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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

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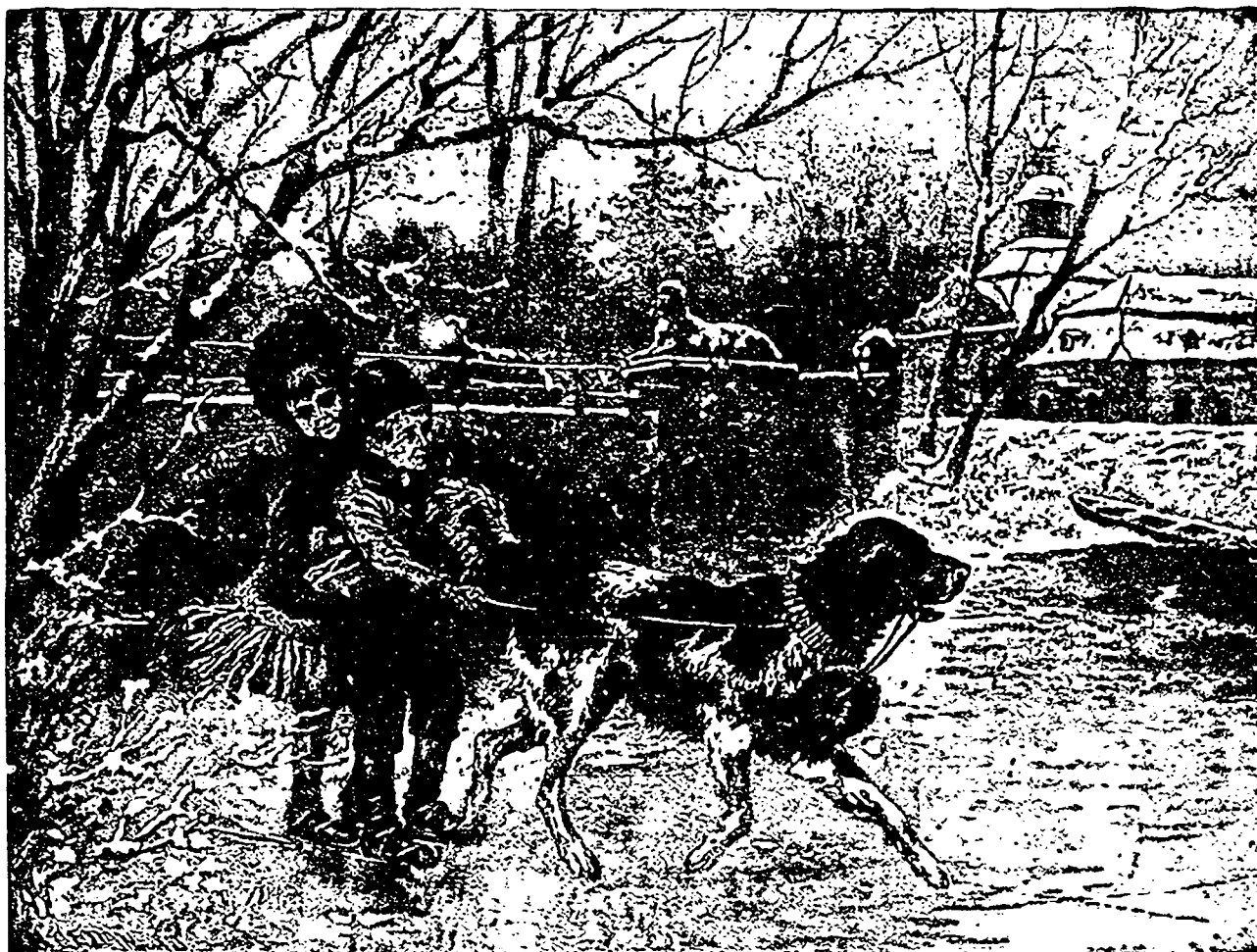
WINTER SPORTS.

Our little friends are having rare sport on the ice. The old dog drags them along very nicely. In what a funny way he carries his young mistress's muff. This scene is in Germany. Notice the queer

A LITTLE CHILD'S OFFERING.

A LITTLE girl seven years old died in Philadelphia a year or two ago. When the doctor told her that she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church, and gave him her little savings bank.

child," he said solemnly, "it shall be done, with God's help." When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the pittance it contained on the pulpit and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward



WINTER SPORTS.

German style of the houses, and the outline of snow on the stone figures on each side of the bridge, under which the little river flows.

OBEDIENCE always tends to strengthen faith.

"Open it," she said. There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for poor people. Poor people, mind, who sit in the back seats of our church. They must not pay anything. I want all the seats free." The clergyman took the money. "My

with his offering. Children came, women also, and the poor with their mites. A week or two ago, the completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God who willed that the widow's mite and the poor child's offering should not fail of their errand.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

God, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

—Good Words.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I SHALL give *that* to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box. "Why," Susie asked. "'Cause it's *gold*. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus?" Stillness for a little, then Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him and give him just what he asks for?" "What's that?" Billy asked; and Susie repeated softly, "My son, give me thine heart."

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

"I WOULDN'T do that," said one clerk to another, whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work.

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it?" was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "Writers to the Signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and in a few minutes the master saw a porter run in the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcels.

Seizing his hat, the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet, and walked in rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached, and the door bell rung, the youth called out,—

"Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion, as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.

GOD SAYS WE MUST NOT.

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 ask a few questions. "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?" "Oh!" 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 send us to prison." "And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?" "Because," looking meekly up at her mother, "because God says we mustn't." "Right, love," said her



WAITING ON MAMMA.

mother; "that is true and the best reason that can be given. What God forbids we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are his own words. If ever you should be asked by anyone you know what you should not do what is wrong let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—'Because God says we mustn't'."

WAITING ON MAMMA.

EMILY'S mamma is sick. She lies in her room upstairs, and suffers from pain and fever. Emily waits kindly on mamma. She takes her food to her every day, and helps her to the things while she eats. She loves her dear mamma very tenderly. Her mamma says she would not know what she should do without such a dear little daughter.

WHERE DO THE BIRDIES GO?

MAMMA, where do the birdies go in the winter? I will tell you, Effie. In autumn when the winds begin to blow cold, many of them go far away to the South where never gets cold. You know there are countries where it never snows, where there is no winter, and no ice. There the trees are green all the year. The birdies go to those lands, and when we have winter here they are singing there among the green leaves of the trees. God teaches them when to go, and which way to fly.

THE Church of God hath for its port the Cross—its suburbs Calvary—its baptism the tear of Penitence.



I AM SAFE.

I AM SAFE.

WE don't know what the game is the little girl is playing; perhaps some of our young readers do. It is a very pretty picture at any rate.

"HOW OLD MUST I BE?"

A LITTLE child once said, "Mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now, always shall;" and she kissed her mother. "But you have not told me how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; and she kissed her mother again. "But tell me what I want to know;" and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be any older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.—*Selected.*

THE LOST KITE.

A VERY pretty anecdote is told of the late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates the man's simplicity of heart. Says the narrator:

One morning, many years ago, after reaching the office and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked, "I cannot get along this morning."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy flying a

kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite. But I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him."

This tenderness of conscience went far toward making the poet the kindly, noble, honourable, and honoured man that he was, whose death was felt as a loss throughout the land.—*Little Christian.*

SO HAPPY.

I'm really just as happy
As ever a child can be—
As happy as a spring bird
When it sings up in a tree,
And as happy as the little brook
That dances to the sea.

I'm really just as happy
As ever a child can be—
As happy as the singing brook
That dances to the sea,
For everybody loves me so,
And God is good to me.

ABLE TO WORK WHEN TIRED; OR,
A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY MARY E. DUSTIN.

YOU have no idea, boys and girls, how much of the best work of the world is done by those who were tired before they began it. The nicely-ironed linen you wear, the clean and tidy room that welcomes you home from school, the nice stories you read are many of them the product of labour done by weary hands and heads. Almost any one can work when they feel fresh and rested, but it requires determination and force of will, moved by love or duty, to go right on after energy, bone, and sinews beg for repose. The people that are of most account in the world are those that can work when they are tired; they are those that parents, employers, and customers can depend on to keep their promises and be faithful in their duties. Now the ability to do this is, of necessity, partly physical. The strongest will and the most conscientious soul cannot give strength to the body when it is once entirely exhausted. So if you want that power of endurance which helps to make useful and reliable men and women you must not ruin your constitutions by rich and unhealthy food, the use of tobacco, and, above all, you must never touch anything that can intoxicate. Alcohol takes the power out of nerve and muscle, besides weakening the will and deadening the moral sense. Be self-denying and temperate, and you will leave far behind you in the race of life the self-indulgent and intemperate.

GOD IS LOVE.

THE sun is shining on the hill,
And on the water, bright and still,
That scarcely ripples in the breeze
So gently stirring through the trees.

The sky above us looks as fair
As if no clouds were ever there,
And happy voices join to say,
"How perfect is the summer day!"

'Twas God who gave the sky its blue,
And formed this rippling lakelet too,
Where little boats may glide along,
While oars keep time with mirth and song.

He made the beauty of the day,
And led us in this pleasant way;
On every leaf and blade of green
The work of God's own hand is seen.

And many lessons we are taught
By all the wonders he has wrought,
For they are traced in lines as clear
As if the words were printed here.

Though some are written on the sky,
And some in depths of ocean lie,
To-day our lesson from above
Is plain and easy—'GOD IS LOVE'

A LITTLE RAG PICKER.

A HEAP of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker was there, snipping and making all the litter she could—Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie sidged for a minute with her new broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more, she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up, but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little, and she didn't like to any way. But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door in a shiny green cart, lettered with gold, and among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered too.

"O Auntie!" screamed Phenie in the greatest of delight, "Can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.

After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger, "four cents a pound."

Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.

"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie!"

"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed door a bag stuffed full of rags.

"Here they are, Phenie," she said.

Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags. "The pail's yours," he said; "and two cents over. Many a little makes a deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her pail with her two jingling coppers.—*Temperance.*

SAY "NO."

"Alice, what will you say when they offer you wine at dinner?" asked Dick.

"I shall say 'No, thank you.'"

"Suppose for politeness sake, we take a sip."

"O Dick, you don't mean it! Think how we promised mamma we wouldn't! Think of the trouble intemperance brings!"

"I'm not talking about intemperance," said Dick, impatiently. "just about a sip."

"But one sip might lead to more, don't take a sip, dear brother."

"Cousin Mary will look, and Louis will think 'How curious!' and Albert will put up his eye glass. I hate to be looked at as a curiosity."

"So do I," said Alice. "Perhaps it won't be as bad as we think. I mean to say 'no' all the same. It would not be rude," she added eagerly. General Washington said it was not. One day near the close of our Revolutionary War, a young officer came to Philadelphia to see Washington on business. He was invited to a dinner party. A little before they were to leave the table, Washington, calling him by name, asked him to take a glass of wine. "No, thank you, sir," said he, "I have made it a rule never to touch wine."

Every one looked surprised that the young

man should refuse such an invitation from the General. He is rude, they thought. What I say "no" to Washington! Washington saw in a moment how they felt. He said "I do not want any one at my table to partake of anything against his inclination. I honour, you, sir, for refusing what you consider wrong"

"Good for the General!" exclaimed Dick.

"Good for the young man!" said Alice. "He was not sure what the General would think of him, and yet he was not afraid to do what he thought was right."

HER MAJESTY CHRISTINE.

I AM seventy, gray, and staid,
I love well a little maid,
And she rules me like a queen.
She has such a royal way,
Whatsoever she may say,
I am eager to obey
Her small Majesty Christine.

She has robes of wondrous white,
She has sashes gay and bright,
Lace and ribbon for a queen;
Golden crown is not so fair
As her crown of golden hair.
Ah, what maiden can compare
With her Majesty Christine!

I have seventy summers told;
She's exactly five years old;
Promptly still obeys mamma.
But no one has ever seen
Such a slave to any queen
As I am to sweet Christine
When she calls me grandpapa.

—*Mary A. Barr.*

THE TRUE TEST.

I HAVE read somewhere of a little girl who applied for membership in a church. She professed that a great change had come over her.

"Were you a sinner," asked the church-officer, "before you experienced this change?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"And are you a sinner now?" he inquired again.

"Yes, sir," she again answered.

"Then what has the great change of which you speak done for you?" asked the officer.

"I cannot exactly explain it," she answered, "but it is this way. Before I was a sinner *running after sin*, now I am a sinner *running away from sin*."

That is the true test. If you find yourself running away from sin instead of running after it, you are a child of God.