the Matterhorn,
When in his bed he woke next morn,
"Ha, ha! he, he!" laughed Bobby Bates,
"It's nice to go to bed on skates!"

BANTAM FUSS AND SHOW.

YOU can make all the show that is necessary, provided you have something in you in the way of a manly or womanly mind and heart that is fit to make a show with. When I lived in the country I was very fond of chickens, and took care to get quite a variety of choice kinds—leghorns, brahmas, and other kinds whose names are familiar to poultry-dealers—and among them all was one little bantam. It never was more than half a chicken—you would have had to put it on a cricket before it would have stood as high as the rest—and even when it grew up it was nothing but a bantam; in fact, it did not grow up much—even when it was two years old you could almost have put it into the little egg-shell that it first hatched out of. And yet that little bantam would make more fuss and parade about scratching, about flapping its wings, and about crowing, than all the brahmas and cochins in the whole hen-yard put together.

So you see that what we are thinking about is not your trying to make a greater flourish than other boys and girls; flourish is cheap. Did you ever happen to have among your playthings a little drum? Do you know why it is so easy to get so much noise from a little drum? Because it is hollow—nothing inside of it. Big drums are made on the same principle. What we want, then, is not the show and flourish and noise, but we want that by the time you get to be old enough to do much of anything there should be great quantities of manly or womanly stuff in you that shall make you able to do it well and handsomely. You cannot do something if you have nothing to do it with. Only God can make something out of nothing; you cannot.

Those third-rate big brothers of his could club together and put little Joseph in a pit; but in the long run he beat the whole of them, and governed the whole great country of Egypt, while they were watching cows, shearing sheep, and tending asses in miserable little Goshen. And that was not because Joseph was "lucky," but because, whenever a chance came, he had already gotten a good "ready" inside, so that he could take hold of the chance and make the most of it.

My little friend, if you are going to do a good thing in the world, and stand up head and shoulders above the meaningless crowd around you, you have got to work for it. There is no luck about it. If you want to be lazy and just drift along; be taken care of; lean on your father and mother while they live, and then lean on the money they leave behind when they die; one of a crowd, a sheep among the sheep—why, then, I suppose you will. But if this is your style, may the Lord pity you!

You cannot be a grand man when you are forty or fifty unless you begin to be a grand little man when you are a youngster. If, like Joseph, you are able to do something large for the world when you get grown up, it will be because, like Joseph, you began to get the stuff together while you were growing up. If your father goes about to build him a large brick house, you know he will have to get together a great many little bricks before he can build it. So if you are going to do a great, noble work, you will have to be a great, noble man or woman in order to do it; and such greatness and nobleness have to be built out of a great many littles, just as your father's house has to be built out of a great many thousands and thousands of bricks. Great words and great deeds can no more be done by a man that from his youth up has been

lazy and shiftless and vulgar, than the Brooklyn Bridge could have been built out of a skein of yarn and a half-dozen pounds of ten-penny nails.—Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.

HELPING MAMMA.

THERE was most everything to do that day, Helen's mother thought. If she had only known the day before, it needn't have been so. But how could she tell beforehand that baby would be sick and company come? It all happened just the same, however, as if she had known, and she had a headache besides.

Little Helen's eyes were very sharp, and she knew that while her mother talked with her guests and smiled, that something was the matter.

Presently a pair of chubby arms crept up around the mother's neck, and Helen whispered softly:

"I wants to help you, dear mother."

"Bless your little heart!" said the mother, turning and kissing the rosy cheek, close to hers, "you help me every day."

"But I want to help you more, 'cause I guess your head aches," said Helen, putting up her cheek for another kiss.

"Yes, dear, it does; and if you want to help mamma most, you may go out into the yard and make a whole lot of sand cakes. I guess the baby's sister will like that, don't you? Take good care of her, any way, and don't let her trouble the mother."

"Now, you mean me, I know," said Helen. "I'm all the sister baby has;" and she looked as if she half wanted to pout. But she thought better of it; for there was a fine pile of sand in the yard that she was very fond of.

Long before tea time there was a grand array of various kinds of cakes ready for whoever wanted them; and when bed-time came the mother told Helen that "she had been the best little helper that ever was."

STICK TO ONE THING.

EVERY young man, after he has chosen his vocation, should stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

A CHRISTIAN is just one who does what the Lord Jesus tells him. Neither more nor less than that makes one a Christian.



THE DILIGENT BOY.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

I THOUGHT when I learned my letters
That all my troubles were done,
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But not like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have to tell it,
But my copybook is a sight!
The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

A LADDER WITH TWENTY-FOUR
ROUNDS.

FOR BOYS.

A BRITISH duke, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and, thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, sir," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke. "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read,"

answered the lad. "One does not need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it. "After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house. I noticed the architect use a rule and compass, and make a great many calculations. I asked what was the meaning and use of that, and they told me there was a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books, and learned geometry. Then I heard of better books about

the two sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are content to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, without pluck or perseverance to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see more clearly, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found a helper afterwards in the then Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies, and became a distinguished mathematician. Stone's "Mathematical Dictionary"—for Stone was this young gardener's name—was a celebrated book published in London many years ago.

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A PARTY of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and meant to make oak-leaf trimming and pick berries. Oh, it was a fine time they meant to have!

"Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going, and you must." Ellen, with her white cape bonnet, skipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time. The little girls kept looking

up to the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps.

She did not seem in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out: "You got leave! you are going, are you?" Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh," cried the children, "it is too bad! Not go? It is really unkind in your mother. Why, I would make her let you."

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer. And it was a beautiful one.

There are a great many times when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go anywhere and do what they wish, and how often they are rebellious and sulky in consequence of it! But the true way is a cheerful compliance with your mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and dutiful thought, "My mother knows best." It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her, who has done and suffered so much for you, and the obedience you owe her in the Lord.

IT HURT HER.

CARRIE had done something very wrong. She knew it was wrong, and yet she did it.

She had taken a ten-cent piece from the corner of grandpa's bureau. The ten-cent piece did not make her happy. It felt heavy in her pocket, and it seemed to burn her hand when she held it. Stolen money never makes people happy.

Finally, she put the dime under the corner of the rug, and left it there.

"Did anybody see a dime on my bureau?" asked grandpa. "I put it there so that I should not forget to pay mamma for the postage-stamps."

Mamma happened to see Carrie just then, and her face was very red.

"Do you know about it, Carrie?"

"N-o-o-m—I mean—N-o-o-m," said Carrie, "I think I know where it is."

"Go and get it," said mamma, looking very sober.

When Carrie took the money from under the rug, they knew she had put it there.

"Tell grandpa all about it, little girlie," said grandpa, very kindly.

Carrie held the dime in her hand, and told how she had taken it.

"But I don't want it. It hurt me and hurt me, and it's horrid! and it makes mamma sorry!"

"And God sorry," said mamma, in a low tone.

"Yes, I know—oh, take it back! Thieves are mizzebul, and I'll never be one again." And she never was.