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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

[No. 19.]

FIELD MICE.

WHAT cunning little bright-eyed fellows these are. How wide awake they look. What a curious nest they have made. On one such "wee timorous, cowering beastie" Robbie Burns wrote one of his sweetest songs which, when you grow older, I hope you will all read.

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

POOR grandma was sick and lonely and poor, and this morning she seemed very sad. She had dropped the spoon with which she was stirring her bread, and sat down in the chair as though she could not do another thing. "I'm a poor comfortless creature," she murmured.

Freddie caught the words. He was used to grandma's ways, and felt sorry for her; but what can a little boy do in such a case? Freddie was an orphan; both his parents had died in one year, and then he came to be grandma's little boy. He was a good, affectionate child, and she often called him her little comforter. And she told him about the

Holy Comforter whom Jesus sends to his sorrowing children, and who always brings peace to the troubled spirit.

So this morning, when grandma sat down with such a heavy sigh and those sad words, he went to her side, and, looking up so



FIELD MICE.

sweetly in her face, said, "Dear grandma, yesterday you had two comforters—the great one and the little one: where have they gone?" and a pleasant little laugh followed the words.

"You are here, my darling. Thank God for that!"

"Yes, I'm here; and the other great, good Comforter you told me about, doesn't he abide grandma? and you said that meant 'to stay all the time' didn't you?" and then Freddie repeated the verse he had learned from grandma's Bible only yesterday "And he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."

"Freddie, I forgot," said grandma. "Thank you, dear child, for putting me in mind. You are right, I am not comfortless any longer, and the sadness seemed to go out of her voice, and she smiled again.

Little children, do you know how much you can help your parents and friends when they are in trouble? Be obedient and gentle, kind and cheerful, and when they are sad say a bright, sweet, loving word. You can do them a great deal of good. Try to be little comforters, all of you.—Aunt Emma

IT IS A PITY.

A LITTLE boy was riding along with his father, and there was an empty seat behind them. Presently they overtook a tired-looking man, walking. "Father," said the boy, "it is a pity to have an empty seat while somebody needs it." So the father asked the tired man to ride. It is a pity, children, to keep things you cannot use when somebody else needs them.

LOVE LIVES.

THERE'S a sweet little maiden whose fortune
I know:

She has only hope for a dower;
And yet she wins love from the birds of
the air,
And cherishes one little flower.

And a happier maiden is not to be found,
Than Mary, the gentle and true;
Her riches are stores of the heart, which
will last
To bless her the whole of life through.

And when she must pass to the heavenly
home
The treasures she gathered below
Will be garnered, and kept in the store-
house above,
Where all sweet affections must grow.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

THE RECITATION.

I HEARD of a Sunday-school concert at which a little child of eight was going to recite. Her mother had taught her, and when the night came, the little thing was trembling so she could scarcely speak. She commenced, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried it: "Jesus said, suffer," but she stopped once more. A third attempt was made by her, "Suffer little children—and don't stop them, anybody, for he wants them all to come,"—and that is the truth. There is not a child of any age that he does not want; and if you but bring them in the arms of your faith, and ask the Son of God to bless them, and train them in the knowledge of God, and teach them as you walk your way, as you lie down at night, as you rise up in the morning, they will be blessed.

A QUIANT LITTLE SERMON.

MR HARVEY was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farm-house, and, at the same time, a boy, ten or twelve years old, came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; and mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a very large favour. And this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road in that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as, a moment later, he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly. —*Youth's Evangelist.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

RATTLETY-BANG! rattlety-bang—down the street clattered an old tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendless, and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had out-distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels.

Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran for help or shelter. At length

he spied, at the corner of a cross-street, far away, a large, friendly-looking, Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to Newfoundland, and looked to him for help.

Nor was his appeal unheeded, for Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the can; and the dog lifting it in the air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of his troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.—*St. Nicholas.*

MACAULAY AND BOOKS.

IN one of Lord Macaulay's letters to his pet little niece he tells her that she will find that books are "better than all the tarts and cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king ever lived, with all the palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

"I AM COMING."

A LITTLE girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her feet, and before she had time to spring back to a place where safety had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung, suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone, "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed, she never glanced downward, she clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully: "I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.—*Christian Work.*

HER NAME.

BY ANNA F. BURTON.

"Lost! Could you find me, please?
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees
Entooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is 'Shiney-eyes,'" she said,
"Yes, but your last name?" She shook her
head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dist 'Shiney-eyes.'" A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good, but when they blame
You, little one; is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

A SUMMER SHOWER.

"ARE you going berrying, Ruth? Oh,
please take Polly with you."

Ruth thought it would be easier to go
without her little sister, but she was used
to thinking of others, so she said, "Come
along, then, little girlie."

It was a grand frolic for Polly. She
laughed aloud when she saw the berries
hanging on the bushes, and felt as proud as
of a queen when she had filled her little bit
of a basket. She brought it to empty into
Ruth's large one, and Ruth said, "You are
with a great help, Polly: I think I must always
bring you with me."

After a while the sun grew very hot. The
birds stopped singing and the pretty wild
flowers were drooping on their stems. But
later a cloud came over the sun, and they
heard a peal of thunder.

Polly was frightened, and began to cry.
But Ruth smiled as she led her to the shel-
ter of some thick branches.

"I wish I were at home," whispered
Polly.

"Why, dear?"

"Then I should be in the house with
mamma, and I shouldn't be afraid."

"You are out here with God, little one.
He is with you just the same as if you were
at home, and will surely take care of you.
He holds the thunder and lightning in his

hand, and they cannot move without his
will."

They watched the falling drops until the
short summer shower was over. The sun
came out again, and Polly cried, "Oh see,
Ruth: the bushes are all covered with
diamonds."

How they sparkled and shone! The birds
set up a lively twitter, and the dear little
flowers lifted up their heads and seemed to
smile. Polly said, "They look as if they
wanted to say 'Thank you.' Ruth, do you
think flowers know how to feel thankful
for the nice rain?"

"I cannot tell, dear. But we do. We
know how good the Lord is in sending us
rain and sunshine and everything else we
need. So we ought never to forget to be
thankful."

IS THAT MINE?

As I passed a beautiful house on Ashland
avenue the other day, I heard a little two-
year-old, who was taking a walk with her
father, turn to him and ask, "Is that mine,
papa?" She meant the house, which some-
way impressed her, as it did me, by its
remarkable beauty, as being a desirable
possession. Her father answered her:
"Yes, little daughter; it is yours to look
at, but not to live in." It struck me as
being a very beautiful answer. The child
seemed to be perfectly satisfied and happy
with it, as she would not have been had
she been answered in a simple negative.
Why not make the little ones all rich in
the same way? Give them to understand
that the most wonderful things in the
universe are theirs, as the sun and stars
and clouds, the wind and the rain; and
teach them how wonderful they are, by
calling attention to them and helping them
to understand. Teach them that all their
eyes can see, or their ears hear, belongs by
right to them. Make them rich in things
that may always be theirs. Let them know
that they are heirs to the common heritage
that is ever a blessing, placing the possessor
beyond the reach of poverty.—*Unity*.

"I TRIED TO BEAT, ANY WAY."

ONE of the beautiful days we had during
the last month, as I turned a corner in our
quiet village, I came upon a group of boys.
They were arranging a foot-race between
two five-year-old boys. One, who bore the
name of Willie, was a slight little fellow,
all muscle and no fat, while the other was
a solid little round-faced child, and bore
the name of Ray. Not that he was any-
thing like a ray of sunlight; still, that was
the name his mother gave him, and so we

call him. Ray and Willie were pitted for
a race to the next street-corner, and at a
signal from the starter Willie sprang as
though he hung on wires, while Ray moved
off like a log rolling uphill. Of course,
Willie was at the corner by the time Ray
had got his fat body one-half the distance;
but still Ray kept on, and never stopped
until he had touched the corner he had
started for; and then, after the cheers and
shouting had ceased so he could be heard,
he called out, "I tried to beat any way."
And he walked manfully away.

I had watched the race, and after hearing
Ray's cheering words I said to myself,
"Here is a lesson for me: 'I tried to beat,
any way.'" Many times we never try.
And if we do try, and fail, we too often sit
down and cry, faint-hearted and discouraged.
Such pluck as Ray possessed, governed by
a principle of right, is the kind all boys, as
well as all men, should possess to make life
a success.—*Christian at Work*.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SERMON.

A VERY little girl, whose father is a
minister, had been sorely tempted to play
at the water-pail, which stood upon a low
bench within her reach. It was thought
best not to remove it, but to make it a
"tree of the knowledge of good and evil."
More than once her chubby fingers had
been "snapped" by way of correction. At
two years old she went with grandma to
church, where her deportment was very
serious. On returning, some one said:
"Well, so you have been to church."
"Yes." "And did you hear papa preach?"
"Yes." "And what did he say?" "O—
he p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e
peoples 'ey mus' be—good chillens—an'—
not play in 'e water-pail!"

The conscientious baby is now a mature
Christian, teaching a great many other
children "not to play in the water-pail."

FALSE SHAME.

Do not be ashamed, my lad, if you have
a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of
disgrace. It speaks well for your indus-
trious mother. For our part, we would
rather see a dozen patches on your clothes
than to have do a bad or mean action, or
to hear a profane or vulgar word proceed
from your lips. No good boy will shun
you or think less of you because you do
not dress as well as he does, and if any one
laugh at your appearance, never mind it.
Go right on doing your duty. Fear God
rather than man; love him early, serve him
faithfully, and there shall be laid up for
you in heaven treasures that fade not away.



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

THESE pictures show the strange kind of streets they have in Jerusalem. See how narrow they are, and how strangely arched and walled in. In most eastern cities the streets are like these, partly to keep out the sun and heat, and partly to save space.

A LOVELY MAMMA.

"WON'T you come and see my mamma? I's got a lovely mamma!"

The speaker was a fair little maiden, and the lady so charmingly invited was her new Sunday-school teacher, whom she had just overtaken on the street.

"A lovely mamma!" The thought lingered.

We had never seen the mamma so sweetly praised: we did not know whether or not she would seem beautiful to the eyes of strangers; but we did know that she was gentle and lady-like in manner; that she wore pretty house-dresses and dainty ruffles and laces, and sometimes a flower in her hair; that she had a never-failing supply of sweet old stories and quaint old nursery-songs; and had a gift for dressing dollies, and tying sashes and shoulder-knots.

We were certain that she had a merry, tender way of coaxing the tangles out of flaxen ringlets, and of hissing the hurt out of bruised little fingers, and because of all this, she reigned the undisputed queen of her child's loving heart.

Happy and blessed are the children who can say, "I've got a lovely mamma!"

THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.

SUSIE wanted to join a picnic. She wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her go, but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said: "No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see a sorrowful disappointment in her daughter's face, instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you grievously disappointed," said her mother, much relieved at her daughter's behaviour.

"I have got the 'Thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child sweetly.

DECISION.

"I CAN'T decide," says the rain-drop as it comes down, "whether I will fall on the meadow, or in the garden among the flowers, or out on the wide ocean. I can't make up my mind."

"I can't decide," says the streamlet as it rushes out of the mountain, "whether I will flow toward the great river yonder, or whether I will go straight down the valley and into the sea at once."

"There is plenty of time for me," says a young girl as she comes away from the Bible-class on Sunday afternoon. "Teacher wants us to decide at once, but surely there is no hurry. I must think about it some day, I know, but not now; I can't decide."

But the rain-drop comes on, and so does the streamlet; while they are hesitating they are coming on, on, somewhere. Presently it is too late to choose. They would not decide in time, and now it is no use deciding. They have gone too far; they cannot change their course now.

Take care, young people! take care, boys and girls! Your life is just like that falling rain-drop, just like that rushing stream. You do not decide the way your life shall go, but all the time it is going. Is it going toward heaven? Have you thought? Will you not decide at once which way it shall go? If you do not choose now, the time may soon come when you cannot choose.

DURING THE FAMINE.

ONCE during a famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them: "There stands a crate full of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times."

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest, and finally went off without even a word of thanks.

Only Franziska, a clean but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, then took the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man, and went quietly and becomingly home.

On the next day the children were equally ill-mannered, and Franziska this



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

time had a loaf which was scarcely half large as the others. But when she reached home and her mother broke the bread, there fell out a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened, and said: "Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident."

Franziska did as she was bid; but a benevolent man said to her: "No, no, it was not an accident; I had the silver hidden in the smallest loaf to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied."

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

A HAPPY home suddenly became sad, the light grew dark, for the joy of the whole house—baby—was dead. In the evening the children gathered round their tearful mother. They were all sorrowful and wondering, as little ones are when such good things come.

"Mother," said one, "you took care of the baby when she was here, and you carried her in your arms all the time she was here, but who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, dear child?"

"On the other side of death. Who took the baby on the other side? She was so little, she could not go alone."

Then answered the mother: "Jesus took her there—he who took little children in his arms and blessed them." And she told them the story of Jesus, and of his love for little ones.