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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1888.

[No. 16.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

WON'T the old folks wonder, though, why this title is applied to the pretty picture which graces our first page! May be some of them will go peering around through the trees and grasses to see where the poor, dying pussy we mention is to be found. And, then, how they'll frown and say, "What has this little miss in the swing to do with the cat, anyhow?" But, as all our young readers are perfectly acquainted with what "letting the old cat die" really means, we won't offer a word of explanation, but leave the mystified ones to try to solve the problem.

THE LITTLE TRAVELLER.

SHE was a little Scotch lassie; her name was Annie Murray. Her father and mother were both dead; who would take care of Annie now? Whose little girl should she be?

She had an aunt in America, but that was very far away over the sea. But as soon as the aunt heard that Annie's mother was dead, she wrote a letter to a neighbour, saying, "Send Annie to me, she can come alone. Here is money. The waiting-woman on the steamer will take care of her."



LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

The neighbour, who had kept Annie in her own home, packed up her clothes, said good-bye to the child and sent her off. The folks were very kind to her on board ship. She was such a pleasant little girl they could not help loving her.

When the ship arrived in Boston and the passengers were going to their homes,

many of them kissed Annie good-bye and gave her a little gift. A gentleman gave her a gold dollar, another a pretty picture book, and a lady gave her a white apron. One little boy brought the orange he had saved from lunch, and his sister gave her a bunch of roses she had made on the voyage.

Annie was quite happy. She was not afraid at all, and was very obedient, which saved her from getting into trouble.

When she had time the stewardess dressed the child in her little blue dress and cape, tied on her bonnet, and put her on the settee with her bundle and basket beside her, and told her to sit still until she came for her.

Little Annie will find friends wherever she goes if she continues to be obedient, gentle and good-natured. Every one loves good children. "Come with me," people say to good little boys and girls.

But alas! a naughty child! No one wants naughty children near. "Run away" is the word for them.

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It's true; for ma says so, and if ma says so it is so, whether it is so or not!"

WHY I AM GLAD.

I'm glad the Bible tells us
The story of God's love,
And how it brought the Saviour
Down from his home above.

I'm glad he loves us children,
And said, "Come unto me."
O help us now, dear parents;
His lambs we want to be.

I'm glad we have dear teachers
To lead us in the way,
And tell of heaven and Jesus
On every Sabbath-day.

I'm glad for all this kindness
Which God has shown to me;
So I will always love him,
And try his child to be.
—W. H. Shults.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1888.

MAKE YOUR PARENTS HAPPY.

You have no better earthly friends than your father or mother. You never will have better friends than they. They love you most dearly. You ought to love them. You ought to try to make them happy. They have so many cares and trials to burden them. There is so much to worry them. You could lighten their burdens and rejoice their hearts very often if you only would do so. If you notice anything in your ways or habits that annoys or displeases them, do away with it at once. If you find that you are giving them pain by certain actions of yours, or by want of gratitude to them, repent of this sin, and henceforth strive to please them. They know much more of the world than you do. They know what is right or wrong better than you do. You ought to give up to

them. You ought to study how to please them. You ought to honour them for God's sake, since they are over you in God's stead. "We should fear and love God, that we may not despise our parents and masters, nor provoke them to anger; but give them honour, serve and obey them, and hold them in love and esteem." If you want to keep the fifth commandment, do your best to make your parents happy.
—*Child's Paper.*

NOT SO WITLESS AS HE APPEARED.

EVERY one will see the point in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short statured straight-haired, copper-coloured Indian, going back to the reservation, after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes, which fitted him badly, and a paper collar, without a necktie. He attended strictly to his own business, and was unmolested until a young sprig came into the smoking car from the sleeper. 'An Indian, I guess,' said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting with strange gestures, 'Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha? Pawnee? See great father? Have drink fire-water? Warm Injun's blood!'

"The copper-coloured savage gazed at the young man a moment, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said with good pronunciation, 'You must have been reading dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the east, at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No, I do not drink whiskey. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whiskey-flasks about with them in their pockets.'

"The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much crest-fallen young man retired to the sleeping coach."

COURTENAY'S CHESTNUT-PARTY.

"MAMMA, can I have a birthday-party?" asked little Courtenay Price.

"Aren't you tired of birthday-parties, Courtie? Suppose you have something else this time?"

"Well, mamma, this party is to be something else," said the little girl eagerly; "I want to ask Aunt Esther's mission-school class, and nobody else. They don't have any tea-parties to go to, mamma."

"Very well," said mamma; "but what will Gertie and Blanche and your little friends think if they are not asked to your feast?"

Courtie looked puzzled, but held to her first plan: "I'm afraid to ask the Bayl School girls, mamma, 'cause my other little companies would be so shy: they wouldn't play and wouldn't have any nice times. I don't think Gertie will mind, and I'll explain to Blanche."

I am afraid the nine little mission-class "companies" would have been very shy, at any rate, in Mrs. Price's parlour. Some house but papa got a big two-horse waggon for his part of the frolic, and took them all out after chestnuts; and you know nobody can help having fun gathering chestnuts.

When the little pickers were tired they sat down in a circle on the hillside to wait for the lunch Mrs. Price was getting ready. While they were waiting Courtie began a game of "cross questions and silly answers," and the little folk laughed till they had to roll over in the grass.

You know how to play that, don't you? Mary James went around and whispered in every little ear, "I give you an apple" or a "horse," or anything else she pleased, and then Courtie went around and whispered in the other ear, "You must sell it," or "You must eat it," or something like that.

"What did Mary give you, Tottie?" they asked a wee little girl sitting in her brother's lap.

"She dived me an owange," answered the baby, "and Charlie says I mus' frow it away; but I want to tate it to my mamma, 'cause she's sick."

"So you shall, darling," laughed Courtie; "you shall take her two."

I think that was the sweetest birthday Courtenay ever spent.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls: one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is a kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Which will our readers, by God's blessing, strive to be?

THE curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.

WHO IS IT?

THERE is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?
Who has a welcome
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low—
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess—
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is—Cheerfulness.

DAN'S JOB.

"WHAT'S the matter, Dan? Don't you like your job?"

"No, Mother Martin," said the market-boy; "I don't like it one bit."

"Well, now," said the good old fruit-woman, whom everybody called "Mother Martin," "I wouldn't be after calling it a tough job, at all."

"It's tougher than you think," said Dan, shaking his head.

"You see Mr. Small gave me orders as to how I was to sell this basket of pineapples. Says he, 'Look sharp, boy, and see that you work off this stale fruit with the rest. When a customer comes, pick 'em out a fresh piece and tell them they're all like that, the whole lot; when you get an order for half a dozen, put at least two of this kind in. Look close, now, and mind your business.' That's what Mr. Small said, but lying ain't any part of my business, and I've got to lose my job."

"Sure, and you took a good while to think so; why didn't you be after telling Mr. Small right off you wasn't for that job?"

"Why he took himself off before I could say 'Jack Robinson;' but there he is now: I'll go and catch him."

Dan sighed as he went on this errand; jobs were very scarce now, and the sick mother at home needed every penny he could earn.

As dark came on eight or nine hours later, Dan bounded into his mother's room with a very bright face; "What do you think, mother? I've a steady job driving a cart—five dollars a week, and more by an' by."

Then he told her about the pineapples "And instead of giving me a kick as I expected," said Dan, "when I told him I couldn't sell bad fruit, Mr. Small gave me a knowing look, and says he, 'If that's the timber you're made of, maybe I can trust you to drive my cart and bring back the money you get.' So there I am, mammy, ain't you glad?"

"I am glad of several things," said his mother, smiling. "Do you know, Dan, that being honest is one of the forms of godliness that have 'the promise of the life that now is,' as well as for that better life to come?"

"Yes," said the boy; "that promise has come true to me already."

LAUGH WHILE YOU SOW.

WHEN the editor was a child about eight years old he was sent by his mother to the garden to sow a bed of parsley-seed. An old lady present said, "You must laugh while you sow, and the seed will come up better." So the child-gardener went and sowed his seed, laughing all the while as if something very funny was transpiring. In due time the seed came up, and a bed of parsley, rich, green, and beautiful, rewarded his expectations. Perhaps the laughing had nothing to do with the rich luxuriance of the bed. Perhaps the parsley would have grown just the same if the sower had winned instead of laughed. Let all this be so, and still one thing is certain: There is an immense gain in going cheerfully to one's work. The man who laughs or whistles, or sings will gain a crop of sunshine and joy, even though failure may sometimes attend his work. In the shop, in the field, in the store, in professional life, the cheerful man will always be immensely better off than the whiner and complainer. The men and the women who sing at their work will not only perform a larger amount, but they will perform it more easily, and the quality of the work will be better when it is done.

JOHNNIE'S DECISION.

JOHNNIE had been having a fine time at Frank's birthday party. When supper was ready, they all sat down to the pleasant table with its cake and nuts and fruit. Johnnie tasted of the clear, white jelly by his plate, and thought it very nice indeed, but just then he heard some one say it was wine jelly.

Now Johnnie was a strong temperance boy, but the jelly was very tempting. He hesitated a little, and then asked Frank's mamma to excuse him from the table for a few moments. He hurried home and ran into his mother's room.

"Mamma," he said, "there's some wine

jelly on the table, and I've tasted it, and it's very nice. What shall I do?"

"Well, you know, Johnnie, what you and I think about these things," said his mother.

"But, mamma, tell me what to do."

"No, myson, I can't do that," said mamma, very gently. "You must decide for yourself."

"But, mamma, I wish you'd just tell me."

"No, Johnnie," replied mamma again, while she sent up a little thought-prayer to God that her dear boy might be "kept from the evil."

Johnnie thought for a moment, and then ran back to the party. When he went to bed that night his mamma asked: "Well, Johnnie, what did you do about that wine jelly?"

"I didn't touch it, mamma," said Johnnie, bravely. "And when they asked me if I didn't like it, I said, 'Yes, but I've signed the temperance pledge.'"—*S. S. Advocate*

GOD'S LOVE.

"SEE the pretty birdies," said little Hetty. "Those are not birds," said her sister Polly; "they are butterflies."

"Can butterflies sing?" asked Hetty.

"No, I guess not," said Polly.

"What can they do?" said Hetty.

Well, I don't know," said Polly; "I guess we'd better go and ask mamma."

So they toddled into the house, and Polly said, "Mamma, what do butterflies do?"

"Nothing except fly about in the sunshine, I guess," said mamma.

"But, mamma, you said everything that God made is good for something."

"So I did," said mamma; "and aren't the butterflies good to look at?"

"Yes," said Polly. "They're just the colour of gold."

"And the sunflowers are gold too," said little Hetty.

"That must be because they stay in the sunshine," said Polly.

"And what do those beautiful shiny things make you think of, dears?"

"Oh, just—that I like them," said Polly.

"They make me think," said mamma, "of how God is to make so many sweet and beautiful things just for us to look at. They tell me that he loves his children and wants to make us happy. He has made plenty for us to eat and to wear, and besides that he has made so many things just for us to look at and enjoy. Think of it, my darlings, whenever you see a flower or a bird or a butterfly. They are made because God loves us. Don't you think we all ought to love a Father who is so loving and kind to us?"



NEW ZEALAND

"Oh, New Zealand's wooded
 mountains
 Deeply Blue, faces of Luzzy
 stripes,
 But sweeter than the hounding
 of a dog,
 Does the song from holy lips.
 "By blood of Jesus come to us
 So deeply stained with brother's
 blood;
 Our hearts will give to Him who
 gave us
 Deliverance from the fiery flood."

"BY-AND-BY."

THERE'S a little, mischief-making
 Elfin, who is ever nigh,
 Thwarting every undertaking,
 And his name is By-and-By.

What we ought to do this minute
 "Will be better done," he'll cry,
 "If to-morrow we begin it;
 Put it off," says By-and-By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
 Will his faithless guidance rue;
 What we always put off doing,
 Clearly we shall never do.

"OLD PATCH."

A poor boy was attending school one day
 with a large patch in the knee of his trousers.
 One of his school-mates made fun of him
 for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one
 of the boys; "I'd give it to him if he called
 me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose
 I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For
 my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to
 keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch
 for her sake."

That was noble. That boy had the cour-
 age that would make him successful in the
 struggle of life.

"FEELS SO MISERABLE."

ALICE "feels so miserable!" Is it any
 wonder? There is a poison plant grow-
 ing in her soul—one poison-stalk, and five
 poison-branches. It is enough to make the
 strongest feel most miserable, send them to
 bed, and move their friends to call in the
 doctor.

The five poison-branches, let us name
 them: discontent, greed, mortification, dis-
 like, disparagement. These all grow out of
 one parent stalk, envy.

Alice is a poor singer, and this poverty
 leads to discontent. Jennie is a good singer,
 and what a greed Alice has for that superior
 voice! There is mortification when her nip-
 ped voice makes its squeak beside Jennie's
 rich, full tones. What a dislike Alice has
 for the owner of that fine voice, and what
 disparagement of Jennie as a singer Alice
 shows in her comments on that voice!

Five poison branches out of one stalk;
 and if there is not strychnine enough in
 them, we may be able to trace another
 poisonous outshoot; but there is enough to
 vitiate any character. You may know of a
 singer thus poisoned. "Send for the doctor
 at once," do you say?

No; the best remedy is a grip of Chris-
 tian love and common sense on that poison-
 ous old plant; then, tugging at it vigorously,

pull it up by the roots! If Jennie is
 a canary, and you are not, then be thankful
 that the world is richer for that one sweet
 voice, and that you have such resources in
 the love of Christ that you can be contented
 to be just what he has made you. No matter
 how destitute of gifts you may be, if the
 King will only let you stand in his presence
 and will crown you with his love. In his ear
 your satisfaction with him will make a music
 constant, even if inaudible to the world.

WHAT?

WHAT was it that Charlie saw to-day,
 Down in the pool where the cattle lie?
 A shoal of the spotted trout at play?
 Or a sheeny dragon fly?

The fly and the fish were there indeed;
 But as for the puzzie—guess again!
 It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
 Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed;
 Who knows but a bee had fallen down?
 Or a spider, swung from his broken thread,
 Was learning the way to drown?

You have not read me the riddle yet,
 Nor even the wing of a wounded bee,
 Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
 Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you that have grown so wise,
 What could the wonderful sight have been?
 But the dimpled face and great blue eyes
 Of the rogue who was looking in?

THE ONE GIFT.

THERE is one gift which we may all make
 to God, and which he will value more than
 anything else we can possibly offer to him.
 It is that to which he refers when he says
 "My son, give me thine heart." If we have
 millions of money, and should we offer it
 all to God, it would be worth nothing to him
 unless we first gave him our hearts.

A little Sabbath-school girl brought
 present to her teacher of a bouquet of beau-
 tiful flowers.

"And why do you bring me these?"
 asked her teacher.

"Because I love you," was her quick reply.

"And do you bring anything to Jesus?"
 her teacher then inquired.

"O yes," was her reply; "I have given
 my heart to Jesus."

That was a beautiful answer. And that
 is just what Jesus expects each one of us
 to do. He wants us to remember him in
 our youth, and to give him our hearts, as
 this little girl had done. And he wants us
 to do this for his own sake, and out of love
 to him. And then everything we do for
 him, and everything we give to him, will be
 pleasing and acceptable to him.