

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	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1887.

[No 14.]

WHAT MARY GAVE

WHEN the collection is taken up in church, boys and girls put in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have not as much to spend for pleasure as they had before. I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken. She gave an hour of patient care to her sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of advice to the little three-year-old brother who wanted to play fishing. She gave Helen, the maid, the precious hour to go and visit her sick mother at home; for Helen was a widow, and left her child

with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the pleasant face. She

wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story from her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day; and yet she had not a penny in the world. She was good; and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.



MOTHER'S KISS.

GOOD-NIGHT, good night! the silver tone is ringing,
Like a sweet bell that chimes at eventide;
And round my neck the childish arms are clinging,
With the soft clasp that none can turn aside.

Watch her to-night for me, thou dear Redeemer;
Give her thine own best gift of sweet repose;
Let angel-guards surround the little dreamer,
With folded wings, and eyes that never close.

Thy blessing maketh rich, nor addeth sorrow:
Thy love can turn life's darkness into day.
Be with my child when she shall wake to-morrow,
And keep her feet from every evil way.

Then, when the last grey shadows have descended
Over the lonely valley still and deep,
Let angels whisper, "Lo! the toil is ended;
Good-night; he giveth his beloved sleep."

BABY BOY.

BY REV. T. C. READE.

MERRILY a plaything, just a toy,
 Yet half supreme though tiny, small,
 We toss and catch him as a ball—
 Our darling baby boy.

The cat can rob him of his bread—
 O, charming, helpless infancy—
 Yet in our little family
 He is the chief and head.

A rare buffoon, a wit complete,
 He makes us merry all day long
 With five short words and one wee song,
 So simple, yet how sweet!

An orator of matchless skill;
 We note each look, each word, each tear,
 And fly with mingled love and fear
 To do his sovereign will.

O, should we, in our rapture wild,
 Great, gracious, glorious Deity,
 Enthroned our boy instead of thee.
 'Chastise us, Lord, but spare the child.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	22 00
Methuist Magazine, 40 pp monthly illustrated	2 00
Methuist Magazine and Guardian together	3 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Lessons, 32 pp, 600, monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp, 800	0 60
Quarterly Lessons, 32 pp, 400, by the year, 24c a dozen, \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a dozen; 60c per 100.	
Home and School, 32 pp, 400, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp, 40, fortnightly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 22
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
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Dictionary Book & Publishing House,
 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Liberty Street, Montreal.
 S. F. HERRIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1887.

A JEWEL FOR HEAVEN.

A LEGEND tell us that an angel was commissioned to go to earth and search for a jewel unknown in heaven. He wandered through the earth and over the ocean, but could find none that he had not seen in his own home. Discouraged, at last he was about to take his departure from earth and go back empty-handed to heaven; but just at that moment he met a penitent returning to his home in tears. Unseen, the angel reached forth his wing and caught a falling tear. This he bore up to heaven and presented it before the throne. God's greeting was, "Behold a jewel rarer than any of earth or heaven—the tear of a sinner's repentance!"

A PROFOUND SECRET.

"CAN you keep a secret, Daisy?" asked Nell Clay of her younger sister.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Daisy, trying to look dignified.

Nell bent down and whispered something in Daisy's ear, to which Daisy clapped hands, and cried, "O goody!"

"Remember, it's a profound secret," said sister Nell.

Daisy ran off to school, feeling very important, and overtook Conny Travers on the way.

"O Conny," she said, "I know something awful nice!"

"What is it?" asked Conny, opening her eyes very wide.

"Oh, I musn't tell," said Daisy, screwing up her lips. Sister Nell told me this morning. It's a profound secret."

"Oh, my!" said Conny. "Can't you just tell me?"

"Nell wouldn't like it."

"She wouldn't mind me," pleaded Conny.

"Won't you never, never, never tell?" whispered Daisy.

"Never, 's long as I live!"

"Honest and true?"

"Truer'n steel!" declared Conny.

"Well, Sarah Bell's father is going to give her a piano for her birthday to-morrow, but they wouldn't have her know it for anything until she comes home and finds it in the parlour."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Conny.

"It's a profound secret," said Daisy.

A few days later, Mrs. Bell called upon Mrs. Clay.

"I suppose Sarah was surprised and delighted about the piano," said the latter.

"She was delighted enough," was the reply. "But she wasn't a bit surprised. She heard it at school."

"That Conny Travers must have told," said Daisy indignantly, after Mrs. Bell had gone home.

"But who told Conny?" asked Nell.

"I did, but I didn't s'pose she'd be mean enough to tell."

"And I didn't think you would," replied Nell.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Clay, "it's an old saying that 'if you can't keep your own secret, nobody else will keep it for you.' If you will remember this it will save you a good deal of trouble."

"There's an older sentence that I like much better," said sweet Aunt Peace from her window. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips."—*The Myrtle.*

OBSERVE THE BIRTHDAYS.

LET the birthdays of each member of a family be always remembered when they come. Let there be something a little out of the ordinary routine in the arrangements of the table; cookies fashioned as John likes them best; one of Frank's favourite plum-puddings, or Julia's special liking loaf of ginger-cake; or a wonderful lemon pie, such as only mamma can make.

Then there must be presents; sometimes people may think they cannot be afforded, but reflect. The little one needs school dresses, aprons, and many other things.

Purchase one or more for the birthday. It will seem just as much a present to her as though she were not obliged to have any.

Next come school books and story books, a set of furs and a pair of skates (should the birthday occur in the winter), a prettily little dinner basket, or, if the parents cannot afford it, a little gold band for one of the white fingers, a necklace, a watch with a shining chain, or the pony that has been wished for so long.

Encourage the little ones in giving to each other, and remember father's and mother's birthday too, and, believe me, it will be bread cast on the waters; the day will only be a few ere some returns, and there will be a never-failing supply as long as you and your children live.—*Memphis Baptist.*

ONE DROP OF EVIL.

"I do not see why you will not let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kruger.
 "I know he does not always mind me," said his mother, "and smokes cheap cigars and pipes and once in a while swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He will not hurt me. I should think you could trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take a glass of pure water and put just one drop of ink in it."

"Oh, mother! who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water in it and restore its purity."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. Not one drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, will do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*From Juvenile Magazine.*



THE CORNSTALK'S LESSON.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.

ONE single grain of corn took root
Beside the garden walk;
"Oh! let it stay," said little May,
"I want it for my stalk."

And there it grew until the leaves
Waved in the summer light;
All day it rocked the baby ear,
And wrapped it warm at night.

And then the yellow corn-silk came—
A skein of silken thread—
It was as pretty as the hair
Upon the baby's head.

Alas! one time, in idle mood,
May pulled the silk away,
And then forgot her treasured stalk
For many a summer day.

At last she said, "I'm sure my corn
Is ripe enough to eat;

In even rows the kernels lie,
All white, and juicy sweet."

Ah! me, they all were black and dry,
Were withered long ago;
"What was the naughty corn about,"
She said, "to cheat me so!"

She did not guess the silken threads
Were slender pipes to lead
The food the tasselled blossom shook
To each small kernel's need.

The work her foolish fingers wrought
Was shorter than a breath;
Yet every milky kernel then
Began to starve to death!

So list, my little children all,
This simple lesson heed:
That many a grief and sin has come
From one small thoughtless deed.

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

A YOUNG Christian traveller found himself in a commercial room one night, where, the party being large and merry, it was proposed that each gentleman present should give a song. Many of the usual character on such occasions were sung. It came to the turn of our young friend, who excused himself on the plea that he knew no songs they would care to hear. In decision a gentleman present asked if he could not give them one of Sankey's hymns, and several others cried out that they would join in the chorus. He decided to take

them at their word, and choosing one of the well-known hymns, with its simple gospel teaching, and with a silent prayer that God would use it for his glory, he sang as perhaps he never sang before. All present joined in the chorus. Before its close there were moist eyes and troubled hearts. The spirit of jollity and fun was gone, but the Spirit of God was there. Several gathered around our young friend thanking him for his song. He retired to rest, grateful for grace given.

He had not been long in his bed-room when he heard a knock at the door. It was opened by a young traveller who requested permission to come in. He was in deep trouble. The song had brought back to his memory the strains he had heard a deceased mother sing. He knew his life had not been right, and the inquiry had been upon his lips, "What must I do to be saved?" He was pointed to Christ, and retired with a brighter hope. Scarcely had this inquirer left than another knock was

heard at the bed-room door. This time it was an elderly traveller. The song reminded him of lost peace and joy. He was a backslider, and the singer had the joy of pointing another sinner back to a loving Saviour. It was nearly two o'clock before he could lie down, but it was with heartfelt joy and gratitude to him who had thus honoured his personal testimony for Christ.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a new dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself too."

"Books, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds, and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice, and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BIBLE GUESSING STORY.

ONCE there were two boys who were very warm friends. One of them was a king's son. The other had been a shepherd-boy, but he had fought a great battle, and had come to live at the king's house. He had also been anointed with oil, showing that some day he was to be king.

The man who was king then did not like the shepherd-boy. He was afraid that the people would love him more than they loved himself. So he tried hard to kill him. But God took care of him; for he had a great work for him to do.

But the king's hatred did not turn away his son's love for the shepherd-boy. It made him love him all the more. He knew that his friend would be king instead of himself some day, but he did not get angry because of this. He also warned him of danger and did all he could to help him. Can you tell the names of these friends?

There is a better friend than either of these. He is a king, but he laid aside his kingly dress and suffered shame and pain and death for us. He even offers to make us kings and priests. Do you know who this friend is?—Selected.

THE LOST DREAM.

I FOUND our baby one evening,
With her eyes all full of tears,
Grieving, I thought, o'er dolly,
Or perhaps some childish fears.

"What is it, little Blue-eyes?"
I asked her with a smile,
"I've lost my dream," she answered,
"I'm thinking all the while."

"'Twas so much nicer, Aunty,
Than any you've ever told;
Full of angels, and flowers and fairies,
And palaces all of gold."

"I'm thinking of it always,
But I can't remember yet,
And I s'pose the nicest, Aunty,
I always shall forget."

Ah! dear little blue-eyed baby,
We all must lose our dreams;
And just the "losing" of them
Is harder than it seems.

We strive hard to remember,
We only catch a gleam;
The best and grandest of it
Is always in a dream.

—The Golden Rule

GOD'S MESSENGER.

INTO a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman with three little children, one a baby in arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs. But it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots."

A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenances of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I'm going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course."

He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an imposter."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and I don't need a lunch. The woman looks hungry, auntie, and so tired too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind

word to the 'least of these' when I meet them."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eyes after the boy left her, and said, audibly, "Just like his mother."

About five minutes later, as a lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the tempting fruit-basket stood open.

The oldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, as a grateful look brightened her faded eyes, "not now; but he will be on the other side, bless his dear heart!"

And we, too, said, "Bless his heart!"

A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlour though it was; and when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against Foreign Mission work which is unanswerable: the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year and sent to the cannibals or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it with everything else it has to do. Foreign Missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Katie and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for Missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle?" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And O! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs! Something besides Foreign Missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is Secretary, and I'm Treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd, I sup-

pose you can; but he is a graduate of College, and a Theological Seminary besides. I mean to tell him that you think two millions and a half for Foreign Missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus, sharply. After the girls ran away he added thoughtfully:

"How fast girls grow up. I thought these two were children, and here they are with the Mission Bands, and their long words about 'Secretaries and Treasurers'."

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "The girls have the best of the argument, Rufus, and then he, too, laughed.—The Pansy.

THE BABY IN THE STORM.

AFTER a great wind-storm in Texas—a storm that carried off roofs of houses, trees out of the ground, and did a great deal of damage—some men started out to see if anybody was hurt. This is what one of them tells: It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look about and listened. They heard the cry again and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree. "It's a panther," said one. "Stand off; I will shoot it." "No; stop," said another; "it is not a panther, I will climb up and see what it is." Up he went; and what do you think he found lodged in the tree? A cradle with a dear little baby in it. The wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle and all. The cradle was caught by the branch of a high tree. Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down. There was the dear baby, all safe and sound in its cradle nest. You may be sure baby's mamma was glad enough to find the little one, as she did the next day.—Examiner.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

WHATEVER cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as the little treasure goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years of your certain future, may be like Bethlehem star to the weary, travelling shepherd, and looming up in the heart will rise the sweet memory of mamma's and papa's good-night kiss. Never send the little ones to bed with a scold; possibly before morning you may regret the harsh reprimand. Kiss the little bud before it goes to sleep, and part for the night with a tribute of love.