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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1886.

[No. 15.



GATHERING FLOWERS.

## JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

EVERY little step I take  
Forward in my heavenly way,  
Every little effort make  
To grow Christ-like day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers,  
Even little tears which fall,  
Little hopes, and tears and cares—  
Saviour, thou dost know them all

Thus my greatest joy is this,  
That my Saviour, loving, mild,  
Knows the children's weaknesses,  
And himself was once a child.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

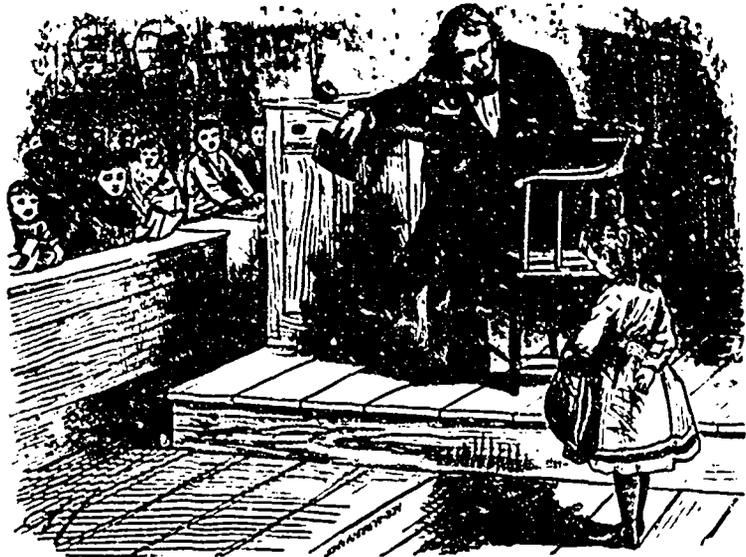
TORONTO, JULY 24, 1886.

## THE LIGHT WITHIN.

HAS it ever been a part of your work to cleanse and polish a lamp chimney? If so, then you can scarcely have failed to notice how easily deceived one is as to when the work is thorough and complete. We look at the glass, and it seems quite bright and clear, with not a blur or blemish. But wait till evening comes, and the bright flame is lighted within. Ah, how many a blur before unseen, how many a blemish unnoticed, how much less clear and stainless than it appeared in the ordinary daylight!

And it is just so with the heart. We brighten it hastily, as it were, with the usual daily devotions and imperfect self-examination, and glancing at it think it does well enough. But when something suddenly touches a match to the wick of conscience within, and there flames up the clear, steady light of God's pure law, how many a blur and spot uncleansed, how many a stain stands forth revealed, obscuring the perfect holiness which should shine forth in those who are as lights in the world.

Then, if we would know when our work



LATE AT SCHOOL.

is pure and perfect, let us light that flame within oftener, and be not satisfied with the polish which is only in outward appearance.

## THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A BOY ten years old was pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every-day sight in all our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade-tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes were in rags, and his face was pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat rolled from his head and fell on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A labouring man—a queer old man with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again; and now he saw the picture and read the story. He too knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then took from his pocket a piece of bread and some meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid them down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight, as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women, and children had seen it all. A man walked down from his steps and left half a dollar beside the poor man's

bread, a woman walked down and left a good hat in the place of the old one; a child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat; pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-faced boy suddenly awoke, and sprung up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and wept.—*Selected*

## NOT AFRAID.

I CARRIED my little boy, sick and weary, one night over by a back way to a neighbour's house where we were invited over to tea, and I had him climb on a chair and get on my back; then his mother threw a shawl around him, so that he was completely covered up, and I started out. The ground was covered with ice, and you may be sure I walked very carefully. I had the boy on my back, and I said to him as I walked along slowly in the darkness, "My son, are you afraid?" "No, papa." "Why are you not afraid?" "Because you have got me." "My precious boy," said I, "all through this dark life hold on to Jesus; he will hold on to you."

## RULES FOR TO-DAY.

Do nothing that you would not like to be doing when Jesus comes.

Go to no place where you would not like to be found when Jesus comes.

Say nothing that you would not like to be saying when Jesus comes. *The Lord is at hand.*



THE LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPER.

TWO SIDES.

A MAN in a carriage was riding along,  
His gayly dressed wife by his side;  
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they  
passed;  
The carriage and couple he eyed,  
And said, as he worked with his saw on a  
log,  
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his  
wife:  
"One thing I would give if I could—  
I would give all my wealth for the strength  
and the health  
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

WHAT TIDDIE DAY SAID.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl went one day  
to her father's friend, whom she dearly  
loved, and said:  
"Mr. Hastings; have you got a new  
heart?"  
He was compelled to answer, "No, Tiddie,  
I am afraid not."  
"Well," continued she, "didn't you know  
that you can't go up to the dood heaven and  
see Dod?"  
Mr. Hastings, although an unbeliever in  
the Bible, could not resist the little pleader,  
and Tid's simple question was the means of  
bringing him to Jesus. Here was a case in  
which strength came from the lips of a  
habe.

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy  
lived in the west of Eng-  
land. 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. O, 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 length he rose to the highest  
post 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.—*Forward.*

TOMMY BROWN.

"Ye—are—the—light—of—the—world."  
Ruthie read the verse out slowly, then  
looked up at her mother, who sat near, and  
said:

"I don't know what that means, mamma."  
Mamma smiled, but didn't answer for a  
moment; then she said:  
"Was Tommy Brown at school yester-  
day?"

Ruthie brightened up immediately.  
"Yes, mamma, he was, and he gave me a  
big, red apple. I like him a great deal better  
than I used to do. He isn't cross and hate-  
ful any more, and he doesn't get angry and  
fight the boys, either. Fred struck him  
right in the face the other day. I saw him,  
but he didn't strike back again at all,  
though I guess he wanted to for a minute,  
for I saw him raise his hand, but he didn't."

"Does he trouble you little girls any  
more?"

"Oh, mother! not a bit. You know he  
told us he was sorry, and wasn't going to  
do it any more."

"What has changed him so, Ruthie?"  
"Why mamma, you know he has become  
a Christian. He joined the church last  
Sunday, don't you remember?"

"Oh, what was your verse, Ruthie?"  
Thus recalled to her Bible, the little  
maiden read again: "Ye are the light of  
the world."

"Who was talking, Ruth?"  
"Jesus Christ."  
"Who does he say is the light of the  
world?"

Ruth studied the chapter.  
"Ye." It says "ye."  
"Read the first two verses, dear."  
"Oh, it was his disciples. His disciples!  
It says so."

"Yes, he told his disciples they were the  
light of the world. What is the light for?"  
"To—to—, why, to make things clear, to  
show things."

"And what should Christ's disciples  
show?"  
"Show that they love him," said Ruth,  
softly, after a pause.

"Yes, and that loving Christ makes them  
better and kinder, too."  
"Yes," said Ruth, meditatively, it is so  
with Tommy. Everybody knows that he  
is a better boy, and everybody says it is  
because he has become a Christian.—  
*Philadelphia.*

"PLEASE, SIR."

"SIR, do you want to know how I was  
converted; I, an old gray-headed sinner?"  
said a good old man to a minister.

"Yes, tell me," answered the minister.  
"I was walking along one day, and met  
a little boy. The little boy stopped at my  
side. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'will you take a  
tract? and please, sir, will you read it?'  
Tracts! I always hated tracts and such  
things, but that 'Please, sir,' overcame me.  
I could not swear at that kind spoken  
'Please, sir;' no, no. I took the tract, and  
I thanked the little boy, and I said I'd read  
it; and I did read it; and the reading of it  
saved my soul. I saw I was a sinner, and  
I saw that Jesus Christ could save me  
from my sins. That 'Please, sir,' was the  
entering wedge to my old hickory heart."

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.

ONE day a little girl was standing by a  
window during a heavy thunder-storm.  
Her Aunt Annie was very much afraid of  
the lightning, and told her to come away,  
lest it might strike her. But Katy answered,  
"It is God who makes it thunder,  
and he will take care of me."

## A MANLY, LOVING BOY.

He walks beside his mother,  
And looks up in her face  
With a glow of loving, joyous pride  
And a truly royal grace;  
He proudly waits upon her—  
Would shield her without fear,  
The boy who loves his mother well,  
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow  
Upon her loving cheek.  
To gain her sweet approving smile,  
To hear her softly speak,  
Ah, what in all this wide, wide world  
Could be to him so dear,  
The boy who loves his mother well,  
Her little cavalier?

Look for that boy in the future  
Among the good and true;  
All blessings on the upward way  
His feet shall still pursue!  
(Of robed and crowned and sceptred kings  
He stands the royal peer,  
The boy who loves his mother well,  
Her noble cavalier.

## "OUR VERSE."

As Mr. Lawrence was walking down town one day he noticed a boy standing before a shop-window, gazing earnestly at something within. It was the window of a book-store and the child was looking at an open Bible.

"Can you read, my little fellow?" said the gentleman, stopping.

"Yes, sir; and there's our verse."

"Verse?"

"Verse of the Bible, sir. That's a Bible in there."

"And what's a Bible, little man?"

"Why, don't you know, sir? The Bible is God's book, sir; it's the greatest book in the whole world."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know 'tis! My father says so, and my mother, and I'm sure they know; and—"

"Who are your father and mother?"

"My father's a shoemaker, sir, and there's lots of us; and my mother—"

"But how came they to know about the Bible?"

"Why, it's God's book, 'cause it's all about God; and it tells many a thing nobody could know but God; and the words in it come true."

"Come true? How?"

"My mother says she's proved 'em and tried 'em. Why, once we hadn't a thing in the house, and father was sick, and mamma prayed to God to make him well

and send us some bread, and there came a great basket of things, and some money and a doctor, and father got well; and mother said, 'Now see how God's word has come true!' He says, 'Call upon me and I will answer thee.' There's the very verse; don't you see it, sir?" and the boy pointed.

"Well, boy, I'm glad you know about the Bible and love it. I love it, too. Have you one of your own?"

"No, sir; father has a big one, but it's awful old."

"Well, I'm going in to buy you one. What's your name?"

"Allan Murdoch, sir."

"Well, Allan, come in." The boy's heart beat quick, I can tell you, when a Bible with his name written inside was given him. All his own! He could hardly believe it. And under his name was that of the good gentleman and the place where he lived.

"Allan, come and see me some time."

"I will, sir. Thank you, sir;" and the happy boy ran home hugging his Bible. It was better than gold.—*Selected.*

## A CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

A PHYSICIAN tells the following very pathetic story of the gratitude of a little German girl:

I was called one day in October to the family of a German who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a very poor man, with a large family. One of the many children, a boy of ten years, had the diphtheria. I attended the boy, and he recovered."

He had a sister two years older named Sadie, who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me for "saving brother Jimmy's life."

She always spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved Jimmy's life," and I in turn, won by her affectionate words and way, fell into the habit of speaking of her as "my good little girl." Thus we became great friends.

Not long afterwards Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to be given to me for saving Jimmy's life.

Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called to say that Sadie was much better, and that I need not call again.

But early next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside, and found that it was even so.

She knew me. Beside her in the bed under the ragged quilt, she had a small bag

of hickory nuts, gathered by her the day before at the expense of her life.

She held out the bag. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped, and in a few moments my good little girl was gone.

## ONLY ONE.

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of bees in summer weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
But only one mother the wide world over.

## DO YOU KNOW?

A POOR little street-girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered: "I'm having real good times here, ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well, but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in curiosity.

"O just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look gloomy if you knowed 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "'bout Jesus bein' born?"—*Faithful Witness.*

## LOOK UP.

LITTLE SAM came into the house with his head hanging down. "What is the matter with my boy?" said his mother. Sam said not a word, but his head went down still lower. Why do you think he hung his head? He had been naughty, and he was ashamed to look up. Ah! Sam, it is better to do right, and then you will not fear to look the great, smiling sun in the face! Look up, Sam. Confess your fault; say you are sorry for it, and try to keep right in the days to come.

KEEP aloof from quarrels: be neither a witness nor a party.