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Happy Days

VII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

[No. 22.]

THE BIBLE WELLS

J. H. D'ULLES

THE JORDAN is not a river of many flowing streams and never has it a constant flow. The Jordan runs north and south until it is lost in the lifeless waters of the Dead Sea. The streams that flow into it from the north are insignificant, and often during the summer season are water-courses — wadies — are called. This is the case of the Brook of Olives and the Brook of Bethany, over which he passed as he went back and forth from Bethany to the Jordan. This lack of constant streams, and the want of water sources sufficient to outlast the long summer season, led to no more than parched land. The long rain season, gave wells that we in this country do not appreciate.

It may properly be said of Palestine as a land of wells and water. To-day many wells are dry and most of the cisterns are empty.

Do you remember how that when Abraham found that he and Lot could not dwell together because their flocks became so large, he gave his younger son the choice as to where he should dwell. And Lot looked down over the plain of the Jordan and at once said he would go there, because the land "was watered everywhere." That was the point, where there was most



water there life would be easier and riches more readily acquired.

Many of the most interesting stories of the Bible are connected with the Bible wells. A jealous wife causes her husband to dismiss from his home a bondswoman and her son. The poor woman is given some bread and a jar of water and is cast out. She wanders with her son in the wilderness until the jar is empty and she

sees no means of filling it. And when she can no longer endure the cries of the thirsty child, and cannot satisfy his thirst she puts him under a bush and leaves him there that she may not see him die. But God does not mean that she shall suffer thus, and he calls to her and tells her that the child will live, and he "opened her eyes and she saw a well of water." The jar was soon refilled and the life of her child was spared.

A young man had been on a long journey. One day, while the sun was still high in the heavens he comes to a well in a field where flocks of sheep are feeding and a stone is laid over the mouth of the well. Presently he sees a woman advancing toward the well followed by her thirsty flock. The man rolls away the heavy stone from the well's mouth and lets down the bucket, filling the stone trough that was beside the well, and waters the sheep. This was the first meeting between Jacob and Rachel and this act of courtesy beside Laban's well

was the beginning of the devoted love of Jacob for the wife for whom he served seven years, and then another seven years, and whom he cherished until death parted them and he buried her near Bethlehem.

A man is travelling with his companions northward from Jerusalem to Galilee. At noon one day he comes near to a village that nestles between two high mountains. He sends his comrades on to the town to

buy food, for they are hungry. He himself, weary and thirsty, sits down on the edge of a well. A woman comes with her waterpot to draw water. She gets into conversation with the stranger. He tells her things that excite her wonder and then compel her faith. He reveals himself to her as the promised Messiah, the Saviour of the world, of Samaritans as well as of the Jews. Jacob had dug the well whose waters had satisfied the thirst of men and flocks during many generations, until the day when Jesus talked with the woman at its brink. Jacob's well is at last dry and can no longer quench thirst. But the words of Jesus still live. They have lost none of their life-giving power. He still gives living water to all who ask him, and this water shall be in them "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

A CHINESE GAMBLER TURNS PREACHER.

ONE day, in passing along the streets of Amoy, a Chinaman who had often lost every penny at the gaming-table saw a large crowd and drew near to see what was the matter. It was a missionary preaching the Gospel to the people. He listened, and so on felt spell-bound by what was said. He went home to his lodging, and found, to his delight, that his neighbour was a Christian. Next Lord's day he went with him to church. He went back once and again, when he came to the resolution to leave idolatry and become a Christian. The new life had begun. "The passion for gambling," he said long after, "had died out of my heart as though it had never existed. It was only by a miracle I was saved, and the grace of God accomplished this."

The new life also appeared in his return to work, and new thoughts about his home. At the end of a month he returned home

with goods for his family that he had bought with his wages. Such a home coming had not been seen for twenty years.

His regular earnings changed his home, and his behaviour also. The vile words that had been learned at the gaming-table were never heard again. He spoke of his evil life and the wrong he had done to his family, and of God and his wondrous mercy in saving him. His household idols were cast away.

Wherever he went he spoke about his new faith. He suffered much persecution, but nothing daunted him. He became so zealous and fearless that he gave up his business and devoted himself entirely and with success in preaching the Gospel to his countrymen.

THE RED APPLE

OUR Thomas dropped a fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plat and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that bouncing apple! Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him with a whisper, "Oh, don't! there's somebody looking." And on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it: then put her hand through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand, and went away.

A ragged-looking little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will grab the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eyes soon caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help see how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps, and rang the door-bell. I went to the door.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy, "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there, so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh!" said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite" replied the boy, "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath-school teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it, what is better, I mean to stick to it. What's the use of knowing, unless you act up to it!" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your

name?" He told me. I need not tell however; only I think you will agree me, that he is the right sort of school scholar. He squares his conduct the faithful Christian instruction he gets there.

OCTOBER.

Blow, blow your horn, my little man,
October suns are shining,
And troops of boys and girls who c
Are autumn garlands twining
Of "farewell blossoms" by the way,
And leaves of red and amber—
Garlands to keep for many a day,
Way into drear December.

The ferns that grow in shady spots,
The pretty "waxwork" berry,
We'll gather up in dainty knots
To make our Christmas merry,
And nuts we'll store for winter fun,
Nor rob the busy squirrel;
Sure there's enough for every one
Without the slightest quarrel.

And while we laugh and romp and
Oh, let us all remember
Who makes the world so bright and
From spring-time till December—
Who makes the blossoms come and
Each in its fitting season.
And why, O children? God is love
This is his only reason.

THAT LAST CRY!

It is said that the last cry heard on board the ill-fated *S. M. ...* wrecked, was that of a little child's cabin! While the ship was being dashed upon the relentless rocks, and three hundred and fifty human beings went to a watery entombment, the piteous cry of the little one was heard.

Alas! for our humanity, the bit of children comes to our ear on hand—children more horribly than on the *Schiller!* Yes, some child is in peril! It may be that the grasp of the rum-vendor is upon the deep-laid scheme of the threatens him—or the dark-souled fine pants for his blood. Who will that child, the son of many prayers may be? Who will break the adversary? Who will launch the boat, and, pulling at the oar right fully, amid the angry waves, bring safe to land, and give him to his mother? Who?

A child was in the street, helplessly posed, well-nigh under the wheel of a vehicle. A woman sprang out from an adjoining house, and snatched a precious one from the jaws of destruction. "Is that your son?" was the inquirer's question. "No," replied the noble woman, "but it is somebody's son!" Ah! every thoroughfare—on every somebody's son—is nigh unto death. Rescue, Christians, to the rescue!

DEAR LITTLE MAID OF TWO.

Sing you a song to a nursery tune.
Of a dear little maid of two,
Who has poached cheeks and rosebud lips.
And eyes of a soft sea blue;
With charms of a gleeful innocence,
That are ripe at the age of two.

She is not an angel—no, no, no!
And heaven be praised for that;
She is fairly human from head to toe
With limbs that are daintily fat;
And where she trots, be it high or low,
There is wealth of surprising chat

Somebody's heart is strong and brave.
And somebody's love is true;
By day, by night, they are amply tried
By this dear little maid of two;
But somebody's love would never tire
Had it ten times more to do.

What reward does somebody get,
Dear dreamer with eyes of blue?
A kiss, a smile from the roguish pet,
A tender caress or two.
Why, each of these is a world of bliss
From a sweet little maid like you!

Come, happy maid with the sea-bright
eyes,
And prattle about my knee—
Then lay thy soft round cheek to mine,
And laugh in innocent glee,
That childish talk and downy touch
Give joy and strength to me.

Then grow my sweet as well as you
may,
And be like somebody true,
For high born dames of noblest heart
Have been as tiny as you—
And in the maiden of twenty-one
May we find the maid of two!

BAD BOB

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THE hero of this story was a dog. He was born with a short tail. Mr. Dixon, his owner, called him Bob for short. This name was easy to remember. He was a strange fellow. From his puppyhood up he was queer. He was not a bit sociable. He would have nothing to do with neighbour dogs. Some people said he was proud, and that it hurt his vanity to go into company where tails were fashionable. Even his name was a constant reminder of his misfortune.

Other people said Bob was a surly dog, he was never seen to smile. Mr. Dixon kindly said that poor Bob couldn't smile. He had nothing to smile with. There was nothing about him that would wag. But, really, he was ugly and cross. If you looked at him he would show his teeth, if you spoke to him he would growl; and if you touched him he would snap at you. He had only one friend, that was Mr. Dixon, his master.

But with all his badness he had some good traits. He was a great fellow to

stay at home. If he could only sing his favourite song would be, "There's no place like home." So many dogs, like little people, are never happy unless they are gadding about. They want to be forever visiting. They will hardly come home at all unless they get hungry and sleepy. Such runaway dogs and such restless people sooner or later come to some bad end.

Bad though Bob was he had pity for poor dogs that were in trouble. One time a neighbour's cur was hit with a stone and badly hurt on the leg. He limped to Mr. Dixon's barn and crept under. Nobody could get him out. But Bob had a tender place in his heart never found before. He carried bones and dainty scraps to him every day until he got well. Even this snarling brute could not bear to turn away from a whine of distress.

How many sour and selfish people in this world there are who care nothing for those who are in distress? The poor can starve, the sick may cry, the heathen may call for Bibles and for the light, but these selfish ones care not. It's a pity that bad Bob could not be a man awhile to show such men how to act.

"BY THE HELP OF GOD."

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLASS.

THEY were having a temperance society for the children in all the Sunday-schools, so, of course they had one in Willie's. How Willie did enjoy those meetings, when the superintendent would draw a beautiful apple on the blackboard and then make it into such a fine pig. Did he do so just to make the children laugh? Oh, no. He drew that pig to show how much better it would be to give the rotten apples to the pigs than to make them into cider, to make drunkards of the boys.

Then how Willie enjoyed the songs at the meetings, and the sweet little poems the children spoke! He liked the pledge, too, but there was one part of it that made him very thoughtful. It was the part spoke about God, for his pledge read thus.

"I hereby promise, by the help of God, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, beer, wine and cider included, also from the use of profane language, and of tobacco in all its forms."

"I can't be a temperance boy without the help of God," thought Willie, and how can God help me unless I am a Christian?"

Well, God can't help us much unless we are Christians, but he can help us to be Christians.

After thinking over the matter for some time, Willie did the wisest thing he could. He went and talked to his pastor. It is so much easier to get to God if we ask a good man or woman to lead us to him.

One day the minister heard a knock at his door. He found there a little fellow, not yet in his teens, but braver than many a man in his seventies, for old men are generally cowards in becoming Christians.

I came to ask you to pray with me," said Willie.

The clergyman looked kindly at the little man and invited him in. Had Willie brought him a costly gift, he could not have been more pleased.

Then he told the child how Jesus loves the little ones and keeps them from harm when they pray to him. He also taught Willie how to pray.

"But, what made you think to come here and ask me to show you how to be a Christian?" inquired the pastor.

"The temperance pledge made me think of it," answered Willie.

As the little fellow left the parsonage, he was a happier and a safer boy, for true happiness and safety are only found in Christ.

THE CONTENTED HERB-BOY.

IN a flowery dell a herb-boy kept his sheep, and because his heart was joyous, he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said, "Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why should I not be?" he answered, "our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed!" said the king, "tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand thalers for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world, I have food and clothing too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king with a laugh; "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart; keep it so, and you will always be happy."—*Christian Weekly*.

NOT YET.

"Our little baby is dead," said a little boy with tearful eyes to his teacher one morning.

"Would you like to die, my dear?" asked his teacher, after a few words on the nature of death.

"Not yet," replied the child thoughtfully.

"Why do you say not yet?" the teacher asked, thinking the child wished to see more of life on earth before dying.

"Not till I have got a new heart," said the boy.

That was a thoughtful reply for so young a child. I hope the teacher told him the good news of the readiness of the good Father in heaven to give him a new heart at once without money or price. Whether he did or not, I will assure you that the Great Teacher waits to give you all of you, new hearts just now. You need not live another hour without that precious gift. Let our whole family cry as with one voice, "O Lord, create in us clean hearts!"—*Sunbeam*.



A PET TIGER.

In our picture you have the likeness of an uncommon pet—a young tiger, which an Englishman caught when he was out hunting in India. The old tigress was gone on a journey—no doubt to look out for prey; and the sportsman and his men happened to come to the cave where she had her lair during her absence. This is one of the cubs then found. It grew so tame that it followed its new master about like a puppy, and was always ready for a game. At last it was unfortunately smothered by being left under a box, where it had been put to keep it quiet. The cub had its likeness taken before this accident happened, and here you see it on the knee of the gentleman who caught it, and who is the son of a Wesleyan missionary.

THE STORMY PETREL.

THE children were looking at the new bird book and its bright pictures. Their mother told them about robins and black-birds, humming-birds and wood-peckers, but the picture they liked best was the Stormy Petrel: it seemed so grand to think it loved the storm, that, when the wild winds blow and the angry waves roll high, it is at home on the billows. "What's its name, mother?" said Alice. "The petrel; it is named after a man, and it means little Peter." "O, because, because," said Johnny. "Peter tried to walk on the water, but the stormy waves frightened him; he could not walk the waters without help." "And God helps the petrel too, my dear; he loves the little birds, not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and he loves us." "Yes, Jesus says we are of more value than many sparrows."

BOBBY'S BLUNDER.

Bobby's father built boats by the bay. Bobby and his friends ran and jump and skip on the wharf. They hung on the ropes and swing from the booms of the vessels. They jump into row-boats and rock them till the water comes over the sides. Then they shake themselves and laugh, and sit in the sun until their clothes are dry. Bobby often tumbles into the water, but he always comes up like a rubber ball! He loves that bay, and says "This kind of water does not drown babies!" One day a new boat lay waiting for its mast. The men in the boathouse heard a noise like that of a great sea-bird flapping its wings on the deck. They ran out and there lay a little body, dressed in short pants and red stockings, beating the deck with his hands and feet. It was Bobby—all but his head! And where was his head? Down in the dark hold of the boat! The howls and sobs told that Bobby's head was still on his neck. Bobby's father took a

small saw and sawed a piece of plank out of the deck. He had to saw very near the little white neck, but he did not even scratch it. Then he pulled Bobby up by his heels. The little face was very red. He was nearly dead. They gave him some water and when he was better, asked, "How did you get your head down there?" As soon as Bobby could get breath enough, he said, "I thought that mast-hole would just fit my head; and so it did! But my ears and nose wouldn't allow it to come up again when I wanted it to." "What did you think when your head was down there?" asked his father. Bobby caught his breath again and sobbed out, "I thought if my head was to stay down there, I couldn't see the torch-lights to-night!" A man said, "You'd better keep away from the water." Then Bobby sprang to his feet and cried, "It wasn't the water's fault that I put my head into the mast-hole." Every summer we expect to hear that Bobby has been drowned. But the first face we see, staring in at the stage door, is always Bobby's.—*Our Little Ones.*

I AM GOING TO JESUS.

KATIE drew the bed-clothes round her little sister, and left her alone. Annie had been ill for a long time, and she often grew weary lying there, and wanted something to look at, for she was only seven years old. So slipping out of bed, she glanced round the room, and seeing a paper on the table, she took it up and began to read. It was about a wicked man who did not believe in God, and when he died, he said, "I'm going, I'm going, I know not where!" He did not believe in the home nor in the things that God has prepared for those who love him. The child did believe, so she softly repeated his words, altering them to suit herself: "I'm going, I'm going, I do

know where! I'm going to Jesus, home I shall share."

The poor man who thought himself wise "by wisdom knew not God." child did not understand all about great God, but she had learned that loved her, and knew Jesus as "the truth, and the life."

Reader, where are you going?

CHARLIE'S VICTORY.

BY M. B. H.

You are in mischief, Charlie dear,
I always know that when I hear
You say in tones so sweet and low:
'Don't touch that, Tarley, no, no, no.'

Ah! baby boy, although so young,
You know even now the right from wrong,
I'll wait and see what you will do
With mamma's thimble bright and new.

It proves so tempting; but he tries
To push far off the shining prize;
And then again I hear him say,
"No, Tarley, no, you do and pay."

Once more he yields, my boy of two,
As many an older one might do.
Then conquers, turns, and off he ran
Saying, "Now Tarley's 'ittle man."

Dear little Charlie, may you go
Through life thus bravely saying "No,"
And ever stand as firm and true
When tempted some wrong thing to do.

Father in heaven, grant that he
A good, true man may grow to be.
By thine help; through paths untried
My precious boy, oh keep and guide.

GOD HAS BEEN HERE.

"God has been here to-day, mamma. He's been down our lane," said a sweet little boy we call Bertie, one day in spring.

"What makes you think so, dear?" asked mamma.

"Because yesterday there was not a single pussy willow, and now there are lots of them! Nobody could do that quick but God, mamma."

"No, Bertie, all the great men in the world could not make a branch of pussy willow in a life time—not make it if they lived a hundred years. And yet the great God in heaven brings the dead branches to life with his rain and sunshine in a few hours. While we are sleeping he brings out these lovely, fuzzy little buds, and covers the ground with violets and many flowers. You are right, my dear; God has been here, making the world beautiful."

WHEN Jesus was in the world he took little children in his arms and blessed them. He loved the children, and loved to speak gentle words to them. Jesus loves the children still, and he wants every child to love him.