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Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

[No. 5.



MABEL'S LESSON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE).

LOST.

SHE wandered up and down the street,
With slow and silent tread,
And to the many passers-by,
In sobbing tones she said.

"I've lost my mamma and myself,
I've lost my home and street;
I'm very, very hungry, too,
I want some bread to eat.

I dropped my doll and broke her
head—
A lot of cents she cost,
I wish that you would find me,
Because, you see, I'm lost."

"Tell us your name," said one, "and then
We'll find your home for you;"
And then the little one replied,
"You see, I've lost that, too."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

SECRETS.

It is not safe to listen to anything that you must not speak to mother or father about. It is not safe to read one page of a book that must be pushed behind you or under your apron when somebody enters the room; show the book to mother and abide by her judgment, even if it is so enticing and some of the other girls are crazy over it.

Share your secrets—and you may have some happy secrets—with one who loves you, not only best, but wisest. Still, you know that some things are best kept to yourself; a disappointment that nobody can help; wishing for something that nobody is ready to do for you or give you. Keep your "blues" to yourself; your ill

temper, your headaches, your dislike of people, the faults you see in them—let these disagreeable things be well-kept secrets.

Your Father in heaven knows all your secrets. Are you glad? Tell him when you cannot tell any one else.

THINK BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

I REMEMBER reading in my boyhood about a merchant traveling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it; the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse, and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss, and rode back, he found the dying dog lying there, faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story told by a friend of mine is not as painful, but adds force to the thought. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak:

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after making a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbour came by. He said, 'There's something wrong here; let him get up and examine.' He petted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said, 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was, and but for that neighbour, we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he lay down when he could not breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because having a wound on his head concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you.

Think before you strike a creature that cannot speak.

MABEL'S LESSON.

MABEL is going to recite a piece of poetry at the school-closing, and so she has seated herself in one of mamma's high-backed chairs in the drawing room to study her piece quietly. Mamma is going to give her a large doll if she says her piece nicely, because this is the first time Mabel has ever recited in public. She looks rather cross in the picture, but she is a very sweet-tempered little girl and is only thinking deeply, and has a very pure little heart inside. So, children, do not judge a book by its cover.

MINNA'S "WHATSOEVER."

THE prize was to be a lovely little red Testament with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one of the infant class who should learn the Sermon on the Mount the best.

"I think I can get it," said Minna to herself. "I know Charlie is quicker than I am about learning, but then he is a very careless little boy, he'll forget to study the verses and I won't remind him."

So the days went by. Both children learnt the first two chapters, and said them over to mamma, then Charlie, who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbit traps, and forgot about the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten as far as the twelfth verse: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"If you had forgotten about the prize," whispered conscience, "you would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated a while, and then said with a sigh: "Yes, I 'spect that's my 'whatsoever,'" and a little later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the infant class met at Miss Lucy's to try for the prize, Charlie won it, he had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Miss Lucy," he said, as he saw the teacher take her pen, "write Charlie and Minna Brent in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me, I never would have got that last chapter learned in time."

"Ah!" said Miss Lucy, "I see some of my little people have got this beautiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."

And then underneath the two names she wrote in red ink, just the colour of the backs, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

TIM'S DAISIES.

HE was only a little "street Arab,"
Ragged and friendless. Ah, yes!
Unused to life's sunniest pathway,
Unused to its love and caress;
For she who had loved him, the mother
Whose arms round him once long ago
Had clasp'd themselves closely, all winter
Had lain 'neath the beautiful snow.

But the months passed away, and the
spring-time
Came on with its bud and its bloom;
And the zephyrs of May, softly blowing,
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.

And then came a day dawning brightly,
When soldiers brought flowers to spread
With love and with honour of the loyal,
O'er the graves of the hero dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking
Of his loved one, whose grave was unknown,
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring
sunshine,

With tears in his eyes, all alone;
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,
For no other flower had he,
And on the dear grave of his mother
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!
Only the tears falling fast!
Only a boy's sad heart yearning
For mother-caresses long past!
O fair were the buds and the blossoms
Laid over the soldier-dead;
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies
Over his mother's low bed.

WHERE TOM FOUND HIS MANNERS.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom
lived in a large house in the county. He
had a pony and many other pets, and wore
fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all
the fine things his father's money bought.
He began to think that being rich was
better than being good. He grew very
rude, and was cross to the servant. Once
he kicked Towser, but the dog growled,
and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day when Tom was playing in the
yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate.
He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn,
and his feet were bare. But he had a
pleasant face. In one hand he carried a
pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, running to the gate. "We are rich and don't want any ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into the lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and began to scream for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate a short time before.

"Please help me out," said Tom crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the other boy. Lying down flat on the grass, he held out both of his hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.

The next day when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves and ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom, "I found them in the ditch."—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

A MODERN ISAAC.

A LITTLE boy's heroism was tested not long ago through a mistake. A gentleman in a New England town proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful cemetery beside the river, beyond the town. Calling to his son, a bright little boy some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said, "Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered: "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive; and when the carriage drove under the wide archway, he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness. The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-place of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour so spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, and drew a breath of relief, and asked, "Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that the child evinced in what to him had been a summons to leave the world. He who can look up to his heavenly Father when the call comes and say from his heart, "Thy will be done," has received the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

HOW ADAM WENT TO SEA.

ACCORDING to Moslem tradition Eve was a very tall woman, so tall, indeed, that her tomb was two hundred feet long. Adam, then, to judge from the present proportions of the sexes, must have been considerably taller, say two hundred and twenty five or two hundred and thirty feet.

But Adam is said to have gone to the island of Ceylon after his wife's death and an Englishman once undertook to puzzle a Mohammedan disputant by asking him how he could have made the voyage. How could so tall a man have found a boat big enough to carry him?

The devout Moslem was equal to the emergency

"There was no difficulty at all," said he; "Adam went over to Ceylon in several boats."



"BUY A PAPER, SIR?"

In this cold winter weather the little paper boys must have a hard time of it to keep warm. They have sometimes to stand at the corners of the streets and wait until all the copies are sold, and in a cold wind this is by no means pleasant work. Others, however, run up and down the streets on the look-out for some gentleman who looks as if he wanted a paper, and others again hang about the doors of clubs, hotels, and the like to catch the people as they come in or go out. In our cut we see a little news-boy trying to dispose of his last copy. If he is successful his work will be over and he will be able to run away home and get his hard-earned supper. We hope the gentleman will buy it. We think he will for his hand is already in his pocket as if he were going to take out the needful cent.

BEWARE OF LITTLE SINS.

In his garden, in Vermont, the writer had growing a large and flourishing apple tree. How long it had stood there he could not tell, probably ten years. Many a severe storm had beaten against it; the biting cold of many winters had assailed it, but in spite of wind and frost, the tree stood as firm and unharmed as ever. With the return of every spring appeared the leaves and blossoms, when autumn came the branches were freighted with an abundance of rosy fruit. But two winters ago when a great depth of snow lay upon the ground, mice found their way to the tree, and nibbling away silently and unseen, stripped the bark to a height of three feet from the ground. What the result was one can easily imagine. With the coming of spring no more leaves or blossoms ap-

peared, for the tree was dead. Soon it had to be cut down as it was an encumbrance to the ground. What the storms of many winters failed to do, those tiny vermin succeeded in doing within a short time—sapping the life of this once flourishing tree.

In this story there is a moral for the young. It teaches the destructive power of little sins. When some great tempta-

tion meets a person, as a rule he will brace himself against it; he will fight the evil with all the power at his command. The same is not true, however, of our dealings with little evils. These are so small, so trivial, that we pay but little attention to them. And yet these little sinful acts do more mischief than the greater. By their silent subtle character they often succeed in working untold harm. A boy tells a lie now and then, thinking nothing of it, but the repetition of that act will, in time, make him a confirmed liar, in whose word no one will have confidence. Occasionally he may utter an oath, thinking little of what he says, but if he persists in doing so, he will become a foul-mouthed swearer, whose every other word will be a curse. Oh, remember that little sins cherished or persisted in are sure to lead to sad and terrible results.

A short time ago an incident came under my notice illustrating forcibly this thought. The pilot of a ferry boat was observed one day by the superintendent taking two bricks from the company's yard. A watch was placed over him, when it was discovered that he repeated the same act every day. At last he was arrested on the charge of stealing; and when his house was searched, there was found in his cellar a large pile of bricks which he had in this small way stolen from his employers. Of course the man was brought to trial, receiving a sentence of several years' imprisonment.

To build up a noble character and preserve the same intact, to gain the respect of their fellows and win the approval of God, the young need to put in constant practice the advice of the great apostle, "Abhor that which is evil."



HINDOO IDOL.

You will wonder what this is, children; well it is a very queer looking thing; but the Hindoos do not think it funny, for it is their God and they worship it and believe it can help or hinder them as it pleases. They bring money and pay to this God so that they may be kindly dealt with, and make all sorts of sacrifices to it. They also believe their God has all these hands and arms; they suppose that each hand is for a different use. For war and for peace, for good gifts, for evil gifts, one to lift up and another to cast down, and so on. You may laugh at these poor people, but they do not know better; they have not had any one to teach them about the Jesus we love and serve, and who really can give good gifts to those who love him. Let us, therefore, do all we can to help enlighten these poor ignorant people that they may learn of the love of Jesus who died for us."

ALL BY HIMSELF.

An old army officer, according to Mrs. Custer, had a four-year-old boy who never tired of war stories. Again and again they were related to him till he knew them so well that he would not permit the slightest variation.

The story is a little rough on me, said the officer, but if you know a child, you will know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of I's, and nothing told in the third person. So I kept on as he demanded, till one day he looked up in my face and said:

"Father, couldn't you get any one to help you to put down the rebellion?"