

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

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Some pages are cut off.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1891.

[No. 11

IN THE SWING.

THESE four little girls are enjoying the beautiful summer afternoon in their comfortable boat-swing. As they go up and down through the air, now almost touching the ground, and in another minute away up among the green branches of the trees, they feel as if they were birds for the time. They think they know just what it would feel like to be able to fly and feel the cool air blowing in their faces on the hottest day, as they sailed up, up into the white clouds. They feel sure that swinging is the next best thing to being able to fly or ride in a balloon. The motion of the swing does not make them dizzy in the least and they think it the greatest fun to have the leaves tickle their cheeks when they go a little too high among the branches. The nice high sides of the boat-swing make it safer for the young folk than the ordinary swing. There is one thing, however, very special about this swing. There is a bird's nest away up in the tree, and sometimes the four swingers get a peep into the nest and there they can count the three little blue eggs.



IN THE SWING.

WHAT THEY DO IN CHINA

"MAMIE," said Aunt Alice, "suppose your papa should conclude you were not worth

bringing up, and should bring a tub of water and put you in it, and hold your head down until you were drowned!"

And we must pray, pray, that more missionaries may go. You and I can do some thing to help them. Let us do all we can

Aunt Alice exclaimed Mamie in a voice of horror, "how can you say such a dreadful thing?"

"I was thinking that if you had been born in China that might have been your fate."

Why, do they do such things there?

Yes, indeed. They don't think girls are worth raising. I heard a missionary tell of one poor woman who had drowned six little girl babies, all her own. When she came to hear about Jesus, and gave her heart to him, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she cried out, "Oh, it seems to me I can hear my babies crying, as they did before I drowned them. If I had heard about Jesus before, I might have saved my babies." Poor mother. Should not we hasten to let all the mothers in heathen lands know about our Jesus?

I heard this story, and I said to myself

Yes, we must hurry, quick, quick, to tell the poor heathen mothers of Jesus."

But how can we get to them? We must save our pennies, we must earn pennies, and bring them to the mission box, to send missionaries and good books to tell the glad story

MOLLY

SWEET little Molly
Took her new dolly
To look at the chicks in the pen;
But being alone
She tripped over a stone
And out flew the angry hen!

Poor Molly screamed out,
And the hen tried to flout,
And pecked at the poor little maid;
Nurse came along quick,
Picked up a big stick,
Which she threw at the old hen's head!

Sweet little Molly
Looked about for her dolly,
And where do you think 'twas found?
Just inside the pen
Of that cross old hen,
While the chicks stood staring around.

Nurse picked up the two
Without more ado,
And shut the old hen in the pen—
Though there is no fear
Molly will go near
To look at those chicks again.

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, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	1 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 16c., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 16c., weekly, single copies	0 50
1, less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Fun and Amusement, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Bertram's, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. GOALS, S. F. HUSTIS,
3 Bloor Street, Meth. Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1894.

LITTLE HELPS.

"DEAR me! How I should like to do that."

Kitty was sitting in an easy-chair reading. Her book was in large print, with fine pictures. She had just been reading about a little girl whose baby brother was in danger of being badly burned. His clothes had caught on fire, and she had run to him with a blanket and put out the fire.

"Kitty," called her mother from the next room, "will you bring me my thread bag?"

"Yes, mamma." But she did not stir from her chair.

"She saved her little brother's life. How everybody must have praised her! Once I heard of a girl that snatched some one off a railroad track when a train was coming. What a fine thing it must be to save one's life.

"Kitty," called mamma, "I wish you would come and stay with the baby."

"Yes, mamma." Still Kitty sat with her book.

"What a brave girl! I'd be if there was some brave thing to do! I wouldn't be a bit afraid. Why—what's that?"

There was a noise and a cry. Kitty ran into the next room to find that the baby had fallen out of his cradle, and struck his pretty head against the rocker:

"O, I wish I had come before," said Kitty, in real sorrow, as mamma came running in fright. "Why, mamma, I was just thinking how glad I would be to do something to save his life."

"It will be a great deal better, my little girl," said mamma, "to do at once the little things which you can do, than to think of great things which are not likely to be needed."

A SMALL FISHERMAN.

BY J. H. J.

RALPH was going fishing with papa and mamma, uncle and auntie. He said he was sure that he could catch "five or nine fishes all his own self, if he had a chance."

When they stopped under some trees near the water, mamma and auntie said they would rest in the shade awhile. Papa and uncle said they would go on to the best fishing-place.

"I want to fish now. Please let me, papa," begged Ralph.

"You can't go with us," said papa; "but if you will promise to keep quite still till mamma comes for you, I will let you sit on the bank yonder, and cast your line into the water."

"I'll sit still as anything," promised Ralph; and so papa left him where mamma could see him. He sat on the bank holding his stalk of a rod, and dangling the line as eagerly as possible.

But somehow the fishes did not seem to care anything about his hook. They just let it alone. The young fisherman drew it up and dropped it again as deep as he could. He thought he felt something, and pulled quick. The line broke and floated away on the water. It had caught on some roots growing out of the bank.

Just then Ralph thought he saw a fish wiggle its head in the water. How he did want to crawl down after his line! "But I mustn't," he said. And he did not.

Presently mamma came, and by this time the line was out of sight.

"I could have caught a big fish for you, mamma, if I could have picked up my line; but I sat still;" and the young fisherman told all about his mishap.

Mamma hugged him tight. "You would have fallen in if you had gone down to the water," she said. "I would rather have a boy who can be trusted to do what he is told than all the big fishes that ever swam."

SLEEPY MAN.

BY G. D. ROBERTS.

WHEN the sleepy man comes with the du
on his eyes,

(Oh weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

He shuts up the earth, and he opens the
skies,

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers and shuts up
the sun;

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

The stars that he loves he lets out one by
one,

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy
Town;

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids
fall down.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream on his
wings,

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

And whispers of mermaids and wonderful
things.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

When one would be faring down Dream-a-
way Lane,

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby
Wherry

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting
Ferry,

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

A TOUCHING story was told of Tamberlik, the tenor singer, says the *Youth's Companion*. Passing through Madrid one bright, spring morning, he visited the bird market, and bought every bird in it. He ordered the cages to be carried into the Plaza, and opened. The sunny air was filled with a fluttering host, and from hundreds of tiny throats burst songs of delight. Tamberlik looked after them with tears of pleasure in his eyes, crying, "Go, and be free, my brothers!"

A similar story is told of a kindly old Virginian, who used to celebrate the fourth of July by buying up all the caged squirrels, rabbits, and birds in the neighbourhood, and then setting them free, that they, too, might rejoice in the day of Independence. The creatures to whom he gave happiness are long since dead, but the children who saw his kindly act have carried its influence through their lives.

It is one proof of the power of Christianity upon modern life that animals receive more humane treatment at our hands than formerly.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

THE Lord's people love the Lord's Day for the Lord's sake, and spend it in the Lord's service, with a view to his glory.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

FIRST GIRL.

Oh, what can little children do
To make this great world glad?
For pain and sin are everywhere,
And many a life is sad.

SECOND GIRL.

Our hearts must bloom with charity
Whenever sorrow lowers,
For how could human days be sweet
Without the little flowers?

THIRD GIRL.

Oh, what can little children do
To make this great world bright?
For many a soul in shadow sits,
And longs to see the light.

FOURTH GIRL.

Oh, we must lift our lamps of love,
And let them gleam afar,
For how could night be beautiful,
Without each little star?

FIFTH GIRL.

Oh, what can little children do
To bring some comfort sweet
For weary roads, where men must climb
With toiling wayworn feet?

SIXTH GIRL.

Our lives must ripple clear and fresh,
That thirsty souls may sing;
Could robin pipe so merrily
Without the sunny spring?

ALL VOICES.

All this may little children do,
This heavenly world to bless,
For God sends forth all loving souls
To deeds of tenderness,
That this great earth may bloom and sing,
Like his dear home above;
But all the work would fail and cease
Without the children's love.

—Adapted by C. H. Cabriel.

NO DIFFERENCE.

BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.

Will came in from school in a half-ashamed way, hiding his report-card under the corner of his jacket. Mamma held out her hand, and Will reluctantly gave it up. "What! poor marks again this month? Oh, Will, why don't you study?" "It makes no difference about the marks now, mother. There's plenty of time. By-and-bye I'll show you what I can do." "No difference! Suppose a man intending to build a house thought the foundation of no consequence. What would you think of him? Don't you know it's the foundation you are laying, my boy? Your future success depends largely upon your knowledge of arithmetic and grammar and—"

Will silenced any further "preaching," as he called it, by an emphatic hug and kiss.

"Oh, yes, ma; I know it all. You'll be proud of your boy yet; just wait and see." With a rush and a whoop he was off for

the pantry, from which he soon emerged with bulging pockets.

Mrs. Welles watched him fondly as he ran down the street to join his friends, but I think a little more care on his part would have smoothed the wrinkles gathering on her forehead.

At the end of the school year Will found he was not to be promoted with his class. Another year as senior in the grammar school enabled him to "squeeze through," as he said, and with glowing plans for the future he became a high-school student.

"Welles, you must give more time to your Latin," said the master one day. "you haven't had a fair recitation this week. You have good abilities. With study there's no reason why you shouldn't excel. Haven't you any ambition?"

"Why, yes, sir; but there are so many things to attend to now, and I can't see that my standing here makes much difference. When I go to college I expect to lead my class."

The master's reply was all unheeded, for though Will appeared to attend, and said, "Yes, sir," now and then, he was really planning for the ball match of the morrow.

Four years of high-school, and Will was admitted to college. I cannot say that he was prepared for college, but he was admitted.

"Now you'll see what I can do," he told his mother at parting. "I've been foolish long enough. Now I shall begin study in earnest."

To his surprise he found that his record was known at college. The best students avoided or treated him indifferently. "We always find out the previous standing of a new man," someone told him,

He set to work determined to win for himself a name, but aside from his poor record he found his former habits were like chains to bind him down. In vain he sighed for neglected opportunities.

Near the close of his second year Mrs. Welles died, the property took to itself wings, and Will found himself thrown on his own resources. He looked for employment in his native town. "We need a new assistant," said the high-school master, shaking his head; "I wish your Greek and Latin had been more satisfactory. Another friend spoke of a position in the bank, but the old grammar-school teacher would not recommend him as quick or accurate in accounts. The minister spoke of him as honest. "But we need trained minds as well as honest purposes in our offices," said the business men of the place. At last he accepted a position as porter in a furniture shop. The work was hard, the pay small, but it was employment.

"Don't tell me it makes no difference," he often says to careless boys who are neglecting their studies. "I tell you it does make a vast difference."

WHY PATSIE PLAYED GRANDPA.

BY MARY LOMBARD BROADHEAD.

MAMMA came into the sitting-room on her tip-toes with her finger on her lip.

Patsie knew what that meant. Do you? It meant, "Hush! Be still as a little mouse. Baby is asleep. If we wake him before he has his nap, his little toothies will ache and he will cry."

Patsie did not feel like being still. She had about half her blocks built into a nice high tower. She wanted to keep on until she had every one of them on the tower. Then she wanted to joggle it and make them all tumble down on the bare floor. That made a nice big noise, and Patsie liked noise almost as much as she liked candy.

But when Patsie was a very little girl, she had been taught a little bit of God's word. I wonder if you know it too. "Children, obey your parents." So it never came into the little girl's head that she could go on with her noisy play. She left her tower standing, and began to play grandpa." She got her little stool and picture paper almost big enough to make a paper blanket for Patsie. Then she sat down with her tiny toes on the hearth and read funny little stories in a soft voice that would not waken a sleepy mouse, to say nothing of a baby.

It seemed to Patsie that she had been playing grandpa a very long while when there was a little "coo" from the next room that said, "Come, sister, I am awake, and I am good. I want to play."

Patsie's feet went flying to call mamma. Then the tower was finished and tumbled down with a splendid clatter. It made baby dance and show his little pearly teeth, and Patsie thought that "tumble-down tower" had never been so much fun. Do you know why?

TWO FRIENDS.

"Is a Minute," is a bad friend: he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

"Right Away" is a good friend: he helps you to do what you are asked to pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JULY 22.

LESSON TOPIC.—Flight into Egypt.—Matt. 2. 13-23.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in. Psalm 121. 8.

JULY 29.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Youth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 40-52.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 46-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

GOD will give us nothing for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

QUITE A SINGER

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man, pressed for a song,
 Could not be induced by the throng.
 "I'm sorry," he said,
 With shake of his head,
 But I've not brought my music along.

"It's a pity it happens just so,
 For you'd all like my tenor I know,
 So high it can rise
 That I oft close my eyes
 So terribly dizzy I grow

"The musical scale, as you see,
 Has the letters from A up to G,
 And, if it were set
 Through the whole alphabet,
 I believe I could go up to Z!"

ESTHER'S FIVE BIRTHDAYS.

ESTHER had really had six birthdays, and this was her seventh, but there were only five to read about in mother's diary. Esther had just learned to read writing, and if her mother had not written a very plain hand indeed, I don't think the little girl could have spelled it out.

There was nothing written the day she was born; but the next year, the day she was one year old, there was this entry, and the ink was already a little faded—already, though the little one had hardly learned to read it:

"My little daughter is a year old to-day, may God make her a blessing to me"

And then Esther turned the pages, page after page, for a whole year's writing, and found the date again

"Esther's second birthday; may God spare her to bless her father's life and mine"

The next year there was nothing written, for a little baby-boy had come into the family, and mother was too busy to write in diaries. But the next, her birthday was marked by a tiny little flower pasted in the

book, with these words, "May the darling be like this flower; living to shed sweetness on others."

Then came the fifth birthday; but ah, there were many tear-drops on the pages now. God had taken the little black-eyed boy to play in the garden of Paradise, and mother had written in a trembling hand, "Heavenly Father, spare me this child, and make her worthy of being an angel's sister."

And there was only one more birthday. Esther remembered that well; she had had a party, with six little girls invited, and six little candles burning on her cake, and lots of fun; but mother's diary didn't tell any of that; it only said, "I ask as a birthday gift for my darling, the grace to be thy child."

"I thought birthdays were for getting things," said the little girl to herself; "but mother only thinks about my being things."

And before she went to bed, Essie peeped into the old leather-covered diary again, and read,

"Seven years old to-day! Lord, prepare the darling for what thou art preparing for her."

THE LITTLE QUEEN

ELSIE was five years old, so mamma gave her a birthday party, and invited four little neighbours. Brothers Jack and Will were invited too, of course, and the seven little folks had a very merry time.

Before they began the games aunty made Elsie sit in a big chair for a throne, put a gilt paper crown on her head, a gilt-covered rod in her hand, and introduced her to her little friends as Queen Elsie. Will and Jack appeared with high paper caps on their heads, and toy swords over their shoulders, and stood beside Queen Elsie's throne—the big chair—and declared themselves her loyal knights and her body-guard. The other children came and bowed to her.

Elsie did not quite know what to make of it, for she was very shy. She liked it better after she stepped down from the

throne, took off her crown, laid down her sceptre, and was plain Elsie Brown, playing games with her brothers and little friends.

Many a poor, little real queen would be glad to be only just an ordinary little girl, free to run about and play just as you do.

RAYMOND'S PIGEON.

THE day Raymond was twelve years old, his uncle sent him a carrier pigeon. Raymond put it in a cage, and asked all the boys he knew to come and see it. For awhile it had the best of care, and soon it became very tame. It would eat corn from Raymond's hand, and would perch on his arm or shoulder and be carried from room to room. But soon Raymond grew tired of caring for his pet. One day he went to play ball, and forgot all about the pigeon. The next day he went over to Ralph Weaver's after school, and did not get home till dark. Then he went to bed, meaning to feed it in the morning.

As soon as he got up, he went down to the pantry for some stale bread; but there wasn't any. So he asked his mother for ten cents to buy some corn. His mother gave him the money, and he ran off for the corn; but on his way he passed a candy store, and the window looked so tempting that he bought gum-drops.

He was afraid his mother might ask him about the corn, so he hurried off to school. When he came home in the afternoon, he got some bread-crumbs and fresh water and went to feed the pigeon. He opened the door; but pigie did not come out. He looked in, and there it was lying dead on the floor. It had starved to death. Oh, how sorry Raymond was about the gum-drops! Mother made him go without anything to eat for a good while, so that he would know how it felt to be very hungry.

THE BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BE careful, dear little butterfly. Don't you know that birds like to eat butterflies? See that bright little fellow, perched on a twig, singing his merry song. He is watching for you. He sees the brilliant colouring of your wings. He says, "O dear, such a pretty butterfly as that must be very good." See his sharp eye following you. Now you float carelessly along, and alight on the nearest flower. There! quickly the bird darts down, and you are struggling in his strong beak. Just a moment, and the brightest of insects has become food for the gayest of birds.

DR. PRESTON has a big dog named Lion, and when he goes to visit his patients Lion always goes too. He runs along under the carriage, and when the doctor stops at a house Lion jumps up on the carriage seat and keeps guard until the doctor comes out. One day the doctor was visiting a sick boy, and he left his medicine-case in the carriage. He sent the boy's brother out for it, and when the boy put his hand on the case Lion caught his arm, and would not let go until the doctor came out.