

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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.

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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 IV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1889.

[No. 9.]

WILFUL BESSIE'S OWN WAY.

It was such an easy, smooth path to the little island that the six-year-old Bessie thought she could go there without nurse or papa or mamma. The last time she was at the island she had built a doll-house of pebbles, and she wished very much to take her doll Annita to see the new house.

Bessie knew quite well that mamma and papa did not wish her to go away from auntie's house, where they were visiting, without some one to take care of her; but the island seemed such a pretty play-place, and it was a bit of adventure to go there alone with Nita, so the little girl started one bright morning quite independent of anybody.

The island was really a peninsula running out into the sea, connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. But at high tide the little neck was covered with deep water, and the peninsula became an island. Bessie trotted along in the sunshine talking to Nita. She was quite happy, although she was doing wrong. When she reached the beach bright little waves came splashing up to meet her, and a tiny boat with a sail like the wing of a white butterfly was dancing on the blue water a little way out at sea. The isthmus was perfectly dry and paved with pebbles and shells. Bessie hurried to the middle of the island and found her play-house in good order. It suited Nita very well, but might be made

still better. So Bessie brought pebbles and built a kitchen to roast "saucers" and snails in, she told Nita, for her doll dinner. By-and-by Bessie grew tired and dropped to sleep, lulled by the soft splash of the water.

Then the sea crept up to the isthmus, up to it and over it. Was the sea to blame?

and mamma know what is best for you. Danger and trouble always come with disobeying."

HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a

grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Read the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. ST. LUKE x. 30-37.

No. The sea was obeying its Maker. At last Bessie awoke and thought she would go home to dinner. Alas! she was a prisoner, with great roaring waves all around her. You can imagine how dreadful her fright must have been. After awhile her papa came for her in a boat. When he took the sobbing little one in his arms he said: "I hope you will remember this lesson all your life, my darling. Your papa

up-stairs, or in the yard. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

Good sense is like truth—the same now that it was when the first man walked on the face of the earth.

A LAST WORD.

Of absent ones you should not speak
Unkindly, if in turn you seek
To be remembered afterward
By many a gently spoken word

Uphold the name that men deride,
Nor let reproach go undenied,
And you yourself shall ever win
The justice that you prided in.

Abandon not the tasks begun,
Though difficult, till they be done,
And you shall never fail to earn
The end you strive for in return.

Waste not your days in futile toil,
But cultivate an easy soil,
For life is short and man is weak;
There's time to do, but not to seek.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 90 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 50
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.	0 08
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 20
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 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
73 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2 Bleury Street, Montreal. S. F. HURST, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1889.

TRUST AND OBEY.

MISS HAVERGAL tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music-master insists upon her practising very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel, that she may not play easy pieces like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtle. Her hand wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best. "Trust and obey," is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length masters Beethoven's masterpiece. Years afterwards, at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when the gentle twilight fills all the hearts with the thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was once so difficult, but which,

thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song who confesses that even to him Beethoven's music had never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them also "trust and obey" and little by little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.

HOW WILLIE WAS ANSWERED.

NELLIE and Willie Post could hardly sympathize with the boys and girls who think Sunday a long, tiresome day, and who are glad to have Monday morning come. Dull and tiresome? No, indeed, but the shortest, happiest day of all the week.

Although their parents were missionaries and spent a great deal of time doing good, they did not neglect their children. Sunday evenings their mother used to stay at home from church and give up all the time to them; and nothing suited them better, when all ready for bed, than to climb into her lap and ply her with all sorts of questions or to listen to her Bible-stories.

Their bedroom opened out of the cozy sitting-room with its glowing grate-fire, and when mamma said it was past sleepy-time and they must not sit up any longer, with one or two long bounds they could land in bed, and there for a few moments more call to each other and keep up their chattering with mamma.

It was often quite surprising to see how long a time it took for the children to get thoroughly warm. Willie always had just one big toe that was still cold when his mother gently reminded him of the time.

One evening, when Willie had lain quiet a moment, until mamma thought he was nearly asleep, he called, "Mamma! mamma!"

"Yes, dear; what is it?"

"Mamma, is it right to ask God for everything?"

"I think it is—only we must remember that sometimes God does not give us just the thing we ask for, because he sees it wouldn't be the best thing for us to have. But if we are willing to go without what we want, provided he doesn't wish us to have it, it is right to ask him for everything we want."

The room was very quiet for a moment and then Willie asked again, "Mamma, I want a ball very much. Would it be right to ask God for that?"

"Yes, Willie," replied his mother. "But

suppose God shouldn't give you one, do you think you could be happy just the same without it? Can you say, 'Thy will, O God, be done?'"

Willie's face was very thoughtful for an instant as he tried to decide this question; then he looked over to his mother brightly and said, "Yes, mamma, I think I can." After that he lay very still, asking God for his favour, and in two minutes more he was sound asleep, and never knew another thing till daylight.

Perhaps his mother was a little late next morning, or else Willie's mind was so full of his desire for a ball that he awoke earlier than usual, at any rate, she had hardly left her room before Willie came running in with his face all aglow, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma! God did answer my prayer. See, he gave me a ball, and one for Nell too."

His mother expected to see a ball, but instead Willie held up for her inspection a shining ten-cent piece—just enough to buy two balls. To her question as to where he got it, he said he went out early after the milk, and just as he was bringing it in he found the little piece of money. Neither he nor his mother could tell how it came to be there, but Willie thought that did not matter; he was sure God had sent it on purpose for him. He had asked for just what he wanted, and yet he had been willing to do without it if God did not think it best to let him have it. But God provided it for him.

Suppose God had not thought it best for Willie to have a ball that day, would Willie have been satisfied? I trust he would have been, for he said that he would be. In prayer we can ask for what we desire, but we must leave it to God, who is so wise, to decide whether it is best we should have it.

"THE EASIER TO CARRY ME."

In a Chinese Christian family at Amoy a little boy, the youngest of three children on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young—that he might fall back, if he made a profession, when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply:

"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family—of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons, are members of the Missionary Church at Amoy.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I'd 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 nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book 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.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right, it is dreadful;
I really don't know what to do!
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head;
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain top we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do,
If that's so—where's my pen?

GIVING PLEASURE

HAVE you heard of the little boy who
tried to think of some way by which he
could give pleasure to God? Well, Nannie
was a dear little girl, who loved flowers, and
she loved Jesus, too. Once she had a very
pretty plant, all her own. The leaves were
so green and the blossoms were such a
bright pink, it is no wonder that Nannie
admired it very much. But she gave it
away to a poor old woman, who had been
sick many years, and Nannie gave it for
Jesus' sake. She wanted to please Jesus,
and she wanted to please dear Aunt Molly.
And, do you know, I think no one was so
happy, after all, as Nannie herself. Nan-
nie's gift was a true "cup of cold water,"
and Nannie will not lose her reward.

MOTHER'S EARS.

"I've had the beautifullest time!" said
Tommy Downs to his mamma, coming in
at bed-time from spending the evening with
his playmate, Phil Porter.

"What have you been doing?" asked
Mrs. Downs, smiling on her noisy, stirring
boy.

"Oh, we've made all the noise we wanted
to, I, and Phil, and the girls. We marched
for soldiers, and I whistled while Phil beat
his drum, and we played 'I spy' and 'Stage
coach' and 'Puss in the corner.' Then we
each took a comb and some tissue paper,
and played on them as loud as we could—
had a regular comb concert."

"And it didn't disturb Mrs. Porter at all?"
"Not a bit. She just sat and read all
the evening, and paid no attention to us.
I wish you were as deaf as she is!"

"Why, Tommy!"
"Well, I do," persisted Tommy. "It
would save you so much trouble with your
headache and my noise, for I know I'm a
noisy boy. I believe you'd take lots more
comfort than you do now."

"Don't you think I like to hear the music
of my little boy's voice?"

"The trouble is, it is too much and too
loud," laughed Tommy.

A few days afterward, he went to see
Phil again. It was fine sliding, so he and
Phil and a dozen other boys were coasting
down the hill back of Mrs. Potter's house.

"I'm dreadful thirsty," said Tommy to
Phil. "I'll run down to your house for a
drink of water."

"You won't need to go in," said Phil.
"You can get it from the cistern in the
back room. The cistern was under the
floor, the water low down, and Tommy's
arm short. It was icy, too, around the
trap-door, and it was no wonder that Tommy
slipped in.

He caught the edge of the board and held
on with all his might, screaming for help.
Through the open outside door he could see
Mrs. Potter sitting by the back window,
sewing, and she could easily have heard
him scream, if she hadn't been deaf.

The boys on the hill made too much noise
to hear him. He was hanging in the ice-
cold water almost to his waist, and his hands
and arms were so tired that he thought he
must let go and drop in, when little Nell
came and stood by the window where her
mother sat, and she caught sight of Tommy.

He saw her pull her mother's sleeve, and
point to him, when it was no time at
all before Mrs. Potter had him out of his
cold bath and into the house in hot blankets.
Tommy stayed there nearly all day, and

towards night Phil drew him home on his
sled.

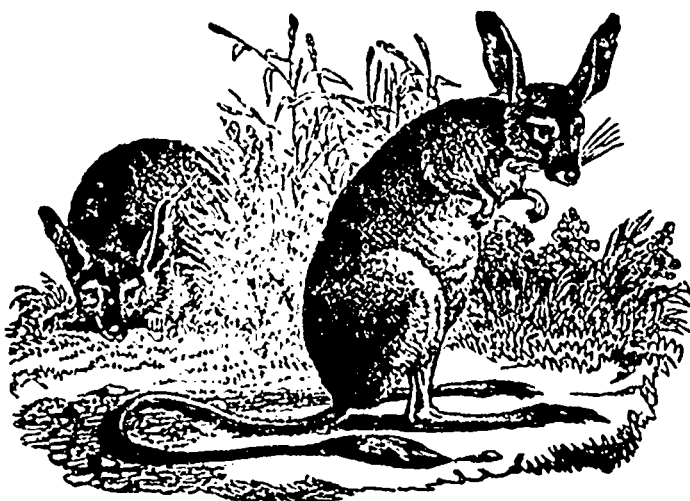
"Mother," said Tommy that night, as she
had tucked him snugly in bed, and was
going down stairs with the light, "I can't
be glad enough that you are not deaf. I
don't wonder that Jesus said, 'Blessed are
your ears, for they hear!'"

KITTY DID IT.

WHEN Grandma Foster went out to call
on a sick neighbour, she left her little grand-
daughter, Kitty Mayhew, at home in the
sitting room. She gave her some pretty
picture books to read, and told her to finish
her little task of sewing, but be careful not
to get into any mischief. Kitty promised,
and for a while she kept her promise well.
But then she became tired of the books
grandma had lent her, and thought there
was plenty of time in the afternoon to do
the sewing. Then she thought she would
like to look at the pictures in the big Bible.
She had been told never to take this unless
some one was near; but she did not think
of that now. After a while, by a very care-
less accident, she spilled grandpa's bottle of
ink all over the beautiful book, and the
table cover, and down on the floor. Just
then she heard grandma coming. She
picked up the cat and said: "See what
kittie did!" Grandma was sorry, but did
not think the little girl would tell a story
so through pussy. Kittie was sent out of
the room. Girl Kitty was not questioned.
But she was not happy. She was glad
when her visit to grandma was over. No
one can be happy who does wrong and
deceives. Kitty had not told a lie in words,
but she made her grandma believe that
which was not true; and that is just as
bad. Sometimes we do the same without
even speaking a word. God looks at the
heart, and not at the words we speak. The
Bible says: "The way of the transgressor is
hard;" and every one who has tried it
knows that this is true.

WORK FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

"MAMMA," said a little child to her
mother one day, "I can't tell which I will
be when I grow up, a jewellery-shop or min-
ister." But little children do not need to
wait till they grow up before they can begin
to be ministers. When Christ was on earth
he took a little child and set him in the
midst of his disciples to teach them a lesson.
He does that often now. And every child
can teach other children a lesson, and some-
times older people too, not by talking about
religion, but living religion.



KANGAROOS.

KANGAROOS.

THESE strange animals live in Australia. They have such long legs that they can take great leaps of thirty feet, so that a swift horse can hardly overtake them.

HOW SNOWBALL SAVED THE BABY.

KITTY was a very dear little thing. Her fur was as white as snow, and so she was called Snowball. She had a pink ribbon tied around her neck.

One day Snowball was lying on the rug, and the baby was sleeping in the crib near by. Suddenly there was a bright blaze, and a thick smoke filled the room. Snowball jumped up, and cried as loud as she could, "Me-ow! Me-ow!" Mamma was busy in the next room. She heard Snowball cry again, "Me-ow! me-ow!" and she went quickly to see what was the matter. When she opened the door she saw a basket of shavings on fire. It stood so near the crib, that soon the baby must have been burnt.

You may be sure that mamma hugged the dear baby nearer to her bosom. And she hugged Snowball, too, and promised her the nicest dinner she ever had.

A CHRIST-LIKE ERRAND.

THE day after the battle of Fredericksburgh, Kershaw's brigade (C. S. A.) occupied Maryes Hill, and Sykes' division (U. S. A.) lay one hundred and fifty yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewed with the dead, dying, and wounded Federal soldiers, victims of many desperate and gallant assaults of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said the boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"I can't stand hearing these wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the general, "the moment you step over the wall you'll get a bullet through your head. The skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me I'll try it, general."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I can not refuse. God protect you. You may go."

"Thank you, sir;" and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprung away, over the wall down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets, his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He went back at nightfall to his bivouac untouched. But from another battle-field, later in the war, his soul went up to hear his Master say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto me."

HOME SUNSHINE.

EIGHT sorrowful little faces pressed against the windows looking out at the falling rain. Raindrops and clouds outside and teardrops and frowns inside—it was hard to tell which was the gloomier of the two.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Aunt Sue, coming in fresh and rosy from her walk in the rain, and looking in surprise at the sad faces.

"Why, we all wanted to play croquet," said Mabel, sadly. "Our new set came last night, and we wanted to use it the first thing this morning; and now it's raining, and we can't go out or do anything but have a horrid time."

"Well, it is too bad if you must have a stormy day in doors as well as out," Aunt Sue answered. "Now, I should think that eight little cousins could make all the sunshine they wanted even if it did rain and spoil their croquet-party. Why wouldn't a game of blindman's buff be just as pleasant? You can have the large dining-room to play in, and move the table into the corner. There! I see some sunshiny smiles already. Now, don't let me see any more clouds on these dear little faces."

In a few moments the raindrops pattered against the windows unheeded, for the children were enjoying their game. Even

Frisk joined in the fun, and barked as noisily as if he were trying to swell the merry laughter.

Now, was it not far wiser to make sunshine at home than to mourn over the disappointment the rain brought.

THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES.

THERE are two or three naughty fairies

Who lurk in our pretty house,
They are sly as the wily foxes;

And one is as still as a mouse,
And one can growl and mutter,

And one has a chain on her feet,
These naughty and mischievous fairies,
Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers

When a bit of work must be done:

"Oh, just let it go till to-morrow,
And take to-day for fun!"

And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you

Till you pucker your face in a scowl,
Or whimper or fret in a corner,

Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies

Is the one with the chain on her feet,
And the strangest thing is her fancy

For a child who is gay and sweet.

She makes her forget an errand,

And loiter when she should haste,

And many a precious moment

She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,

Please pass them quickly by

With lips set close and firmly,

And a flash in your steadfast eye;

For three very naughty people

These three little fairies be,

Who mean, wherever they're hiding,

No good to you and me.

WHAT KIND OF FRUIT THEY BEAR.

WE have a class of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys. We love them dearly, and cannot endure the idea that one of them shall ever fall into the power of the rumfiend. One day, pointing to a tree in full bloom, we said, "What fruit will that tree bear this year?" "Apples!" cried every voice. "And next year?" "Apples!" "And the next, and the next?" "Apples! Apples!" "Right every time! But what makes you think it will always bear apples? Why not peaches or pears? They grow on trees, and have blossoms quite like these?" "Oh, but this is an apple-tree, and they always bear apples." "That is true. And those rum-shops; they bear idleness, drunkenness, shame, ruin, and death; and they never bear anything else!"