

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:

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 IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1889.

[No. 16.]

"SEE-SAW."

WHAT a nice pair of little folks does not this picture show us? Brother and sister play together as little children should, but in a way, we fear, not quite so common among them as it really ought to be. A good many little people like to read a nice story about obedient, well behaved children, but never think of taking the moral of the tale home to themselves. They think it is "perfectly awful" of the boys and girls in the stories who quarrel and speak rude, unkind words to each other, but they never stop to consider how their own acts and words would appear if written down in the same way. Just think of this sometimes, little friends, and see whether your conduct compares oftenest with that of the good children in the stories or the ill-mannered and quarrelsome ones.



"SEE-SAW."

A KIND HEART.

BY J. A. M.

ONE sharp, freezing day in winter the door-bell rung. A group of rough-looking boys stood on the walk in front of the house, and one, a tall, uncombed, half-clad boy stood on the steps holding a poor little

bird, half dead from cold and exposure, in his dirty hand.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "but I found this little thing on the ground, and it's like to die. I thought a lady would know what to do with it."

There was a look of real sweetness on the grimy face as he spoke and when he was told that the bird should be tenderly cared for he said, "Thank you, ma'am," and hastened away with a really relieved air.

Who could help looking after the rough, ill-mannered lad with respect? He had a kind heart, and

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

He loved the little, the weak, the suffering creatures, and wanted to help them. He knew that the little bird would stand a poor chance in his wretched home, and he was afraid to trust it to the boys. So he did the best thing he could think of—put it into the

hands of a lady.

All honour to the boy who cares for God's creatures! It is unmanly to hurt and annoy!

God will give us nothing for our sakes; but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake;

CHILDREN, what is it that you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it, as quick as possible, with the swiftest horse in the world?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips.

Once spoken it is out of our power, do your best you can never recall it.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!

All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth,
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 82 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
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,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1889.

TRUTHFULNESS.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a boy, who was deaf and dumb, the question, "What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest; you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road led to the city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took

the wrong road. That boy lied with his head. Lies may be told with the fingers, and many other ways.

Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit, and leads one to vary from the truth at other times.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of always telling the truth. This will give a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity to character that will tend to elevate and ennoble the life.

LITTLE JOE, THE NEWSBOY.

LITTLE Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers, or crowded him out of a warm place at nights, but he never complained; the tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away, and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no other boy dared to play tricks upon little Joe.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday, a newsboy, who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards, found him, sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I want to see you once more, so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die, I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys"—

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm

and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled. That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally they passed a resolution which reads as follows:—

Resolved—"That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

On his coffin was a plate purchased by the boys. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

AGED 14.

THE BEST NEWSBOY IN NEW YORK.

WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

A LESSON FOR HARRY.

"Oh, I want some of those apples," said Harry.

"They belong to Mr. Hill," said Robby.

"I don't care," said Harry. "Mr. Hill has more than he wants. I mean to have some."

"It will be stealing," said Robby.

"No it won't—just a few apples."

Robby went on to school, but Harry climbed on the wall and began picking the apples.

One of them fell on a box which was on the other side of the wall. The next minute Harry heard something buzzing about his ears.

"Oh! oh!" he screamed. The box was a beehive, and the bees began stinging the naughty little boy.

Mr. Hill heard his cries and came. Then Harry felt as though it were really stealing to take apples which did not belong to him.

I hope Harry will learn to remember that God can see him when no one else can, and that God has said, "Thou shalt not steal."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

ATTENTION!

WE have a few packages remaining of the back numbers of Sunday-school papers, *Pleasant Hours*, *Home and School*, *Sunbeam* and *HAPPY DAYS*. Each package contains 100 papers, nicely assorted, and is sent post paid to any address for only TEN CENTS. Orders should be sent at once. Address WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

THE RIVER NILE.

ONCE on a time, long since gone by,
In a small ark of rushes,
A weeping mother placed her child,
Where Nile's clear water gushes.

Ere long, down the river's brink,
Came Pharaoh's royal daughter,
And saw the ark, among the reeds,
Afloat upon the water.

She bade her maidens bring it forth;
But little dreamed the lady
That 'neath the lid, so oddly hid,
There was a dark-eyed baby.

The child awoke as from a dream,
Or in the morning early,
And lo, there glittered on his cheek,
A shining tear-drop pearly.

The princess bowed her jewelled face—
As bee among the clover,
Repeatedly the nectar sips—
She kissed him o'er and over.

She loved and she adopted him,
The history discloses;
And there was not in all the land
A man so wise as Moses.

WHAT JOY REMEMBERS.

"REMEMBER, dears, don't go to the meadow-lot to-day." That is what Joy's mother said as she kissed her and Robert good-bye.

Isn't it queer that as soon as she had gone both these little people wanted to go to that very lot?

They went to the swing in the barn, but they kept thinking what beautiful dandelions grew in the meadow.

Pretty soon Joy said, "I know a lovely way to tell the time with dandelions."

Robert ran to pick some great yellow beauties.

"These are not the kind," said Joy. "You can't do it 'less they are all feathers. There are some right down in the meadow-lot. Maybe there are some on this side of the fence."

When they got to the fence they found all the dandelions as yellow as gold, but on the other side, just out of reach, there were some of the silver balls.

"Robbie, you stay here and I'll just climb through and pick a few. Mamma wouldn't mind, I'm sure."

But Robert wouldn't be left alone, so through the fence they both went.

"Now, watch, Robbie," said Joy when they had picked their hands full. "What time is it? One—" But before she could blow the silver feathers there was a strange

sound. Was it thunder? What made that pounding noise?

The children sprang to their feet and saw a great black creature coming straight toward them. They never knew how they climbed through the fence just in time to escape those cruel horns, nor how they managed to drag their trembling little selves up the long hill.

Joy and Robert are grown up now and have little children of their own, but they remember just what their mother said to them as she tucked them into bed after their bread-and-water supper that night: "Remember, dears, there is always a good reason when there is a "must not," whether you know what the reason is or not."

THE NEST OF GOLD.

PERCY DALE was a dear, pink-and-white little boy, with a tangle of gold ringlets so long and silky that strangers often stopped him on the street to admire them. He wouldn't have cared, only they sometimes stroked his head and called him "a sweet little girl." Now Percy loved little girls; but to be called a little girl himself was not to his liking. It always sent him running to his mamma to beg her to cut off the dreadful curls that made people say he was "a little girl-boy."

"O no, no, darling; mamma can't shear her pet lamb," she would answer with a kiss; "but by-and-by we'll ask Miss Olive to do it."

"By-and-by" was slow in coming, and Percy's fourth birthday found him with curls longer and livelier than ever. That morning, as he swung on the gate, an old lady passing said to him smilingly:

"Won't you sell me your beautiful bright curls, little miss? My little granddaughter hasn't any."

"Little miss, indeed!" The words nearly broke Percy's heart. He dragged his apron up over the hated ringlets, and held it close till the lady had gone. Then he hopped down from the gate, his eyes shining with a happy thought. He would stop people from calling him names! He would run across the street all by himself and ask Miss Olive to cut his hair off so short that everybody'd know he wasn't a girl. As it happened, his mamma had lately said to Miss Olive that one of these days his curls must be clipped, so when the little fellow told his errand, Miss Olive at once pinned a towel about his neck, and snip, snip, went her big shears through his wavy mane. She put the longest curls in a paper box for Percy to carry home, and, not being a very tidy man, she threw the rest of them

out of the back window into the yard. These were spied by two yellow birds about to set up house-keeping, and carried off to set to the lilac trees in the garden. There the birds wove them into the daintiest golden nest that ever was seen. In this they reared a thriving little family, and when the cold winds came and they all fitted away to the sunny South, Miss Olive brought the empty nest to Percy's mamma, who has kept it to this day.

DOING ITS BEST

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I AM but a tiny cricket,
Living in a summer thicket—
There I take my rest.
Many songs are gayer, prouder;
Many a voice is sweeter, louder—
But I do my best.

In my song there's no complaining,
Even when the sky is raining;
Birds fly east and west—
Silent hide in leafy cover;
But I chirp till all is over,
Doing still my best!

When the leaves are round us flying,
When the birds and bees are hieing
On their autumn quest,
You will find me in the stubble,
Though the clouds look full of trouble,
Singing still my best!

Clad in garments dark and sober,
Here I linger till October;
Sunshine warms my breast.
While the wintry days you number,
Sweet and quiet is my slumber,
For I've done my best!

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had only numbered five summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?"

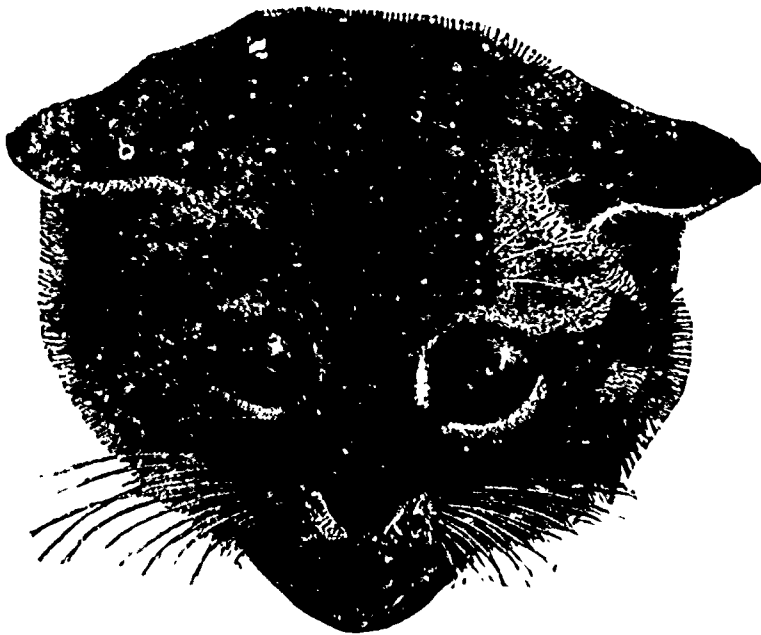
The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love anybody?"

With a look of surprise the child answered, "I love you; I love my father, my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands."

The child's face looked bright with a new thought.

"And you ought," continued his mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother, and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever."



WIDE AWAKE.

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

[The following beautiful song is a translation from the "Home Songs" of Sweden. It is crooned by the mother as she is putting her little one to sleep.]

Oh, little child, lie still and sleep;
 Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear,
 No one need fear whom God doth keep
 By day or night.
 Then lay thee down in slumber deep,
 Till morning light.

Oh, little child, be still and rest;
 He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps;
 And in the morning wake so blest
 His child to be.
 Love everyone, but love him best—
 He first loved thee.

Oh, little child, when thou must die,
 Fear nothing, then, but say, "Amen"
 To God's demand, and quiet lie
 In his kind hand,
 Until he say, "Dear child, come, fly
 To heaven's bright land."

Then when thy work on earth is done,
 Thou shalt ascend to meet thy friend;
 Jesus the little child will own,
 Safe at his side;
 And thou shalt dwell before the throne,
 For he hath died.

KEEPING STEP.

MARCH-away little one. Keep in step and in line. Always do right whether in play or in earnest, and you will win in the battle of life. The march may be long, but if you keep in line you will always be ready for duty.

A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

"HALLOA, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I am in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard; and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn-end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it in the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.

The cock was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes—I have also to remark——"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for the farm-yards. Get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

My child, remember that God did not make the world for you; that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware of self. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will not be either useful or happy; and he will be very unlike him who "pleased not himself."

"CEASE, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth thee to err from the words of knowledge."

JOHNNY PIG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

LITTLE Johnny Eataway's playmate called him "Johnny Pig;" and I don't wonder that they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was over and he had eaten so much he couldn't eat any more, he would beg his mamma, with a dreadful whine, not to give what was left of the pudding or pie—which wasn't much. I can assure you—to any one else, but to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it by and by."

And often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of a bakery or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the deepest grief because he could not eat everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were selling fruit from street to street, just as other boys follow the soldiers, or a monkey on a hand organ, in hopes that at last, to get rid of him, they would give him an apple, or an orange, or a banana.

Well, late one very cloudy afternoon, Johnny Pig was coming from the druggist's with a small bottle of paregoric for the baby, who had a pain, (paregoric was the only thing that could be swallowed that he could be trusted with), when he saw a man in front of him carrying a basket half full of pretty pink packages. Johnny got as near as he could to this man, and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.

The man ran up every stoop, and rang every door-bell, and gave one of the packages to whoever came to the door.

At last, Johnny Pig, who was by this time a mile from home, and it was fast getting dark, asked the man what they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one?" begged Johnny.

"No," said the man, "I don't give them to little boys."

But Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing, until the man—it was quite dark now—said, "Well, as I have only a few left and I want to go to my supper, you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a thank-you (greedy boys are never polite), sat down on the nearest door-step, laid the bottle of paregoric by his side, tore off the pretty pink paper, and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking over the bottle and breaking it into flinders, and stamped, and choked, and sputtered, and wiped his mouth again and again on the sleeve of his new jacket.

It was a cake of soap!