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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888

[No. 3



THIS PIGGY WENT TO MARKET. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE SOLID ROCK

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

In every rough and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
Nor earth, nor hell, my soul can move,
I rest upon unchanging love.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

A LITTLE GIRL'S RELIGION.

A LITTLE girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now, I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teacher was not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at.

"Now, I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

THIS PIGGY WENT TO MARKET.

THIS is a picture of true happiness. It would be difficult to decide whether of the two represents the greater amount of that not over-abundant commodity, HAPPINESS. Now, you look closely at the picture, and say which you think is the happier of the two. Mother is imparting happiness, and the effort re-acts upon herself, in that she is the happier for making her little son happy. It is not necessary to enquire whether the child understands about piggy and the market; it is enough that mother is playing with his toes, and saying something which he thinks to be funny and nice. Have you forgotten when you sat in mother's lap, and played "piggy went to market?" Have you forgotten when you sat on your throne, your papa's knee, and played "piggy went to market?" Don't you remember how delighted you were, and said, "more, more." Even now some of you like to see father and mother play "piggy went to market," with your little brother's or sister's toes.

Learn one lesson: Try to make others happy. At home, at school, or at play, try to make others happy. If you set your heart upon it, you'll soon find plenty of ways to make others happy, and you'll feel happy and happier in making others happy. Don't trouble about your own happiness, only try to make others happy. Ask Jesus to help you, and you'll succeed wonderfully. Some young people, and even some old people, are very anxious to be happy, they are all the time searching after it, searching in vain. The short and sure way to happiness is to try and make others happy.

MIND THE DOOR!

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the hinges? what a large bolt it has? and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in, and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door, and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their heart shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard—mind the doors of your hearts!

A VERY GOOD BOY.

SOME men think they are performing a positively meritorious act when they pay their debts, instead of recognizing that they have only done what they ought to do. And the same men (and others) seem to think that they have acquired a still greater degree of merit when they have simply been honest enough to pay the Lord his due in work and worship. This tendency is illustrated in the case of a little fellow whose mother, one evening after hearing his prayer, added the commendation, "That's a very good boy." On later evenings the same praise was not forthcoming, but the boy himself was not willing to let it slip; and now he adds, on his own account, a regular appendix to his prayer: "Amen. That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm." It would be well if such self-gratulations were confined to children; but it is to be feared that if the feelings of a good many adults could be analyzed after an unusually successful prayer-meeting, or an unusually large contribution to the missionary cause, they would be found to be not very different from the child's self-praise: "That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."—S. S. Times.

CAT'S CRADLE.

Is it a hammock for pussy,
Hung in the cosiest corner,
Close to the fire-place,
Where she can swing and doze and purr,
With naught in the world to trouble her
Except to wash her face?

Or is it a willow basket
In which to tuck the kittens
While mother puss is away,
With rockers to sway it to and fro,
And which grandma puss with a furry toe
Can jog for half a day?

Ah, no! 'tis a cunning puzzle
Which the restless little children
Play with a bit of a string,
When winter twilights haste to fall,
And the dusk inside is warm, while all
Outside is shivering.

A half-yard loop is knotted,
Wrought over Gold-Lock's fingers,
Twisted from hers to Ted's,
Changing its shape with each new change,
And though it is neither new nor strange
To those two busy heads,

Yet they're like a pretty picture
At this quiet game—cat's cradle,
With its criss-cross, slip-a-noose, thus,
As first one takes, then another takes;
And the kind of a sing-song that it makes
Has a charm for all of us.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A HAPPY CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun nor moon, nor stars nor grass, nor flowers nor trees, nor birds, nor any of these pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her father nor mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the Bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her; yet though totally blind she was quite happy and contented.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind, and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened; I have travelled alone before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why are you so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me, I sought Jesus, and I found him," was the reply.

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. xx., xxi., xxii.

TURNING ENEMIES TO FRIENDS.

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that, on being apprised of his enemies having raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers: "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them." "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them."

I ONLY WANT YOU.

NEARLY four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting I said to my dear invalid sister, who is now in glory, satisfied with the fulness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from town." She interrupted my question, saying with a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring me anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day—"I only want you"—and O, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, dear reader, is not this too, what a dear Saviour says to you? Do you not

want sometimes to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service and patient endeavour? But he too, turns from all, and says, "I only want you." "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which claims only the heart. "Lovest thou me?" was the three-repeated question to his erring disciple. "He that loveth me shall be loved by my Father."—John xiv. 21. Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervent prayers are only acceptable to him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I only want you."

FORGIVE.

"MAMMA is God the only one who can forgive?"

This question was asked by a little girl about nine years of age, on her return from school one afternoon. "Why, yes, darling," replied her mother, "in one sense he is. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I did something to-day that vexed (naming her seatmate.) I asked her to forgive me, and she said she could not that no one but God could forgive."

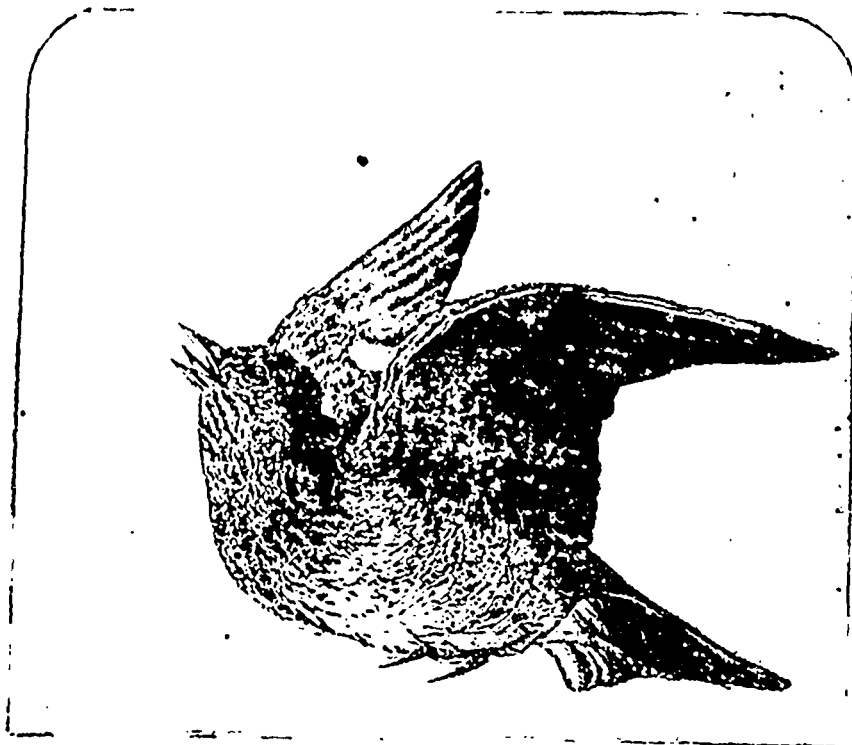
"What did you say," asked the mother amused and interested.

"I repeated part of the Lord's Prayer 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us'."

What argument could have been more effective and unanswerable.

SHUN THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

AN old Chinese proverb says, "Do not stop in a cucumber field to tie the shoe." The meaning is very plain. Some will be likely to fancy that you are stealing fruit. Always remember the injunction, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Do not stop under the saloon porch to rest yourself, however shady the tree may be, or however inviting the chair. Some one may fancy you are a common loungee there, and your good name is tarnished. Don't go to a liquor saloon to get a glass of lemonade, however refreshing it may seem to you. Rather buy your lemon and prepare the cooling beverage at home, where others may share it with you, probably at a greater expense than your single glass would cost you. Somebody seeing you drinking at the bar will be sure to tell the story, and will not be particular to state that you were drinking only lemonade. Then, too, if you are careless about the appearance of evil, you will soon grow equally careless about the evil itself.



THE SKYLARK.

THE SKYLARK

HARK! the lark is singing
In the clear blue sky,
Now I see ere can see him,
He has flown so high.

Yet his glad song floating
Downward still to earth,
Shows his little heart is
Full of joy and mirth.

Little lark, what is it
Makes your heart so gay?
Do you love the sunshine
This bright sunny day?

Do you know who made us,
And the earth so fair?
Have you flown to thank him
For his love and care?

A TRUSTY BOY.

I ONCE visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform the master said, "This is a boy I can trust, he never failed me." I followed with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat at recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character that boy earned! He had already gotten what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best firm in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. I wonder if the

boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favourable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere. He who is faithful in little will be faithful in much.—*Band of Hope Review.*

MANNERS BETWEEN BOYS.

THERE is a great deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another that is not really intended as such, but is not, therefore, any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of excessive high spirits. But the very best good-humour, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility.

We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well."

It is well if we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is really intentional, they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well, and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth.

The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearings toward other boys will be such as a man toward men, and all his life will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.

EIGHT O'CLOCK

EIGHT times the clock has struck,
The stars peep out o'erhead;
Across the air there comes
A sound of marching tread,
In city and village and town
The children are going to bed.

With footsteps soft or slow,
With faces grave or bright,
By twos and threes they go,
All robed in gowns of white,
And each, with a backward glance,
Calls cheerily out, "good-night!"

"I TAKE CARE OF MY LAMBS."

A GENTLEMAN in England was walking over his farm, one day, with a friend, and was taking great pleasure in showing him his orchards, his crops, his herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. The visitor was very much pleased with every thing that he saw on the farm; but nothing pleased him so much as the splendid sheep which this gentleman had. He had seen the same breed of sheep before, but these were the largest, and finest-looking he had ever seen. With great earnestness, he said to his friend, "Do tell me how you manage to raise such splendid looking sheep as these." His answer was:—

"I take care of my lambs, Sir."

But no shepherd ever took such tender care of his lambs as Jesus does. And when we know how much he loves us, and how tenderly he feels toward us, we need not fear to trust him for anything that we want.

NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

POOR Joe has had a long spell of sickness, and is just becoming convalescent. During the weeks he had been suffering with fever, no one, not even his brothers and sisters have been admitted to his room—no one except mother, for who is like her?

Have you ever thought, children, how much these words mean? No one like mother? No indeed! She is always ready in every emergency. It is her tender hands that minister to you when you are sick, no matter how worn and tired she may be herself. And when you are well who is it that plans so many enjoyments for you? Night and day has his mother watched beside Joe's bedside, until now he is out of danger. She reads to him at times, and sometimes tells him stories to while away the tedious hours. To-day, she has been reading to him of One who, when he was on earth, miraculously cured many who were sick of fever. Do you know his name?—*Old and Young.*