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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888.

[No. 8.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

THAT boy's face pleases me. It is quiet, but earnest. There is neither sadness nor nonsense in it. His dress is somewhat out of fashion, but his expression belongs to a boy of the right style. Who is he?

His name is William Mulready. He is an Irish boy. He was born eighty-five years ago. In the picture he is taking the first step of a great and honourable career. He afterwards became a great artist. He was a poor boy, but he had a great gift for drawing faces, animals, houses, and the like. One day a great painter heard of his skill and saw some of his pictures, and asked him to bring his drawings that he might look at them. In the engraving we see the lad with his pictures under his arm and a roll of them in his hand going to the artist's house. The artist was so pleased with the boy's efforts that he took him under his care and made a great painter of him. I hope the readers of HAPPY DAYS will all learn to draw they will find it a great pleasure, and it is often very useful.



THE PENGUIN.

IN the southern Pacific Ocean, along the rocky coasts, islands, and ice fields, is found a strange-looking bird. It is also found in the extreme portions of South Africa and South America. It seems to be some relation of the auks of the Arctic seas. It is web-footed and imperfectly winged, and is called "penguin." The upper jaw is clothed with short feathers as far as the nostrils, the lower one has only a smooth, naked skin. Although the wings of the penguin are not fit for flying, they are used as fins or oars in swimming. They contain no quill feathers, but short plumes overlying each other. The legs are very short, and when the bird stands it looks as if it were sitting. The feet are like those of other water fowls, the toes being broad and held together by webs of skin. This is a kind provision of the Creator as it is the means by which birds living in the water a great part of their time can travel or sail along in search of food and pleasure.

—
EVEN a child may live to please God, if its heart be pure.

JESUS LAMB.

SEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides my daily food,
And his lamb by name doth call,
For he knows and loves us all.

Guided by his gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need,
When I thirst, my feet he brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Must not I rejoice for this ?
He is mine and I am his,
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in his arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven :
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given !

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888.

GOOD LOOKS.

THERE are faces that might be beautiful were they not empty, telling of a starved soul so plainly that he who runs may read. There are other faces that might be beautiful were they not written all over with discontent and selfishness. An artist who had secured an unwilling Chinaman to sit as a model, said to him, "John, if you don't look pleasanter, I won't pay you." "No use," said John; "When Chinaman feelee ugly, he lookee ugly."

This, then, is the secret of an attractive personal appearance, high thinking and pure hearts, that shall shine out through the human face and transfigure it. Bright eyes and rounded cheeks are among the good and perfect gifts not to be lightly esteemed. But only when the beautiful face is the outshining of a beautiful soul has the world found its ideal.—*Christian Advocate.*

WANTING TO CONFESS.

SOME years ago, the wife of an American missionary was sitting on the verandah of her house in Burmah, at the close of the day. A native boy from the jungle came bouncing through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway. Coming up to her, he asked, with great eagerness :

"Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy about twelve years of age. His hair was matted with dirt, and bristled in every direction like the quills of a porcupine. His clothing was dirty and ragged.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked again, as he crouched down at the lady's feet.

"What do you want with Jesus Christ?" she asked.

"I want to see him. I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing, that you want to confess?"

"Does he live here?" he continued, very eagerly. "I want to know that. Doing? Why, I tell lies; I steal; I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell! and I want to see Jesus Christ; for I hear that he can help poor sinners and save them from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find him!"

"But he does not help nor save people who go on doing wicked things," said the lady.

"I want to stop doing wickedly," said he; "but I can't stop. I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come out of the evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ, my boy," said the lady; "but I am here as his servant to speak for him." Then she began and told him about Jesus; how he died to save us, and how he gives his grace and Spirit to help us. No poor man ready to die from thirst ever drank cold water more eagerly than this poor boy listened to what the missionary told him about Jesus.

The next day the boy was taken into the mission school, as a wild Karen boy. And one so eager to learn they had seldom seen. Every day he came to the teacher with some new question about Jesus. And soon he learned how Jesus pardons the sins of his people, and gives them grace to keep them from sinning any more. He was baptized, lived a joyful, consistent life for a short time, and then died a happy, Christian death.

This poor boy needed shelter and refreshment; and when he came to Jesus, and sat under his shadow as the true vine, he found them both in him.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say our God lives very high!

But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things
made,

Through sight and sounds of every place:

As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,

"Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser?"

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

EDDIE'S TEMPTATION.

EDWARD wrote grandma a letter. He said: "I want to tell you, grandma, how Satan almost caught me the other day. Mamma wanted me to go out and buy some tea. I was busy playing, and was just going to say, I can't go; send Mamie, when God spoke. 'Don't say that,' he said. Then Satan—I knew it was Satan—spoke right up: 'Say it, say it; Mamie can go as well as not.' Then God said again: 'Edward, won't you please me?' And I jumped right up, and said: Yes, I will. I was speaking to God, but mamma thought I was speaking to her. She gave me the money, and off I trotted. Satan comes when you don't expect him; doesn't he, grandma?"

HE LOVES US.

"Do you think Jesus loves you, Daisy?"

"O yes'm," she replied. "he loves me when I'm naughty and when I'm good. He loves me better when I do right, just as mamma's do. They always love their little children, but of course they love them better when they are good. They are real sorry when their children are naughty."

Daisy understood. Jesus always loves us, but he cannot take joy and pleasure in us unless we obey him. If we do wrong, his love becomes grief and pity for us. Since he loves us so well that he was willing to die to save us from sin and everlasting death, how sad it is that we should grieve him by doing wrong! How much better it would be for us if we would always try to please him by doing his will!

FIRE PICTURES.

THEY sit in the ruddy firelight—
Three lads with faces brown—
And bright scenes grow
In the warm, red glow,
As the coals drop softly down.

"I see a field, and a farmer
Driving his team," says Nate;
"And a little house
Behind orchard boughs,
With a rose-bush at the gate.

"And some one stands beside it—
'Tis the farmer's wife, I guess."
"I don't like chaff,"
Cries Jack—a laugh—
"But, say, does she look like Bess?"

"Now I see a mighty ruler,
With a sceptre in his hand;
He sits in state,
And courtiers wait
To fly at his command."

"O there's a ship!" cries Willie;
"A vessel staunch and brave;
With broad, white sails
To catch the gales
Which speed her o'er the wave.

"And on her deck's a sailor—
A lad in jacket blue."
Nate smiles at Jack;
The smile flies back,
For the ship and sailor true.

So each lad sees the fortune
Which he hopes his own may be:
For Nate, the farm;
For Jack, the palm;
And for Will, the rolling sea.
—Ruth Hollingsworth.

THE QUEEN'S KNITTING.

"WHAT can I get my papa for a birthday present?" asked Alice Manly, looking up at the ceiling as if she could find an answer there.

Alice lived in a beautiful home and had more money to spend than most little girls.

"If you would ask me instead of the ceiling," said dear old grandma, "may be I could tell you."

Alice jumped up from her cushion and went over to grandma's knee. Grandma was busy sewing on a pretty quilt that she meant to give away to somebody. She was one of the busy people.

"If I were you, Alice," she said, "I wouldn't get papa anything; I'd make him something."

"Oh dear! I can't make anything," said lazy little Alice.

"No," said grandma; "and I heard your papa say yesterday that he was much afraid his little daughter was not growing up to be a true lady."

Alice looked at her dainty white dress, her silk stockings, her pretty low shoes, and opened her eyes wide. She thought she was a little lady now.

"Nobody is a true lady," said grandma, "who is idle and does not know how to use her hands."

"You forget the queens, grandma," said Alice, laughing.

"Queens, indeed!" cried the old lady; "don't you know that the Queen of England used to knit while her tea was cooling?"

The next time Alice went out walking she persuaded papa to stay at the store-door while she and mamma had a great whispering and buying of something.

Then there came many visits to grandma's room, with the door locked, for fear papa would come in. Alice did not tell me what was going on, but once I saw something in her basket that looked very much like a pair of socks.

And I believe Alice remembers grandma's lesson, for she said to me very earnestly one day last week, "Auntie, did you know queens worked?"

"Do they?" said I.

"Yes, indeed," said little Alice; "Queen Victoria used to be so busy that she took her knitting to breakfast."

OPENING THE HEART.

I KNEW a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious:

"Robert, what would you say to any one that knocked at the door of your heart, if you wish him to come in?"

He answered:

"I would say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him:

"Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

Next morning there was a brightness and joy about Robert's face that made my father ask:

"Robert, what makes you look so bright and joyful to-day?"

He replied joyfully.

"I awoke in the night, and felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance. I said to him, 'Lord Jesus, come in.' I think he has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep him waiting outside so long!"

LITTLE WOMEN.

THE seven-year old daughter of a very busy mother, who, in consequence of her husband's death, was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help.

"I can only pray to God and hem the dusters," was the child's reply in all seriousness; but it showed that she had learned to do the duty that lay nearest her. As years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain.

Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under "mother's wing" or that of some trusty and reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stem from among currants, stoning the raisins, buttering the cake-tins, and cutting any spare dough or paste that may be over, when the pies are made, into rounds with the top of a glass. And what a crowning joy it is when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry or a tiny apple to make into a dumpling for her own dinner or a nursery-feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast things!

If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work the world would not hear so much about undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.—*Oassel's Family Magazine*.

THE BIGGEST PIECE.

LITTLE Jimmie, who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter, was given two pieces of candy. When he returned, his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't. You told me to give the biggest piece to company, and I was the company over there."

Do you think Jimmie did right?

HUMILITY.

"LOOK, papa," said a boy one morning, as he and his father walked through a wheat-field, "see how nice and straight some of these stems hold up their heads. I think that those which hang down so low cannot be worth much." The father said nothing, but pulled a stalk of each kind, and showed him that the heads which hung down were full of grains, while those which stood up so straight had little in them but chaff.



THE THIEF.

TOM TRAVIS is robbing his employer. He is worse than a burglar who would break into the store and steal. He is hired to take care of the goods, to sell them if he can, and to see that none are stolen. For this he is paid, and yet, while his employer is away for a little while, Tom steals the goods he is paid to take care of. Is he not worse than any common thief?

He thinks no one sees him; but he is mistaken. His employer does not see him; his father does not see him; nor does his mother; nor do his brothers and sisters; nor does the police officer. He has taken good care that none of these shall see him; but he forgets that there is one Eye to the sight of which everything is clear. God sees poor Tom, and he knows all about his wicked deeds; and God will trouble him for it. Yes, there is something within Tom's heart that makes him very uneasy now while he is stealing, and that will make him very unhappy when he gets through. God has put that something there. We call it conscience; but call it what you will, it is God voice.

"I CANNOT understand," said a little boy, "What becomes of our sins when God takes them away." "Do you ever do a sum, Willie, and when you take the sponge and wipe your slate what becomes of the figures?" "Oh, I see now," he said, "they are all gone." And so God says he will blot out our transgressions, and will not remember our sins. Isa. xliii. 25.

A VERY LITTLE WOMAN.

LITTLE Pen Ashford will never forget the day when people began to call her "little woman." She was papa's and mamma's only child, and she had never had anything hard to do, any more than her bird or her kitty or her dolly had; and her *mamma* called her a flower, a bird, a sunbeam. But all at once, one day, this little girl showed that she was good for something else than to be petted and played with. It was a cold, snowy day. The servant had gone out for the afternoon, and Pen and her mother were alone in the house. Mamma had not been well, and about three o'clock she grew very ill indeed—so sick and weak she could not sit up, nor to tell Pen what to do for her. Pen was scared at first, and stood by the bed and looked pityfully, while the storm roared without. Presently Pen's mind seemed full of soft, clear voices. "Pen," said one voice, "you must go for papa, and for Aunt Alice, and for the doctor!" "Pen," said another of the clear voices, "you must put some wood in the stove before you go." "And Pen," said another of the voices, "you must put a glass of water and the camphor by the bed before you go." "And Pen," said still another, "explain to mamma that you are going." All these voices did little Pen obey. She was but five years old, and I think she was brave to get herself ready all alone, and to trudge off over the snowy road to the village through the storm to bring that help to her mamma. But she did it, and this was the way she earned her name of "little woman."—*Little Men and Women.*

THE STING.

ARE you afraid to die? Death has a sting, but if you take a bee and pull out the sting, you are not afraid to let it crawl upon your face or hand. The Bible says, "The sting of death is sin;" and when all sin is removed you have no fear of death. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

A little girl came before the ministers and church to tell her experience of salvation, to see if they thought she was saved and fit to join the church. She said: "I was converted the day the bee stung mamma." When asked what she meant by that, she said: "When the bee stung my mamma I ran away. I was afraid he would sting me. She called me back and said, 'Don't be afraid now, he has left the sting in my hand.' Then she told me that death could not sting me either, if I trusted in God, for death left his sting in Jesus."

A LITTLE CHILD'S PART.

"I AM but a little child,
Yet I would like to be
A faithful worker for the Lord;
What work is there for me?"

"My heart is full of love;
My life is full of light;
The blessed Jesus hears my prayers,
And makes my days all bright.

"What can I do for him
Who does so much for me?
How can I make his goodness known
That all the world may see?"

A little child can watch,
And keep his actions pure;
A little child can love—
God's love is ever sure.

A little child can walk
With Jesus all the way
That leads from earth into the joy
Of everlasting day.

LITTLE TOMMY'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILTON was to go to church for the very first time this bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one too.

Tommy walked into church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still.

But the little boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

THOU that once on mother's knee
Wert a little child like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay thy hands upon my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

CHILD CHRISTIANS.

THE great London preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, says: "You that are 'little ones,' when the Lord speaks to you, cry to him, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;' and when, in the class or in the house of God, the word is preached to sinners, remember it is preached to you quite as much as to men six feet high." Truly, "of such is the kingdom."