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Happy Days

"DON'T! DON'T!"

"DON'T! don't!" a little voice seemed to say clear and strong in Harry's ear.

The penny lay on the window seat; someone had forgotten it. A pennyworth of sweets came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the coin.

But that "Don't! don't!" Who spoke?

He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself.

"Thou God seest me," said the voice.

"Nobody will know where it has gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," said the voice once more.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken that penny, he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so frightened about it, either.

I knew a boy who stole a sixpence once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it was not half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

What voice was that which said "Don't! don't!" That was conscience, God's voice in the soul. Always listen to the voice that bids you keep God's commandments.

SIN AND THE SOUL.—Just as the man cannot see through the glass on which he breathes, so sin darkens the windows of the soul.

WHEN the world sees us praising God while in the stocks the world will take some stock in our salvation.



THE RUDE RABBIT.

THERE were some little rabbits that once lived in a wood; Some were gray and some were white, and all were very good Except one little rabbit, who was so impolite That his mother had to scold him from morning until night.

He never thought of waiting at meal time for the rest, But always first began to eat, and tried to get the best,

He would reach across the table, and sometimes, I must own, He even helped himself before his mother could sit down.

He never would say "thank you," and scarcely ever "please," And when he wanted anything, he'd tease, and tease, and tease. He'd the rudest way of calling his mother to come down. And, without knocking, walked in rooms as if they were his own.

And these are only half the things this little rabbit did. He never seemed to learn enough to do as he was bid Till no one ever asked him to visit or to ride, And they looked at him most scornfully because he had no pride.

HIGHLY FIGURATIVE.

A TEACHER was giving a lesson on the human body to a large class of six-year-olds. She began by asking about the school-house, then let them tell something about the houses they lived in. Then she told them that God had made a little house for each of us alone. They quickly understood, and eyes were shining and hands raised. "Oh, Miss M., that house wears clothes," cried one. "And it's shingled with hair," said another. "The windows are the eyes," said dear little Lenore. "Mamma says she can look right into my heart through my eyes." "The door is the mouth," cried a round little fellow, putting his fingers between his rosy lips. Little Willie jumped quite out of his seat with the suddenness of his idea.

And the nose is the porch over the door, and the buttons on my coat are the steps up to my front door."

A FATHER who is fond of telling his little son about famous men of old time, was talking the other day about one of his favourite heroes, Philip of Macedon.

"I think he should have been called Philip the Great," he said.

Just at that moment Aunt Sally, the coloured servant, came in. She caught the last three words.

"Fill up de grate?" she cried. "Why, I see jes' put a hod o' coal on!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

THREE little maids
By the great salt sea—
Merry and happy
As maids should be

Diving and splashing
Where the surf comes dashing—
Floating on the waves
Of the great salt sea!

Three little maids
In the dusty town,
Very much freckled
And ever so brown.

Summer is done,
And so is their fun—
Sorry little maids
To come back to town!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

DOES JESUS COME HERE?

How wonderfully God works through the weakest agencies to bring about his purposes of mercy, is shown by the following incident related by a Christian worker in Brooklyn. A dressmaker had occasion to wait on a wealthy lady, and took with her her little girl, just over five years of age. The lady took a great interest in the child, and showed her the whole of the house, with all its comforts and adornments. The little thing did not cease to wonder at all she saw, but a very handsome carpet attracted her attention most. When she saw that, she could no longer keep quiet. "Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" she exclaimed, adding, "I should think Jesus must come to this house very often, doesn't he? He must like to come to such a nice house, with such a beautiful carpet. Jesus comes to our house, and we have not got any carpet. Doesn't he come here very often?" Getting no answer, she repeated the question, when, with a good deal of emotion,

the lady replied, "I am afraid not." The reply troubled the child very much, and running to her mother, she begged to be taken home, "Because," as she told her mother, "I am afraid to stay in this house, for Jesus doesn't come here." That night the lady related the incident to her husband, and in God's providence it so affected his heart, and his wife's too, that they resolved no longer to live without Jesus, and now he who made the home at Bethany so happy, dwells with them, and to their many temporal comforts adds the brightest and best enjoyment of all—the sunshine of his presence.—*Good Words.*

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many different types of beauty. There is the beauty of youth, which all enjoy for a season; there is the beauty of form and colour, which is the most attractive form of beauty; there is beauty of intellect, which sharpens and refines the most rugged features, and re-deems them from the charge of plainness; and lastly, there is the highest beauty of all, the beauty of holiness, which comes from close and frequent intercourse with God, and is the reflection of his glory. This is the beauty spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, when it is said that all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly at Stephen, a man full of faith and of power and of the Holy Ghost, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still, but the beauty of holiness is within reach of all; all may acquire that if they choose; and there is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay.

We see it sometimes illuminating the faces of the poorest and the oldest, even of the deformed and afflicted, as well as of the young whose natural beauty it heightens and adorns; and whenever we see it, we may be sure that he or she who possess it is in the habit of holding intercourse with God—a child of prayer, for it is prayer and meditation on holy things, which make the face, as it were, "the face of an angel."

DISAPPOINTED.

A DEAR old lady who was taken to see the sights, not long ago, in the city where her children live, was one night passing with her daughter a huge building full of electric light "plant." They paused by a basement window, and looked down among the swiftly-whirling bands and moving wheels.

"Is this a factory?" asked the mother.
"No; it's where they make electricity for the electric light. I don't know just how they do it, but John will explain it to us when we get home."

"What turns the machinery, Malviny?"
"Steam, I suppose. 'There's an engine

on the other side of the room. I've often seen it from the back windows.

"And does this all have to go on, night after night, for the city to be lighted?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, I don't want to hear another word about electric lights," said the old lady emphatically. "I thought electricity was a gift of natur', free to all, but accordin' to this, you've got to work as hard for it as if 'twas common gas or kerosene."

HIS REFERENCE.

A BOY, whose mother washed for a living, went to a gentleman's office to ask for a place as errand-boy. A great many other boys wanted the place, and some of them had letters from friends whom the gentleman knew. The widow's son had no letters, but he got the place, and the gentleman afterward said, "You had the best recommendations.

Do you know what they were? He closed the door quietly after him. He took off his cap and held it in his hand. His hair was combed and his face was clean. He came and stood before the desk when he was called, and spoke in a clear tone. He looked the gentleman in the eye and said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Some of the other boys relied on the letters in their pockets, and lounged on the sofa, not even getting up when they were spoken to. Do you wonder Frank got the place?—*Selected.*

PHILOSOPHY.

IN active business life, the world over, men learn to take their ups and downs with calmness. The rich man of to-day may be the poor man of to-morrow, with no course open but to pay his debts and toil upward again.

A financier of Paris who had been at the "top of the heap" saw his wealth swept away. His friends came in to condole with him. They found him cheerful.

"Ah, well," he said, "I am living along, and disturbing just as few of my habits as possible. I get up at nine o'clock just the same as I always used to, and ring the bell for my valet de chambre—"

"What!" his friends exclaimed, "are you still able to keep a valet?"

"Oh no," said the ruined man, sighing a little, "but I keep the bell!"

EMMA GRAY, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railings of a front garden, trying to pick a flower. "Oh, little boy!" said Emma, kindly, "are you not taking that without leave?" "Nobody sees me," answered the little boy. "Somebody sees you from the blue sky," answered Emma. "God says we must not take what does not belong to us without leave; and you will grieve him if you do so." "Shall I?" said he: "then I won't." He drew back his hand, and went away. One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong.—*The Dayspring.*

EAVESDROPPING.

BY ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.

'NEATH the trees, in the summer weather,
Sit Mollie and Bess and May,
Golden and brown heads close together,
We'll listen to what they say.

Mollie is fair as a lily bell
Touched with a sunset ray;
Wonderful stories her blue eyes tell,
And the dreams of far away.

"When I am a woman grown," says she,
"I'll dress in satin and lace,
Have shining jewels, and always be
Flitting from place to place.

"I'll drive a pony with golden shoes,
And sit on a golden seat;
I'll be a fairy whenever I choose,
With the whole world at my feet."

Bonnie Bessie has laughing eyes,
And curls of nut-brown hair;
Her loving heart is true and wise,
So she thinks of her mother's care.

"I do not expect a butterfly's days,
Or to reign on a golden throne,
But I hope to be of some use," she says,
When I am a woman grown.

"So we'll love mamma, my little May,
And share each joy and sorrow;
Be happy and gay the livelong day,
And trust for a bright to-morrow."

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY
TO KEEP IT HOLY."

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

"COME on, boys, no use going to Sunday-school this lovely day. I'm in for a row on the river; won't have many nice days like this for boat rides, I can tell you," urged Tom Hinton, as he overtook three of his schoolmates, who were on their way to Sunday-school.

"Why, Tom," said Frank Sheldon, "would you do such a wicked thing as to go rowing on Sunday?"

"Yes," answered Tom, "for a fellow must have some days for his own pleasure. I work hard every hour after school, and on Saturdays, too; so I don't get any time unless I take it on Sundays; and I'm not going to be so strict as to be afraid to take a little row. Come, boys, don't be babies."

"No, sir," answered Frank; "you cannot entice me to break the Sabbath for all the boat-rowing in the world."

But John Harris and Charley Gray were slowly following Tom, though feeling, as Frank did, that it was wrong, yet not having his courage to boldly stand up for the right, and firmly say no. But Frank could not bear the thought of the boys being so wicked, and going after them he tried his best to coax them to come back with him to Sabbath-school. Charlie yielded to his earnest pleadings and returned with him, but Tom succeeded in dragging John with him to the river.

Frank and Charlie enjoyed a very pleasant hour in the Sabbath-school, then, with light, joyous hearts, started for home. Meeting Dr. Sheldon, Frank's father, he took the boys with him to see a sick scholar near the river. As they drew near the banks of the river they heard a terrible outcry, and quickly going in the direction of the sound, saw poor John in the water, trying to clutch at the boat, which was floating bottom upward. Two men were fast rowing to his rescue, and soon he was safe in the boat, though in an unconscious state. He was taken into a cottage close by, and with the doctor's aid he was soon restored.

He said the boat had sprung a leak, but though it kept fast filling with water, Tom would not row to shore, for he said if she did sink they were both good swimmers and could easily get to shore. And the boat did sink, but the moment they were in the water they were seized with cramps. John, being the strongest of the two, managed, by the aid of the boat, to keep himself above water till help came, but poor Tom sank to the bottom to rise no more.

"Oh, Frank," said John, "as Tom was sinking he screamed out, 'Keep the Sabbath.' I shall never forget the terror of those moments, and never will I again break the Sabbath, but oh, poor Tom can never make such a resolution, he is gone!"

Charlie was weeping during this recital, and as they left the cottage, he said:

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you prevented me from going with them. How awful it is! By God's help I'll never even desire to break the holy Sabbath again, for I was so tempted to go with them, and should have gone if you had not begged me to return with you."

Boys, think of the awful fate of Tom; and had Frank and Charlie also yielded to Tom's persuasions, they, too, might have been suddenly called into eternity, with Tom, to reap the Sabbath-breaker's reward. Boys, don't be cowards, but be bold to do the right. When tempted by others to do wrong, may you remember what the wise man hath said: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

HINDU FABLE OF THE BEASTS AND
THE FISHES.

THE beasts and the fishes once came to an agreement that they should exchange places for some time by way of variety. So the fish ranged over the plains, and the hawks, the kites, the vultures, and other animals made dreadful havoc with them.

Most of the beasts that got into the sea, not being able to breathe soon died in large numbers, or were devoured by the sea monsters. The others, with much difficulty, came to the shore, and met the remaining fishes who had just arrived from the interior of the country.

Said the few fishes that remained, "Oh, let us go back to our home, the sea!" and darted into the sea.

Said the few beasts that were still alive,

"Oh, let us go back to our home, the land" and jumped ashore.

A sage, who had been witnessing the scene, said, "When will you change places again?"

"Nevermore! Nevermore!" said both, in sad tones.

Said the sage, "Each doth best in his own element."

ANALOGOUS.

THE Boston Transcript reports a conversation between a little girl and her uncle, who is evidently addicted to quizzing:

"Uncle George," said Mattie, "papa says you were a private in the army. Is that that something very grand?"

"No, Mattie, not exactly grand," answered Uncle George, with beaming modesty; "not grand, but a post of great responsibility. Mr. Halford is private secretary to President Harrison, and you know that is a position of distinction. Well, I was a private in the army. Do you see, my dear?"

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

HERE is a whole sermon on trust by a little fellow who, after suffering a keen disappointment in finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning, was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude by a very late visit of the Christmas saint. Kind friends sent the gifts, and Arty's teacher told him so.

"But," said Arty. "God must have told them to send the things to us."

"Did you ask him to, Arty?"

"Why, yes," he replied; "didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled?" reasoned his teacher.

"Yes; but I waited for him in my heart, for I thought may be his time was not as quick as ours!"

Oh, if only we could remember, when tempted to fret about delayed blessings, that our Father's time may not be "as quick as ours!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 14.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Draught of Fishes.—Luke 5. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 5. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.—Mark 1. 17.

OCTOBER 21.

LESSON TOPIC.—A Sabbath in Capernaum.—Mark 1. 21-34.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 1. 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.—Mark 1. 22.



FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE, sweet wonder in thy baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent, blue eyes
That higher than the stained glass windows
rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies

The people round her sing "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they
die."

To her thus gazing up that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals; she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses
bound—

The place whereon she stands is holy
ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows, as "mother" does, her golden
head,
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the
sky,

Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there too, by-
and-bye.

Pet, may he keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you
pray,

Where all shall have their child hearts
back one day!

"SLOW BUT SURE."

TOM HARRIS was the dux of the school and Ned Fraser was the booby. Poor Ned! no boy was so persevering and pains-

taking as he, learning his lessons conscientiously and slowly. Ah! that was it, Ned was slow, and when Mr. Gray, the schoolmaster, put a question, Ned was always the last to shout out the answer.

Now, as I have said, Tom was always at the top, he was smart, no doubt, but used to make a boast that he always managed somehow, without really learning his lessons at all—picked up a little here and a little there, and, with a great of self-assurance and much guess-work, he kept his place as dux boy. He held slow Ned in very great contempt—booby as he was—and Ned did not retaliate. He said to himself, "Well, I am slow, but I like to be sure."

Years passed away, and all the boys, dux and booby alike, were out in the world, battling and working. Some had gone abroad, and

among that number was Ned Fraser, the booby. He had gone to South America, to some very humble work, but had prospered far beyond what he could ever have hoped for, by sticking to his favourite motto, "Slow but sure."

No one seemed to know or care what had become of Tom Harris; but Ned often used to wonder where he was, and if he was at the top of the tree of success through his cleverness.

One hot day, Slow-and-sure was toiling steadily at work, when a queer little twisted note was put into his hand. All it said was, "Come to the hospital, I am dying." Now Ned was never slow when he could do a good turn to anyone, and five minutes saw him well on the road to the hospital.

On arriving, he showed the porter the note. "Ah!" he said, "that is the accident case." And, opening a door, Ned saw a man lying pallid, helpless, but he knew him in a moment. "Tom Harris!"

Ned grasped his poor, nerveless hand. "I'm here," he said, "to help you."

Tom opened his eyes. "I knew you would come," he said. "Nothing has prospered with me," he groaned out; "I was only half educated, then I took to bad ways, and now I am dying."

Boys, take for your motto "Slow but sure," and you will never regret the choice.

A LITTLE innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place.

"Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-double i-t-e-n," said Mabel.

"Kitten has two i's, then, has it?"

"Yes, ma'am, our kitten has."



ANNOUNCING DAYBREAK.

BY ANNA M. PRAIT.

THE sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on with sweet remark,
To thrush, to bobolink and lark,
The news that dawn had come again.

ZIP.

ZIP was Uncle Will's pet crane and a queer pet he was. He was very fond of music and when the piano was played he would stalk into the house, dance up to the piano and strike upon the keys with his beak. If the tune was a lively one he seemed to enjoy it all the more.

But poor Zip grew too musical. He got up at daylight to sing in the garden. Sometimes he sang in the night when the clock struck. His voice was very loud but it was not very sweet. The neighbours did not enjoy his songs, so poor Zip was sent away to the country, where there were not so many people to hear him.

NELLIE had told a fib, for which her papa told her she ought to ask God's forgiveness when she said her prayer. She was used to asking pardon of her papa and mamma, and of hearing them say, "Certainly, dear;" so, when she asked God she stopped to listen a moment, and then she asked in a disappointed tone. "Will God say 'Certainly'?" She expected to hear him say it. But she soon learned that God has said "Certainly" to all who ask forgiveness for Jesus' sake—has said it in his book, the Bible: "And I will forgive them their iniquities."

SOMETHING FUNNY.

WHEN a boy wants a favour very much indeed, he can generally find a way to express himself. Little Charlie asked his mother to talk to him, and say something funny.

"How can I?" she answered. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?"

"Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."