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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1887.

[No. 16.



BEG, TRAY.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

MOTHER'S FACE.

THREE little boys talked together
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"

One of the little boys said,

"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"

Said the second little lad,

"Was a pony at the circus—
I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,

With grave and gentle grace,

"That the prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother's face."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1887.

"BEG, TRAY."

THE little Scotch terrier in our picture is begging pitifully for a share of Master Tom's supper, which I hope he will get; and poor puss is, in her own way, also asking for her share. Tom has earned his supper by working all day at shoemaking. How would my young readers like to earn their living the same way?

NAMES OF JESUS.

JESUS says, "I am the Light of the world." You could not live in a world where there was no light, could you? You need the light that you may see to go about your work and play. You need it too to make you cheerful and bright, to warm you and help you grow. So God gives the sun to shine upon us. And as the sun gives light and all its blessings to the body, so Jesus gives light to the soul.

The Bible bids us "walk in the light." Now if you shut your eyes and turn your backs on Jesus you will walk in the dark.

Jesus also calls himself a Vine. He says, 'I am the vine; ye are the branches.' If you abide in him, that is, stay close in him, you will bear beautiful fruit.

What kind of fruit? The Bible tells us of nine fruits. The first is love; we love God and everybody around us. The second is joy; we are happy always. The third is peace; a cheerful, contented spirit. The fourth, long-suffering; we can bear all that wicked people say or do to hurt our feelings. The fifth, gentleness. The sixth, goodness; we are kind to everybody and obliging. The seventh, faith or faithfulness; doing everything right, whether people are watching us or not. The eighth, meekness. The ninth, temperance; which means not to eat or drink or work or play too much, but just enough every time.

AN ICEBERG AT SEA.

DID any of you, little readers, ever cross the ocean? If so, then you know how strange it seems to look around on every side from the deck of a vessel and see nothing but water, water everywhere.

But one day when Harry and Amy Ropes were coming home from Europe with their parents they looked out upon a great mountain that seemed only a little way off and to have risen right out of the waves. Father and mother too were gazing at the grand sight and all the people in the steamer.

"That is an iceberg," said the father, "a mountain of ice. Fortunately we are not very near it, though it looks close by. Icebergs at sea are very dangerous; many a noble ship, struck by one, has gone to the bottom in a moment."

"What a magnificent sight!" exclaimed mother, "so beautifully blue, its points all tipped with snow. See how it sparkles in the rays of the setting sun."

The waves that seemed to reflect its brightness beat around its base; it was indeed a splendid sight.

"How large!" said Harry.

"But you do not see its full size," said papa. "It is about twice as deep under the water as above it." The children could scarcely believe it.

"Where did it come from, papa?"

"From the Arctic Ocean. It is one of 'Greenland's icy mountains,' perhaps. It will sail on to warmer seas and gradually melt away."

"The sailors are always afraid of icebergs," said mamma.

"Those that trust in God need not be afraid of anything," remarked papa; "God always takes care of his children."

"SNOWBIRD."

THAT was their pet name for her. Her real name was Louise. But she was round, good-tempered and cheery that papa said she reminded him of the little brood of snowbirds that fly and hop about, chirping so contentedly, even when there is little food to be found and plenty of cold to numb their toes.

But I was going to tell you about one day when the snow lay thick on the ground, big brother Tom went with Snowbird and his cousin Anna to make a path through the snow with his big rubber boots.

These two little girls lived in the country and had to go someways to school. The shortest road was through the pasture, so papa made a nice little stile—you know what that is, steps over the fence—for them.

As I was going to tell you, this day after so much snow fell, Tom went before the girls to "scuffle" a path, but when they got to the stile they found there was a big snowdrift on the other side, and Tom said:

"I'll carry you to the school-house."

"Take Anna first," said Snowbird; "I'll wait." So there she stood on the stile alone for ten minutes, I should think, looking as patient and as sweet as could be.

Everyone loves little children who do not think about themselves first and most, but

who say, "I'll wait."

Don't you think Snowbird good and lovable?

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED IN

IN *The Heathen Woman's Friend* we find the following story told by an English missionary lady about a class of small children in China she was teaching:

"The youngest of them had by his study contrived to keep his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it as his right of possession. Growing self-confident he missed the word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him whose face expressed the triumph he felt. Yet he made no move toward taking his place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me not ma. Ah Fun's heart solly.' That little fellow meant much self-denial, yet was done thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneous from several lips came the quick remark: 'He do all the same as Jesus' Golden Rule.'"

BE GENTLE, LITTLE MAY.

I HAD a pleasant dream last night,
'Twas all about the birds
That hovered round my window high,
And sang these pretty words—
"Be gentle, little May."

They hovered round my casement frame,
Then came, then flew away;
But ever to my listening ear
The same kind words they say—
"Be gentle, little May."

And when at morning I awoke,
I felt so calm and mild,
I thought the angels, mother dear,
Had whispered to your child—
"Be gentle, little May."

So mother, I must gentle be,
And ever bear in mind,
The song the birds sang in my ear,
In voices sweet and kind—
"Be gentle, little May."

And God will bless me if I try
To do his holy will;
And like the birds my heart must sing,
In kindest accents still—
"Be gentle, little May."

A WORK OF PREVENTION.

Now is the time when the birds are busy with their housekeeping plans. With what care they choose the spot where the little home is to be built! How patiently and hopefully they work to finish it off with dainty neatness. How gladly the mother-bird gives up her freedom to brood over the precious little eggs, which come along in good time!

Who can have the heart to frighten, or in any way distress, the birds?

But there are boys, yes, and sometimes girls, who are thoughtless enough and cruel enough to trouble these innocent little creatures. Sometimes they steal eggs from the nest, and sometimes they even break up the happy home.

Who will try to prevent as much of this cruelty as possible this season? Appoint yourselves officers or agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds, and by gentle words and kind deeds try to help the birds to have a season of delightful peace.

Do you know a boy who stones birds? Do you know one who robs birds' nests?

See what you can do to influence him to leave off. Perhaps you can start a real little "Society," and get him to join.

You will try to do something about it, of course.

A HARD BATTLE.

"A BOX, a box, for Reeve and Marcia!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the north. "And all the way from Chicago, too, and from Aunt Emma, I do believe."

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colours. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, showed them to be full of sugar-plums. But these lovely boxes were very frail; and in their long, rough journey one of the covers was badly crushed.

"Sister can have that; I'll have the good one," said the little boy at once.

He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little fellow.

"My dear," said mamma, "would you do so selfish, so unmanly a thing as that? Go away and think about it."

"I don't wish to think about it. I don't wish to think about it," he replied excitedly. "I want the good one."

After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room, his face flushed, and he looked very unhappy. It he chanced to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, he was so busy reading his newspaper.

After walking awhile, he went to the other side of the room where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He was very fond of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:

"Wipe my tears! kiss me!"

So now, when his dear mamma did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories; and she called him her "blessed boy." But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting that she took no notice of him whatever. This was dreadful!

He climbed up into a chair and sat down. An evil spirit seemed to whisper, "Don't give up;" and so he began again his miserable walk. For nearly an hour did this little boy fight his terrible battle with selfishness, until, at last, he could stand it no longer. He came to mamma, and said in a pleasant voice:

"I will take the broken one; sister can have the perfect one."

Then, when papa and mamma had kissed him, and he had rushed into grandma's loving arms, what a load of unhappiness was lifted from his heart!

AN UNWASHED PRINCE.

THE Crown Prince of Russia was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he was ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his children came to him, and said:

"Your Highness, I must complain of the little prince. He refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the Crown Prince. "We'll remedy that. After this, let him go unwashed."

Now the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family—children and all—whenever they pass. The day after, the little four-year-old prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry-box where a grim soldier was posted, the man stood rigid, without presenting arms.

The little prince, accustomed to universal deference, looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently, another sentry was passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little prince angrily spoke of it to his governor, and they passed on. And when the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, who none of them saluted the prince, the little fellow dashed into his father, exclaiming:

"Papa! papa! you must whip every man in your guards! They refuse to salute when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince." After that, the boy took a shower bath every morning.

LITTLE RUBY.

LITTLE three-year-old Ruby had a favourite doll, her constant companion in all her travels about the house and grounds. One day an accident—such as comes to all dolls sooner or later—befel this beloved one, and the sawdust began pouring out in a tiny stream, marking with a narrow brown trail the path of the little feet as they pattered over floor, paved walk, or grass, until finally the plump body clasped in the loving little arms became a limp and crumpled piece of cloth. Then such a wail went up from the little broken heart when she beheld the forlorn-looking object which had once been her beloved dolly. But mamma comforted her, and explained the hidden mysteries of doll anatomy; and in time the tears were dried, and visions of dolly made new fitted through the childish mind. Soon after this a baby brother came to her, and when she saw him for the first time she looked long and earnestly at him, and then asked: "Mamma, have he got sawdust in him?"



THE CAMEL.

THE CAMEL.

EVERY one is interested in the camel. It is like looking at the elephant, or monkey; one never gets done. Camels are so very different from our familiar animals that they cause us to stand in awe as we study their peculiar build, and the uses to which they are put, and the adaptation to the times and places they occupy. They are specially adapted for carrying burdens, and their endurance enables them to make long journeys across the desert.

The hump on the camel's back is a wonderful provision of nature, to adapt the animal to the endurance of long abstinence from food, or subsistence on very scanty supplies, to which it is often subjected in the desert, and without a capacity for which it would be comparatively of little value to man; and the wide deserts across which he journeys and transports his merchandise by its aid would be altogether impossible. The hump is in fact a store of fat, from which the animal draws as the wants of his system require; and the Arab is very careful to see that the hump is in good condition before the commencement

of his journey. They often carry from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. The use of the camel for transporting passengers and merchandise has given it the name of the "ship of the desert." A caravan sometimes contains 1,000, and sometimes even 4,000.

The pace of the camel is very uniform, but slow. Its power of endurance is great, and hence, makes long journeys with comparative ease. It lives from thirty to forty years.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

A PARABLE is a short story told to teach a lesson.

The story of Lazarus was told by our Lord to his disciples.

Lazarus was a poor sick cripple who lay by a rich man's gate to beg.

He held up his bowl to the proud rich man; and the rich man would not look at him, but held away his mantle as if he did not wish to touch him.

When these men died, Lazarus, after all his sufferings, was taken to Heaven, but the

rich man went to the place of torment and there he who would not help poor Lazarus on the earth begged that he might come to bring him a drop of water.

What do you think Jesus meant to teach in this parable?

That he wishes those who are able, to help the poor and sick; that he waits with tenderest love to take his people who are poor and suffering here to be with him; that we should not think much of fine clothes and rich living, which we must leave when we die.

Read Christ's own words in Luke xii and perhaps you can learn still more from his lesson.

THE BABY.

ONE little row of ten little toes,
To go along with a brand-new nose;
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs—
That are just as good as sugar-plums,—
That's Baby.

One little pair of round new eyes,
Like a little owl's so big and wise;
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south,—
That's Baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands so in his way;
A brand-new head, so very big,
That seems to need a brand-new wig,—
That's Baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes!
How much we love them nobody knows,
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin;
What a shame he isn't a twin!—
That's Baby.

SPEAK GENTLY.

A YOUNG lady had gone out for a walk but forgot to take her purse with her. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needles, books, etc.

"I am sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl, and then, as she passed, she said again, "I am very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh, miss," said the little girl, "you have done me as much good as if you had. Many persons that I meet say, 'Get away from you!' but you have spoken kindly to me and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor."