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# Happy Days

[VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1887.

[No. 11.]

## HOW LITTLE PRINCESSES DRESS.

I HAVE seen the three daughters of the Prince of Wales with their parents, when, on one occasion, the little one getting sleepy, her mother took her up on her lap, and let her sleep there on her knees all the evening. I have seen them riding, driving, fishing, boating, and on all of these occasions, I dare to say, did the wardrobe of either exceed the cost of a ten-dollar bill. A simple white muslin frock, decorated by any lace, relieved by any silk slip or expensive sash, formed the costume; the winter and summer dresses are of serge, and summer dresses of wash-prints. And all are in the simplest style—no gufferings, no puckerings, no flouncings, no bias cut, no knife plaitings. Feathers in the hats, no bows anywhere. Would the "Mrs. Lofties" of this world, these vulgar and senseless creatures who at the present time at the watering places all over the country are making the eyes of their children a means of parading their power to spend money, who are ruining the health of their offspring by inculcating in the impressionable young a mad passion for personal adornment—would these silly and repre-



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF SIX.

hensible mothers, I say, could be here to see the pattern set in this matter by the Princess of Wales. The example is followed, as all examples are when coming from the fountain-heads of social eminence, and the result is seen in the admirable dressing of young English people, universally extolled in every community of taste.

## "THE OTHER ALSO."

Two brothers had fallen out, and in the heat of passion the elder struck the younger on the cheek. Brave as steel and quick as lightning, the younger raised his arm to return the blow, but ere it fell he remembered how he had read that morning by his mother's knee these words, "When one smites thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." A simple child, who took Christ's words in their ordinary sense, he drops his arm, and turning on his brother eyes where tears of forgiveness had quenched the flash of anger, he offered the other cheek for a second blow. It was the other's turn to weep now. Surprised, subdued, melted, he fell on his brother's neck, and asked forgiveness. And there, locked in fond embrace, the two boys stood, a living proof that our Lord's highest and apparently most impracticable injunctions admit of a more literal obedience than any give them.

## THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;  
As white as the snow or the lilies is she;  
She wakes up with a purr  
When I stroke her soft fur;  
Was there ever another white kitten like her?  
My little white kitten now wants to go out  
And frolic, with no one to watch her about;  
"Little kitten," I say;  
"Just an hour you may stay;  
And be careful in choosing your places to  
play."

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1887.

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

DEAR boys, God wants you in his kingdom. He wants you just as much as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honour him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for anyone. His invitation, "Come unto me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and acceptably and just as easily as older persons. Serve and honour him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you now. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus and commence to live for him now than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "seek early" have special promise of success in finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be; for every little sin needs forgiveness, and he alone can give this. Give yourselves to Jesus now; and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same.

## OUR GOOD QUEEN.

BY SARSON.

## VICTORIA AS A MOTHER.

IT was at Buckingham Palace on November 21st, 1840, that her first baby, Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, was born.

In November of the next year, the booming of the Tower guns announced the birth of the Prince of Wales. There was great trouble both at home and abroad at that time. Thousands of our brave soldiers had perished in the Afghan war; vast numbers of workmen were out of employ; and the misery of the people made them discontented and envious of those to whom Providence had given great wealth and high station. Half-naked they talked with bitterness of the rich dress that would be worn at the Court, and the money that would be lavished on amusements.

When our Queen heard of it her heart was full of sorrow for her suffering subjects. She would not embitter them knowingly by a display of wealth and enjoyment when they were so poor; so for a year the Court was very quiet, the Queen dressed very plainly, and persuaded her ladies to do the same. When the Prince of Wales was christened, all the ladies present were arrayed in Paisley shawls, English lace, and materials manufactured at home.

As other children came to share the royal nurseries, the Queen found home cares multiply as well as the cares of State. She could not give all the time to her children that she wished, but she laid down excellent rules for their governesses and nurses. She regretted much that she could not be with the Princess Royal when she said her prayers, and expressed a hope that she might always be taught to think of God as a loving Father.

The Prince Consort devoted himself most earnestly to the care and culture of the royal children. It was his great wish to see them noble by nature as well as by rank. The Prince of Wales as future king had very special pains taken with him. The Princess Royal received much of her instruction from her father up to the time of her marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and after their beloved father had passed away, the Princess Alice pitied her younger sisters and brothers because they could not have the advantages which she had prized so highly.

Whether they were at Windsor, or in the Highlands of Scotland, or at Osborne, their intellectual and moral training was going on. Every refined and elegant taste was fostered in them: the boys were taught to garden and build little fortresses, make

bricks and work in a carpenter's shop; the girls to cook, keep pantry, closets, dairy and larder in order, and be little housekeepers in the beautiful Swiss cottage their parents had built for the purpose at Osborne.

How much do children, high or lowly, owe to those whom God has given them to their dearest and best friends, who think them, work for them, and try to prepare them for the world, that they shall be able to fulfil a good part in it when their heads are laid low.

## UN-WRITING IT.

NINA was told never to make pencil marks in books; and trusting her to do, papa often loaned her his pencils. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her that it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank leaves of one of papa's books than on the paper he had given her. When she saw the marks, though, she remembered what papa had said, then she thought that just the other day she had seen papa make marks and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil.

"I'll unwrite it again, as papa did, and then no one will know it."

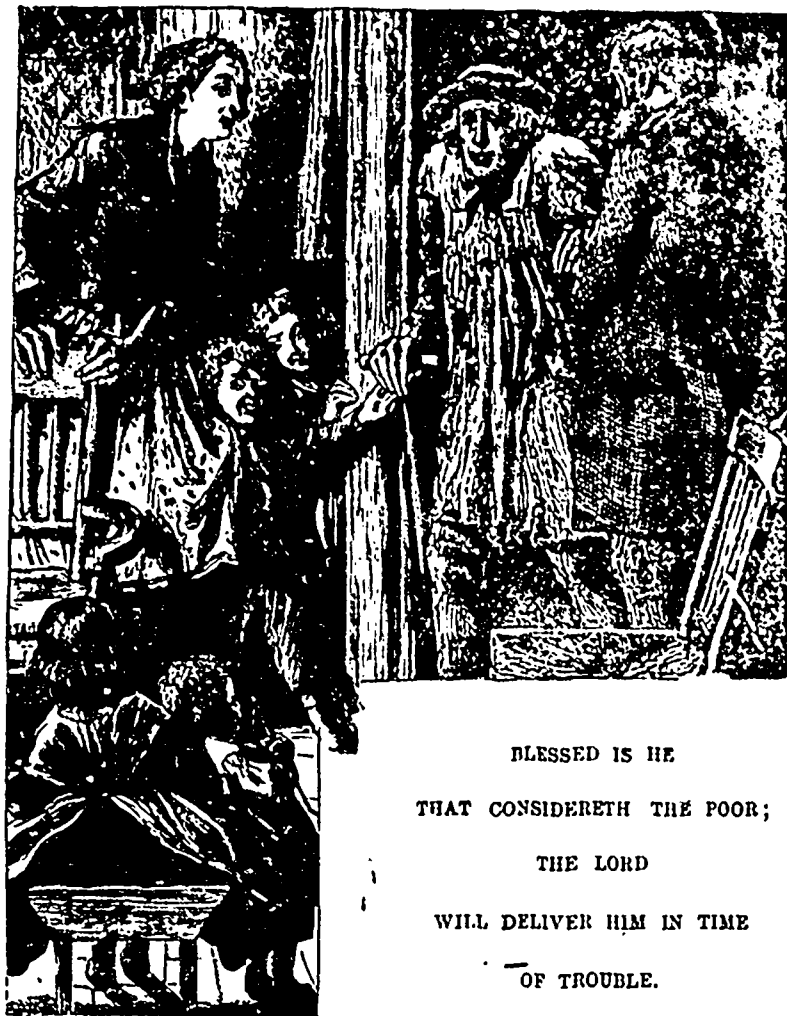
So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil-marks disappeared, great, wide, dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before written on, and the indentation of the pencil-point was still plain on the paper.

She learned that "un-writing" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words: you can never rub them out perfectly that they won't leave some mark on the character.—*Morning Star*.

## BRING YOURSELF.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him Jesus." As he was going home his little daughter, walking beside him, said: "I like that sermon so much!" "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied: "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him. Her father thought that would do admirably for a beginning."

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BLESSED IS HE  
 THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR;  
 THE LORD  
 WILL DELIVER HIM IN TIME  
 OF TROUBLE.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,  
 The farmer's rosy children sat;  
 The fagot lent its blazing light;  
 And jokes went round, and harmless chat.  
 When, hark! a gentle hand they hear  
 Low tapping at the bolted door,  
 And thus, to gain their willing ear,  
 A feeble voice was heard t' implore:  
 "Cold blows the blast across the moor;  
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind;  
 Yon toilsome mountain lies before;  
 A dreary, tireless waste behind."

"MIND MOTHER" SERMON.

THIS is to be a "mind mother" sermon. Of course you must mind father, too; but then he is away all day, and you are not old enough to help him much; so you are mother's right-hand man or woman, and have to mind her most. There are two ways in which you ought to mind every-

thing she says:  
 Mind her instantly. The very first time she speaks. When mamma says, "Harry, please bring me some coal, or water, or run to the store," don't answer, "In just a minute, mamma." Little folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clock

ticks off. When you say "yes" with your lips, say "yes" with your hands and feet. Don't say "yes" and act "no." Saying "Yes, in a minute," is not obeying; but doing yes is.

Mind cheerfully. Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go to play with the other boys. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. When Carlo comes to you at your whistle, you want him to come wagging his tail and barking good-naturedly. A boy ought to mind a great deal better than a dog.

Suppose your mother frowned every time she gave you a doughnut? The doughnuts wouldn't taste half as sweet. Suppose father snarled at you as he handed you a dime for candy? You wouldn't enjoy the candy one bit, for thinking how unwillingly father gave the money. Don't you suppose mamma feels the same way when you obey her with a pout and a cry? Jesus, the Son of God, minded his mother.  
 —Our Children.

A LAZY boy was complaining that his bed was too short; when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER.

I WANT to be a soldier,  
 With trusty sword and gun,  
 To fight on many a battle field,  
 And tell of victories won.

I want to be a soldier  
 And mighty deeds to do;  
 To win a great and glorious name  
 As warrior bold and true.

I want to be a soldier,  
 But father said one day  
 I should not need my sword and gun,  
 There was a better way.

I want to be a soldier  
 And now I've come to see,  
 That Jesus is my Captain dear,  
 And he's enlisted me.

I want to be a soldier,  
 And many a fight to win,  
 Against temptations all around,  
 And wicked thoughts within.

I want to be a soldier,  
 In Christ's own valour strong,  
 Then hear my Captain's words—"Well done,"  
 And sing the victor's song.

JOHNNY'S REASON.

A CIRCUS came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tents and horses set all the boys agog. Quarters and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity. "Halloo, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em."

"Oh, well, I'll give you the money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me the money if he thought 'twere best: besides I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box—twice enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, for once: it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man.

"Your father needn't know it."

"I can't," said the boy.

"Now, why?" asked the man.

"'Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I couldn't look my father right in the eye, but I can now."

### JUBILEE VERSION OF GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen;

Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us;  
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On her be pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign,  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen.

Through fifty years now past,  
'Mid changing scenes, thou hast  
Watched ever near;  
When dangers dark did lower,  
Proved her defence and tower,  
And in grief's trying hour  
Whispered sweet cheer.

Still be thy blessings shed  
On her fast-aging head,  
And at life's close,  
Lighted by faith's bright ray,  
May death's mysterious way  
Lead up to cloudless day,  
Heaven's calm repose.

E. S. CASWELL.

### MAKING BABY GOOD.

BERTIE, Tom, and baby were playing together—not in the pleasantest way, though, for baby could not always understand when his turn came and when it didn't, or why it couldn't be his turn all the time. So he took turns when he ought not to, and became cross if anyone tried to prevent him.

Bert was not the most patient boy in the world, and, boy-like, he began to think baby a little tyrant—which he was, without meaning to be—and to rebel against his frequent interferences.

"Mamma!" shouted he, come and make baby play fair." And then, when mamma arrived on the scene, he added more thoughtfully. "I don't see why God couldn't have made a good baby instead of a cross one."

Mamma looked amused rather than shocked. Indeed, it was Master Bert who looked quite shocked when she quietly replied. "Judging from your work since you began to make him, baby would not be much improved if you had made him just to your liking."

"Me make baby?" And Bert looked very much mystified.

"Yes; you have been helping to make

him ever since God gave him to us. God only made him a baby. It is you and Tom who, more than anyone else, make him either a good or a bad baby. Look at him now."

As directed, Bert, who was standing with his hands behind his back, wondering what his mother meant, cast his eyes upon his little brother, and saw him standing in exactly the same position, his hands behind him, trying to look as much like him as possible.

"Push your hat on one side of your head," said mamma.

Bert did so, and the baby immediately did the same with his hat.

"Whistle a little," suggested mamma.

In an instant, as soon as he heard the sound, baby, too, was puckering his little lips, doing all he could toward producing a whistle. This irritated Bert, who turned and said, "Stop mocking me!" and gave baby a push. The reply was a scream of remonstrance and an angry push from baby. "See, you are making him still after your own pattern. He is just a small copy of yourself. Now try making him another way. Put your arms around his neck and kiss him."

Bert obeyed, though rather unwillingly; and baby's face at once cleared, and Bert got a loving hug and kiss from him.

"I told you he wouldn't be cross if you were not," said Tom, who had been an interested listener.

"He will be just what you boys make him. He is only acting now by imitating you boys and others; and, as he is most with you, you are really making him."

"Well, Tom," said Bert, after a moment's thought, "let's not make any more cross into baby." And Tom agreed.—*Morning London Guide.*

### A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl, four years of age, had been out doors all day, and being over tired, when she went to bed was very restless and could not sleep.

Her father, noticing her restlessness, went to see what was the matter, when she pleaded to be taken to her mother's room. Her father kindly placed her cot beside her mother's bed, made her comfortable as he thought, and prepared to go to rest himself. But he was still troubled about his little child, for he could hear that she was not yet asleep. After lying still for some time, he heard her quietly crying, so he softly said:

"Are you still awake, darling?"

"Yes, dada," was the answer.

"What is the matter, my pet?"

"Oh, dada, me dare not go to sleep."

"Why not, dear? father and mother are here."

"Yes, dada, dear; but me did not see you say your prayers—and how can you 'speak' to be tept safe all night?" And she burst into tears, saying, "Dada, dada, do pray, do pray."

While trying to quiet her, the little brother, two years older, was awakened, and came trotting to the door to know what was the matter. The little girl cried out, "Oh, Charlie, me is afraid to go to sleep. Dada hasn't asked God to keep him safe—he did not pray."

The little boy then began also to cry, but he soon said, "Don't mind, Det, dear you and me will ask God to keep our dear dada safely."

So the two little ones knelt down to ask God and the father felt obliged to do the same. It was the first time he had been on his knees in prayer for years, and the mother watched it all with tearful eyes and thankful heart.

The little girl's father said, only the other day—and it is now two years since it happened—"I shall never forget it—I cannot get away from it; had it not been for the child's grief and importunity, I should have been by this time an openly avowed unbeliever, sceptical doubts being constantly in my mind."

Still every night the little girl says to him, when bidding him good night, "Dada, dear, you won't forget to pray, will you?"

### LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

ONE Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?" "Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it?" "You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say what I pray then." "When then?" "You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quick, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray." "And what do you say?" "Ah, sir, very little I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat short verse." "What is that?" "God be merciful to me a sinner."