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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

[No. 20.]

"MAMMA'S LITTLE COMFORT."

I KNOW a little girlie
 With loving eyes so blue,
 And lips just made for smiling,
 And heart that's kind and true.
 She wears no dainty dresses,
 No jewels does she own
 But the greatest of all treasures
 Is her little self alone.
 Her name is "Mother's
 Comfort,"
 For all the live-long day
 Her busy little fingers
 Help mother's cares away,
 The sunshine loves to glisten
 And hide in her soft hair,
 And dimples chase each other
 About her cheek so fair.
 Oh, 'this darling little girlie,
 With the diamonds in her eyes,
 Makes in mother's heart a
 sunshine
 Brighter far than floods
 the skies.
 But the name that suits her
 better,
 And makes her glad eyes
 shine,
 Is the name of "Mother's
 Comfort"—
 This little treasure mine.



MAMMA'S LITTLE COMFORT.

ISAID to a little girl "What a large forehead you have got! It is just like your father's. You could drive a pony-carriage round it." Her little brother said: "Yes, mamma, but on papa's you can see the marks of the wheels,"

THE RUNAWAY.

It was a warm, bright morning in May, Mr. Raymond invited his little friends, Ray and Roy Leslie, to ride with him in the park.

They were manly boys, seven and eight years old. They had a very pleasant ride and were about leaving the park, when Ray cried out, "How I wish I could take some dandelions to baby Lulu!"

It was not easy for Mr. Raymond to refuse his namesake any request, and without a moment's thought he said, handing the reins to the little boy, "I'll get some," and sprang from the carriage.

Now, what do you think that naughty horse, Felix, did? He just pricked up his ears and started off on a quick trot. Mr. Raymond's back was turned, and he did not know what had happened. Faster and faster went Felix, and two pairs of little hands grasped the reins, but not a word did the boys speak. People looked in wonder to see such small boys driving so spirited a horse. Around a monument went the carriage in fine style, and then Felix saw the open avenue before him, and sped away hoping to have a fine run.

By this time men were running toward the horse, but the men didn't stop him. It was the brave little boys who did it. They just guided him on the green grass,

right in front of some men who seized him by the head, and all was over when the policeman came running up. And all the time those little boys had not spoken a

loud word. They didn't get frightened and shout "Whoa!" and so frighten the horse. They just kept still, and thought what was best to do, and did it. They had presence of mind.

A CALL FOR YOU.

HARK the voice of Jesus calling,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, send me, send me?"

Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying.
 And the Master calls for you:
 Take the task he gives you gladly;
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

JESUS NEVER SPOKE SO.

HERE is a lesson that should be firmly stamped upon every heart.

"O Annie! I have got a splinter in my thumb, and it pains me very much. Please, sister, pick it out."

"Just go away, child," answered Annie. "Don't interrupt me when I'm so busy sewing. I am in a hurry, and have no time to attend to it."

Tears filled the child's eyes as she looked up into her sister's face, and said, "Jesus never spoke so; he always had time."

Ah, how true this is! and what a lesson for us all to learn in the few words uttered by this little girl! Jesus is always kind and full of love. He has time to attend to

the wants of the smallest child who comes to him. His ear is ever open to hear your weakest prayer; and he will love to keep you, and keep you securely, under his wings of love. Then go to Jesus. He is your best friend.—*Children at Work.*

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"FATHER, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so too!"

Had a bombshell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Kate, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question; and it was answered, "A man who drinks liquor, and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"
 "It is what I have done sometimes," he replied in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"
 "Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do!"

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this—"Yes."
 "Then I shouldn't think you'd do so any more; cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?" said Katie, and she looked up to her father, so confidently, that he caught her in his arms and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Say, father, you won't, will you?"
 "No, darling, I won't," and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. "God helping," he added reverently. "Bless you, my darling; you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Katie whether her shoes were old or new; but when a few days after, she became the possessor of some long boots with red laces and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

Since then she has often received beautiful gifts; and always she remembers with grateful heart that her father is not a drunkard.—*Anon.*

A MISSIONARY in Jamaica once asked a little negro in a missionary school, "Who are the meek?" The little child answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

CAN A CHILD HAVE FAITH?

Yes, a child can have faith. There is not one of our readers so young as not to be able to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved.

Every one knows how to believe in a father or mother, in an older brother or sister. Children naturally believe. We say to all the boys and girls that God their heavenly Father asks them to believe him in the same way as they believe their parents. When they promise anything, no matter what, their children expect them to keep their promise. So when God promises anything, the smallest child may expect him to keep his promise. And certainly he will do it. God never disappoints those who put their trust in him. The earlier children can be taught to remember their Creator, the better for them.

We once knew a most excellent young man at college. One day in talking upon religious matters, we asked him when he became a Christian. His reply was: "Ever since I can remember I have loved God, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ."

So it will be seen that children from their earliest years may be Christians. They can have all the faith that is required of them. As they live in this world, and by degrees learn how to live and act, so by degrees they come to know more and more about religious matters. At first their faith may be small, but, like the mustard seed, it will grow and expand until it fills all their life.—*Parish Visitor.*

SEE WHAT "I'LL TRY" WILL DO.

"CHILDREN, those of you who will bring new scholars to school shall be rewarded with some nice books," said the superintendent of a little Sunday-school in Kentucky to his scholars one fine Sunday morning.

"I can't get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves.

"I'll try what I can do," said one little boy. He went home to his father, and said,

"Father, will you go to Sunday-school with me?"

"I can't read, my son," said the father, with a look of shame.

"Our teachers will teach you, dear father," said he, in a respectful and affectionate manner.

"Well, I'll go," said the father.

He went. He learned to read. He became a Christian. Then he felt so much interested in the Sunday-school cause that he engaged himself as a Sunday-school colporteur, and in four years that man had established four hundred Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children had been gathered. Only think of all this amount of good resulting from the one effort of that little boy, when he said, "I'll try." God paid him again more than a hundred-fold.

How many of our young readers will go and do likewise?



FOUR LITTLE RABBITS.

FOUR LITTLE RABBITS

As I sat under a beechen tree
 Four little rabbits peeped out at me;
 Their eyes were brown and their coats were
 gray—
 They were going to have a game of play;
 They peeped from under the bracken green,
 The prettiest rabbits that ever were seen.
 So I sat quite still, and they shyly advanced,
 And they leaped, and frolicked, and frisked,
 and danced;
 They pricked up their ears, and they ran a
 race,
 And then they stopped and looked in my
 face.
 I had in my pocket some crusts of bread,
 And I thought perhaps the bunnies would
 like to be fed;
 So softly I placed the bread on the ground,
 And the rabbits came nibbling round.
 They looked at me sideways, much as to say,
 "Many thanks for the treat we are having
 to-day;
 We seldom get bread, and we trust for our
 food
 To the grass in the fields and the herbs in
 the wood."
 Then away they all scampered back into
 the fern

Before I had time what their names were
 to learn;
 So I named them myself, Puss, Trot, Bess,
 and Bun.
 There were never four rabbits more brimful
 of fun;
 And I said, as I watched them, "Could any
 one do
 Any harm to such innocent creatures as
 you?
 You have just as much right your lives to
 enjoy
 In the warmth and the sunshine as girl or
 as boy;
 And I hope all the children who pass by
 this way
 Will treat you as kindly as I've done to-
 day."

A LITTLE MOURNER.

A COMMON looking dog dead in a gutter is
 a repulsive object. Past such a one people
 were hurrying one day, when a little boy,
 thinly clad, and hobbling on a crutch,
 called: "Here, Bowser!" and then, taking
 in the situation, dropped his crutch, and
 kneeling by the dead dog, cried as if his
 heart was broken: "O, Bowser, is you dead,
 and can't go home with me?" It took but

a moment to change the expression on
 faces from one of contempt to that of pity
 and sympathy. The boy was but a poor
 waif; but he knelt by the side of his best
 loved earthly friend, and he was dead.
 Merchants and well dressed ladies stopped
 with kind words and expressions for the
 little mourner. One gentleman, appreci-
 ating the grief of the boy, called an express-
 man, and told him to take the boy and his
 dead pet to his home, or to some place
 where he could be buried as the boy might
 direct, and call upon him for his pay. The
 burying of a dog is not much but the
 banding up of the wounds in the heart of
 that poor boy on his crutch was an act
 worthy of record.—*Inter-urban*

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

ONE day three boys made up their mind
 to play truant. They would go to the
 woods and rob birds' nests instead of going
 to school. On their way, Tommy Green,
 who went to the same school, saw them.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"None of your business," said one of the
 boys.

"We're going to the woods to have some
 fun, and you had better come along with
 us," said another.

"It is wrong to stay away from school
 without leave, and I cannot do it," answered
 Tommy.

The boys did not like Tommy to tell
 them they were doing wrong; besides, they
 were afraid he would tell the teacher on
 them, and they felt angry with him.

"Don't you tell on us," said one.

"If he does, I'll beat him," said another.

"He's afraid to tell, for he knows we'll
 give it to him," said a third.

"I am not afraid of what any of you can
 do to me," said Tommy, "and I shall try to
 do right whatever comes;" and he walked
 off to school.

Dear children, always have courage to do
 right. If you really try to do your duty,
 and ask God to help you, he will stand by
 you; and then no one can make you afraid
 to do right, or persuade you to do wrong.

THE WASTED PIN.

A LITTLE girl picked up a pin, which she
 threw in the fire. Half an hour later a
 lady's carriage came to take her to ride. She
 was all ready, only she wanted a pin—only
 one pin—to pin her shawl. She raced here
 and there for it, and searched the carpet, and
 tried everywhere to find one, until the lady
 got tired of waiting and drove away. And
 so she lost her ride in the park by simply
 wasting a pin.

The proverb says, "Waste not, want not,"
 and Jesus said, "Let nothing be lost;"

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

BY EBEN E. REYNOLD.

Be brave little soldiers,
To battle for right;
Before and behind you
The foe is in sight.

Beware of the pitfalls
In paths yet untrod;
Be true to your manhood,
And so to your God.

You need for your weapons
A heart that is pure,
A will that is ready
To do and endure.

The enemy's crafty,
In league with all sin,
But the brave little soldier
The battle will win.

THE WORK THAT HAD TO BE TAKEN OUT.

ONE Saturday morning, not long ago, I was talking with a teacher in our sewing-school about the work of little Bertha, a blue-eyed, fair-haired child, who could not learn to hem her apron neatly. The clumsy little fingers were toughened by the cold weather and by the scrubbing and washing which Bertha, though only ten years old, did "to help mother," and so they were not apt to catch the secret of setting tiny stitches in an even row. Again and again we had to send Bertha's apron back to her to be ripped out. The patient little woman, without a murmur, consented to take out her irregular stitches, though other girls around her triumphantly finished their garments and carried them home. She believed her teacher's assurance that she would learn how after a while, and that then she would be able to make up for her slowness now.

I felt very sorry for her. Poor child! I remembered what hard work it had been for me, when a little child, to learn to sew, taught by the gentlest of mothers, in the pleasantest of homes. I felt in full sympathy with little German Bertha. Something of my feeling I expressed to her teacher, a dear matronly woman, whose only little daughter is safe in the upper fold.

"O," she said, "when Bertha has to rip her work out I feel as sorry for her as you do, and I always do a little bit for her when she brings it to me to begin again. Indeed, though she is kept back now, I mean that she shall not lose at all, but be kept quite as well off as the others when school is closed for the season."

Thinking of Bertha and her sewing, and her kind teacher, there comes to me a

sweet glimmering of the method our dear Lord may be pursuing with us. Our work is clumsy and full of faults. Our best is very imperfect. Often what we have wrought upon with the greatest diligence must be taken out at the far end of the day, when the Master's eye looks at it; but then, does He not often do a little for us to help us along? When we submit patiently to His will, and apparently our plans are defeated, our toils are in vain, and our efforts come to nothing, may we not take to our hearts as a dear consolation the trustful hope that He will build for us better than we know? Is it not one of our rights as God's children to be sure that we are workers with Him in our labours, sharers with Him in the experience He sends us, bearing nothing all alone? Ah, yes, Jesus Christ is kinder to us than Mrs. G. was to little Bertha.—*The Youth's World*.

TOMMIE'S SORROW.

TOMMIE had been disobedient, and to hide it told his mother a lie. He felt very badly about it afterwards, and could not play. When supper time came, he did not eat much, and his mother fearing that he was sick, asked him if anything hurt him, and petted him some. To have his mother whom he had disobeyed and told a lie to, so loving and kind, made him feel worse than ever, and at last he broke down and told his mother the truth.

"What shall I do?" he sobbed. "I don't want to be so bad any more."

"If you really feel sorry for having done wrong, and try not to do so again, Jesus will forgive and help you to be a better boy." He did ask Jesus to forgive and help him, and tried to do right, and he never told a lie, or disobeyed again.

Dear children, Jesus will help those who do as he bids them. If you truly repent of your sins, he will forgive you, and make you strong to do the right.

THE SICK MOTHER.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

THE children never knew how much they needed mamma, nor how much she did for them, how much she loved them, nor how much they loved her, until she was taken sick—shut up in her room and not even the children allowed to see her. How lonely they were! Papa was kind, but he did not know how to put on their shoes and stockings right; and the servant-girl was always in such a hurry and was so cross. And papa forgot or didn't know how to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," when he put them to bed; and when they bumped

their heads he didn't know how to kiss the place to make it well. But now they are happy again; mamma is sitting up for the first time since her sickness. Papa has helped her to her easy chair, and the children are permitted to see her again and kiss her once more. And wouldn't you, my little reader, have been happy in such a case? Then the next time you are cross or do not want to do what mother wants you to, or when you think you know best, just think how it would be with you if she were sick and ask yourself, "What would I do without mamma?"

"TEMPERANCE PLEDGE."

WHEREAS, I honestly do think
There springs from alcoholic drink
Nothing to make man better;
But rather that it tends to curse
His health and happiness and purse,
And woes around him scatter.

I therefore in this pledge agree:
That independent I will be
Of Alcohol's dominion;
And will, moreover, if I can,
Strive to persuade my fellow-man
To be of my opinion.

TWO KINDS OF BEARS.

A GENTLEMAN was making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that a pit was dug and covered with turf, leaves, etc., and some food placed on top. The bear easily fell into the snare.

"But," his informant added, "If four or five happen to get in together, they all get out."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, feel gratitude, and they won't forget the one who has procured their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their brother, enabling him to join them."

Sensible bears—and a great deal better than human bears we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

A YOUNG princess was once put in prison by some wicked people who wanted her crown and throne. While there, she wrote, with a diamond, on the window: "Keep me pure, make others great." Was not that a beautiful prayer? There is nothing so good as a pure, loving heart.