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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1886.

[No. 12.

THE CRY-BOY.

A LITTLE boy had a habit, when anything went wrong with him, to wrinkle up his face and make most dismal howling. I suppose he thought it was crying, but it wasn't, for people don't have to try to cry; it just comes of itself. One day some one asked him if he thought he was crying, and he said, "Yes, but I can't make any tears come on my face." That is because there was no need of tears. They know when they are needed, and always come in time and without trying. If there are no tears, there is nothing to cry about, you may be sure.

CATS' WHISKERS.

EVERY one must have observed what are usually called the "whiskers" on a cat's upper lip; but few perhaps dream that they serve any valuable end. Yet it is true that the use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under



LEARN TO ENDURE.

the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerve of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible.

These whiskers stand out on each side of the tiger and lion as well as in the common cat, so that, from point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, one of these animals stealing through a cover of wood, in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of his whiskers. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body, they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush, and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws

never come in contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass and is not perceived until he is coiled around his prey.

VOICES CALLING.

HARK! the voices loudly calling,
Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,
Even now they summon thee.
Calling ever, ever calling,
Hark! the message is to thee:

Heathen mothers bowing blindly,
Unto gods of wood and stone,
By their cries and tears they call thee
Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,
Bid them seek to be forgiven
Tell them of the blessed Saviour,
Say he waits for them in Heaven.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1888.

A CHILD'S FAITH

A LITTLE boy some years of age, whom we will call Charley, while playing one day near an open hatchway, accidentally fell in, and but for a basket of shavings, which fortunately stood beneath, would probably have been killed. The family were quite impressed by his providential escape, and frequent allusions were made to it during the day. At night, after Charley had been put to bed and left to himself, his little voice was heard in prayer. In tones full of faith and love the little fellow poured out his heart-felt petition: "O God! please keep that cellar door shut; but if you can't do that, won't you always keep a basket of shavings there?"—*Temperance Banner.*

TASTING DEATH.

In a time of great darkness, when priest-craft and intolerance were doing their worst to suppress Divine truth, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a road in Scotland when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the work, he replied, with a fearless upward glance:

"The Bible."

"Throw it into the ditch!" shouted the fierce commander.

"No," returned the boy, in his broad northern accent, "it is God's Word."

A second order to the same effect only caused him to grasp his treasure more firmly. A very cruel command followed.

"Then pull the cap over your eyes." was the mocking retort. "Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

For a moment the soldiers hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched; he was not afraid to face death, or taste its bitterness, because he knew he should pass through it into the immediate presence of the Lord who loved him, and who redeemed him at the cost of his own precious blood. He heard a voice, unheard by others, whispering to his inmost soul, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"I will not cover my eyes," he said, firmly. "I will look you in the face, as you must look me in the face at the great judgment day."

Wonderful words from one so young at such a time of peril! Another moment and he lay shot through the heart, but his spirit was with the Lord who gave it.

Dear readers nowadays few are called upon to die for their faith; but do you esteem God's Word your dearest treasure? Would you have all fear of death removed? Then look in simple trust to him "who by the grace of God, tasted death for every man."

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

ALMOST the only printed matter found in the far North when the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition were discovered in that icy region was a leaf from Todd's *Student's Manual*, with this dialogue on it:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No."

"Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'"

The poor victim perhaps treasured the page, read and reread it and gazed on it until the mists of death crept over him. He was not found, but the page told those who were searching how one, at least, of those brave seamen had died.



MADGE MADCAP.

LITTLE Madge Madcap got her second name because she was such a wild, harum-scarum little thing. Her hair always looked as if it had not been combed for a week, and she was a regular romp and tom-boy, tearing her clothes and breaking her toys. Instead of sitting down on the swing, as any sensible child would, she used always to stand up, as you see in the picture, and one day she got a terrible fall. But nothing cured her, and I am afraid Madcap Madge will come to a terrible end some day if she don't take care.

A GENTLE BOY.

"BE gentle with little Gracie, Charlie," said his mother as she tucked up the little girl in her carriage all ready for a ride. "Be a gentle boy."

"Oh, mother, boys are never gentle," answered Charlie. "I don't want to be called a gentle boy."

"Yet a few years from this time if you should not be called a gentleman you would feel very badly," answered his mother. "And you cannot be a gentleman unless you are a gentle boy first—kind and considerate to all around you, gentle to the weak and courteous to those whom you meet every day. You are forming your character now, and it will be too late for you to change when you are grown up. You will want to be considered a gentleman then, so try to be a gentle boy now. There is nothing unmanly in being gentle and courteous. Now, think about this while you are giving Gracie her ride, and don't think it is not manly to be gentle to your little sister."

I hope all the little boys that read the HAPPY DAYS will remember that gentlemen are made of gentle boys.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

LITTLE Nellie is on her way to school, and very cheerful and happy she seems about it too. In one hand she carries her slate, and in the other a bunch of flowers for her teacher. How beautiful and sweet and pure are God's fair handiwork, the flowers:

As if on living creatures,
Where'er my eye doth fall,
On Bluebells and on Daisies,
I say "God bless you all."

Take the summer blossoms
From the hills and fields;
See what bounteous treasures
Mother Nature yields.

Take them with thanksgiving
From the grassy sod,
Always with remembrance
That they come from God.

Take them to the children
In the city street;

Take them to the crowded lanes
Where the lowly meet.

Take them to the reeking haunts
Of foul, wicked men;
They may turn some sinful heart
To the right again.

Take them to some darkened room,
Where, on humble cot,
Some poor, lonely sufferer
Thinks herself forgot.

Take them as an offering,
From God's loving hand;
Let them breathe their fragrance
Over all the land.

So shall many weary ones
Look up, and be glad;
So shall many saddened ones
Be less darkly sad.

So shall many wicked ones
Get some hint of good,
And God's June run round the world,
As he meaut it should.

SQUIRE ANDREW'S GOD.

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," sang out sweetly and so clearly from the little church on the green, that both tones and words floated in at the open window of Squire Andrew's big house, into the very room where he was busy. The table was piled with books and ledgers, and he was counting his gains for the week.

So he could lay aside a portion for the Lord, "according as he had prospered him?"

Not at all.

"I wish they'd stop that singing!" he said, at last. "I was a fool to build my house so near the church!"

And then, as the pastor gave for his text, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," he said:

"I wonder if he knows I'm here, and is preaching at me?" and then he angrily rose to close the window. But, somehow he stayed and listened till the sermon was ended, and then got up and walked the floor.

"So, then, I am serving Mammon; making money my God, and have been all my life."

Then he looked in the glass. His hair was gray, and his face wrinkled.

"It is now or never," he said. "If I would worship the Lord, I must stop serving Mammon."

For three hours the squire walked and thought. Then he sat down and wrote, in a bold hand:

"From this time on, I do promise to give to the Lord one-half of my income. So help, me God. RALPH ANDREWS."

That was the beginning. That very evening Squire Andrews was at the prayer-meeting. Mammon was no longer his God. From henceforth he would "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

CORRECT.

"WHAT is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy in Sunday-school.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

"What is bearing false witness against thy neighbour?"

"It is telling 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 that he did it."

"That will do," said the teacher, with a smile.

The little girl had given a curious answer; but underneath her odd language there was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.

THE BROKEN MOON.

BY MRS. G. ARCHIBALD.

THERE is a boy in our town,
A little boy I know,
And here and there and everywhere,
He runneth to and fro.

From early morn till bed-time
He back and forth doth hie,
And nothing fair nor queer nor rare
Escapes his watchful eye.

He loves in winter evenings
That ends the day so soon,
To watch until above the hill
He sees the gentle moon.

But once with disappointment
He spied a yellow slice
Of moon. 'Twas small and not at all
His moon so round and nice.

He ran with grief and sobbing,
His young voice out of tune,
"Just come and see, mamma," said he,
"Somebody's broke the moon."

—Northern Christian Advocate.

GOODNESS.

BY REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

The fruit of the Spirit is goodness.—Gal. v. 22.

ONE of the pleasantest memories of my boyhood is an old man with white hair and sweet face, who used to speak at children's meetings and give away cards, on one of which were some words about doing good, which I have remembered ever since

"For Jesus Christ's sake,
Do all the good you can;
To all the people you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as ever you can.

Benjamin Franklin, who was so great and good that many cities have statues of him, when he was a boy, by reading a book about doing good, was made to feel that the grandest thing any one could be was "a doer of good." Trying to do good, he became also great and happy. Reading the Bible ought to make all of us begin now to be "doers of good."

But if you want to do good you must first be good. You think a word before you speak it. You think what you will do with your hand before you do it. So before you can do good with lips and hands you must be good in your heart. If you want to do as Jesus did, you must feel as Jesus felt, you must have "the mind of Christ," the Holy Spirit of God. "The fruit of the Spirit is goodness." A tree cannot bear good fruit unless it is first a good tree.

Doing grows out of being. That great and good man, Jonathan Edwards, when a boy, wrote in his diary, "Resolved to live with all my might while I do live." He became a Christian when only seven years old, being led to Jesus by a lady who had been converted when a little girl only four years of age, and so had a long time in which to do good.

God loves even bad children, and if they will let him come into their hearts he will make them good. Let me give you a prayer for goodness:

"Make me faithful, loving, dutiful,
Make Thy home within me beautiful,
Cleanso my heart from sin,
Let no stranger in."

WHICH IS BEST?

AN infidel was delivering a lecture at Northampton, England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer, and said:

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight little children unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to my grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good friend, I don't want to disturb your comfort, but"—

"Oh, that's not the question," interposed the woman, "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again. The feelings of the people gave vent to applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.—The Freeman.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

A LADY of position and property, anxious about her neighbours, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and, at the close of their conversation, asked: "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them in, and I smile them out!" Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad shouldered, hard-fisted

men, who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her, as she used to stand in the door-way to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the house of God? They would, in greater numbers, if self-denying, Christ-loving Christians would smile them in, and smile them out.—The Christian London.

A DEAR BARGAIN.

"It is a jolly knife!" said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades besides the corkscrew," said Tom; "it could not have cost less than half-a-crown."

"What made him give it to you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it in his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it, and the medal I picked up in the road, and I told him the medal was silver, and the alley was real marble and worth lots of money, and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."

SERVICE RENDERED BY MONKEYS.

THE newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts there were a great many parents who reported "no children" in their families; and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a waggon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters, and taking their names and addresses.

They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school; and the monkeys and the brass band brought two hundred little boys and girls to school—which was pretty well done for two monkeys.

GOD the Father's only Son,
Yet with him in glory one,
Jesus: I believe in thee,
Thou art Christ the Lord, to me.