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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

[No. 24.

THOROUGHNESS.

YOUR school-days are a most important part of your life. You are forming character now—determining, unconsciously to yourself, it may be, what kind of a man or woman you are going to make. By the time you leave school your habits will be pretty well formed, whether bad or good. Not that you cannot change them afterward, but if so, you will have so much to undo that it will be hard work.

There is one habit most necessary to form: it is the habit of thoroughness. We are afraid people nowadays do not make enough of this. They often think more of quantity than of quality—more of learning many lessons, studying many books, than of learning a few thoroughly. The result is that one lesson is hardly learned before another comes along and crowds the first one out of the mind (for the mind can only hold a certain amount), and the two lessons together do harm rather than good. And if this is done day after day, the mind, after a while, rebels, and refuses to work well, the body sympathizes with the mind, and the consequence often is that books have to



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

be laid aside entirely that mind and body may rest.

Now, resolve that you will aim not so much at learning a great deal as at learning what you do learn thoroughly. (We are not speaking to lazy scholars, remember.)

We have heard some children (we wish there were more of them) say to their teacher, "Oh! I can learn a great deal longer lesson than that." Or, "I can take another study." Perhaps you can, to recite, but are you sure you can to remember? You are not learning for one day, or two, but for a life-time. Think of this, and try to act upon it. If you are faithful in your lessons, and really anxious to improve, your teachers, we are sure, will help you in the matter.—*Parish Visitor.*

THE PROBLEM.

JAMES and Eva go to school. They both study hard and recite their lessons well. In most of their studies their teacher marks their per cent. close to one hundred. Sometimes they have a hard problem to solve. Then they sit down together, and help one another. They do not give it up because it is hard, but they study until they both understand it perfectly. They both go to Sunday-school, too, and I am glad to say, they study their Bible lessons well.

THE love of heaven makes one heavenly,

A FOOLISH BOY—NOT YOU?

ONCE a careless little boy
Lost his ball at play,
And because the ball was gone,
Throw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing,
You and I agree;
But I know another boy
Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy—
Old and wise as you—
Yet, because he lost his kite,
He lost his temper, too.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

BETTER THAN A PRIZE.

A BOY in a school was trying for a prize, and not being clever in arithmetic he could not do the sum set; so he was tempted to look secretly at the answers in a book he had with him, when the master's back was turned. By this means he got the highest marks, and would have had the prize. But something kept continually whispering to him, "You are a cheat and a thief, deceiving the master, and robbing the boy who deserves it of the prize."

At last he could bear it no longer, and went to the master and confessed what he had done, and so lost the prize, though he gained something better worth having, which was a clear conscience.

Now, who spoke to that boy so loudly and clearly that he was forced to go and confess his sin? It was his conscience, some of you would say. Aye, but it was something greater than conscience. It was in very truth God calling to him through his conscience, and it was well for him that at last he heard and obeyed.

A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.

A LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people, so I don't know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she went home she said, "Mother, is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I know, said, "Yes, indeed;" and lest some other little child might think the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what vexes you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can carry your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years, and twelve years, and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a babe in his mother's arms, and a boy at his mother's knees; he worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and he died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank him for all your enjoyments. He is not a stranger to you. There is nobody in the world so much interested in you as he is; nobody watches you so constantly or loves you so tenderly; and though Peter and John and several others saw him go up to heaven, yet, being God as well as man, he is still on earth, blessing the little children.

"O give, then, to Jesus
Your earliest days;
They only are blessed
Who walk in his ways.
In life and in death
He will still be your friend;
For whom Jesus loves
He loves to the end."

"DID YOU SAY GRACE?"

A LITTLE four-year-old boy, whose parents were not in the habit of invoking the blessing of God at table, had occasion to spend a few days at his grandmother's, where he soon learned to appreciate the blessed privilege of hearing grace said before partaking of food. But one day his grandmother happened to be absent, and he as usual took his seat at the table with the rest of the family, and reverently bowed his little head; but observing the rest begin to eat, he raised his head and quietly asked, "Did you say g'ace?"

Dear children, this little boy was afterward taken sick, and borne by angels to the bosom of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and in this blissful abode, where he is able to partake of angels' food, does he have to ask this solemn question? And you who have pious parents who do not fail to gather round the family altar morning and evening and offer thanks to him who cares for all, and thank him at the table for the food he has given you to eat, do not fail to appreciate this blessed privilege. Remember there are thousands of little children who never hear prayer to God ascend from the lips of their parents, and thousands more of heathen children who do not so much as know there is a God; and when prayer and thanksgiving are being offered to God by those who love you best in this world, do not fail to let your hearts ascend in thankfulness to him for the blessed privileges you enjoy, and also offer a silent prayer for little children who never hear it pronounced from the lips of their parents.

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

WHILE Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow-picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mi e of a figure in golden curls and snowy gown by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching and "O dearing." Then she lay quiet for awhile, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board, and as hard as a stone. I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or too Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor—with a shiver, it is true, but she was determined never afterward to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now."—*Christian Commonwealth.*

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.

A LOOKING-GLASS STORY.

WHEN Nellie was a little girl, not quite three years old, she was playing quietly one morning upstairs all by herself; by chance she happened to notice a chair standing near the dressing-case.

"I'll get upon the chair and see the pretty thing," thought Nellie.

It was only the work of a moment for her to climb upon the chair. But what attracted her attention before the toilet article was the looking-glass and the face it reflected. Nellie opened her eyes wide at seeing the little girl before her; and a very pretty little girl it was, too, with beautiful brown, curly hair, large blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Nellie looked closely at the little girl for a few moments, and the little girl looked at Nellie. Then Nellie happened to pucker her mouth a little, and the girl in the glass did the same.

"The little girl is making faces at me," thought Nellie. "I'll make a worse face at her." And Nellie screwed up her little mouth in the most unbecoming manner possible; and the little girl in the glass made as ugly a face back.

But, though she tried again and again, Nellie could not compel the girl in the glass to look pleasant by making faces at her; she would always make as ugly a face back at Nellie as Nellie could possibly make at her. "You naughty, bad girl, to keep making faces at me. I am going straight downstairs, and will tell my grandmother about you."

So Nellie left the chair and hurried downstairs, running so fast that she fell over the

cat that was sitting near the sitting-room door. But, as she was not much hurt, and, being very much excited, she picked her little self up, and cried: "O grandma, there is a naughty, bad girl up-stairs making faces at me; do come up-stairs, grandma, and scold her good."

"I guess you are mistaken, child," said grandma.

"Oh, no, I am not, grandma! do come quick."

So nothing would do but grandma must leave her work and go up-stairs with the child.

"Where is she?" asked grandma, as soon as they had reached the room.

"Right here," said Nellie, as she climbed upon the chair before the glass.

"Why, Nellie," said grandma, "it is only yourself. It is only the reflection of your own little face in the glass.

Who made the first face, child; you, or the naughty girl?"

"Why, I most forget, grandma; but I guess I did," said Nellie, honestly.

"Well, I guess you did," replied grandma, laughing heartily. "Now, dear, you smile at the little girl and see if she will not smile in return."

"Oh, yes, grandma!" cried Nellie, perfectly delighted with the pretty face that now smiled so sweetly at her.

Nellie is a woman now, and her dear grandma has long since gone to rest, but she still finds the principle of her looking-glass mistake to run all through her life.

The world is like a looking-glass; frown at it, and it will frown back at you; smile at it, and it will give you smiles in return.

PARENTS GONE.

THE time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and from the neighbourhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace to his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the

warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been collined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, reuding the hair and wringing the hands, and crying, "Mother! mother!" O that to-day, by all memories of the past, and by all the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!—*Talmage*.

SHINING CHRISTIANS.

A FRIEND told me that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and said to the keeper "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the man, "I am not afraid. "We never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one: "We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lights burning brightly and keeping the reflectors clear, that those in danger may be saved."

Christians are safe in a house built on a rock, which cannot be moved by the wildest storm, and in a spirit of holy unselfishness they should let their light gleam across the dark waves of sin, that imperilled ones may be guided into the harbour of heaven.—*Ex.*

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

Do you know how to play croquet? Susie didn't when she was visiting at Uncle James' last week. So when cousin Harry and Annie coaxed her to join them in a game, she said: "No; I can't play."

"Why, we just need you to make up the game; do, please."

"But I should not know what to do, and should be ashamed. I am really sorry to have to say no, though, if you need me."

And so it seemed as if their game would be spoiled, until Uncle James said: "Come along, Sue; I'll strike for you, and teach you. I am sure you can trust my skill." And after that she was not afraid. Would you have been afraid?

So God offers to take us as we are, and do for us what we cannot do for ourselves.

NOT SELFISH.

LOVE is the product of an early blossom in some souls. Little Philip fell down stairs, and injured his face so seriously that for a long time he could not speak. When he did open his lips, however, it was to make no complaint of pain. Looking up at his mother, he whispered, trying to smile, "I am pretty glad 'twasn't my little sister "



THE CHINESE BOY.

THIS little boy lives in China, a country that is far away—on the other side of the world. He does not look much like the little boys that we see here in America—does he? Though I think it is mostly his dress that makes him look so different. I suppose one of our little boys would look just as odd to them as this little boy does to us. God loves the little Chinese boys as well as he does us, and he is pleased when we send the story of the love of Jesus to them; for they do not all of them know about the wonderful love of Jesus and how he died to save us. Should we not gladly aid his cause?

FULL OF THE BIBLE.

A BOY went to Sunday-school regularly, and had many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. So a wicked man in a pleasant manner invited him to drink with him.

"I thank you, sir, but I never drink liquor," the boy answered.

"It will not hurt you."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And the boy added, "I think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow, I like you. You are not a child; you are fit to be the companion of a gentleman. It will give me great pleasure if you will drink wine with me."

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

PALM BEARERS.

WHEN Christ, as King, descended
The slopes of Olivet,
The gladdest of all visions
His sacred gaze that met
Were throngs of Jewish children,
That came in singing bands
And pressed about him, bearing
Palm-branches in their hands.

'Out of the mouths of children
Thou perfectest thy praise,"
He said, as their hosannas
Rang o'er the crowded ways.
"Out of the mouths of children,"
The same dear lips may say—
These hosts of happy children
Who meet him here to-day.

We come with songs of triumph,
No doubtful Christ to own;
The Galilean Prophet
Is King upon the throne.
With greater gladness bearing
Our palms than those he met,
That day when he descended
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour! may we children
Strive on, till life shall cease,
To send to all the nations
The palm-branch of thy peace.
And own our service, saying,
As in Judean days,
"Out of the mouths of children
God perfecteth his praise."

THE BRIDLE.

"DON'T go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favourite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we were all teamsters or horse jockeys? No such thing. If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David; and who can do better than follow his example?

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "Poor fellow!" he would say, "he's left off his bridle." The appetite needs a reining. Let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorders. Be sure to keep a bridle on your appetite; don't let it be master. And don't neglect to have one for your passions. They go mad if they get

unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight, don't let it slip, hold it steady. Never go without your bridle.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant—the *bridle of self-government*. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behaviour what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers. They must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practise it with steady and resolute will. It is the fountain of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.

PRAISE THE BOY.

IT often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty, in spite of his temptations to do differently, he deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a half years old recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you mustn't do that," said his father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely: "All right, papa, I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to do something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry: "Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?'"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty, even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is every one's due. Even our Lord himself has promised to say "Well done" to every loved one of his who does well.—*S. S. Times*.

THERE was a great parade of soldiers, and little Mary went to the door with her pet dog, Gyp, to see the procession move by. Gyp was saucy, and began to bark. Mary ran up stairs to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, come down stairs, I'm afraid Gyp will bite the army!"