

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: Some pages are cut off.

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 II.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

[No. 21.

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

ESTER TOM is very fond of his boat, and loves it almost as if it were a baby. He has been having fine fun sailing in the lake. Have you ever thought that the end of our lives is like the wreck of a boat, which may be wrecked, or enter into the haven of everlasting rest? God sends each little bark to reach the safe harbor of heaven.

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

In a parish school there was a boy named Charley, who had a habit of saying bad words and telling lies. His mother tried to do what she could to make him better. The teacher scolded him, and punished him in various ways. But all was of no use. The boy rather grew worse. One day the pastor called in. He had been quietly watching the case, but had said nothing. But now the time had come for him to act. He first asked Charley what he had done. Charley had done nothing. Then he talked to the scholars about the sin of saying bad words and telling lies. Then he



THE YOUNG SAILOR.

As soon as he could speak he said: "This little girl is right. Charley has been whipped and punished enough. Let us now pray for him." The scholars all arose and the pastor offered a fervent prayer. Charley was very much affected by the prayer. The tears streamed down his cheeks. A great change took place in the boy, and he was soon one of the best scholars in the school.

A CHILD'S FAITH

A FEAR little girl had been lame a long time, so that she could not run and play like other children. She was four years old, and she loved the bright sunshine and flowers as well as other little folks do, and she wanted very much to be well, so as to go out and enjoy them. One night she said her little prayer as usual, and then, looking earnestly at her mother, she said: "Mamma, I want to tell Jesus I's lame yet. P'raps he sinks I's walkin' now." You see she felt so sure that Jesus would answer her prayer, if he heard it. And so he had, in giving her such sweet faith.

the scholars what he should do with him. One said, "Put him in a cage." Another said, "Whip him." At last a modest little girl said, "Pray for him." The minister's feelings were touched. You know Jesus does not always give just what we ask. Often he gives something better.

EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE.

EVERY little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day;

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes, and tears, and cares—
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.

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, 96 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 60
Berens Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24s. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6s. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
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
Berens Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 60

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HERSTIA,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

WHO IS JESUS?

HAVE you ever read in the big Bible about a little child that was born in Bethlehem in the land of Judea, and who, when he was a man, said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me?" I think you have all read it many times; but do you know who Jesus is? Before asking you to come to him, I wish you to know who he is.

He was a little babe in the manger, the boy of twelve years in the Temple with the doctors of the law, the grown man who was baptized in the river Jordan, who opened the eyes of blind Bartimeus, who raised the dead Lazarus, cast a legend of demons out of the man among the tombs, who was taken by wicked hands and nailed to the cross; and who, for three long dreadful hours, hung upon the cross, and died, was buried, but rose from the grave the third day, and ascended to his Father in Heaven.

But he was more than man; he was the divine Son of God; the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Father of the everlasting ages, the Prince of Peace and the Word of God. He is the Alpha and Omega, the first

and the last, the mighty God, Jehovah, King of kings, and Lord of lords; and God hath given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

A HINT TO BOYS.

I STOOD in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I do not want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did, when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into the habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.—*New London Day.*

"HAVING SOME FUN."

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, and you and Freddy and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws, and axes, and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favourite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon assembled again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Maude, in yonder cottage, has gone to a neighbour's to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could make a snow-man on her doorstep, and when Mrs. Maude comes home, she will be most agreeably surprised."

One or two of the boys objected, but the majority began to appreciate his fun, and to experience that inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when they had done this, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of them, who objected at first, proposed that they should go to a neighbouring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their seven homes, more than satisfied with the "feeling of the evening." And the next morning when the weary widow returned, from watching by the sick bed and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised, and afterwards, when a neighbour (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labour of the boys) told her how it was done, by fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" was of itself, if they could have heard it, abundant reward for their labours.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

DEAR boys, God wants you in his kingdom. He wants you just as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honour him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for any one. His invitation, "Come unto Me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and just as acceptably, and just as easily as older persons. Serve and honour him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you now. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus, and to commence to live for Him now, than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "start early" have special promise of successful finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be; every little sin needs forgiveness, and only he can give this. Give yourself to Jesus now; and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, I think the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, are the best the world ever saw or is likely to see.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The day is gone, the night is come,
The night for quiet rest;
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go;
Upon the leafless bough
He sang his evening hymn to God,
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive;
Shut is the daisy's eye;
The moon alone is peeping forth
From out the darkened sky.

No, not the moon alone; for God
Has heard what I have said;
His eye looks on his tender child
Within this little bed.

He kindly hears me thank him now
For all that he has given—
For friends, and books, and clothes, and food;
But most of all for heaven,

Where I shall go if I am good,
And try to do the right,
Where I shall meet all those I love
As angels pure and bright.

WRINKLES.

"MAMMA," said little Mary West, as she watched her mother at work ironing, one bright summer morning, "why do the wrinkles iron into the clothes so much easier than they will iron out?"

Mrs. West was a careless, thoughtless woman who never went to the bottom of things, but just noticed the surface appearance, and she said, "O, Mary, what a child you are to ask questions! Run along and play and never mind about the wrinkles."

Mary turned away, and went out into the sunshine, still wondering in her mind about the wrinkles.

A little girl who lived next door saw Mary in the yard, and called to her to "come over and play." Getting her mother's consent, Mary went gladly. The little people played at house-keeping, and of course washing and ironing came in their list of household cares. Mary thought to herself, "Maybe Jennie knows; I'll ask her, any way." So she said, "Jennie, do you know why wrinkles iron into clothes easier than they will iron out?"

Jennie thought a minute, and then she said, "No, I don't know, but we will ask mamma; she always knows." So they ran into the house, and startled Jennie's mother

by asking her the question that was troubling little Mary so much.

"My dear children," said good Mrs. Lee, "I will try and explain this matter to you as well as I can. When we begin to iron a garment it is usually damp, and if we do not lay it smoothly on the board the hot iron will press the wrinkles and dry them in; then when we undertake to iron them out the impression is fixed, for the cloth is dry, and we either have to dampen the cloth or use great care and strength to iron them out."

Mary said, "Why, that is so; I wonder why I didn't think of that myself."

Jennie laughed, and said, "Come on and play now."

But Mrs. Lee said, "Wait a minute, children. Do you know that there is danger of your hearts growing wrinkled?"

The little girls thought that a very funny remark, and laughingly asked her how that could be.

"Mrs. Lee said, "When your hearts are young and tender, evil thoughts and companions, and cross, naughty words will leave scars and wrinkles in your hearts and faces that only the heavenly Father can smooth out with his loving hand. When you are tempted to do wrong remember the wrinkles and ask the dear Father to help you to keep your hearts smooth and un-wrinkled by sin."

GENEROUS NELLIE.

THE bell rang, and when Nellie opened the door Annie Donn stood on the steps.

"Mother said that I might come to see you," she cried when Nellie opened the door.

"I am glad," said Nellie. "We'll go right up stairs and have a doll's party."

"I have no doll," said Annie.

"I have two," said Nellie. "My aunt sent me a new doll last week. I'll play with that, and you shall have Sallie."

They had often had a merry tea-party with Sallie at the table.

The rain was coming down fast on the tin roof, but the little girls did not care, for they were having a pleasant time in the house. Nellie put the cups and saucers on the chair for a table. When they brought the dolls to tea she said, "How nice that I can have a new wax doll and that you can have dear old Sallie!"

But, somehow, Sallie did not look as pretty as usual. Her dress was torn and her eyes were not very bright. Annie was glad to play with her, though, and it did not come into her mind to wish for the new doll.

But Nellie was a thoughtful little girl.

All at once it came to her that it would be kind and polite to let Annie have the new doll just for that afternoon. So she said, "I'll take Sallie, and you can have my wax doll. We'll play turn about."

Annie was pleased, so was Nellie. They had never before had such a merry tea-party. Nellie's mother was in the next room, and she heard all.

"I believe that my little Nellie is trying to be like our Lord Jesus Christ," she thought. "I think that she remembers the Golden Text for last Sunday: 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

LEND A HAND.

When? Where?

To-day, to-morrow, every day, just where you are.

You have heard of the girl who sat down and wished the morning hours away, hoping to be a missionary and help somebody, while her mother was toiling in the kitchen and looking after three little children at the same time. Perhaps your mother has servants in the kitchen, but you can lend her a hand all the same. You can find a place to help brother, or sister or friend, and you can help everybody in the house by your patient, kind, obliging spirit, "in honour preferring one another," self forgetful and mindful of others.

It seems a very little thing to lend "a hand" in these quiet home ways, but if you could see the record the angels make of such a day, you would see that it was a very great thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your chance. Do not be cheated out of your happy privilege. It is a great, noble, blessed thing to be able to "help a little," no matter how little it may be.—S. S. Advocate.

HOW GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A NUT once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed the count drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which, breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled. Who would say that all this was mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside that nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.



EFFECTS OF RUM.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the Corn to the Lilies:
 "Press not near my feet;
 You are only idlers,
 Neither Corn nor Wheat.
 Does one earn a living
 Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the Lilies,
 Neither yea nor nay;
 Only they grow sweeter
 All the live-long day.
 And at last the Teacher
 Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
 Rested at his feet,
 And the proud corn rustled,
 Bidding them to eat,
 "Children," said the Teacher,
 "Life is more than meat."

WORK.

ALWAYS remember, boys, whatever your occupation may be, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, you must work. If you look round in the world, you will see the men who are the best able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest.

Work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even, it simply speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and go at it. The busier you are, the less mischief you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays and the better satisfied will you be with the world and the world with you.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MATHIE DYER BRITTS.

HARRY BROWN was over in the meadow across the road from his father's house, playing ball with three or four other boys. They were having a splendid game, and there wasn't anything Harry loved better than to play ball—that is, in the way of sport, you know. There was something he loved more than amusement, as you shall soon see.

Just in the very thick of the exciting game, a clear voice from the front door called:

"Harry! Harry!"

Down went Harry's bat in an instant, and he picked up his coat.

"Oh, don't go!" said Tom West.

"I must," answered Harry. "My mother called me."

"Well, let her wait a minute. Finish this round, anyhow. She'll think you didn't hear, and call again."

"No, sir, that isn't my way," said Harry, firmly. "When my mother calls, I step right along and mind."

"O, I mind, too," said Tom; "but I let 'em wait a little, sometimes."

"I don't," replied Harry. And off he ran to the house.

"Harry," said Mrs. Brown, "I am so busy this morning, I have not had time to feed the chickens. Will you do it for me?"

"Yes, ma'am. Where's the corn basket?" was Harry's pleasant answer, without a frown on his face because of his interrupted game.

In a moment more he was out in the poultry-yard, at the bottom of the garden, throwing out the food to the hungry chickens who came flocking around him. He left the gate partly open, and two or three hens made a rush into the garden before he saw them, but he spied them in a minute, and was after them.

"Hello, Mrs. Hens! Guess you better get back here!" he sung out, good-naturedly.

Presently he had them all safe, with plenty of corn to eat, and went into the house again, to help his mother.

I think Harry's way of obeying was better than Tom West's "waiting a minute." Now, little friends, what do you think?

DON'T BE STINGY.

ONE day a little girl was standing by a window during a heavy thunder-storm. Her Aunt Annie was very much afraid of the lightning, and told her to come away, lest it might strike her. But Katy answered "It is God who makes it thunder, and he will take care of me."

This same little Katy one day found her older sister crying very hard, and asked her what was the matter.

"I am crying because I am so wicked," was her answer.

"Why, don't you love God?" asked Katy.

"No, I am afraid I don't."

"O do love God, Lulie!" said Katy, and she put her arms around her sister's neck. "O do love him, and don't be stingy any more!"

So Katy thought every person who does not love God stingy; and I think she was just right. When we think of how many things God has given us, surely he must be stingy who will not let God have a place in his heart.—*Selected.*

LITTLE CHILDREN PRAYING.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had lately been very ill, and often wished his minister had been present to pray for him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "hope you prayed yourself."

"O yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years old in a Sunday school said: "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl, about four years of age, being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her little hand to her heart, she said: "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."—*Child World.*

KEEPING THE LAW.

A GENTLEMAN gave a little girl some sewing to do, and said he would pay her for it. Before she had finished the work she was taken sick, and could not sew any more. Her sister did the rest of it for her. When she was well again she took it to the gentleman. He looked at it and was very much pleased. "Did you do all this?" he asked. "No, sir. I was sick and could not do all; so my sister helped me," she said. "Well, no matter, the work is well done; here is your money," said the gentleman.

Dear children, that is something the way it is with keeping the law. We never can do it all ourselves. But Jesus has done it. Now, if we love and trust him, God will look at his finished work, and reward us, as if we had done it ourselves. Ought we not to love him very dearly?