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# Happy Days

## BED-TIME.

ONE night Rose said, "Oh, mamma! mayn't I stay up just a little longer, this once?"

Mamma looked up, and saw two blue eyes pleading so earnestly that she smiled and said, "Yes, just this once."

But that made bed-time later for Maude and Ruth, too, for the three little ones always wanted a story at that time.

The next night Rose begged once more, and this time, when mamma said "no," the blue eyes filled with tears. But she went along without complaint.

Now you would not think a little girl would keep on asking, would you? But Rose did. At last, one night, to her surprise and delight, mamma said "yes." But she rose immediately and led Maude and Ruth away.

Rose thought it was very lonely in the parlour. Papa was

reading the evening paper, and Kitty was asleep on the rug before the fire, birdie had tucked his head under his wing and chirped a sleepy good-night an hour before.



MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

just closing the story-book, and little Ruth was saying, "What a lovely 'tory!'"

That was the last time Rose asked to stay up after eight o'clock.

## CHILDREN IN PERSIA.

IN Persia boys and girls never play together; even at home the inferiority of the girls is insisted on just as much by the mother as by the father. The little girls have to invite play-mates of their own sex, but their games are never lively ones. They generally prefer to sit by themselves under the shade of a mulberry or pomegranate tree in the garden, which is usually laid out in the court-yard, surrounded on all sides by houses or high walls, and listen to fairy tales, which their mothers or nurses can tell very interestingly. While there is very little companionship

or love between brothers and sisters, there is no quarrelling or fighting, either between them, and the boys while thinking themselves above the girls show them many little kindnesses.

THE WORD SHE REMEMBERED.

"You remember the sermon you heard, my dear?"  
 The little one blushed, and dropped her eyes,  
 Then lifted them bravely with look of cheer,  
 Eyes that wore blue as the summer skies.  
 "I'm afraid I forgot what the preacher said,  
 He said so much to the grown-up men,  
 And the pulpit was 'way up over my head;  
 But I told mamma that he said, 'Amen.'  
 "And 'Amen,' you know, means let it be,  
 Whatever our Lord may please to do,  
 And that is sermon enough for me,  
 If I mind and feel so the whole week through."  
 I took the little one's word to heart;  
 I wish I could carry it all day long,  
 The "Amen" spirit which hides the art  
 To meet each cross with a happy song.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

LITTLE GIRL BRIDES.

DEAR little folks, I must tell you that in India, that great far-away heathen country, many of the little girls have to leave school and marry when they ought to be playing with their dolls. Think of a little bride just nine years old! Isn't it a dreadful custom? They never know what it is to be little girls, and to have the pleasures and innocent amusements you do. You ought to see the pictures of some of these little brides. I know they would bring the tears to your eyes.

A missionary in India tells of a little

girl whose mother was very anxious for her to marry. The little girl, whose name was Monomat, was a very bright, sweet little girl, and her teacher loved her dearly.

One day while Monomat was at school, she had an offer of marriage through her parents. The one who had proposed to marry her wanted to know how tall she was; so they sent an old servant with a cord to measure her. The cord had a knot at one end. This told the height of the intended bridegroom. If Monomat measured up to the height he desired, then it would be all right. he would take her for his bride.

But, to the teacher's great delight, Monomat lacked an inch or more of the height. So, as the missionary wrote home, Monomat's fortune really hung upon a thread, for the cord was nothing more than a very coarse thread.

Dear little folks, isn't it dreadful to think of these poor little brides—nothing but tender children—having to leave their play and act like grown people?

O little boys and girls of the mission bands, how much you ought to try to do to send the gospel to those heathen lands!

COUSIN HELEN.

WHAT SHE SAW.

THE Germans have a story about a little girl named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a good place from which to see the soldiers pass. She noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see.

Jeannette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march, but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat, and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honour old age, and I will." So she called the old woman, and placing her in the nice seat, she fell back among the crowd. There she had to tip-toe and peep, and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her, but Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few moments later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her, "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man through the

crowd to some raised seats. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said, "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me; you can see everything here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honouring old age.

CHARLIE'S PLANS.

"WELL, my bonnie Charlie, upon what is that curly head of yours so busily pondering now?"

"I'm just thinking sis, what I shall do when I am quite grown up. I mean to be a soldier like father, and wear a big sword and a cap on the side of my head—so. And then I shall marry some nice, pretty lady with lots of money and grand dresses and live in a fine, beautiful house, and—"

Here Charlie paused for breath. Sis had much ado to keep from laughing, but she answered gravely:

"What then?"

"Why, then," and a shadow crept over "bonnie Charlie's" face, "I shall grow old, I suppose, and have to die; but I don't want to think about that."

"But, Charlie dear, you must think about it. You may live to enjoy your grand wishes, or God may call you away while you are young; but, sooner or later, death will come, and then—"

Charlie was silent, so she went on:

"Dear little one, then comes the judgment, when the small as well as great must stand before God to answer for all their forgetfulness of him and naughty ways. Think of that, Charlie. There, no one can help you—no one shield you but him whom you have left out of all your plans—the Lord Jesus. Oh, seek him first; the knowledge of him as your Saviour is the one thing needful—for your happiness now, your safety hereafter."

SAY "NO," AND MEAN IT.

"How is it you never go with bad boys, or get into any bad scrapes?" asked a little fellow of his playmate. "Oh," said the other, "that's because I don't say 'no easy.' We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a good deal more than a bag of money. I have no doubt that saying "no" easy has ruined many a child, and man and woman, too, saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it. When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do a doubtful thing, say "No" as if you meant "no." When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say "No" very loud.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

BY A. R. SWINBURNE.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells of earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together;  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,  
Welling water's winsome word,  
Wind in warm wan weather

One thing yet there is that none  
Hearing ere its chime be done  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of men beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter;  
Soft and strong, and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light,  
Heard from the morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled  
Never forth such notes, nor told  
Hours so blithe in tones so bold  
As the radiant mouth of gold  
Here that rings forth heaven.  
If the golden crested wren  
Were a nightingale—why, then  
Something seen and heard of men  
Might be half as sweet as when  
Laughs a child of seven.

ESTIMATING BOYS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

BOYS, do you know that you are more closely watched by older people than you are aware of? They make an estimate of you in a half unconscious, half purposeless way, neither from curiosity nor yet because they take any especial interest in you. Indeed, they take no interest in you at all. Many little things you do come to their ears, or under their observation and they form an aggregate from which surprisingly accurate conclusions can be drawn.

I have in my mind, at present, two boys. I know them by sight and by name, and that is about all. No—that's not a precise statement. I know a good deal about them, and it all came to me incidentally, I might say; at least I made no effort to obtain the knowledge.

A merchant drops into my office. "I want to hire a boy," he says. "Charlie Compton has applied. Can you tell me anything about him?"

I look at the ceiling in a recalling way. It isn't in my heart to injure Charlie's

prospects, but my friend has asked me for my opinion, and I must answer him in fairness.

"He will not suit you," I am constrained to say.

"Why not?" asks my friend.

He swears, bullies over the smaller boys, and neglects his studies. I have seen him smoking cigarettes and playing ball on Sunday."

"No, he will not suit," the merchant says, echoing my previous words. "I have another applicant, for you see I advertized. His name is Robert Thompson. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," I exclaim.

"And can you recommend him?"

"I believe I can," I reply. "In fact, I am sure I can. If I hesitate, it is because I do not know him intimately, but, rather, in a sort of general way. He is at the head of his class at school, is kind to his widowed mother, and respectful to his superiors."

"Too goodey-goodey, maybe," suggests my friend.

I shake my head at that.

"He plays with much heartiness," I remark. "He does everything with heartiness. He is boisterous, but there is no depravity about it. It will not do to bottle a boy up, you know. He must effervesce. A boy who mopes never amounts to much."

"That's so," endorses my friend. "Well, I'll give Robert Thompson a trial."

It is in some way like this that boys have been advanced or retarded, without the least suspicion as to what it was that operated for or against them. It is wise for them to be circumspect in their conduct, and to remember that those who are older are making just such mental inventories of them as I have described.

BREATHING EXERCISE.

BY R. J. ROBERTS.

WHATEVER will increase the breathing capacity will improve the health, and the following exercise, if done properly in the fresh air, and with the clothing loosely worn, so as to enable you to breathe deeply, is one of the best known to increase the interior size of the lung room. Hold head up, shoulders back, and chest out, inflate the lungs slowly through the nose until they are brimful, hold until you have counted ten, without opening your lips, exhale quickly till your lungs

as nearly empty of the bad air as it is possible to get them. Repeat same exer-

cise, trying to hold the lungs full while counting twenty. Try it again, and see if you can hold your breath half a minute. Finish up with three or four deep long drawn inspirations.

One of the best times for taking this exercise is when you are going to or coming from work or studies. Hold your breath while walking ten steps, then twenty, etc. The advantage of being in the open air and sunshine is that the air is fresher than is generally found indoors. Take this medicine three times a day, either before or after meals. If taken after, it will be found to greatly help digestion.

If this exercise should make you dizzy at first, take it in small doses until your blood can stand the stimulation of its purifier. The daily practice of this outdoor breathing exercise has been known to increase the size of the chest two inches in one month.

NOT ALL.

BY AUNT RUTH.

"Now," said Willie, "I have given my nickel to the society, and I guess that is all they want me to do."

"No, Willie Boy," said Aunt Carrie with a voice so very earnest that Willie raised his head to look her straight in the eyes.

"Why, auntie, I thought it was just the money they wanted and nothing else. What else could there be?"

"Little folks can give," said auntie even more earnestly than before, while her arm stole around Willie, "and they can pray, too."

"Why, auntie, what could I pray, a little boy like me? I wouldn't know a word to say," and Willie hung his head in some confusion.

"There is the very line in the prayer the dear Lord himself has made for little boys and girls. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

"O auntie, I never thought of that before!"

But you will think of it now, Willie Boy, and when you come to it, put all your heart and soul into it, and beg God hard to help the poor heathen understand, and to let his kingdom soon come on earth."

How many of our little missionary workers will pray that line in our Lord's Prayer as Willie Boy's auntie told him to pray it?

It is not only the gifts, but the prayers of the children that are to conquer this world for Jesus.



### MAN OVERBOARD.

WHAT a terrible cry this must be, when the ship is flying along before the wind as the one in our cut is doing, with the sails at their greatest tension and the darkness of the night all round, and the hapless man who falls overboard can have very little chance of being saved. Luckily, however, he has been seen and the sailor with outstretched arm will at once throw out a buoy or a rope to him so that he may keep himself afloat until a boat can be lowered and his rescue effected. It is snowing hard and doubtless the water will be very cold indeed and the poor lad may be numbed before he can be got on board again and be warmed back into a healthy glow of life.

### IT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

"THERE! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough, nobody will see it. If I can get the stove swept in about five minutes, I can finish reading that story before anyone comes."

The stove was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, proprietor, came in, bade them all "Good-morning," glanced around

the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John. "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will just be in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back."

John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, he saw no more reason for haste. Indeed he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked. "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared: "What lesson, sir?"

"Why the one you have been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr.

Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see." When he returned, Mr. Willis said. "John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. To-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I can get on without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the stove sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you any longer than this week."—*The Christian Leader.*

### THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

ALICE and Ellie were twins,—that is, they were little sisters,—and both of them were five years old that very day. They each were always just as old as the other.

Their father and mother loved them very much, but they were not rich, and the little girls had never been given a birthday present. They thought that they were well off to get a little candy and a doll at Christmas, and so they were.

That morning they were much surprised when their father said to them:

"Come out of doors little lassies; father's got a birthday present for you."

"Is it a kitten? Oh! the dear little pussy-cat?" asked Ellie.

"No, it's something that you can't carry, but it can carry you."

"Is it a cart?" asked Alice.

"No, it takes you up ever so high into the tree tops," answered her father.

"Oh' is it an e-fe-lunt? I'd be 'fraid of him," said Ellie, who had seen a picture of a child touching a branch of a tree from an elephant's back.

How her father did laugh. "No, no, lassie. Do you take me for Mr. Barnum?"

Ellie didn't know who Mr. Barnum was, but she was glad the present was not an elephant.

"Here it is," said their father, stopping under the big maple tree. "Don't break your heads tumbling out."

There was a fine swing, and the twins were happy all summer with their present.

### A BOY'S WISHES.

I WISH there waen't any school,  
Where little boys must go;  
Nor any sums; nor lessons hard  
Which I must always know!

I wish I could stay here and play,  
And lie on the soft, green grass,  
And watch the pretty clouds above,  
That all so swiftly pass;

I wish that mamma wouldn't care  
To have me neat each day;  
And wouldn't punish me because  
My shoe-string broke away!

I wish that shoe-strings would stay in,  
And never bother so!  
I wish I was a grown-up man!  
Then I'd wear boots, I know!

I wish that every single day  
Was Saturday!—maybe  
I'd have a Sunday, now and then,—  
Just for a change, you see!

I wish—I wish—Why there's the bell!  
Of course I shall be late!  
I wish there—wasn't—any—school!  
I wish—the time—would—wait!

### A QUEER TRAP.

PAPA and mamma and all the children went to a picnic, and left Dick, the canary bird, in his cage, which was carefully hung on its hook, so that the kitty could not do him any harm. When they returned home in the evening, Lizzie said, "Why, there is Dick on the round of a chair!"

"How did he get out?" they all exclaimed, as they ran to the cage.

What do you think they found? Why, the kitty shut into the cage herself. In her efforts to open the door, Dick flew out, and the spring shut and held kitty prisoner.