

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1888.

[No. 10.

MEDDLESOME TOM.

ONE day meddlesome Tom met with a punishment. He had been peeping about and listening, and hearing of some wonderful machine that his father had just received.

"I must go and have a look at it," said Tom to himself. And down he went to his father's study. He opened the door softly, and there stood the wonderful machine with chains and handles and plates, most tempting to behold. Tom rubbed his hands and smiled.

So he got upon a chair, and kneeling down he took a chain handle in each hand.

"Ca-pital," he was going to say, but instead of finishing the word, he cried out, "Oh! oh! oh!" and roared so loud that every one ran to see what was the matter. For no sooner had Tom taken hold of the handles than he felt as if pins and needles were pricking him, and he could not take his hands away, the handles



MEDDLESOME TOM.

seemed to keep them fast. "Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Tom.

"Ah!" said his father, "you have punished yourself at last. This is a galvanic battery."

Tom did not know what a galvanic battery was, but he made up his mind not to meddle with one again. And when his father loosed his hands he crept away to his room, not caring to hear the laughs and jokes that were made upon him.

But he learned a lesson, and never again meddled with anything that he did not understand.

OUR SAVIOUR'S WORDS

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations, but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted.—*Dean Stanley.*

LITTLE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,—
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself the Lamb;
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child,—
I a child and thou a lamb;
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 0
Methodist Magazine, 60 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 0
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 14
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 84
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 6
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 2 to a dozen; \$2 per 10; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 35
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 3
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 60

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Murray Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HICKEY,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1888.

CLEAR THROUGH.

A LITTLE boy only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant, Maggie, as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside; but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry-rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian!"

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.

LITTLE WIND AND BIG FIRE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

FIVE little people were in high glee in the play room. It was very snowy and blowy outside, and the rug-carpeted room was warm and snug.

All the come-at-able chairs and stools were ranged in a tandem row, and lo, a train of cars bound for California.

Mamma sat at work in her room smiling to herself at the sounds of glee from the would-be travellers; but suddenly the sounds changed.

"Willie Ray, you horrid boy; you've torn my dress!"

"Well, I didn't mean to do it, Miss Spit-fire Jane."

"Jane ain't a Spit-fire at all; it's just you old rough boys that make things disagreeable."

"O, yes, you are little angels, made of sugar and spice and all that's nice; that's what makes you look so sweet just now."

And so angry words flew about like bombshells, exploding on every side. Mamma laid down her work and went to the play-room door.

"Come here, little travellers, I want to show you something."

They crowded noisily into her room. She gave them seats, and told them to be very quiet and watch what would happen. Then, going to a little closet, she brought out a basket full of chips and kindling-wood and shavings. She laid them in a high pile on her pretty grate, where the children hardly ever saw a fire made, and with a pair of tongs brought a coal from the nursery fire, and dropped it in the midst of this pile.

"Now, Rosy-posy," she said to the wee-est of the little ones, "blow that coal."

Rosy got off her chair with a rather solemn face, and pursing up her lips, blew as hard as such a little girl could. In an instant a very pretty red flame started, and while the children looked and wondered what mamma meant, the whole pile caught, and a great, roaring brightness flashed up the chimney.

"Now, all of you together blow that fire out," said mamma.

All five pair of little cheeks were puffed in an instant, and they blew and blew till there was no breath left in them.

Did the fire heed their blowing? Not a whit. On it went, roaring and snapping and sparkling, looking almost as if it were laughing at their red faces.

"O, mamma, we can't blow it out," they all cried.

"No, I see you can't, said mamma; "and

there is another fire that one little breath can start and fan, until it gets so hot that all together you can't blow it out. What is it, little daughter?"

"I 'spect its getting mad," said Jane, with downcast eyes.

"Then go back to your play," said mamma, "and O, be careful not to start that blaze by any ugly word."

THE BABY BROTHER.

JANE and Ida are very fond of their little brother, and indeed he is very cute, and so good-natured, laughing and crowing from morning till night. They never think it a hardship to take care of him while mother is busy; in fact, they will almost quarrel, sometimes, as to which shall be the one to carry or put him to sleep.

I am sorry to say that all sisters are not like these two little girls in this respect. I have known some who were cross and, shall I say it? ugly—when mother wished them to amuse baby for a while, thus, by their conduct adding to mother's anxiety and care. I hope that none of my readers are like them.

"But," I hear some one say, "babies are very different. Some are nice, and some are not nice to take care of." I agree with you, but must add, that some girls are nice and some are not nice, as nurses.

Do you suppose any baby, even the best-natured, likes to be jerked and scolded? Do you think that, as a rule he will continue to smile and crow if he finds his sister cross and ugly and sees that she does not care whether he is pleased or not? How would you like to be treated so by anyone? Do you think that you would be very amiable?

I think I will give you a text to help you, the next time you have to do something that you do not like. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men." Think of it as something God has given you to do. Yes, even taking care of little brother or sister. Put your heart in it, a heart full of love for Jesus, and you cannot help but please.

FOR PURE SPEECH.

A MAN, looking up from sawing his wood saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "See here! what are you about, George?" asked the man. "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say, "I won't." We wish every boy would take the same stand—no play with swearers. 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'

WHEN JESUS WAS A CHILD.

At night the wealthy citizen
Had turned him from his door:
The only friends around him were
The lowly and the poor.
Yet, to his Father's will resigned,
The new-born infant smiled:
This came to pass in Bethlehem,
When Jesus was a child.

He came to do his Father's work,
His Father's law to teach;
The Jewish doctors wondered at
The wisdom of his speech.
In giving reasons for his faith,
The hours away he whiled:
This came to pass in Solyma,
When Jesus was a child.

Beneath Saint Joseph's humble roof,
He with his mother dwelt;
His gentle words revealed to them
The love his bosom felt.
In every action he was kind,
In manner always mild:
This came to pass in Nazareth,
When Jesus was a child.

Have I been patient, wise and good,
When home and when abroad?
Ah, no! too often I behaved
Unlike a child of God.
In future, with my Father's will
I shall be reconciled,
And try to do as Jesus did,
When once he was a child.

THE LOST KEY.

JET was only five years old, but she was a busy little girl and wanted to do everything her mamma did; so she had learned to sew quite nicely. One day there came a tiny hole in the pocket of Jet's dress, and mamma said, "Jet, be sure and mend that hole."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute," answered Jet.

But she was a forgetful little girl, like some others that I know; and after a while, when the cook gave her the pantry key to carry to mamma, she did not think at all about the hole, but put the key in her pocket. It was not long before the key was needed, and mamma said, "Come, Jet, quickly, and help me look for it; I need it at once."

Tears came into Jet's pretty brown eyes, and a bright red spot showed on both her cheeks. "Oh, mamma, I put it into my pocket, and now it is gone."

Up-stairs, down-stairs, Jet ran, looking for the key; but it could not be found. At last the little girl sat down on the nursery

rug and hid her face in her hands, for the tears came so fast that she could not see. She did not even notice kitty playing about the room, until the merry puss came and sprang right into her lap.

And what was that in kitty's mouth? Jet looked down with her tearful eyes. What was kitty playing with? Just think! The dear little puss had found the lost key, and was amusing herself by dragging it after her and biting the string to which it was tied.

Up sprang Jet and ran with the key to mamma. Then she sat down and mended the hole in her pocket, thinking, "I will never, never, never again delay doing what mamma tells me."

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

Two little brothers were left at home one rainy Sunday. Johnnie said, "Let us play church. You be the minister and I'll be the congregation." So Sammy took down the big Bible and looked over it a little while, and then said, "Now, Johnnie, here's a nice little text with only four words in it; and as you are a little boy four years old, there'll be a word for each year of your life. This is the text: 'I am the door.' You see the first word is I. It has only one letter in it. This 'I' means the Lord Jesus, the good Jesus, the good Saviour who loves little children. The second word is 'am.' This has two letters in it. When Jesus says, 'I am the door,' of course he doesn't mean that he really is a door like that through which we come into a room, but only that he is like a door. The third word is 'the.' Jesus says, 'I am the door,' because he is the only door by which we can enter into heaven. The fourth word is 'door.' This has four letters in it. A door lets us into the house. If there were no door we could not get in at all. A door keeps out the rain, and the dogs, and the thieves; so Jesus keeps away all dangerous and hurtful things out of his beautiful heaven. If we want to get into a house we must go straight to the door; and if we want to get to heaven we must go to Jesus and ask him to let us in."

MY BEST TEXT.

"MOTHER, said a little girl, on coming home from the Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Do you know what is my best text?"

"Tell me, my dear," replied the mother.

"Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my text has just seven words in it: 'It is time to serve the Lord.'" (Hos. 10. 12.)

PRAYING FOR A BIBLE.

A COLPORTEUR, one who sells Bibles and other books, was talking to a woman one day, when a little boy came and stood beside him.

"I wish I might have one of these good books," he said, "how much are they?"

"The cheapest Testament is twopence," said the colporteur.

The little fellow turned away with a sigh. He had not half so much as a half-penny.

The colporteur went out one day. He had not gone far when he heard the sound of little feet running after him, and a cry of—"Please, sir, stop!"

It was the little boy, whose face was now beaming with joy.

"I prayed to God for one of those books," he said, "and I have found a shilling on the road, and no one owns it, so now, please, give me a Bible."

"I have a Bible for sixpence," said the colporteur.

"No," said little Dennick, "God gave me the shilling for it, and you must keep it all."

Do all of our dear readers feel that the Bible is indeed a precious treasure? If you ever meet a child without a Bible, be sure and give that poor one a New Testament.

HAMMOCK BIRDS.

THE Hammock bird hangs its nest from a slender branch, just as a sailor does his hammock. We may well call it the first hammock builder, and from them the sailor may have taken his lesson. They live in Australia and belong to the family of birds called Honey-eaters as they feed not only on insects, but also on the sweet juice or honey of flowers.

Nothing could be more comfortable than the nest of these birds, built of grass, wool and pure white cotton, gracefully suspended in the air and swinging in the breeze. It prefers a quiet, lazy life, and is much less active than most birds. At times its presence would hardly be noticed except for a shrill note which it sends now and then through the forest.

"I LOVE you, mamma, and that's why I have to mind you every time," said little Nell. Some children think they love papa and mamma, but do not mind them every time. It is only real love that is a law, and that is the kind of love which we must have for Jesus. It is very sweet to love Jesus so much that we have to mind him.



LITTLE SARAH AND HER CAT.

"THERE'S one thing for which I am just truly glad," she said to the cat; as she lifted her by her fore-paws, and rocked back and forth in the library.

"Nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things, and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries; but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she could do it, and Trudie Burne won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money, and her brother Tom sells all his strawberries and Fanny raises little bits of cucumbers and sells them; and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with only my dear cat. I don't know how I'm going to make my missionary money; I must find some way, but I'm just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you."

Alas, for little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor, in an elegant chair that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel

himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones:

"I declare I would give \$5 for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises! That's the way with an old place. Old family residences are humbugs!"

Five dollars for a good mouser! Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked about a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. Five dollars for a good mouser! And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars, or any other, to the missionary cause, on his own account. It was not a week since she had heard the ladies repeating what he said about the Foreign Mission work being a great mistake, a failure, a sheer waste of money; none

of his should be frittered away in that manner. There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and the tears came into her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite, and moped around so sadly, that her mother feared she was going down with the measles. One morning little Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat, while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket, and taken to Colonel Bates' by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she wanted no chance to change her mind. Swiftly her little feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket, and speaking very fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the \$5; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what!!" sputtered Col. Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one? and what am I to give you?"

"That \$5, if you please; you said you would, you know, for a good mouser, and Tabby is the best one that ever was; my mamma says so. And the missionaries, you know, need the money, the heathen people do; and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you please to be very good to her?" and a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, plashed on the Colonel's hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head, and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocket-book. "So I promised \$5 for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the other day, when you talked with a man."

"Just so; my tongue was always getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your \$5; and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."

Now all this happened only recently. Of course I can't tell you how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the Mission Band said when little Sarah brought her \$5.—*The Pansy.*

CHILD-LIFE.

AN early traveller am I,
Upon a road that looks
As pleasant as the flowery path
Beside the summer brooks.

I've gone a very little way,
And yet I can't go back
To pick up anything I've lost
Or wasted on the track.

And if I careless pass each stone,
I mayn't my steps retrace:
And so I need a faithful Guide,
To keep me by his grace.

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A LITTLE three-year-old stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath watching for papa, who was at church. She soon spied him coming, and as he entered the door she raised her dark eyes and said, "Papa, what did the preacher preach about this morning?"

Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus."

The dark eye brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and had talked about him.

Yes, the Saviour is every child's Jesus!