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Happy Days

[VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1887.

[No. 6.]

PLAYING DOCTOR.

MASTER CHARLIE says he is going to be a doctor when he grows up. He begins to practice his sister's doll. He puts on his father's coat and top hat, and with a grave face feels the doll's pulse and orders gruel and medicine. The little girl obeys his orders, and between the two I suppose they will soon have the doll well again.

THE SNAIL'S LESSON.

FREDDY sat on a wall in the garden with a book in his hand, at which he was looking with a very sad face.

"I'm sure I shall never learn it!" he cried in tones of despair.

The school-master had given all the boys a homely task, and Freddy had not had let the time slip away without touching a book till only a leaf was left, and he had his long poem to learn by heart.

Like most boys, he wished to get the prize, but he did not like the labour of working for it.

When an idle lad was Master Freddy, in his head he thought how that he was not so clever as the other boys, and that it was not much use trying.

He was thinking that very thing just



PLAYING DOCTOR.

now, when his eyes fell upon a snail crawling up the bottom of the wall on which he sat. "Surely," thought he, "that silly thing is not going to try to get to the top at that place!" Yet, slowly, as he watched it—very slowly—the snail came

nearer and nearer, until at length the summit was reached, and, as if in triumph, the old snail reared itself up and waved its horns, till Freddy laughed outright.

Then the thought flashed upon him—suppose the snail had said what he had, "It is of no use trying!" He would never have reached the top of the wall, that was certain.

"I won't be beaten by a snail!" cried he, and he set to work at once in downright earnest, and by the time the holidays came to an end he knew his poem by heart, and could recite it without a mistake.

Prize-day came, and the boys listened eagerly for the prize boys' names. Freddy's surprise can scarcely be imagined when he heard his own called out; but there was no mistake about it; he had won a prize. —Selected.

SOME little boys and girls are always talking about what they will do when they are "grown up." It is better not to think so far ahead. God wants you to do something for him now, before you grow up. And the best way to begin is by being kind and obedient at home.

LITTLE LIPS.

LITTLE lips that dimple
With a joyous smile,
Which with words so simple,
Oft my heart beguile.

May those sweet lips never
Speak the thing that's wrong;
Be their love notes ever
Truth's most lovely song.

Sing it, darling, sing it,
Through thy life's long day;
Never for a minute,
Let fear thy warblings stay.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1887.

NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you who gives it to me— isn't it?"

"Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother. "Where do I get the bread I give you?"

"From the baker, mamma."

"And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of which he made the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?"

"Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?"

"Well, now, suppose that uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would uncle George have any harvest?"

"Why, no," said Nellie, looking sober.

"Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven, who never forgets to give us what we need."—*Our Lambs.*

MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING.

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay (Hartlepool) it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending one mile from one side of the bay. She sank, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The life-boats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to the swaying masts was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted one mast fell. Just as the rocket bearing the life-line went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious.

With amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fishermen near him and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art safe, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments; then he raised both his hand and cried, in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!" and then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

A LITTLE fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

MISS LAUGH AND MISS FRET.

CRUIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet;
"I hate this warm weather: it's horrid
tan,
It scorches my nose,
And blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh
"Why I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright sum-
day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet smell-
hay."

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out-of-doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rung. Most of them dropped their hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one, "let's play true to-day, nobody will know it."

Some of them consented; but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do, I shall be to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

BETTER TO SUFFER THAN LIE.

A LITTLE orphan lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself, and ran back to his uncle's store with all speed.

"What are you running yourself out of breath for?" asked one of the men. "I thought your uncle that the people kept waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie!"

"To be sure it would; but what's the odds?"

"I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the little fellow indignantly. "No, not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me lying was the first step to ruin."

GOD'S CHILD.

"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath-school scholar.

"I do not know," he answered; "I don't know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not see him. Now he is near, and I love to do things, and I don't want to do things, for his sake, like as you say for my father's or my mother's sake."

Here, indeed, was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.



OUR CAT.

DONALD AND HIS SISTER.

POOR Donald McDonald had given his parents much trouble. He was a fine, bright lad, but he lacked decision of character. Bad companions had drawn him into much mischief; but, at last, he had to face a great calamity. He was charged with theft. Many things seemed to prove his guilt; yet, bad as he had been, he knew he was not a thief. He sat on his bed in great sorrow, after failing to convince his father of his innocence. He knew not what to do, or whither to go. He had never prayed before for months, but he prayed that night most fervently for help and deliverance. To his great joy, his sister rushed into his room in much excitement, and exclaimed, "Oh, Donald! it is all right; old Mr. Ferguson has just called with the missing purse, he found it under the rug in father's office." Donald had already made a good resolve, and he has kept it.

JESSIE'S SEWING ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

"Will I send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly a little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we get the doctor the better."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie, who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do. This is a disease call "selfishness," and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it.

SOW, SEW AND SO.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the farmers sow;
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed,
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew,
So the mothers sew!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks,
So, so, so.

Sow, sew, so,
So they sow and sew;
S, and O, and W,
This is what the farmers do,
Put an E, in place of O,
This is how the mothers sew,—
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.

—*Vesper Bells.*

THE ECLIPSE.

DID you ever see an eclipse? May-be you don't know what "eclipse" means: for that is a pretty hard word for little people. To tell you about it, you must first know that the sun is a great body of light, from which the moon and the stars and the earth all receive their light. The earth revolves or turns around the sun, and the moon turns around the earth—just as if there was a lamp on a centre-table, and you walked slowly around the table, while sister walked around you. If you will try that, you will see that sister's head is sometimes in the way, so that you cannot see the light. When this happens with the heavenly bodies, that is, when the moon passes between the earth and sun, so that we on the earth cannot see all or a part of the sun, we call it an eclipse of the sun. The best way to see an eclipse is through a glass that has been held over a candle or torch, until smoke has collected on it, and made it quite dark.

Ask papa, or mamma, to tell you when there will be an eclipse, and look at it through a smoked glass. then see how much you can remember of what I have told you.

SICKNESS should teach us what a vain thing the world is,—what a vile thing sin is,—what a poor thing man is,—and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

Suz knelt with her sweet hands folded;
Her fair little head bowed low;
While dead vines tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care,
And up through the laden silence
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good," she said,
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, white winter,
Oh, help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May,
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the earth to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that are dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

I SHALL never forget an incident of my childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school-children were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual we gathered around to observe them. Among them was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way and his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members of his body were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old Rattle Bones!" while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands

warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock for my companions!

I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that when no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections which will not leave you for a lifetime.—*The Christian*.

SOWING SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"Oh, I know!" said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they'll come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done,

you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

"GO AND DO IT."

DON'T live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up square and cleanly; then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours the prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost.

And if you find yourself where so many things are pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into place, and follow after like a company of soldiers. A man was once asked how he "accomplished so much in his life." "My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is no secret.

DEAR BOUGHT EXPERIENCE.

"O it's hot! It burned me!"

The cry brought Willie's mamma in from the other room. "Mamma told me to wait until it was cool," she said, stirring the porridge briskly. "I said it was too hot to eat now."

"I wanted to see for myself," said Willie.

"Ah! that was the trouble. You must not trust me," replied his mother, sorrowfully.

We know that some temptations seem pleasant and harmless we think they can be wrong, until we have yielded to them, and then we wish we had seen the lying back of what seemed all right. Mamma and papa are older and wiser than we, and they know how temptation comes, and what it leads to. We should trust them, and listen to them.