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# Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1892.

[No. 14

## THE ESCAPED BALLOON.

THE children had  
over to the park  
mamma the other  
and she had bought  
of them a pretty  
coloured balloon, but  
all came to sad

Willie was car-  
ing his over his  
elder, when sudden-  
ly a rude boy pushed  
against him and broke  
the balloon and then  
went off laughing, leav-  
ing poor Willie weep-  
ing and baby wanted  
to know what was in hers  
and put a pin into it to  
see if it was hard in-  
side and the con-  
sequence I need not  
tell you, but still Nellie  
kept hers good until  
she got home, when all  
at once she let go the  
string and away scamp-  
ered the balloon to the  
top of the nearest tree,  
where it stayed and  
was called at poor little  
Nellie, who could not  
reach it. I think when  
mamma takes them to

the park again she will buy them some-  
thing that will not break so easily. That  
was the end of the little balloons.

## KEEP OUT OF DANGER.

"To go or not to go, that is the ques-  
tion." Farmer Jones' kitchen was not a  
pleasant place in which to spend one's  
evenings, with the old man grumbling in



THE ESCAPED BALLOON.

the chimney corner, and his wife grudging  
a candle for the hired boy to read by.  
Why not go down to the tavern where  
there was plenty of light and warmth and  
company and why not take a glass of beer  
as the others did?

Sam Hardy leaned against the barn-  
door, after he had finished his day's work,  
and pondered the question. A little mouse  
crept across the floor, not afraid of him

because he was so still,  
and darted into one  
of Farmer Jones' old  
boots and lay there.  
Sam watched him with  
idle curiosity, and pre-  
sently another came;  
but instead of follow-  
ing his companion into  
the boot, mouse num-  
ber two stood warily  
on the edge, and consid-  
ered the consequences.  
The boot was unknown  
territory. there might  
be no danger in it,  
but then again there  
might. And all at once  
mouse's nose scented  
an enemy, and he  
scampered away for  
dear life, just as puss  
made a spring, and  
thrust her head into the  
leg of the boot, where  
the first one had gone.

Poor little mouse  
number one! He was  
caught in a trap of his  
own making; and puss  
carried him off trium-  
phant to make a supper  
for her kittens, while  
Sam Hardy laughed  
and said to himself—

"There's a lesson for  
you, young man, as plain as print. Go back  
to your arithmetic, and keep out of danger,  
even if Mrs. Jones does grudge the candle."

Which he did, and through his night  
studies by the stingy tallow candle, he  
fitted himself for a better place; and he is  
now a man, well-to-do, sober, and respected,  
while his companions who did not keep  
out of danger have most of them gone the  
broad way to ruin.

## TRY AND WILL.

SHAN'T and Won't were two little brothers,  
Angry, and sullen, and gruff,  
Try and Will are dear little sisters,  
One scarcely can love them enough.

Sha'n't and Won't looked down on their  
noses,

Their faces were dismal to see;  
Try and Will are brighter than roses  
In June, and blithe as the bee.

Sha'n't and Won't were backward and  
stupid,

Little indeed did they know;  
Try and Will learn something new daily,  
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Sha'n't and Won't loved nothing, no, noth-  
ing,

So much as to have their own way,  
Try and Will give up to their elders,  
And try to please others at play.

Sha'n't and Won't came to terrible trouble;  
Their story is awful to tell:

Try and Will are now in the school-room,  
Learning to read and to spell.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1892.

## WANTED—BOYS.

THERE are plenty of boys in the world. If you have any doubt on the subject, advertise in a morning paper for an office-boy at three dollars a week, and you will soon be convinced. And yet business men find it hard to make a satisfactory selection. They want one who is honest, industrious, intelligent, active, and polite. But, alas! such boys are rare.

There is always an opening for a boy

who has all these good qualities. Hundreds, nay thousands of places are waiting for them now. The market is full of worthless specimens, who cannot keep a situation when they obtain it. The world has need of boys of a better stamp, with higher motive and aim. Those who really possess the required qualifications need not fear that there is no room for them.

## HOW THE CAT WAS GOOD TO A BIRD.

I CAN tell you a strange story of a cat. Is it true? Yes, it is true. A friend of mine had a pet cat and a tame bird. The name of the cat was Fun; and Fun was so fond of the bird that he would play with it for an hour at a time.

The bird would hop out of its cage and fly down to the cat, and the cat would put out its paw and give the bird a soft pat on its head, as much as to say, "How do you do? I am glad to see you!"

And then the bird would sit and sing to the cat, and the cat would say, "Mew, mew, mew," as if it would like to say, "Thank you." And then the bird would fly a short way off, and the cat would run to try and catch it; and then the bird would hop off once more, and the cat would run and jump and do all that it could to get up to the side of the bird, and then the two would have a game of play.

One day when these two were at high romps, all at once the cat made a great spring, took the bird, and ran with it out of the room. Did it harm the bird? You shall hear. It was all done in so short a time that my friend could not stop the cat. As quick as she could, she got up from her chair, and went to see what the cat had done with the bird. But just then what should she spy but a strange cat, that lay hid like a thief at one end of the room. So my friend drove the strange cat from the room, and then called, "Fun, Fun, Fun! Come here, Fun!"

And then in came the bird, hop, hop, hop; hop, hop, hop; and our good cat Fun came close by its side. And when Fun saw that the strange cat was gone, it put its soft paw on the bird, and gave it a pat, as much as to say, "There, now you are safe, quite safe! That strange cat is gone, now we may play and romp again."

And the bird sang a little song that seemed to say, as plain as words, "My good cat, my brave Fun, how I thank you."

## MISS DAINTY.

ISN'T that an odd name? Well, it is the name of a lady, nor of a little girl, nor even of a doll, although folks do give very queer names to dolls, sometimes. It is the name of a very pretty kitten, and this is the way she got it.

Loulie Severn had no pets—that is, no pets. Of course, she had a doll, but she does get so tired of dolls, sometimes, and longs for something that can love her; and return for all her devotion to it.

Loulie lived in a country village, some distance from any neighbours. One morning she heard a queer sound.

"Why, mamma," she said, "that sounds like a kitten mewling." She ran to the window, and sure enough! there in the front yard stood a pretty gray and white kitten mewling pitifully.

Loulie ran to the door, and called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

Now most cats who were out in the snow would have raced into the house as soon as the door was opened, but this kitten took one step forward, then lifted her foot and shook the snow off from it. Then she took another step forward and shook the snow off from that paw. So she did with every step, until she reached the house. As soon as she was inside the door, she carefully washed each pretty paw, then purred and ran to Loulie, and rubbed her head against her.

"Isn't she the daintiest little thing," exclaimed Loulie.

Pussy had on a fine, fresh, blue ribbon tied around her neck, and she certainly did look very dainty. Loulie always called the kitten Miss Dainty. No one ever came to claim it. Loulie thinks some little girl must have dropped her accidentally from a sleigh, and not have missed her in time to go back and look for her.

## HOW GOD FORGIVES.

A LITTLE girl knelt to pray, but the memory of a wrong done that day came between her soul and Christ. She had disobeyed her father. She rose and went to his room. "Papa," said she, as the tears filled her eyes and choked her voice, "I have come to tell you something that I did that was wrong to-day. I want to ask you to forgive me." "My dear child, was the answer, "I do not want you to tell me. I forgive you freely without." She dried away her tears and sent her father rejoicing. As she knelt once more for her heavenly Father's blessing, the remembrance of her earthly father to forgive her was her a type of divine forgiveness.

## A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like to study, it "weakens his eyes,"  
 But the "right sort" of book will ensure  
 a surprise.  
 Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,  
 And he's lost for the day to all mundane  
 affairs;  
 By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.  
 Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a  
 hound,"  
 Very weary of life and "tramping around."  
 But if there's a band, or a circus in sight,  
 He will follow it gladly from morning till  
 night.  
 The showman will capture him, some day,  
 I fear.  
 For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head  
 "aches to split,"  
 And his back is so lame that he "can't  
 dig a bit."  
 But mention baseball, and he's cured  
 very soon,  
 And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole  
 afternoon.  
 Do you think he "plays possum?" He  
 seems quite sincere;  
 But— isn't he queer?

## PLUCK WINS.

ALBERT BLANK was a fine fellow in the  
 institute at H—, who paid his tuition  
 by ringing the bell, and his board by work  
 nights and mornings and Saturdays, and  
 bought his clothes and books with what  
 he was able to earn during vacation. He  
 was a student, and stood well in his class;  
 but on the rostrum—there he failed, and  
 failed again. No matter how perfectly  
 he committed his piece to memory, memory  
 proved faithless almost the moment he  
 took his stand and faced the audience.  
 He blushed and blundered, stammered  
 and stuttered, bowed and began, and began  
 and bowed.

Poor Blank! How we pitied him! Not  
 once, but twice, thrice, a dozen times. We  
 all—teachers and students—pretty much  
 made up our minds that public speaking  
 was not his forte.

Fifteen years after I was passing a  
 Sunday in a Western town. In the morn-  
 ing the landlord asked me to go and  
 hear their minister, a noted preacher.  
 Accepting the invitation, of course, I found  
 myself in a nice pew fronting the pulpit,  
 in which a noble looking man soon arose  
 to pray.

If the prayer was something, much

more the sermon. "A born orator," I said  
 to myself, "a natural preacher—sympa-  
 thetic, direct, clear, logical," my attention  
 thoroughly arrested, and eyes fixed on the  
 speaker. Had I ever seen him before?  
 Surely not. And yet an indescribable  
 something awakened a forgotten past.  
 Who is he like? Of whom does he  
 remind me? Coming out I inquired his  
 name.

"Our minister? O that is Albert Blank."  
 Could it be Albert? I suddenly stopped  
 and turned round. He was not far  
 behind us.

"Albert Blank, can this be you?" He  
 instantly called me by name.

"How is this?" I asked; "you are the  
 greatest wonder of the West."

"Yes," he said, smiling; "you would  
 sooner have thought to find me in the  
 pew than in the pulpit, would you not?"

"You are bravely over your diffidence,"  
 I rejoined. "How did all this come to  
 pass? We never put you down as an  
 orator, you know."

"Nor am I," he said; "but fit myself  
 for public speaking I would, in spite of all  
 my failures. I used to go out in the barn  
 and address the spiders, exhort the spar-  
 rows, argue with the hens, and confound  
 the crickets. Pluck, you know, conquers  
 a great many difficulties. You see it has  
 done something for me."

"Everything!" I exclaimed. "Genius,  
 talent, advantages, encouragements, let  
 them all go by the board; but give me  
 pluck, and I'm certain something can be  
 done."

## GEORGIE'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Georgie was a boy only about  
 five years old. He was trying to love  
 Jesus and be a good boy. Georgie's fault  
 was that he would get sulky and be ob-  
 stinate. One day he had been doing wrong  
 and his mother had to punish him for it.  
 This made him very sulky and it took him  
 a long while to get over it. Every night,  
 when he had done saying his prayers after  
 his mother, she used to teach him to pray  
 in his own language, to speak freely to  
 God and tell him all that he wanted. So  
 on the evening of this day Georgie remem-  
 bered how wrong he had been, and he  
 thought he must pray about that. And  
 he did it in this way. He said. "O God,  
 bless Georgie and give him a new heart.  
 Don't let him be naughty again, never,  
 no, never. Because you know when he is  
 naughty he sticks to it so. Help him to  
 give up easy, and make him a good boy,  
 for Jesus' sake. Amen."

## BABIES IN CHINA.

A GENTLEMAN who made a tour through  
 China on a bicycle tells of some curious  
 things he saw in out-of-the-way districts  
 which travellers do not usually visit.

One of these was a company of babies  
 picketed out in a field like so many goats  
 or calves. Each baby had a belt about the  
 waist, into this belt behind was tied a  
 string about ten feet long, the other end of  
 which was tied to a stake. The stakes were  
 set so far apart that there was no danger  
 of the strings getting tangled up as the  
 babies crept or ran about.

Some of them were creeping on all-fours,  
 some of them were making their first at-  
 tempt at standing, by balancing against  
 the stakes, while older ones were running  
 or playing in the grass. All seemed good-  
 natured and happy, and though they  
 gazed at the queer looking stranger and  
 his wheels with an expression of surprise,  
 they did not cry or seem in the least  
 frightened. Nobody seemed paying any  
 attention to the babies; but, as the mothers  
 were seen working in a rice-field a little  
 way off, they would of course have come  
 to them had there been any need. The  
 babies had plenty of fresh air and sun-  
 shine, and perhaps were as well off as some  
 more petted ones at home.

HOW JESUS WOULD KNOW HIS  
NAME.

ONE day after little Willie Newton's  
 mamma had taken him into her bedroom  
 and prayed with him, he sprung joyfully  
 to his feet and said: "Mamma, mamma, I  
 am so glad you told Jesus my name, now  
 he will know me when I get to heaven.  
 And when the kind angels that carry  
 little children to the Saviour take me and  
 lay me in his arms, Jesus will look at me  
 so pleased and say, Why, this is little  
 Willie Newton, his mother told me about  
 him, how happy I am to see you, Willie!  
 Won't that be nice, mamma?"

This is the same little boy who said on  
 Sunday. "Mamma I s'pose they call this  
 a holy day, because it's such a loving  
 day?"

"Why, every day is a loving day," said  
 mother. "I love father, and father loves  
 me, and we both love you and baby every  
 day, as well as on the Sabbath day."

"Ah! but you haven't time to say so," an-  
 swered Willie, "and father can not take me  
 to hear the minister and singing on other  
 days, and he can not nurse me on his knee,  
 and tell me of good boys and men. O  
 mother, it's a loving day!"



LOOKING OVER THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

### LOOKING OVER THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

LOOKING through the album with her dear mamma,

Looking for the picture of her own papa,  
Pretty little darling sees her own face there;

Says she wouldn't know it 'cause she's got no hair.

'Twas taken when a baby, with long dress so white,

Sitting on her mamma's knee with papa at her right.

And then she comes to Cousin Tom and little Cousin Flo',

And lots of other people that baby doesn't know.

She sees her Auntie Lucy and her namesake Auntie Flo',

But then she'd hardly know them, they were taken long ago,

And when she'd finished looking, and the pictures were all done,

She said that she was sorry, and wish'd they'd just begun.

A LITTLE child who has been suffered to come to Jesus, shall lead many to the rest where the weary forget their toil, and the heavy laden lay their burdens down.

### POLLY'S QUEER ANSWER.

MOLLY and Polly belonged to the same Sunday-school and to the same class.

"Do you think, children," asked the teacher this morning, "that God has remembered to give us any blessings?"

"Yes'm," said Molly.

"Yes'm," said Polly.

"Well, when he has given us so many nice things, what ought we to do?"

"We ought to be glad about them, and enjoy them," said Polly.

"We ought to thank him," said Molly, giggling a little at Polly's queer answer.

Let me tell you something about Molly and Polly. When it rains, Polly remembers how bright it was last week, and what good times they had; but Molly forgets that it has ever been clear weather. When the sun shines, Molly thinks "it is so awfully hot," but Polly likes to "feel every thing grow." Molly does not see why she has to study such long lessons; she wishes she could play all the time. Polly says that working hard beforehand makes recess all the more fun when it comes. Molly wishes that she could have as many playthings and parties as her next-door neighbours, Polly says she wouldn't change places with anybody in the world, so many nice things are always happening to her.

That Sunday morning when Molly laughed at Polly's queer answer, the teacher said she thought it was a good one. She said she thought that being glad over our blessings was one very nice way to be thankful.

What do you think?

### TAKING CARE.

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy in the field.

I said: "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over those stones, which lie between this and your house?"

"Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over the stones. Do you understand it now?"

"Yes, sir; and I never shall forget it."

Can one child thus take care of another and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.

### ARTHUR AND NETTIE.

WHEN Aunt Jane came to visit Arthur and Nettie's mamma she brought for Arthur a nice red waggon and a blue whip, and for Nettie a new doll with a wax head. Arthur and Nettie loved to play with their nice presents. Arthur ran along with his waggon and cracked his whip in a lively way. I am sorry to say that Nettie let her dolly fall, and that its head was broken off. I think perhaps her mamma will be able to put a new head on dolly.