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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1886.

[No. 16



THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.—(See next page.)

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess  
—*Littell's Living Age.*

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1886.

## THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

OUR picture this month, although not on canvas nor skilfully executed in crayon, is, to our mind, a real jewel of art. Can't you see by the expression of this boy's features and his general appearance that his life-long association with those grand old mountains, and his rather rough-and-tumble mode of living have already put their impress of freedom and power upon him? The way he carries his head, the smile on his lips and in his eyes, and even the muscles in his stout limbs, bespeak happiness, energy, and a mind hid away somewhere in that rugged little frame, that will some day make itself manifest. He is one of your boys who "dare and do," there is no danger that he will rust out instead of wearing out; the very light in his eye seems to say "action!" Oh! if there is anything that we are enthusiastic over, it is

a real, manly, energetic, courageous boy—one who puts the strong individuality that he possesses to the best possible use, and withal thinks it not childish or weak to dedicate all his young powers to his Creator and Redeemer. We know not if the boy in the picture is one of Christ's young disciples or not, but we hope so, for it would be adding the needed balance to his nature, and at the same time it would lend a charm to his mind and disposition that it would not otherwise possess.

The grace of God balances a mind already good, gives to a poor one a dignity which could never be possessed devoid of it, while to the fool it gives enough wisdom to walk in the narrow way of obedience to God without erring. Surely this is a thing to praise God for.

## COULD NOT GO TO LOOK.

A GOOD many years ago, one Monday morning in a country called Wales, a good minister, Mr. Charles, met a little girl trudging through the snow. He said, "Well, my lass, ken ye the text of yesternorn?"

The rosy face clouded over, and tears came in her eyes as she said: "The storm was so bad, sir, I could not go to look."

He talked kindly to her, and found that every Sunday she walked seven miles over the hills and heather to look at the Bible, and learned by heart the text of his sermon. He went on, but he could not forget the tears of the child and the long way she travelled every Sunday to see and read a Bible. Soon after he went to London, and talked with some other ministers about getting up a society to have more Bibles in Wales than one in every seven miles.

"Yes," said another good man; "if a Bible society for Wales, why not for the world?"

From that beginning was formed (in 1804) a Bible society to print and send Bibles everywhere.

Twelve years after, the American Bible Society was formed in New York, to make and sell Bibles so cheaply that everybody could buy one, and to give them away to those who could or would not buy.

Since the little girl in Wales cried be-



LEARNING LESSONS.

cause she could not go through a snow-storm seven miles to look at one, these societies have sent out more than one hundred millions of Bibles and testaments, all over the various countries of the earth.—*Crown of Glory.*

## TWO BLIND MEN.

ONCE there were in Rome two blind men, one of whom cried in the streets of the city, "He is helped whom God helps." The other, on the contrary cried, "He is helped whom the king helps." This they did every day, and the Emperor heard it so often, that he had a loaf of bread baked and filled with gold.

The gold-filled loaf he sent to the blind man who appealed to the Emperor's help. When he felt the heavy weight of the bread, he sold it to the other beggar as soon as he met him. The blind man that bought the bread carried it home. When he had broken it and found the gold, he thanked God, and from that day ceased to beg. But the other, continuing to beg through the city, the Emperor summoned him to his presence, and asked him, "What has thou done with the loaf that I lately sent thee?"

"I sold it to my friend because it was heavy, and did not seem well risen."

Then the Emperor said, "Truly he whom God helps is helped indeed," and turned the blind man from him.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

A NEW PLAY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I PRESENT every one of my young readers has heard or read the fable so often referred to of the boy who cried "Wolf!"

I have a short story to tell you, which is not a fable, but truth. The incident happened in Middletown, Conn., between thirty and forty years ago. A party of boys had found a nice place to play, down by the river side. Tired of their old plays, they invented a new one, which they found extremely amusing.

A number of men were at work near by. One of the boys threw his hat into the water, and they screamed at the top of their voices, "Boy drowning! boy drowning!"

The men threw down their tools and rushed pell-mell to the water side. They found the boys all safe, and greatly amused at the result of their experiment.

Again and again they played the same game, either finding some new victims, or rousing the fears of the kind labourers by some new representation. At last the men had all been informed of the plot, and they were not to be cajoled or frightened into leaving their work again, to make themselves the laughing-stock of mischievous boys.

One day the boys screamed louder than ever, if possible, "Boy drowning! boy drowning! Do come."

The men kept steadily at their work, scarcely even looking up.

Some hours after this a very anxious-looking woman was seen coming down the street.

Meeting a gentleman, she said: "Have you seen my little Bennie? He hasn't been home since dinner, and I am dreadfully worried about him."

Mr. Bently had seen him going towards the river, he knew the game the boys had played, and a great dread came over him.

"I will go with you," he said.

They neared the river. The boys had disappeared. The men had either gone home, or were working quietly.

On the water floated poor little Bennie's hat—and there, too—O poor heart-stricken mother! there lay little Bennie—dead! I had this story from the gentleman who helped the mother to find her child.

Ah, boys, it is never safe to do wrong. These boys did not want poor little Bennie to drown, and they cried loudly for help. The men were near by, and undoubtedly

could have saved the child, but the boys had deceived them so often that they did not believe them when they spoke the truth.

It is an old saying, "You cannot expect men's heads on boys' shoulders."

I hope not. I should pity the man who had known no boyhood. Play and frolic, boys, while you have the heart for it, but with all your fun strive always to keep an honest and a kindly heart, and a tongue that scorns a lie, and you may hope to grow up honourable and reliable men.—*Christian Secretary.*

A YOUNG HERO.

NEARLY thirty years ago a boy who had given his heart to Christ joined the Church and partook of the Lord's Supper with the older people.

The next day he went to school and in the play hour some of those boys who carry the blood of old Cain in them formed a ring around him and cried out, "Oh! here is a boy Christian!"

What did this boy do? Get mad, kick, strike and say angry words? Not at all. He quietly looked at the boys and said,—

"Yes, boys; I am trying to be a Christian boy. Isn't that right?"

His tempters knew he was right and felt ashamed. They broke up the persecuting ring and went to play with the brave young Christian. I call him brave because there are many men who could easier storm a battery than stand to be mocked by the enemies of Jesus as meekly as that little boy did.

Where is that young hero of thirty years ago to-day? He is president of a college and preacher of the gospel.

THE SEVEN-DOLLAR THIEF.

A TRAVELLER on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you."

"It may be," thinks the traveller, "the man is in want;" and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this. God bless you! Farewell."

"Stop! stop!" cried the robber. "I see another dollar, and I must have that."

"Oh, sir," cries the traveller, "be content. Of my all—seven dollars—you have six, and I only one to help me on my journey."

"Give me that seventh dollar," cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? "The meanest thief I ever could conceive of. What is his name?" Sabbath-breaker,



PLAYING MAMMA.

THIS little girl gets her mother's shawl and bonnet on and takes her doll in her arms and pretends that she is mamma making calls.

GOD SEES ALWAYS.

'Twas evening-time and the shadows  
Were growing darker and long,  
The flowers had closed their petals,  
And the birds had ceased their song,  
When the mother tenderly laid  
Her tired boy down to sleep,  
And she told him that God would send  
His angels, a watch to keep.

And if he should die they would take  
His spirit to God above,  
To be a bright shining angel  
In that beautiful home of love.  
"But, mother," the little one said,  
In a voice of thoughtful tone,  
"I should not like God to see me  
With my little night-gown on."

Sweet child; in thy innocent love,  
Would we were all like thee;  
Only remembering ever  
That God can always see.  
And we would be always watchful  
That he may see naught but is right  
In our thoughts and words and actions,  
Whether morning, noon, or night.

LITTLE Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now, Russell," she said, drawing her face, and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "Dust you remember, never, never, to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."

## CRACKED.

"TWAS a set of resolutions,  
As fine as fine could be,  
And signed, in painstaking fashion,  
By Nettie and Joe and Bee;  
And last in the list was written,  
In letters broad and dark,  
(To look as grand as the others),  
Miss Baby Grace, her mark!

"We'll try always to help our mother;  
We won't be selfish to each other;  
We'll say kind words to every one;  
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun;  
We won't be cross and snarly, too;  
And all the good we can, we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them,"  
The children gaily cried;  
But mamma, with a smile, made answer,  
"Wait, darlings, till you are tried,"  
And, truly, the glad, bright New Year  
Wasn't his birthday old,  
When three little sorrowful faces  
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are your resolutions?"  
We asked of the baby Grace,  
Who stood with a smile of wonder  
On her dear little dimpled face;  
Quick came the merry answer—  
She never an instant lacked—  
"I don't sink much of em's broken,  
But I dess em's 'bout all cracked!"  
—*Youth's Companion.*

## STORY OF BANBEE.

BANBEE was a little heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol which was kept in her home. It was a very horrible-looking thing, with long, stiff hands, crooked legs, and a face that made one want to turn right away from it. But little Banbee prayed to this wooden image and gave it food and some of her little treasures. One day she hurt her hand very badly with some pieces of glass; and when the blood ran she became frightened and showed it to the idol and asked him to help her. At last Banbee's arm began to look red, and sharp pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her fingers. This new trouble the little girl told to the idol; but the great, dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her.

At this time a good missionary was going home; and, hearing piteous cries from the house where Banbee lived, she looked in and saw the child sitting close to an ugly idol and begging him to stop the pain in her hand and arm. She would hold her hand a moment in her well one, and then

lift it close to the great, staring eyes, as if to ask for pity and compassion, saying words you could not understand, but that meant, "See, see! help Banbee!"

The missionary had some medicine with her; for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went softly towards the little girl and took her hand, telling her she was a friend and wanted to help her bear the pain. And, as she bathed the hand in a cool wash, she told her the story of Jesus and his great love for little children—how he came to earth to save just such little ones as Banbee. And then she explained how perfectly useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood. It was indeed a wonderful story for Banbee to hear; and Jesus seemed just the friend that she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. And at last she took Jesus for her friend and Saviour, and is now telling the story of his love and tenderness to children.

## CARRIE'S HYMN.

"I WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard him speak."

So sung little Carrie as she ran lightly down the steps and along the garden-path. Over and over she sung it in her sweet, childish voice, and while she sung she felt very good and happy. But Carrie was not thinking the words down in her heart; they were only on her lips. If they had been in her heart, she would not have done what she did just after she had skipped down the garden singing.

At the gate stood a poor ragged little boy. He was peeping through the railings, and thinking how pretty the flowers looked and what a nice little girl Carrie was. He could not hear the words she sung, but the tune pleased him, and when the little girl came near he looked at her and smiled, to show that he liked her. But how grieved he was when Carrie said to him roughly, "Go away, you naughty boy, and don't stand looking in at our gate!"

At first he thought she was in play, and he said, "Mayn't I look at the flowers?"

"No, you mayn't; so go away," said Carrie angrily. "I don't like little beggars."

Then the boy went away very sadly; and Carrie's papa, who had followed her, said: "O Carrie, who was singing 'I want to be like Jesus' just now? My little girl did not think what she was saying."

Carrie hung down her head, and wished that she had not been proud and angry;

and after that day she always tried to think what the words meant that she was singing. Will you not remember Carrie, and try to live your hymns as well as sing them.

## THE LITTLE VICTORIA.

WHEN Queen Victoria was a little girl she had a governess who was very strict; but, like many other little girls, Victoria didn't like to study very well. One day she found in her history a paper from which she learned that she would probably one day be the Queen of England. She did not know this before. The governess had put the paper there on purpose to attract the little girl's notice.

As soon as she found out the grand place she would have to fill some day, she went to her governess and said very earnestly, "I will be good; I will learn all you can teach me," and from that day she was very industrious and obedient.

This was the right spirit, and we all know how it led her to become the great and good queen she is.

Now you, little children, will never be kings and queens, but if God spares your lives, all of you can become good and useful men and women, and do a great deal to help your fellow-creatures.

## NAUGHTY WORDS.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said a little boy.

"It's no matter," said another boy; "what Joe Smith says goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," rejoined the other little boy, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right, "keep them out," for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.—*Selected.*

## OUR HAND IN CHRIST'S.

A LITTLE girl lay near death; she had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but her body was racked with pain; the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her father as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling: "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

Precious faith! "Jesus will not let it go." He loveth his own and will not leave them. No power can pluck them out of his hand.

Dear reader, does Jesus hold you by the hand? If he does not, it is only because you refuse to trust him.