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# Happy Days

LUKE II.]

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1887.

[No 10.]

## THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

looked across the placid bay,  
 thought of the homestead far away,  
 his brothers young and sisters fair  
 would offer up a daily prayer,  
 that their loved sailor-boy might be  
 freed from the perils of the  
 sea.

seemed to see his mother's  
 face,  
 feel her tender last embrace;  
 a blessing sounded in his  
 ear,  
 brought th' involuntary  
 tear;  
 yet the sailor-boy was  
 brave,  
 loved his life upon the  
 wave.

brave, young sailor! brave  
 at heart  
 always had a tender part;  
 he thinks upon his mother's  
 face  
 to bring his country no dis-  
 grace;  
 he'll more bravely dangers  
 dare  
 he thinks upon his mother's  
 prayer.

### SWEET WORDS.

"My dearest of mothers."  
 I heard the words repeated in  
 tones by my next-door  
 neighbour at an island farm-  
 house where we were sojourn-  
 ing. "My dearest of mothers."

My friend was a widow, and her son, an  
 affectionate, talented fellow, was engineer-  
 ing in Idaho. In one of his late letters he  
 said at the close, "And now, my dear-  
 est of mothers, good-bye."

Did he guess, I wonder, how the little  
 phrase would please the heart that

loved him so? Did he think that she  
 would say it over softly to herself as she  
 sat alone in her room?

The home days were over. The babies,  
 with their sweet ways, their joy-giving and  
 their trouble-making, had grown to noisy

her long letters, describing his adventurous,  
 changeable life, the strange companions by  
 whom he is surrounded, the wonderful  
 scenery of the wild western world. It was  
 all intensely enjoyed, but better than all  
 were the love phrases that showed the sons'  
 affectionate heart. I wonder  
 if the "boys" know how dear  
 they are to their mothers, and  
 how little attentions, little  
 gifts, tender words, flying visits,  
 cheer and warm the hearts that  
 have borne the test of years  
 and sorrows.

Life is a little chilly to  
 mothers whose homes are the  
 things of the past. Even if they  
 remain in the old home, the  
 rooms seem very bare and silent  
 after the children are gone. It  
 is as if summer had flown,  
 with its nests and bird songs,  
 and autumn winds were blow-  
 ing. Then the love of the  
 sons and daughters is like  
 sunshine of warm fires to the  
 hearts that sadly miss them.  
 Let us hope there are many  
 sons who write, "My dearest of  
 mothers."—*Congregationalist*.

### "SAVE ALL THE BITS."

I REMEMBER a busy man who  
 had very little time for read-  
 ing or study, but whose mind  
 was a perfect store house of  
 information on almost every  
 subject. "How does it happen  
 that you know so much more

than the rest of us?" I asked him one  
 day. "Oh," said he, "I never had time  
 to lay in a regular stock of learning, so  
 I save all the bits that come in my way,  
 and they count up a good deal in the  
 course of a year." His example is worthy  
 of imitation.



THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

boys, then to self-asserting men, they were  
 out in the world making their way, brains  
 busy, thoughts absorbed, hearts full, yet  
 here was one who remembered the mother,  
 still in middle life, loving and needing love,  
 the same as when her boys were her very  
 own in the dear child's home. He wrote

**"NO ROOM FOR JESUS."**

Was there no room in Bethlehem  
For Jesus at the inn?  
No room for Jesus when he came  
To save a world from sin?

No room for Jesus in our homes,  
Or round our board, where he,  
Above all other friends beside,  
An honoured guest should be?

No room for Jesus in our hearts?  
Oh, sad and fearful thought,—  
Room for all else but his dear love  
Who our redemption bought.

\* Dear little child, wilt thou not try  
The Saviour's lamb to be?  
So when he calls thee up on high  
He will make room for thee.

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**HAPPY DAYS.**

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1887.

**TO PLEASE JESUS.**

It was a word she knew very well, but for some strange reason, it was hard for the little girl to speak it. Mamma looked into her eyes, and was sure she knew what the matter was. "I'm afraid a little naughty spirit is trying to get into little Caro's heart," she said. "Are you?" asked Caro, looking back into mamma's eyes. "Yes, and if I were you, I would drive it straight away, for it does not please the Lord Jesus, when little girls let a bad spirit keep their hearts." "Doesn't it?" asked Caro with interest. "No," said mamma, "but you want to please him, don't you?" "Yes, mamma," and, with a tear glistening in her eye, out from smiling lips, came the word so hard to speak before. "Now do I

please him?" she asked, eagerly. "Yes," said mamma, with a loving kiss.

After that the lesson went on easily enough, because the little girl really wanted to please Jesus. So must we all do, my little friends. In everything try to please the Lord who died for us. Thus shall we find little trouble.—*Young Reaper.*

**SELFISHNESS.**

THERE were two little boys named James and William. One day as they were just starting for school, their father gave each of them a five cent piece to spend as they liked. The little fellows were very much pleased with this and went off as merry as crickets.

"What are you going to buy, William?" said James, after they had walked a little way. "I don't know," William replied. "I have not thought yet. What are you going to buy?" "Why I tell you what I believe I'll do. You know mother is sick; now I think I'll buy her a nice orange; I think it will taste good to her." "You may do as you please, James," said William, "but I'm going to buy something for MYSELF, father gave me the money to spend for myself and I mean to do it; if mother wants an orange she can send for it. She has money, and Hannah gets everything she wants."

"I know that," said James, "but then it would make me feel so happy to see her eating an orange that I had bought for her with my own money. She is always doing something for us, or getting us some nice things and I want to let her see that I don't forget it."

"Do as you please," said William, "but I go in for the candy." Presently they came to the confectionary shop: William expended his five cents for cream candy, but James bought a nice orange.

When they went home at noon, he went into his mother's chamber and said: "See mamma, what a nice orange I have bought for you."

"It is indeed very nice, my son, and it will taste very good, to me. I have been wanting an orange all morning. Where did you get it?"

Father gave me five cents this morning, and I bought it with them."

"You are very good, my dear boy, to think of your sick mother, and you wouldn't spend your money for cakes or candy, but denied yourself that you might get an orange for me. Mother loves you for this exercise of self-denial," and then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.—*Selected.*



**LEARNING HER LESSON.**

ANNIE LINTON is now learning her lesson for school. She has been studying pret hard, and I think she will get the prize she keeps on.

Last year she got a love book of fair tales, for a prize, and she used to sit by the fire and read it, and wonder about all the little fairies, and why she never could see any among the flowers in her mamma's garden. Annie is very fond of reading, but she is fond of coasting, too, with her two brothers. They have been teaching her to skate this winter, but she keeps falling down most of the time. Perhaps by next winter she will be able to skate all by herself.

**LEANING ON JESUS.**

A LITTLE girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to pass into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said, smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked the minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly.

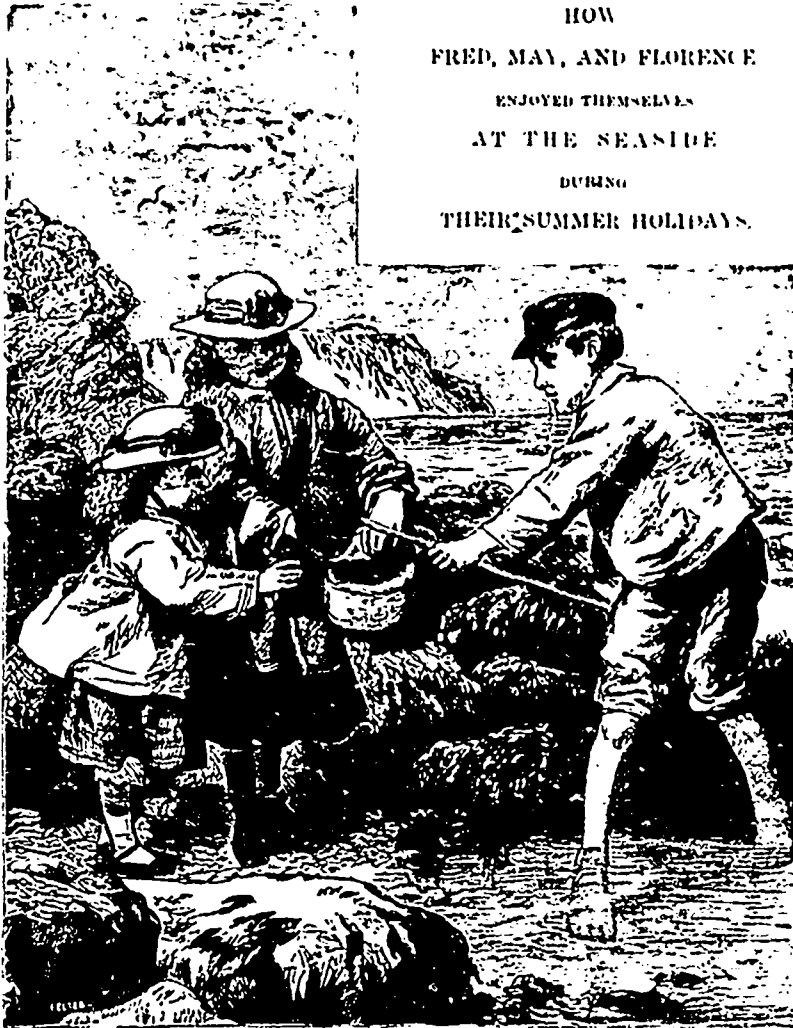
"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

She said, "I am leaning on Jesus; and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be fearful leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death.

HOW  
FRED, MAY, AND FLORENCE  
ENJOYED THEMSELVES  
AT THE SEASIDE  
DURING  
THEIR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.



CATCHING PRAWNS.

CATCHING PRAWNS.

ALL among the slippery rocks,  
Wetting shoes and spoiling frocks,  
Saw Fred, and May, and little Flo!  
Net in hand, they cunning look  
In each sea-weed hidden nook,  
And watch the prawns dart to and fro.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

SAID a teacher to a boy in Sunday-school,  
"What is the ninth commandment?"  
"Thou shalt not bear false witness against  
thy neighbour."  
"What is bearing false witness against  
your neighbour?"  
"It is telling a falsehood."  
"That is partly true, and yet it is not  
exactly the right answer, because you may  
tell a falsehood about yourself."  
A very little girl then said, "It is when  
nobody did anything and somebody went  
and told it."  
"That will do," said the teacher, smiling.  
The little girl had given a curious answer,  
but underneath her odd language there was  
a pretty clear perception of the true mean-  
ing.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LEFT TO HIMSELF.

JUDGE S. gave his son a thousand dollars,  
telling him to go to college, and graduate.  
The son returned at the end of the fresh-  
man year, without a dollar, and with several  
bad habits. At the close of the vacation,  
the Judge said:—

"Well, William, are you going to college  
this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to  
graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it was all I could  
give you; you can't stay here, you must  
pay your own way in the world."

A light broke in upon the vision of the  
astonished young man. He accommodated  
himself to the situation, left home, com-  
menced work in hard earnest, made his  
way to college, graduated at the head of his  
class, studied law, became governor of the  
state of New York, entered the cabinet of  
the president of the United States, and has  
made a record for himself that will not soon  
die, he being none other than William H.  
Seward.—*Selects.*

A BABY'S FAITH.

"ONLY a handbill! Prosaic!"  
And the lady's fingers slight,  
Took from the waiting servant's hand  
The tiny missive white.  
One careless glance at its contents,  
And she tossed it in the air;  
It slipped through the open casement,  
Without her thought or care.

Circling, floating, fluttering down,  
It sought the dusky street,  
And dropped, as soft as a snow-flake,  
At baby's pattering feet.  
The little one caught the paper  
With a cry of glad surprise,  
And lifted to the blue of heaven  
A pair of heavenly eyes.

"'Tis a letter from my mamma,  
I know," the baby said,  
"God has sent it down from heaven,  
Where she went when she was dead.  
Read it nurse," the babe commanded,  
But the nurse's eyes were dim,  
Not for her to read the message  
That his mother sent to him.

But the baby kissed his treasure,  
He could "read between the lines,"  
And the coarse and common paper  
Bore a word from fairer climes.  
To the lady's careless fingers  
Tossed a message to his heart,  
Which, in all the years of childhood,  
Bore a not forgotten part.

CLARA P. BOSS.

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

THIS is what Alfred Stanley said to a  
boy standing idly in front of a store, who  
jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred  
spoke and would have walked quietly on,  
but the boy said, "It does, eh? How much  
a week?"

Something in the tone made Alfred stop.

"I am paid every day and every hour,  
and really every minute," he replied

"Come now, no fooling."

"I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously  
"and I invest capital in a place where it is  
safe. I can never lose it."

The boy's attempt at raillery fell before  
Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he  
listened with something more of respect  
than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred  
continued, "I am not paid in dollars and  
cents, they won't last forever, you know.  
My pay is the trust of my friends, the  
knowledge that no honest deed ever dies,  
and the promise that the pure in heart shall  
see God."

It was only a seed by the wayside, but  
who shall say that it was lost?

## A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

I'm not afraid of Jesus,  
 Though I am but a child;  
 And he, the King of glory,  
 The Lord, the undefiled.  
 He calls the children to him,  
 Each little girl and boy;  
 And in his arms he rests them,  
 And gives them love and joy.

I'll go and talk with Jesus,  
 And this is what I'll say—  
 "Oh, bless and keep me, Saviour,  
 And ever with me stay."  
 For oh, it must be pleasant,  
 In times of grief and fear,  
 To feel his arms around me,  
 And know that he is near.

I'll go and walk with Jesus,  
 Along the King's highway,  
 He'll hold my hand securely,  
 And help me every day.  
 And when we reach the city  
 Whose gates are open wide,  
 What happiness to enter  
 With Jesus by my side!

## DAISY'S GOOD WORDS.

LITTLE Daisy and her mamma waited on the platform for the cars to get ready to take them to grandpa's. The engine, a few yards off, was puffing and sissing pleasantly, as though it was glad to get a rest, for this was a "half-way station," and here those who travelled expected "ten minutes for refreshments."

The eating-house had swallowed all the passengers but one. This one was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy. He muttered to himself, but did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart (she was only a year and a half old) longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and when he again came near she took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweet tones, "How do?"

The gentleman stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked in pleased surprise, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his.

The darkest clouds had all gone from his face now.

"Ou solly (sorry)? I solly, too!" were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes, and something like a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'ove 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever tell, madam," the gentleman said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms, and hurried into another car.

What battle was going on in his soul that this little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we will never know this side of heaven; but we cannot doubt that God sometimes makes children "ministering spirits to them who shall be heirs of salvation." How true that "heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."—  
*Jessie McGregor.*

## ANSWERING OUR PRAYERS.

A BOY, hearing his father pray for the missionary cause, especially for the wants of the missionaries, and that their institutions might be supplied with abundant means, said to him, "Father, I wish I had your money."

"Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father.

The boy replied, "I would answer your prayers."

Do we not often ourselves possess the ability to answer our own prayers? You ask God to bless your friends. Is there any way you can help him to answer your prayer? If there is, you should avail yourself of it.

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.

We are all parts of a beautiful garden, and may have rich harvests for our Master if we love him enough.

When you feel that you should perform some duty to-day, do not permit Satan to persuade you to put it off till to-morrow. If you do you may never perform it.

"The Lord is thy keeper," but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement, it is protection. When you commit your ways to him, he does not abridge your liberty, he only defends you against the evil.

If there is to be work accomplished, it is to be done through human as well as divine efforts. God could put a man on the top of an Alpine peak, and have him preach one sermon that would convert the whole world; but that is not his way of doing things. God wants our hearts.

Ah! the many foolish ones who, with lamps untrimmed, are in no plight to meet the exigence of circumstance, or the flash of opportunity, but are swayed hither and thither into ways that were never planned for them in God's projection of their lives, but wherein they stumble, or are led darkly, while his golden moment goes by.

## "PART OF THE CONCERN."

A MINISTER, on his way to a missionary meeting, overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister; "what do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and always go to the missionary meeting, belong."

Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Can you say, "I always go to the missionary meeting; I'm part of the concern."—*Exchange.*

## DOING THESE THINGS.

"WHAT is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to his friend.

"Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the other. "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody."

Ashton looked George in the face. "Began to-day? What do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, by God's help, and I grow to be a Christian man," said George. "I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood: and it is in the power of every boy to reach that. Every boy cannot be rich, every boy cannot be a king, every boy cannot be a lord, but God asks you all to be a Christian manhood.

## THEY ARE SAFE.

Six little children got into a boat, and were swept away to sea. All who could were put out in search of them. Great anxiety filled the place. All night the children were drifting on the cruel sea. Next day, a fisherman discovered and rescued them. The cry, "They are safe!" ran through the town. The work of the Sunday-school is to rescue not six but millions of children who are drifting to ruin.