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Happy Days

[Vol. VII.]

TORONTO JUNE 18, 1892.

[No. 13.]

PROCESSION.

SUCH a gay, innocent, thoroughly happy procession as this, one seldom sees. Instead of banners, field flowers, sweet and fresh; instead of martial music, the sound of their own glad voices, which is the sweetest sound on earth. Who would not wish to be one of them, as, so care-free and free, they come trooping down the hill?

THE FAITHFUL POSTMAN.

ONE autumn, when chilly days first came on, Baby Winifred awakened with a hoarse cry. The mother's heart was filled with fear. The dreaded croup had come, and she was alone; there was no one to send for the doctor. Just then Sally, the cat, came up the side-path from the barn. The mother remembered that Sally had been trained to carry notes to the store—grandpa's store at the foot of the



A PROCESSION.

lane. She had never been known to fail in carrying them safely. Calling old pass, she hastily wrote on a piece of paper: "Send the doctor at once; baby has croup." She tied it about the soft, plump neck, and said: "Run, Sally, as fast as ever you can! Run on the fence; hurry, and give it to grandpa." Off went Sally as fast as she could go, and the doctor was in the house in ten minutes.

"I was on the street," he said at the door, "when old Sally came running on the fence as fast as her four feet would carry her. I feared there was trouble, and waited till she could reach us. I think she has never forgotten how I took fish-bones out of her throat with pincers: she always seems so glad to see me."

The next day Sally had a new collar; on it was engraved, "From baby to his faithful postman."

A FRIEND TO YOU

Boys and girls, as you will know,
Into men and women grow.

Let it then be understood
Would you each be wise and good?

You must strive with all your might
To do what you know is right.

Should you do a thing amiss
You had best remember this.

God in mercy pardons all
Who repent and on him call,

By his grace, o'er every sin,
Victory you may always win.

Follow Christ life's journey through,
He will be a friend to you.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1892.

WHAT CAN IDOLS DO?

A MISSIONARY in India tells the following story of a little boy who, in a mission school, had been taught about the one God and about Jesus:

"One day this boy, who lived with a heathen, said to him: 'There is only one God, the one who made the earth and sky and everything. He gives us the rain and the sunshine; he knows everything we do; he can save us or kill us. But these images you pray to are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see nor hear. How can they do any good or save you from any trouble?'

"The heathen paid no attention to him, but soon afterward went on a journey. While he was gone the little boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick.

"When the man returned, he was very angry at what had happened, and exclaimed: 'Who has done this?'

"Perhaps the big idol has been beating his little brothers,' said the boy.

"Nonsense,' said the man, 'don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I am a fool? You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise his hand. It was you, you little rascal! it was you! To pay you for your wickedness I will beat you to death with the same stick;' and seizing the stick, he went toward him.

"But,' said the boy quickly, 'how can you worship a god like that? Do you suppose if he can't take care of himself and the other idols, he can take of you and the world, let alone making you?'

"The heathen stopped to think, for this was a new idea. The more he thought, the more senseless the idol seemed. After awhile he broke his idol and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called him 'My Father.'

SAFE LITTLE EFFIE.

SHE came bounding down the steps ready for school.

"Come across," called her little friend, Johnnie Bates. "I'll wait for you." Right in front of her were two prancing horses.

"I can't come across the street," said Effie, "till the horses pass."

"O pooh!" said Johnnie, "slip across. You'll have time, the horses are standing still. They don't mean to go on yet. 'Fore I'd be such a coward!'"

Down sat Effie plump on the stone step.

"I can't come across till the horses go by, not if they don't go in a week," she said. "Mamma said never to cross the street alone if there is a horse to be seen, and I'm not going to."

Just then the horses that a man was trying to manage became frightened at a kite some boys were playing with, and broke from him. Away they went, right over the very crossing that Effie would have taken. Effie's mamma ran to the door, pale and trembling. She had seen those dreadful horses fly past.

"O my darling," she said, putting her arms around Effie, "what danger you have been in!"

"Why, mamma!" Effie said, looking up at her mother, with her eyes full of wonder; "I don't think I was in a speck of danger. You told me not to cross the street when I saw horses, and of course I wouldn't. So how could they hurt me?"

THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH A SHORT NECK.

BY T. R. THOMPSON.

HAVE you ever seen him, child? Some folk carry him about with them the time, and take as much pleasure in him as you would in a nice doll or a new harmonica.

He is not particularly good looking either, but rather inclined to be plain, to some his looks are repulsive; but make up for this he is apt to be full of spirits, and promises those who are acquainted with him an abundance of amusement. He has a vast number of friends who smile upon and caress him; he is petted and fondled by those whom society teaches us to call ladies. He is to be found in the parlour and in the kitchen, in the street and on the cars, in the workshop and in the office. He loves to go on a pic-nic or on an excursion; he is a delightful little fellow, and will go anywhere you like to take him. He has one fault, however, which I ought to have mentioned, he is very apt to deceive those who place their trust in him; in fact, he deceives those the most who think the most of him. His friends and patrons, however, cling to him, and some of them become so firmly attached to the little fellow that it would be difficult to separate them. He has been known to knock down more than one man just because he was applied to for relief too often.

I cannot tell you just how tall he is. I have never measured him or made him a suit of clothes, neither can I tell you his age or birth place. He is rather big, however, short of stature and wears a cap hat.

Perhaps you will allow us to take a picture of him. Here he is, children; this is a correct picture of him surrounded by his friends. "Why," you say, "that is a whisky or a brandy jug." Yes, and I hope none of you will grow up to associate with such a companion. It is to warn you against such an acquaintance that kind friends endeavour to instruct you through HAPPY DAYS. Week after week you will find counsel and advice, words of wisdom and warning. If you would never become a slave to the little fellow you have read about, STICK TO YOUR PLEDGE,

"And say right here:

'I'll never drink

Wine, cider, beer;

Then I shall never learn to love

The little fellow seen above."

AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW TUNE.

THERE'S a saying, old and rusty,

But good as any new:

"Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

Trouble's like a thistle

That hangs along the way:

It cannot fail to grab you
Some other bitter day.

But why not walk around it?

That's just what you can do.

Why should you trouble trouble
Before it troubles you?

Trouble is a bumble-bee.

It keeps you always vexed;

It surely means to sting you
The next time, or the next.

But, bless you, bees think only

Of breakfasts dipped in dew

Keep right ahead; this trouble
Will never trouble you.

O merry little travellers

Along life's sunny ways,

When bumble-bees and thistles
Affright you at your plays,

Remember the old promise,

That your sorrows shall be few

If you never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.

HOW MAY TOOK CARE OF THE
BABY.

ONE day when May's mamma sat by the window sewing, and May was on the floor playing with baby, Sammy Green came running in all out of breath, and said that his little brother Dick had fallen into the cistern, and there was nobody to get him out. May's mamma said to her, "Take baby into grandma's room, and she will take care of you till I come back." Then she ran back with Sammy as fast as she could.

So May said, "Come Robbie,"—baby's name was Robbie—and she helped him to get up, for he could only walk a very little by himself, and they went to grandma's room, but grandma was not there. Then May went all around the house calling "Grandma, grandma, come and take care of Robbie and me. Mamma's gone away."

But grandma had gone out a little while before, and there was no one to answer May.

She was not used to being left, and it was so still, and the big clock in the

sitting-room made such a loud "tick, t.ck, tick," that she began to be frightened. So she went to the window to see if mamma was coming. But there was no one to be seen but an old beggar man coming down the road. He had a bag on his shoulder, and he looked up at the house, and May felt sure he was coming to put the baby into his bag and carry him off.

What should she do? She knew. She would take baby, and go to find mamma. So she took hold of his hand, and they went into the back yard. She was afraid to go out the front way because the man with the bag was there. Besides, Sammy Green always comes to the back door, and Sammy's mamma, too, when she came every week to wash for May's mamma, and May thought their house must be out there somewhere. She pulled open the big gate and went out into the street. She looked up and down, but there was no house in sight. They started down the street; but Robbie was too tired to walk, and May had to carry him. Pretty soon they came to a corner, and there was the church. There was no other house to be seen, and May thought she would never find the one where mamma had gone. She was just ready to cry when she remembered that mamma had told her the church was God's house. "If we should go into God's house," she said, "he would take care of us." So they climbed up the steps. The door stood open, and they went in. Then May knelt down and said, "Dear God, Robbie and me have come to your house for you to please take care of us till mamma comes home. For Jesus' sake."

And now she did not feel afraid any more. But Robbie was tired, and when he found mamma was not there, he began to cry. So May sat down and cuddled him up in her arms, and sang to him as mamma used to do, and pretty soon he was fast asleep. Before long, May was asleep too.

When May's mamma got to Sammy Green's house, she found that the water in the cistern was not deep enough to drown Dick, and she soon helped him out. His mother came home just then, and May's mamma went back to her own house. When she found that May and Robbie were gone, and that grandma, who had just come in, did not know where they were, she was very much frightened, and called their papa in from the field. They went all around, looking for them, and some of the neighbours helped look too.

After a while May's papa and another man went into the church, and there they found the children. When May woke up, and saw her papa, she said, "We were so 'fraid, and we couldn't find mamma, so we went to God's house and he took care of us."

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy lived in the West of England. He was poor. One day, during the play-hour, he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat down under a tree by a little brook. He put his head upon his hand, and began thinking. What about? He said to himself: "How strange it is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields and that house, and all the houses round, were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. Oh, if I could but get all this property back!" He then whispered two words: "I'll try."

He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school, where he did the same. By-and-by he entered the army, and eventually went to India as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark. At last he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land; he was made governor-general. In twenty years he came back to England and bought all the property which had once belonged to his family. The poor West-of-England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.

HOW THE BABY WAS SAVED.

THE baby's papa owned a large Newfoundland dog, baby was very fond of him, and the story shows how dearly the dog loved baby. One morning the little girl was left in the room with the dog and a large fire in the grate. The little girl evidently had gone too near the fire, and the dog had tried unsuccessfully to get her away.

He then hurried to her mother's room and began catching her dress and pulling her toward the door. She told him to go and find little Nellie. He made a whining noise and slowly walked back to where the little one was lying, unconscious of danger, and lay down between her and the fire. When Mrs. Walter entered the room a few minutes later, she found the noble dog in this position, whining and crying, while the hair was being singed from his back.



A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

THIS is a funny carriage for a little girl to ride in, but the little baby in the picture enjoys it just as well as if it had wheels. These little children live out in the country a long way, and do not have nice little waggons and velocipedes like you little children have. Their papa and mamma are very poor and cannot afford to buy them for their children, so baby's little brothers think she will take a ride on the switch and I can tell you she does. They will pull her up and down on the nice green grass, while baby laughs and enjoys it splendidly. The boys say that bye-and-bye when they grow up big they will make enough money to buy her a nice little cart; I guess they forget that she will be a big girl when they are big boys.

FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny, not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny saying, to himself. "I suppose I must, because all the others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so

poor, so ignorant and so miserable." That was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his, saying, "For thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, that the heathen may hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to her usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"O," replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to put us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say dear, why ought we not to steal apples and pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother—"because God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said the mother, "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands, we are bound to do, and what he forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his words. If ever you are asked, by any one you know, why you

should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one I have given me—'because God says we mustn't.'"

HOW ANSWER.

WHAT would you do if you had a waggon, and I asked you these questions:

Asking you daily such questions these:

"Mamma, does God simply turn down the light

Just when he guesses it's time to go to night?"

"Are flowers made out of butterfly wings?"

"Why do the trees put their clothes on in spring,

And when cold winter comes get undressed?"

"How does the robin get blood on his breast?"

"Will Santa Claus answer that letter Zeb's?"

"Are bicycles made out of big spider webs?"

"Does the man in the moon smoke when he is looking about?

And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs out?

And the stars, are they just the sparks he lets drop?"

"Do cats-tails grow up from—?"

Here I will stop

And ask you again—will you tell me, please,

How you would answer such questions as these?

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL KITTIE.

MINNIE's kittie was poor and round and afraid of anyone. That was because Miss Minnie forgot to feed it, and often lifted it roughly, and squeezed it, and cuffed its ears. When Biddy told her she ought not to do so, she would say, "It is my kittie, and I can do as I please." But one day she found out different. At Sunday-school she heard her teacher read that all the beasts and birds were God's, because he made them. She went home thinking about it, and said to Biddy, "I guess if she is God's kittie, I must have her looking so, or God might not like it," and then she told Biddy about what she had heard at Sunday-school.

After that, whenever she forgot to feed her kittie well, Biddy would remind her of the Sunday-school lesson, until she got to calling the cat "the Sunday-school kittie," who soon got fat and smooth.