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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

[No. 1.

RUNNING AWAY FROM GOD.

MOTHER had told them not to touch it; that was the worst of it. The pretty Franklin stove had been taken down and carried out, and mother quickly stuffed a newspaper in the round hole left by the stove-pipe.

"It's so very windy to-day," she said to the men, "that I am afraid to take the screen down; but you needn't come back; Jane can take up the soot when the wind falls."

As mother left the room she turned and said to Jessie and Polly, standing on each side of the mantel-piece, "Don't touch that newspaper."

She was so used to their doing what she told them that she didn't think of it again; but an ugly little spirit of disobedience crept into their hearts, and they hardly waited for mother to be up-stairs before they pulled out the paper, to peep into the dark hole and see why mother was afraid to take down the screen.

And in tugging at the paper, down came the screen itself, and then what a lot of mischief Mr. Wind was up to! He caught the piles of soft, black soot lying in the hearth and sprinkled it over everything—the pretty crimson and gray carpet, the damask chairs, the books and bric-a-brac, and over the cleanly-dressed little girls themselves. Oh, what a mess.

"Let's run away, Polly," said Jessie. So they caught up their caps from the hall



THE SNOW-BALL.

sofa and away they trotted, through the back yard and the garden, and the loose palings in the garden fence, and out into the fields.

But by the time mother had discovered the mischief, and was beginning to look about anxiously for the culprits, she spied them coming laggingly back through the

broken fence and the garden and the back yard. They looked so forlorn that mother did not punish them; she thought they had punished themselves.

"But why did you turn back so soon if you wanted to run away?" she asked.

"Oh, we 'membered it wasn't any good to run," said Jessie, "cause we couldn't run away from God, you know He's just everywhere."

"And when you are good children, said mother," you'll love to think that God is everywhere, and that you can't get away from him."

GOOD CLIMBERS.

Do you know the pictures of Alpine climbers? Have you seen them mounting the narrow and dangerous passes, bound together by having the same rope passed about the waist of each? If one falls, it endangers the safety of all, but the steady step of the foremost, or the hindmost, may save the lives of the rest. Just such climbers are ye all, young life-travelers. The rope is your common humanity. Fear to slip, for you may pull others down into your

evil case, "but strengthen your steps" in the right path, for you cannot stand nor fall to yourself alone. At the mountain top you will find the morning land—no more fear, no more falling; and one of the sweetest joys will be to know that by your good climbing you have helped others up.

THINKING.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

THINKING of the long days,
Bright days,
Glad days,
When the school-books put away,
She has time to run and play
Under wide blue country skies,
With the bees and butterflies!

Thinking of the long days,
Dull days,
Sad days,
When the children poor and ill,
Must stay in the city still!
No big sky to glad their eyes;
No green fields to give surprise!

Thinking of the long days,
Hot days,
Tired days!
When those little ones so sad,
Have no change to make them glad;
No vacation-time, to go
Where the flowers and grasses grow!

Thinking how, perhaps, can she,
Try to help just two or three
Of God's little ones so sad,
Give her time, to make them glad!
Best days!
Always!

Those earning God's praise.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

TRAIN THE GIRLS.

WHEN a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket-money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets

sixpence per week, she should purchase her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course the mother will see that the sum is sufficient to do this and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labour, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labour, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl or daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in the work.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

JAMIE had been reading a story of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure, and he was constantly poking about in dark corners and sounding the panels in the wainscoted halls, hoping to discover some hidden treasure. In vain his brother and sister laughed at him; he kept on digging and sounding and turning over rubbish. One morning, his brother Frank came running up to him, and said: "I've found a hidden treasure, really and truly. Come on to the timber land and I'll show you where it is. You'll have to be careful not to let the fellow who's burying it see you, though. He watches pretty sharply, I can tell you, to see if anybody's looking; but we can catch him in the very act if you're only cautious enough."

Mollie was with Jamie, and declared she was coming too. So all three ran across lots to the edge of the woods. There was a steep bank just by the woods, and Frank made Jamie and Mollie hide behind that while he stole a peep.

"Yes, he's there. Come on; but crawl up the side of the hill as quietly as you can, and look through this tangle of weeds," he whispered.

Jamie looked and looked, but saw nobody at all.

"It's a chipmunk, Jamie; Frank is fooling you. See, the little fellow is burying nuts under that old tree. Isn't he 'cute, the dear little thing?"

When Jamie saw what his brother had brought him so far to see, he was at first very angry, then he laughed, and said: "That's what I call mean, Frank. You did fool me well, though. I've about made up my mind that nobody buries treasures in these days. But wouldn't I like to have lived in those days when there were pirates, and Indians, and buccaners, and Tories, and caves, and underground passages, and all those things. I tell you, it would have been jolly and exciting."

"Hum! you'd find it a heap pleasanter to read about those old times than to have to

hide for days at a time in some cellar or cave, with nothing to eat, and afraid to show your head for fear of having your scalp taken off, or not being able to see your friends or attend to business," said Frank.

"Well, I don't believe that would be very jolly," admitted Jamie.

As they went back to the house, Mollie recited to them this little poem she had read a few days before in the *Independent*.

THE CHIPMUNK'S HARVEST.

Busily toils the chipmunk now,
Running about from early morn,
Gathering in a harvest rich,
Of nuts and yellow corn.

Quickly he runs from tree to tree,
Picking his little store of food,
Heaping his cellar full and high,
With everything that's good.

Gathering grasses long and soft,
Making himself a cosy nest,
Where in the long, long winter days,
In comfort he may rest.

Thus he will work till all is done,
Waiting the snow and frost and rain,
Then to the world he says, "Good-night,"
Till sunshine comes again.

FUN FOR TWO.

"I DON'T want to learn my text," said Robbie.

"I don't either," said Ned; "I'd a great deal rather go out into the woods. But I guess I'll do it."

Ned sat down to learn his text. But Robbie idled about and did not open his lesson leaf.

"You'd better learn it," said Ned.

"It's too hard," said Robbie.

"It isn't hard when you just tackle it and say, I will."

After a while Ned jumped up, saying, "I've got it all ready to say to mamma to-night."

"There comes papa," said Robbie. "I wonder what he wants."

"I've come," said papa, "to see if there are any boys here who have done all their lessons."

"I have," said Ned.

"Because," said papa, "if there are I want to take them for a ride."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Ned. "I've done. I can go."

He danced about in great glee, waving his hat.

Robbie leaned back with his hands in his pockets, looking very sorry.

"Come, then," said papa.

Ned followed him out. Then he said, "Papa, could you wait a little while?"

"Yes," said papa.

Ned ran back to his brother. "Say, Rob," he said, "let's hurry up your text. I'll help you all I can."

In just fifteen minutes it was learned. Then there were two happy boys instead of one. And Ned, I think, must have been about four times as happy as if he had gone without his brother.

"PERPLEX FRACTIONS."

LITTLE Arthur goes to school
Studies very well,
Always keeps his temper cool,
Likes to write and spell,
Likes to read of queens and kings,
Read of noble actions,
Likes so very many things—
Despises Common Fractions!

"Complex fractions," once he said,
As his muddled brain
Tried to keep them in his head,
Failed, and failed again,
"Complex fractions—who's to blame
If I blunder through?
Perplex fractions is their name—
Don't you think so too?"

"I forget what 'tis they say—
'Converting the divisor!'
Wish to learn the rule to-day
For teacher, to surprise her!"
Little Arthur looked so sad,
And rubbed his fractioned slate,
No heart to laugh at him I had;
I only whispered, "Wait."

"Wait, my boy, and you will find,
At your books or work,
If you do the things behind,
Never slight, nor shirk,
Nor go on until you see
This day's page is right,
Things that now 'perplex' may be
'Converted' to delight."

TRIP, JACK, AND PET.

I THINK the little friends who read our paper would like to hear about these three nice dogs, who have passed the summer together in a beautiful home in the West; and perhaps they can learn from them.

Trip is about fifteen years old, and has passed many of these years at this beautiful home, where he has been treated always with great kindness and respect; and although the "only dog" for so long, yet he has not become selfish, like many an "only child," as you will see.

Two years ago Trip's master came home with a large, handsome shepherd dog. His beautiful coat was in the height of style, being the two shades of brown, like the ladies' dresses. Jack (for that was the name they gave him) had large, expressive eyes, and his gentle, affectionate ways won the hearts of all. Trip looked at the new comer, and listened to all these expressions of admiration: "How beautiful he is!" "What bright eyes he has!" "What a handsome form!"

Now Trip might have been made very jealous by all this, for he is a small, homely black dog, with weak eyes; but he wagged at Jack, and rubbed around him as if he wished to do his part to give him a welcome.

A lady from London took her little Skye terrier, that she calls "Pet," and went to the West to pass the summer at the home of Trip and Jack. The

thing Pet did, when he entered, was to rush through the house, chasing the nice cat out into the yard. Now pussy couldn't understand this, for Trip and Jack never molest her, and she lives in peace. Pet at once made friends with the dogs, for they gave him a kind welcome, and when he saw how kind they both were to Kitty, he followed their example, and never troubled her again. It was really a pretty sight to see the four cat together, and appear so friendly and happy.

Poor Trip has become blind in one eye, and a few weeks ago he met with a sad accident. While running to make acquaintance with a stranger dog, a carriage ran over him and broke his leg. Trip's cry brought his faithful friends to his side. A kind lady took him in her arms and carried him to a comfortable lounge, while Jack and Pet followed, watching every movement.

Poor Trip suffered intensely, and soon fainted away, but as water was thrown in his face he revived, and his young master came in with a kind doctor, who examined his leg, and putting the bones in place, he put the leg in splints, and soon a long white bandage was bound around it, and securely fastened. Trip moaned and cried while the doctor performed this painful operation, but he submitted to it, as he knew it was all for his good, and behaved like a wise man; but Jack and Pet thought the doctor was very unkind to make poor old Trip suffer; so they resolved to prevent it, and rushed up to him, barking furiously, when the mistress was obliged to drive them from the room, lest they should hurt the kind doctor. Trip's young master carried him three or four times each day from his bed to the yard, where he could inhale the fresh air, and there he ate his tender little pieces of beef, while Jack and Pet would watch him. Then they followed close by his side, as he hobbled about the yard, as if they would like to lend him one of their well legs, if possible.

Trip is now nearly well. The splints are taken off, and his leg has become nearly as strong as ever. Pet has returned to his city home, more patient and quiet than ever before, having learned a lesson from Trip and Jack which he will never forget. I hope the little readers will always be very kind to the dumb animals and try to make them comfortable and happy.

KITTY'S ADVISERS.

THERE was once a little girl, whose name was Kitty, and she had two Advisers, who were always telling her what she had better do. One generally spoke the quickest, and that we shall call the First Adviser; the other, who was modest, though very faithful, shall be called the Second. Some times she minded one, and sometimes the other, and according as she heeded the one or the other, so she behaved.

Kitty slept in a little room near her mother's, and her mother usually waked her in the morning with, "Jump up, Kitty."

Early one cold autumn morning, "Jump up, Kitty," waked the child, and she lifted her head, and it felt quite wintry.

"I would not get up," said the First Adviser, who was always sure to be at hand, "be quiet in your snug little bed, it is very cold and early, stay where you are."

"Kitty, it is time to be stirring," whispered the other, for they were always cross-counselling each other. "It is time to be stirring, Kitty, your morning duties are waiting for you; up, up!" Kitty thought a moment, and then jumped up. She quickly dressed herself; then she shut the door and knelt down to pray, thanking God for his kind care through the night, and asking for help through the day. Then she skipped out, crying joyfully, "Mamma, can I help you? can I help you, dear mamma?" But her mamma had gone down-stairs; so she sat by the fire in her mother's chamber, and began to study her spelling lesson; and study Kitty did with all her might. After breakfast, she dusted the parlour, and fetched papa's boots, and hushed the baby, and did all she had to do with a sweet and willing spirit; and her mother thought, as her little one went to school, "What a comfort Kitty is to me."

We do not know how it was during the forenoon at school, but as Kitty was walking down the sunshiny side of the street, on her way to school in the afternoon, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in a school-room," whispered the First Adviser; "It is nice to walk, it is nice to play, or do something else." Kitty listened, and as she listened she lagged and lagged more and more, until, in quite a discontented mood, she reached the school-room. School had begun, and she was tardy; the teacher saw it, and it grieved her.

Now, which Adviser was the wisest and best—the First or the Second? The first was called Liking, and the second Love. Liking seeks only to gratify for the moment; Love endeavours to do what is right. Which Adviser is safest and best, and which do the little girls follow who read this? We hope it is the latter, as that one will be sure to lead them into happy and useful lives.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JANUARY 21.

LESSON TOPIC.—Cain and Abel.—Gen. 4. 3-13.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 4. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.—Heb. 11. 4.

JANUARY 28.

LESSON TOPIC.—God's Covenant with Noah.—Gen. 9. 8-17.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 9. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Gen. 9. 13.



RETURN OF NOAH'S DOVE—[SEE LESSON FOR JANUARY 28.]

SNOW.

FLOATING, whirling, drifting,
 Strange little specks come down,
 Dainty fairy crystals,
 From a distant wonder-town;
 Out of the dim cloud-spaces;
 That seem so soft and gray;
 Are they dust from diamond blossoms,
 That grow where storm-winds play?

I only know they are lovely,
 And I wouldn't like to go
 To the very best of countries
 Where there's never any snow.
 Just to think that tiny snow-flakes
 Should fall, and fall, and fall,
 The great old earth they covered,
 Houses and trees and all!

The fences by the way-side
 Are crusted o'er with pearls,
 And around the gray, dead thistles
 The white snow clings and curls;
 The mossy walls are powdered
 With little sparkling stars,
 And spangles of jewels are hanging
 From the rough old pasture bars.

I learned a pretty lesson
 From the little flying flakes:
 One added to another
 At last a worldful makes.
 They are like the little minutes,
 Easy to waste indeed,
 But thousands put together
 Will give us all we need.

MOTHER'S BOY.

MOTHERS, it will not hurt your boys to learn to do many things pertaining to the domestic machinery of your home. They may be taught as easily as girls, and would be delighted to feel that their help was really needed and appreciated. Do not say "What can a boy do?" for a boy can do any kind of house-work which a girl can; yes, and he can learn to use a needle and thread just as easily. Do you not remember the trials you had in learning to sew, especially to use the thimble? Why not teach boys to sew on buttons, and mend torn garments as well as their sisters?

I know a mother who has taught her boy to take off the bed-clothes from his bed every morning, turn the mattresses, open the windows, etc., and at a stated time to go back, and make up the bed, and put the room in order; this he does daily, and the servant is not allowed to assist him.

Another boy always swept and dusted the sitting and dining-rooms, and whenever the mother or sister were hurried, washed the dishes, laid the table, etc. That same boy now has a home of his own, and his wife, not overstrong, never has the care of sweeping, no hard work is ever left for her, but his trained eyes see all the little places where he may assist, and in his quiet way he is helping to bear his share of the burdens which most men think belong to women. Is he any the less a manly man, think you?

If boys are taught neatness and order

in their homes as well as personal neatness their whole lives will be a benediction upon the mother who thus early gave them training. The future happiness of our girls who are to become wives of these boys depends largely upon the early habits and instruction which mothers are now giving the boys.

A boy who is careful not to bring in dirt on his boots, who puts papers and books where they belong, who always hangs up his hat, and who is looking out for places where he can help his mother, will make a better husband than the one who thinks his mother was made purposely to wait upon him.

There is nowadays a great cry to teach the girls to be good housekeepers; why not teach the boys to be helpful in-

stead of helpless? Beside laying the foundation for habits of neatness, order and helpfulness, some of the time of active, boyhood days will be spent where it should be, with the mother, instead of on the street.

WHAT A HANDKERCHIEF IS MADE OF.

DID you ever look at your handkerchief and wonder what it was made of? If a handkerchief could talk, I think it would say something like this: "First I was a little seed, and was planted in the ground. Then I began to grow until I became a little bush. After awhile white bunches of cotton began to grow on me. Then some men came and picked off the bunches and carried us to a machine that they called a cotton gin, where we were all torn up. Then we were put into a loom and made into handkerchiefs. We went from there to a store, and were put on a counter; and one day a lady came by and saw us and bought us for her little boy and girl."

A GOOD GIRL.

"MAMMA, may I go to see Bertha?" said Dottie.

"Yes, if you will be good girl," replied her mamma.

When Dottie was at Bertha's home she was tempted to do something naughty; so she said to herself, "No, if I do that, then I can't stay, because mamma said I could go if I would be a good girl."