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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1889.

[No. 18.]

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

"WHEN I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, 'Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry!'

'I often used to cease crying at this, and stand wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one. One day I said, 'Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in grandfather's, because I have looked ever so often.' He smiled, and said,

'Come, little woman, sit down here in the parlor by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. In your heart, Mary, is a little mouse in the pantry. The little mice are the mice that nibble away at the good, and that make you sometimes cross, and peevish, and selfish, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away.

Now, I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness, and I have for bait good resolutions and firm-

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES

MATT. XIII.



"But, mother," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the good resolutions and firmness?"

"No, Nancy, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first

told me, for I was such a very little girl, but I knew it was told for me in some way, and after a while I began to find out what he meant. He told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

"Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings."

ILLUMINATED BIBLES.

AN old man sat in his lonely room. What was he doing? It was hundreds of years ago, and he was writing a Bible, for in those days people had not learned to print books, and every book had to be made by hand with pen and ink. If you could have looked over that old man's shoulder you would have seen that he was not only writing the books, but he was making the page gay with bright-coloured inks;

some of the letters were beautifully traced with gold and silver, on some pages the pen was used to make very pretty margins and bright pictures. But your Bible, all in black and white, should be just as precious to you, because it is God's Word.

THE NEW PLAY.

Is it something now you would like to play?
 Let's make believe a balloon,
 And visit the man in the moon to-day,
 The little old man in the moon.
 Come Bobby and Teddy and baby Flo,
 Will you ride with Aunt Alice?
 So all in a row and away we go
 Off in our floating palace.

Through the beautiful blue we're gliding fast,
 A way o'er its wide expansion—
 Till we reach the little old man at last
 Who lives in his silver mansion,
 The little old man who people say
 Will never grow one day older,
 But always stay as he does to-day
 With a bundle of sticks on his shoulder.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1889.

BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

LEIGH RICHMOND gives the following excellent advice to his daughters:—

Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not.

Remember that God's eye is in every place. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted you.

Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

ONE OF GRANDPA'S STORIES.

BY J. A. H.

"GRANDPA, tell us one of your tales about mamma and Aunt Emily, when they were little girls."

"I am a 'raid, my darling, that I have told all that I can recollect over and over again, so that you must be quite tired of them."

"O no, grandpa; we like to hear them very often."

"Well, then, which shall it be, Hilda? Would you like to hear about Aunt Emily and the deaf and dumb cow?"

"Yes, please, because it is so very funny. Begin at once, dear grandpa, and don't miss a word."

"Dear grandpa" was seated in his cozy study, and Hilda was hanging over the back of his arm-chair, or else kneeling on the hearth-rug in front of a bright log-fire.

"Well, when I was in the B— Circuit, once a quarter I had to go to Hulme, where we preached in farmer Smith's kitchen.

I was always glad when the opportunity came, for both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were great friends of mine, and very fond of your mamma and Aunt Emily, who were then quite little girls. One day, having said at dinner that I was going to Hulme in the afternoon, grandmamma said: 'Then, my dear, you shall take the two little girls with you. Emily has been poorly, and the nice drive will do her good, and we know the children at the farm will be pleased to see them.'

"We started early, so that they might ramble in the fields and see the pigs and poultry, and above all the milking of the cows. It was a glorious day, and we all enjoyed the change, the children especially delighting in the garden and farmyard.

"While at tea, Mrs. Smith told her husband the girl who had been milking said the dun cow was rather out of sorts, so he promised to go round and give her a look before preaching began.

"Emily heard what was said, and her brown eyes opened wider and wider, till they looked almost as large as the soft brown eyes of the pretty dun cow itself. While I was preaching, I noticed my tired little girl having a sound sleep in Mrs. Smith's kind, motherly arms, and all the way home she seemed inclined to nap; but the moment she reached home Aunt Emily hurried away to the nursery, where she cried out, 'O mamma, mamma! Mrs. Smith has a deaf and dumb cow, and it's very poorly.'

"She did not know that dun was the color of the cow, and thought Mrs. Smith said it was dumb; and as she supposed deafness and dumbness always went together,

she concluded that if it was dumb it must be deaf also.

"It was long before she heard the last of this curious cow, and for years to come, in telling her adventures they seemed to save of the marvellous; she was quietly reminded of her visit when she saw the cow that was 'deaf and dumb.' This made her very careful to be accurate, and as she grew older Emily's 'facts' were beyond question. Her visit to the farm had taught her a valuable lesson for life, though she learned it by a curious mistake."

JESUS CROWNED WITH GLORY.

JESUS crowned with glory!
 Was he always so?
 Did the light shine round him
 While he lived below?

No, my child, for Jesus
 Left his glory there,
 When he came from heaven
 Human life to share.

Never heard we, never,
 Of a love so great,
 That the Lord of glory
 Slooped to man's estate!

For us sinners suffered
 Shame and grief and loss;
 And at last, most cruel!
 Death upon the cross.

But our precious Jesus
 Reigns in heaven now;
 And, we read, with many
 Crowns upon his brow.

Diadem most royal
 Our Redeemer wears;
 And each ransomed sinner
 In its glory shares!

PRAYERS FIRST.

A BRIGHT little four-year-old boy in a friend's family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close, and came to his mother that he might say his evening prayer before going to bed.

"Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother; "I am busy writing a letter. When that is done you may say your prayer."

The little fellow waited a minute or two very patiently, and then coming back to his mother, said: "Mamma, don't you think prayers is more precious than writing letters? God can't wait."

Ernie's mother quietly laid aside her letter at the gentle rebuke, and the evening prayer took its right place first.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS I KNOW.

I KNOW a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silk and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and
petted little elf;
For she never helps her mother, or her
sister, or her brother,
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely
for herself.

So she simpers and she sighs,
And she mopes and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another little maiden,
Whom I've seen arrayed in
Silk and ribbons, but not always; she's a
prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother, and her
sister, and her brother,
And lives for all around her quite regard-
less of herself.

So she laughs and she sings,
And the hours on happy wings
Shower gladness round her pathway as they
flee.

Now need I tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be?
This is surely the little maid for me.

THE UNSEEN WITNESS.

THERE is a little machine, made something
like a clock, which can be fastened upon a
carriage, and in some way connected with
the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged
that it marks off correctly the number of
miles that the carriage runs. A stable
keeper once had one upon a carriage that
he kept for letting, and by this means he
could tell just how many miles anyone
went who hired it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a
town some ten miles distant. Instead of
simply going and returning, as they prom-
ised to do, they rode to another town some
five miles farther, thus making the distance
they passed over, going and coming, some
thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the
establishment, without being noticed by the
young men, glanced upon the face of the
measuring instrument, and discovered how
many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked
them.

"Where we said we were going," was the
answer.

"Have you been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened,
and there, on the face of the instrument,
the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were astonished at this
unerring testimony of an unseen witness
that they had carried with them all the
way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness
in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry
it with us. He keeps it wound up and in
order. Without our thinking of it, it
records all our acts, all our words, and all
our thoughts.

We sometimes seek to deceive our friends,
but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By
and by God will touch the spring and all
that is written will then be seen. Many
things we do we should not, if we knew the
eye of another person were looking upon us.
We always carry a witness with us.

A little boy was urged by an older per-
son to do an act that was wrong. He was
told that no one would know of it. "Yes,
somebody will," said the little fellow, "my-
self will know it."

We cannot dismiss the witness. God
has fastened it to our minds. It is our
conscience, and whatever our lips may
deny, it will always tell the truth. If we
should attempt, in the great day when God
judges the world, to deny our actions, there
upon our hearts they will appear, written
down, when we did not know it, by the
unseen witness that God has made to
accompany us every step in our life.

Think daily, little readers, of that instru-
ment which we carry with us, out of sight,
on which is written everything we do and
say.

Think how you will feel when God opens
it, that its records may be seen by all the
world.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

MR. FOX one day met his friend, Mrs.
Cat, and said to her, "You think you know
a great deal. I have in my sack ten times
ten tricks." Mrs. Cat said, "As for me, I
have but one trick, but I think when the
time comes my one trick will be as good as
your sackful."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Mr. Fox.

"Well, we'll see," said Mrs. Cat.

Just then they heard the blast of a horn,
and up came a pack of hounds barking and
yelping.

Mrs. Cat said, "Look! this is my one
trick." As she said the words she ran up
a high tree. She saw Mr. Fox run this

way and then that way, until he had tried
all his tricks, but at last the hounds caught
him.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cat, "I see that my
one trick is worth your hundred."

Moral: One good trick is worth a hun-
dred poor ones.

KISSED HIS MOTHER

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine

As I went down the street—

A woman whose hair was silver,

But whose face was blossom sweet,

Making me think of a garden,

When, in spite of the frost and snow

Of bleak November weather,

Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,

And the sound of a merry laugh,

And I knew the heart it came from

Would be like a comforting staff

In the time and the hour of trouble,

Hopeful and brave and strong,

One of the hearts to lean on,

When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,

And met his manly look;

A face like his gives me pleasure,

Like the page of a pleasant book.

It told of a steadfast purpose,

Of a brave and daring will;

A face with a promise in it,

That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing,

I saw the woman's eyes

Grow bright with a wordless welcome,

As sunshine warms the skies.

"Back again, sweetheart mother,"

He cried, and bent to kiss

The loving face that was uplifted

For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;

I hold that this is true—

From lads in love with their mothers

Our bravest heroes grew.

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
hearts

Since time the earth began;

And the boy who kisses his mother

Is every inch a man!

VERY HAPPY.

CLARABEL is always happy. I have
never heard her fret nor cry nor complain
of anything. She sits on the rug and plays
with her blocks. She goes out with Susan
for a walk, or with brother Tom for a ride.
She laughs so merrily when she hears the
birds sing, that the birds might almost
think she was one of their bright family.
I do love Clarabel, for she is such a lovely
child.



DAY DREAMS

DAY DREAMS.

WHILE book, slate and pencil unheeded lay,
The little maid dreamed of a fairy clew,
A magic thread that led far and away
The deep, tangled maze of the forest
through.

"Oh, I wish there were things to do to-day,
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to
gain,
Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,
And that I, a queen on a throne might
reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are
dead,
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and
said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe that morn,
And longed for a horse and a burnished
shield,

To ride away from the pumpkin and corn
To the tourney's lists on the tented field.

"Oh, I wish there were things to do to-day,
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight;
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray;
I would fling a glove at the proudest
knight!

"But honour is lost, and glory is fled;
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and
said.

And the poor little maiden never knew
That knowledge was ready to crown her
queen,
And the clew that led his labyrinth through,
Lay hidden the leaves of her book be-
tween.

And the little lad never even guessed
That the dragon Sloth conquered him
that day,

While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest
And his unused hoe in the young corn
ly.

But honour and fame passed the dreamer
by,
And crowned brave Toil, who found no
time to sigh.

THE PRAYING MIDSHIPMAN.

BY R. E. ELLIOT.

THE following narrative may encourage
to perseverance in a right course, amid much
opposition:—

On board a man-of-war there was a mid-
shipman who, in spite of the ridicule of his
companions, was in the habit of kneeling in
prayer in his berth. This was such an un-
usual practice, that the other middies re-
solved to put it down; so they watched
him, and the moment he knelt, he encoun-
tered a volley of caps and shoes; this was
repeated again and again, but still the mid-
shipman persevered in his devotions. At
last one of the superior officers informed the
commander of the ship, who summoned the
whole of the midshipmen, and calling the
persecuted one in front, asked him to state
his grievance. The lad said frankly he had
no complaint to make. His commander
said he knew he had good cause of complaint,
and told him to speak out. But the praying
midshipman persisted in stating he had
nothing to complain of. The commander
then dismissed them, at the same time
signifying that he knew how matters stood
and trusted there would be no more of it.

That evening the middy knelt as usual in
prayer, but without experiencing the small-
est annoyance. While so engaged, he heard
footsteps quietly approaching, and was ex-
pecting some disagreeable interruption; but
to his surprise, a middy, the youngest on
board, knelt down by his side; shortly
afterwards came another and another, till
fourteen of his companions, under the in-
fluence of his noble example, were kneeling
beside him.

LINA AND THE DUCKS.

LINA went down to the brook one day
and saw some ducks taking their duckling
out for a sail. What a good time they did
have. The little ones were not afraid, but
they acted as if they liked to stay close by
Mother Duck, and Lina said, when she went
home, "Mamma, little ducks act like little
children; they stay close by their mother
and keep looking to see what she does, as
if that they can do so too."

Are our little folks like little ducks?