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# Happy Days

[VII.]

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

[No. 20.]

## THE PORTRAIT.

"This little girl has  
 getting her por-  
 taken, and when  
 brought her  
 she showed  
 ma how she sat  
 this is just the  
 in the picture,  
 shining curls  
 lying so prettily  
 on her shoulder.  
 I got her new  
 hat on that  
 ma bought her  
 other day, all  
 lined with pretty  
 rosettes of rib-  
 and the pretty  
 collar that papa  
 bought for her when  
 went away; I am  
 re that it will be  
 good portrait, be-  
 she sat so  
 nice."



THE PORTRAIT.

"Find your place  
 and go on with your  
 reading, my son," said  
 the mother in a low,  
 troubled voice, and  
 Will flapped over the  
 leaves noisily. He  
 didn't feel like read-  
 ing the story of  
 Joseph. But it was  
 a beautiful story,  
 even to one who  
 knew it all before,  
 and he read on and  
 on, till Joseph was  
 arrayed in fine linen,  
 riding in the king's  
 chariot, with a chain  
 of gold about his  
 neck.

"Willie," said the  
 mother suddenly, "do  
 you suppose when  
 Joseph was down in  
 that dark pit, or in  
 Potiphar's dungeon,  
 that he could tell  
 why God let him  
 be there? And yet  
 there was a beauti-  
 ful reason it meant  
 riches and honour  
 and power and in-  
 fluence, and every-  
 thing good. The pit  
 and the dungeon  
 brought him to the  
 king, and to white  
 raiment and to be  
 the first man in the  
 kingdom."

## A LITTLE UN- BELIEVER.

"MOTHER, there's  
 something I've been  
 wanting to ask you  
 for a good while;  
 but made all those  
 little children at the  
 village blind? There  
 is such a lot of  
 them."

Will was finding  
 a place in his Bible  
 the morning read-

"They were born blind," answered  
 the mother; "God made them so."  
 "God!" he shouted, so suddenly, and so  
 loud that she started and pricked her fin-  
 ger: "God made all those poor little chil-

dren blind, that had never done any harm?  
 Then you need never tell me that he is a  
 good, kind Heavenly Father, I'll never be-  
 lieve it again." Will's eyes flashed in  
 anger and scorn.

"Ah, I see, mo-  
 ther," said the young reader, "you are  
 thinking about the little blind children  
 God must have had some beautiful reason  
 for them too." Yes, dear children, God  
 has a motive for everything.

### THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

BABY MAUDE is very ill,  
So the little Mamma plays;  
She must have a candy pill,  
Doctor Neddy gravely says.

Doctor Ned is very fat,  
And when visiting the sick  
Takes his papa's beaver hat,  
And his grandpa's walking-stick.

And so comical he looks,  
Children's mamma laughs to see;  
Wise as any dozen books,  
Solemn as a judge is he.

Now he takes the Dollie's hand,  
Makes believe to see her tongue;  
Says, "Ah, 'um, I understand;  
Got the toothache in her lung."

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

### A PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

ARTHUR JORDAN was a very selfish little boy. His mamma often talked to him about his bad habit, but Arthur's memory was not as good as his appetite, so he went on forgetting, and very often was sent from the table in disgrace on account of his bad manners.

One day when there was company at dinner, he was allowed to go to the table, because the company was grandma and two aunts.

This day Arthur sat by grandma on his high chair, and when the fruit was passed, instead of waiting for grandma to help him, he reached up and snatched the finest peach in the basket, the very one that mamma had intended grandma to have.

Mamma looked grieved, but said nothing then. When tea time came, instead of being perched up in his seat of honour by grandma again, the little gentleman was given a seat at a table by himself, and here he was obliged to eat, three times a day, as long as the visitors remained.

This treatment seemed very hard to Arthur, but he learned his lesson well, and a few months later when he went to visit grandma in her own home, he was so polite that the aunts said he was a "perfect little gentleman."

### GOOD OLD ROSE.

ROSE is our old dog. Her hair is as curly as dandelion stems, her tail waves like a feather duster. When we say, "Good dog," it thumps like grandpa's cane when he walks up stairs. Now I will tell you why we call her "good old Rose."

One day papa sent Lily to the store. Lily is six years old; the store is just beyond the railroad track.

"Rose, take care of Lily," said papa. Rose wagged her tail for "Yes, sir," and off they went. She trotted along by Lily's side. Lily felt very grand to go to the store all alone. She didn't know that Rose was taking care of her. All at once Rose caught Lily's dress in her teeth. They were just going to cross the track.

"Let me go!" said Lily. But Rose pulled her back hard. Lily looked up and down the track; there was no train in sight. But Rose heard it shake the ground. "You shall let me go!" cried Lily. "Bad Rose!" and she jerked the dress, and tore it out of Rose's teeth, and ran. Then Rose jumped right at Lily, and threw her down on the ground, and dragged her back again.

Just at that instant the train thundered round the curve; but Lily was safe. How the men in the train cheered! How the ladies waved their handkerchiefs! Rose hadn't any handkerchief, but she waved her tail; and that is all a dog can do.

Wouldn't you pat her big head too and call her "good old Rose?"—*Little Men and Women.*

### A LETTER TO PAPA.

PAPA Brinton had gone to Florida, and Maude and Harry missed him very much.

"I wonder if papa misses us as much as we miss him?" said Maude, sighing.

"I'm sure he does," answered mamma.

"I wish I could tell him how lonely we are without him, and how much we want to see him," said Harry.

"So you can; and I'm sure it will tell him and you too to bear the separation," replied mamma.

"That's so. We will write to him a long letter, and tell him how much we love him, and what we have been doing since he went away." So Harry and Maude wrote a long letter. First Harry wrote the sentence, then Maude wrote one, then Harry, and again Maude.

When Papa Brinton received it, he smiled so often that his friend asked what pleased him so much. He replied that he had a very sweet love letter from two little lovers; and the friend read the letter and smiled too. He said he wished he had two dear little children to write him such dear, loving letters.

### THE DOLL'S VISIT.

"YOU are going visiting, Nellie-Dellie, this very day," said May to her doll, "you are going to have on your best clothes."

Nellie-Dellie said nothing, but looked happy as she always did, and soon she was ready to go across the way to see Bessie Ware.

"Let's go into the garden," said Nellie-Dellie, taking her own doll in her arms, "and let's walk between us, she's so big." So the two small mothers took May's doll between them, and toddled along, though her feet da-gled a good deal, and she was pulled along by her arms for most of the time.

All went well till they reached the garden place, when Bessie tripped and some of her things fell. Though neither she nor her own doll was hurt, she pulled Nellie-Dellie's arm out as she fell.

"I am sorry," she cried, "and I don't mean to."

"I know you didn't," said May, bravely to keep back the tears at her own woeful plight.

"We'll go and get sister Mary to be our mediator," said Bessie.

"It is harder to put an arm back to tear it off," said Doctor Mary, "I will do my best."

She was such a fine doctor that she was soon as well as ever, and after a play was taken home, none the worse for the little accident, while May was the better for it. For you see she had a chance to be vexed with her playmate, she never said a cross word, and she was better than keeping both dolls in tight.

## GRANDMA SHUTS HER EYES.

WITHIN the chimney corner snug

Dear grandma gently rocks,  
And knits her daughter's baby boy  
A tiny pair of socks.

And sometimes grandma shuts her eyes  
And sings the softest lullabies.

Across her face the happy smiles

All play at hide and seek,  
And kiss the faint and faded rose  
That lingers on her cheek.

While thoughts too sweet for words arise  
When dear old grandma shuts her eyes.

Yet sometimes pictures in her face

Have just a shade of pain,  
As golden April sunshine mingles  
With a dash of rain.

And then perchance she faintly sighs,  
Does grandma when she shuts her eyes.

She's growing younger every day,

She's quite a child again,  
And those she knew in girlhood's years  
She speaks of now and then.

And sweet old love songs feebly tries,  
Does grandma when she shuts her eyes.

I used to wonder why her eyes

She closed but not in sleep,  
The while the smiles would all about  
Her wrinkled visage creep

But I have guessed the truth at last—  
She shuts her eyes to view the past.

## THE LITTLE MOTHER

It was Elsie Dane's birthday, and all the girls in her class had received the faintest of cards inviting them to her birthday party. For days the grand party had been the sole theme of conversation among the girls wherever they met, and not one of them had thought more about the pleasures in store on Saturday evening, than Janet Lewis, the school-master's little daughter.

All the afternoon of the eventful day she went about the house singing like a lark, and I could not tell you how many trips she made to her own little room to catch a peep at the white dress done up so beautifully and the bright new ribbons and other ornaments which her loving mother had provided for the occasion.

She was so happy herself that she did not notice how very ill her mother looked, that she did not eat a mouthful of food at dinner, but when she came down stairs dressed ready for the party, she found the dear one stretched upon the sofa, unable to raise her head, and Dick and

baby Joe racing up and down the hall with broomsticks for horses.

"I cannot go and leave you suffering in this way," she said regretfully, laying her cool hand on her mother's burning brow

"Go, dear, I do not want to disappoint you," whispered the sufferer, in evident pain.

"I will not leave you, mother," Janet said in a low voice, and then she went slowly up the stairs again, to change her clothes.

There were tears in her eyes, but when she thought of the Morton children across the street whose mother was lying out in the graveyard she dried her eyes, and hurried back to bathe the poor aching head and to coax the boys out in the kitchen where their noise would not reach the sick room. She amused them telling stories and showing them picture books for a while, and then she went to the table to finish seeding the raisins her mother had begun.

The boys had each a sweet tooth, just like other children, but having a distinct recollection of sundry slaps and cross words that used to come from the elder sister, they slipped up quietly, and while her head was turned away in another direction helped themselves to the raisins.

Janet said nothing, but the baby, seeing the smile on her face, said "You little mother?"

"Yes darling, I am," cried the sister, taking the little fellow up in her arms and kissing him over and over.

"Why weren't you good that way before?" asked Dick. "You used to tell us to go away and not bother you, but you don't do it now. You're getting to be like mother!"

"I am trying to be a Christian now," Janet answered. "It is loving Jesus that makes the difference."

"Then I wish every body would try to be Christians and love Jesus," was the simple answer of the child.

"I ask him every day to make me good and help me to be better to you all," said Janet humbly.

"He must hear you then, for I am sure you are lots better," was Dick's conclusion, and the baby added; "me tink so too."

"You are my little comfort, Janet," said her mother that evening, after awaking from a refreshing sleep. "I do not know how we could have managed without you this afternoon."

Janet's answer was a kiss. She felt that she was more than repaid for the sacrifice she had made.

## "BLACK BOB."

A TRUE STORY OF AN OLD CAVALRY HORSE.

IN the year before the battle of Waterloo a force of British and Indian soldiers was engaged in attack on Kalunga, a fort situated in the mountainous country of Nepal. On the 31st of October an attempt was made to carry the place by storm. At the most critical moment of the advance Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie, who led the assault, was shot through the heart and he fell, cheering on his men, with his sword in his hand and his face to the foe.

Sir Robert's horse was a creature of rare beauty, popularly known as "Black Bob," from the colour of its hide. After the capture of Kalunga the animal was put up for sale, and the men of his old regiment—the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons—were very anxious to keep the horse among them, out of respect for the memory of its dead master.

Unfortunately, the price of three hundred guineas had been put upon "Black Bob," and this sum was soon increased to four hundred guineas. Not to be beaten, however, the troopers of the 8th subscribed the necessary money, and the horse became their property. "Black Bob" never had such good times as now awaited him. He was the pet of the regiment, and whenever the men changed their quarters he always marched riderless at their head.

Eight years later the Royal Irish, being under orders to return to Europe, were dismounted, and their horses had to be turned over to the 16th Lancers, who had come out to relieve them. And so it happened that the Dragoons were at length compelled to part with "Black Bob." They sold him to a civilian in Cawnpore, but gave the purchaser back half the money on condition that "Bob" should always have a good stable and a snug paddock.

A few days afterward the men of the 8th started on foot, before dawn, to embark on the Ganges for Calcutta. As they tramped along, their trumpets played a familiar Irish quickstep, and the sounds of the well-known air fell on "Bob's" ears in his new home. He grew frantic on hearing them, kicked his stall to pieces, and nearly strangled himself in his efforts to escape, in order to rejoin his old comrades. After awhile he succeeded in breaking loose, and bolted for the Cawnpore barracks. But the excitement had been too much for the poor creature, for "Black Bob" had hardly reached the square when he fell dead not far from the saluting-post.



KITE FLYING.

## KITE FLYING.

"WILL you go and fly your kite with me?" said Tom to Fred Walton one day after school on a bright summer day with just enough wind to make them soar to the blue sky; but Fred said no, he didn't want to, and so stayed at home while Fred and a lot of other boys went off to the open field. Tom could hear their voices and peals of laughter and wished he had gone too. So he took up his kite and marched off to the other boys, who were glad to see him coming. After they were through flying their kites Fred said that he had such a good time that he would not have missed it for anything, and next time Tom asked him to go he would do as he was asked. Think twice before you speak.

## DUST ON YOUR GLASSES

I DON'T often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning not long ago I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired. "This room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly.

And sure enough the eyeglasses were at fault and not Katy. I rubbed it off and everything looked bright and clear, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said: "I am glad it was the glasses and not me this time."

This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one that I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so-and-so. When her story was finished I said smilingly: "There is dust] on [your

glasses, Katy. Rub it off—you will see better."

She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other: "Oh, there is dust on your glasses."

Sometimes I am referred to: "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses. Can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person, I think, "There's dust on your glasses. Rub it off." The truth is everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said so to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So and so and Mrs. So-and-so, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint, I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now"

He laughed and asked: "What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think as a family we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."

Do we ever thank God for the beautiful world he has given us? But there is a fairer world than this. We shall see it some day if we love and obey God in this life.

## PLAYING SCHOOL.

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

BLUE-EYED Maude is the teacher;  
Clarence, Minnie and Bell  
Are the most advanced of her pupils  
The first class studying well.  
Then there are the primary scholars  
Those dollies that sit in a row;  
And Robbie's the Superintendent  
Who visits the school, you know.

Pussy is studying drawing,  
Her paws in the crayon tray;  
While Bess sits up on a hassock  
Ready his part to play.  
She has on her very best ribbon,  
With an extra frill of lace,  
While he wears a turn-down collar  
And a very solemn face!

A mouse peeps out of the corner,  
From his hole just under the wall,  
And Puss goes scampering after,  
Upsetting the dollies all!  
While Maudie—the dignified teacher  
Just screams, and jumps to a chair  
And the grave little Superintendent  
Laughs loud at the funny affair!

## A SHORT SERMON.

My friend was walking up York Street late one afternoon, when he encountered a short sermon on temperance. The man was keen and cold, with "symptoms of snow." He had pulled the cap down over his ears as far as possible, and buttoned his overcoat close to keep out the sting of the lake wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's when he nearly ran over a little child not more than four years old, who had fallen on the sidewalk near him.

"Heigho, sis!" he exclaimed, lifting the child safely to her feet again.

The little ragamuffin put up a grievous lip, and was going to cry, but stopped when he spoke to her.

"Whew! barefooted, and such a day this!"—with a low whistle—"why do you run home, sis, and put on your shoes and stockings before you freeze your toes?"

"Don't dot any shoes and stotin'a." "Don't got any, eh? How does that happen? Don't your father buy you shoes and stockings?"

"O no," she answered, with a tone that meant "of course not," and a manner indicating that she considered the remark amply sufficient, "No, my papa drunk."