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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1889.

[No. 11.

THE NEW BABY.

BERTHA was delighted one morning, when she came into her mamma's room, to find a dear little new baby lying in her crib.

"Your little sister, Bertha," said mamma.

"O mamma!" was all little Bertha could say in her surprise and delight; and "my 'ittle sisser, my dear 'ittle sisser," was all she could talk about. She had to tell every one that "mamma had another 'ittle Bertha."

"We won't call her Bertha, dear; mamma couldn't have two Berthas; you would not know whether I spoke to you or her."

But Bertha couldn't quite understand.

"We will call her Grace, I think," said mamma, "if papa is willing."

So when papa came in Bertha's arms were about his neck in a moment. "Papa, papa, mamma's got a new 'ittle Bertha, and we're going to call her Grace."

"What for?"

"So we'll know when mamma calls this Bertha and when she calls the new one."

"And papa will want to know which little girl he kisses. Surely we must have



BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NEST

some way to tell you apart," said papa, smiling.

"And when I say my p'ayers, papa."

"Well, what then?"

"I ask, 'God b'ess Bertha and make her a good 'ittle girl,' and now I can say, 'Grace my 'ittle sisser too.'"

"Well, I guess that will be about the right way. Now do you know what will happen soon? Grace will open her little eyes and look at Bertha to see how she behaves. If she is good and minds mamma, then the little sister will do just so. But if Bertha is cross and naughty, I am afraid Grace will be too. The new little girl will do just as the old little girl does."

"O papa' the old 'ittle girl will be good, good, good!"

AN ODD SAYING.

We often read of the odd sayings of children, and know not whether they are true or false. The following may be relied upon.

At family worship a day or two ago, reading of Cain, in the New Testament, I turned to my little girl with the inquiry, "Who was Cain?" To which she replied, "Adam's eldest son, who killed his

brother Abel." Then turning to little Robbie, I asked, "Who was Abel?" He thought a moment, then boldly answered, "Adam's youngest son, who killed his brother Cain."

THE OUTCAST.

ARTHUR BAKER.

Poor little outcast found dead in the street,
Bare was his head, and no shoes on his feet.
White with the snow was his curly black
hair,

Clasped were his hands as though lifted in
prayer.

Homeless and friendless, unheard his last
call

Savo by the ear that is open to all;
O'er his wee form had the snow and the sleet
Gathered themselves as a covering sheet.

Homeless no longer, for Christ in his love
Took him away to the bright home above;
Home where earth's hunger and thirsting
are o'er—

Home to his Saviour and joy evermore.

Take him up tenderly, carry with care,
Breathe o'er his form for the outcasts a
prayer,

He now is free from all sin and all strife—
They are still fighting the battle of life.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1890.

THE JESUS-TEACHING.

At a meeting in Japan where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was,—“How to glorify Christ by our lives.” One of the girls said: “It seems to me like this: One spring my mother got some flower seeds, little, ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in and seeing these flowers said, ‘Oh, how beautiful! I must have some, too; won't you please give me some seed?’ Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she

saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed. And so with Christianity. when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: ‘We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.’ But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, ‘How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?’ When they hear that 'tis the Jesus-teaching, then they say ‘We must have it, too!’ And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends.”

A BOY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

“WELL, what is it, my boy?” asked Mrs. Leonard, as Frank came in from school one Thursday afternoon, and pettishly threw his books upon the table. Twirling his hat in his hands, Frank answered:

“It's everything, mother. You know it's composition day. Well, the subject is, ‘My Opportunities.’ I don't believe I have any opportunities. I think I might write about some other person's opportunities, though. Only think, the boys have all gone over to the cricket ground this afternoon, and here I have got to stay shut up in the house to write that miserable composition. The other boys can write theirs this evening, while I am tied up to that old store. That's just the way all my opportunities slip from me—my opportunities for sport, at any rate.”

“I am glad you added that last clause,” said his mother; “but you know you could have gone with the boys.”

“Why, mother Leonard! do you think I would give up my chance of going to college for an afternoon's fun? When I promised father I would save him the expense of hiring a clerk by helping in the store evenings and Saturdays, so he could better afford to send me to college, I meant to stick to it. But, you see, the fathers of the other fellows are able to send them to college without their having to pinch and dig for it.”

“Frank, you are looking only at your opportunities for sport. Just think of some of your opportunities for making a noble, strong-minded, educated man of yourself. You forget how many boys there are who cannot possibly receive so good an education as you, because they haven't the advantage. There is Tom Howard. You have often told me what a desire that boy has for learning. And there's a whole family looking to him for support, on account of the father's intemperance. But the boy is

fast learning many things that neither books nor schools could teach him.”

“Frank lifted his face with a penitent yet eager look, and said, “Mother, I had entirely forgotten that blessed old Tom. I am afraid I have been—well, at least, cracking the tenth commandment. Preach away, ma'am!”

“I know you would come round to the right view,” she answered. “In missing the sport, you are gaining something better. By being obliged to depend on yourself in part for the expense of your education, you are learning self-reliance, which will be of inestimable value to you in your future life. I think, too, that you will improve—and are improving—your opportunities for learning, better than if you were at no trouble to obtain it. We always prize a thing that costs something.”

“Thanks for your sermon, mother,” said Frank. “I believe ‘My Opportunities’ will make a first-rate subject for a composition.”

PETER PUTOFF.

I KNOW a little boy whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons, but the boys call him Peter Putoff, because he has such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well, but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another until it is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand, the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one moment to another; and for the same reason he is almost always late at school, because he never can be made to see that it is drawing near to nine o'clock.

If letters are given him to post, they never get in in time for the mail; and if he is to go away by the boat or train, the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he defer starting till the hour be past.

He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library-book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind-hand for everything, from Monday morning until Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his own fault, and means to reform some time, but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly, that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and find him still only worthy of the name of Peter Putoff.

LITTLE MISS BRIER.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the ground ;
She put out her horns and scratched every-
thing 'round.

"I'll just try," said she,

"How bad I can be ;

At pricking and scratching there's few can
match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers
pure white ;

But all who came nigh her,

Were so worried by her,

They'd go out of their way to keep clear of
the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbour, the Violet, just over the
way ;

"I wonder," said she,

"That no one pets me,

While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus
answered he :

"Tis not that she's fair,

For you may compare

In beauty with even Miss Violet there."

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,

E'en the worms at her feet

She would never ill-treat,

And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly always so
sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway
came down,

And the mischievous Brier caught hold of
her gown ;

"Oh, dear ! what a tear !

My gown's spoiled, I declare ;

That troublesome Brier has no business
there ;

Here, John, dig it up ; throw it into the fire."

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

LITTLE NANCY.

NANCY is a wee little girl, two years and
a half old. She has soft, light hair and
wonderful eyes ! She is a great pet, and,
of course, has been supplied with toys of
every description by her grandparents and
numerous uncles and aunts.

I am afraid that it would be impossible
to tell you how many dolls she has had ;
boy dolls and girl dolls, sailor dolls and
baby dolls, rubber, wax, and indestructible
dolls. Many of them have entirely disap-
peared, and those that are left are in a sad

condition, excepting one, Violet, a lively,
blue-eyed baby doll, in a long dress and
lace cap, which mamma has shut up in a
drawer, and once in awhile lets Nancy take
just a peep at it, until she is old enough to
take care of it.

But now that the weather is warm enough
for mamma to let her play out doors, Nancy
has found something far more interesting
with which to amuse herself than dolls or
toys.

Something alive, that squirms and
scratches and plays and cries. She found
it out in the barn and claims it all her own.
She even likes it more than her dollies, and
insists on taking it to bed with her. When
she kneels down to pray, she holds on to
the little pet, and even asks God to bless
kitty as well as papa and mamma and every-
body else.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

"Ye have done it unto me, ye have done
it unto me," sung Jenny, one Monday
morning. "There ! I'll remember it this
time, sure. But, dear me ! I'm forgetting,
after all. The teacher said we must not
only learn the words, but think of what
they mean, and try to do them.

"Let me see, now," and she pressed her
chubby hands to her forehead ; "teacher
said : 'If we gave a cup of cold water to
one of his little ones, for the Saviour's sake,
he would say, 'Ye have done it unto me.'
I don't s'pose I know any of his little ones,
but I'll try if I can find 'em."

She ran into the kitchen, where, on the
dresser, she spied a large bowl, which was
used to mix cake in.

"Ah !" thought she, "the Saviour is
pleased if we give his little ones a cupful of
water ; he'll like a bowlful better still.
Bridget, may I take this bowl awhile ?"

Bridget, who was busy with her washing,
did not turn her head, but said,—

"Oh, yes ; take what you like."

Jenny lifted the big bowl down very
carefully ; but how to fill it was the ques-
tion. She did not want to trouble Bridget ;
besides, she had an idea that she ought to
do it all herself.

A bright thought struck her ; taking the
cup that always hung on the pump, she
filled it several times, and poured it into
the bowl.

"It's cupfuls, after all," she thought.

It was almost more than she could carry
without spilling ; but she walked slowly to
the front gate. There was no one in sight,
and Jenny set her burden on the grass, and
swung on the gate while she waited. Pre-
sently, along came two little girls on their
way to school.

"Went a drink !" called Jenny.

"Yes, indeed ; it's so hot, and I'm dreadful
thirsty. I most always am. But how are
we to get at it ?" laughing as she saw the
great bowl.

"Oh, I'll soon fix that !" and Jenny ran
for the tin cup, with which they dipped out
the water.

"It tastes real good," they said, and
kissed her as they ran off to school.

The next that appeared was a short, red-
faced Irishman, wiping his face with the
sleeve of his flannel shirt, while an ugly
dog trotted at his side.

"He don't look much like 'one of the
little ones,'" thought Jenny, doubtfully ; but
she timidly held out her tin cup. He
eagerly drained it, filling it again, and
drinking.

"And it must be a blissed angel ye are,
for it's looking for a tavern I was, and now
I won't nade to go nigh one at all. And
shure, after all, water's better nor whiskey.
Might I give some to the poor baste?"
pointing to his dog.

Jenny hesitated ; she did not like the
idea of having the dog drink from her cup
or bowl. But the man settled it by pour-
ing the remnant of the water into his dirty
old hat, the dog instantly lapping it up.

After they were gone, Jenny filled her
bowl again. But I can't tell you now of
all to whom she gave cups of cold water
that hot day. But when she laid her tired
head on her pillow that night, she thought,—

"I wonder whether, after all, any of 'em
were his 'little ones ?'"

And the dear Saviour, looking down, and
seeing that the little girl had done all that
she could for his sake, wrote after her day's
work, "Ye have done it unto me."

FRED AND JOE.

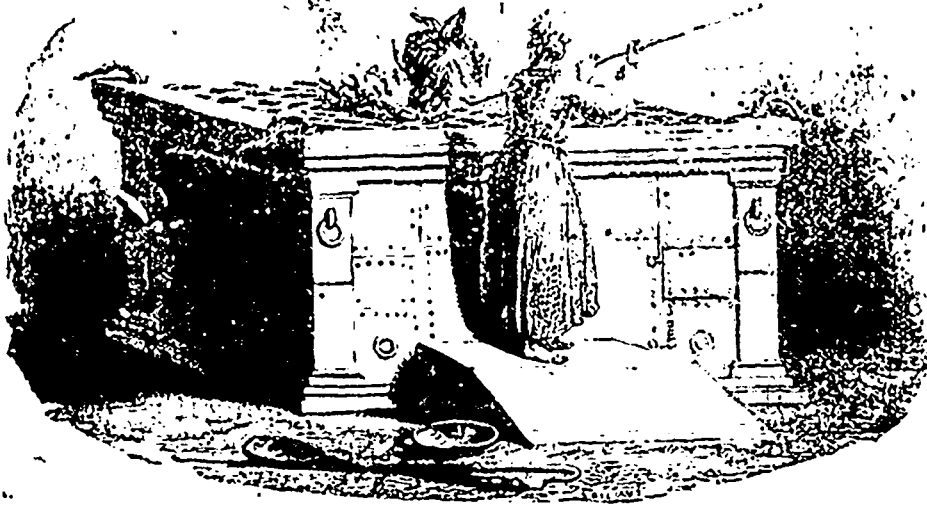
FRED and Joe are boys of the same age.
Both have their way to make in the world.
This is the way Joe does : When work is
before him he waits as long as he can, he
hates so to touch it. Then he does not half
do it. He is almost sure to stop before it
is done. He does not care if fault is found.
He says :

"I can't help it," or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes
straight to his work, and does it as soon as
he can and as well as he can. He never
slights work for play, though he loves play
as well as Joe does. If he does not know
how to do a piece of work well, he asks
some one who does know, and then he takes
care to remember. He says :

"I never want to be ashamed of my
work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a
man to be trusted ?



ALTAR OF BURNT-OFFERING.

TO THAT LITTLE BOY.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

LITTLE boy, just hear my rhyme;
You, I mean, with that bright eye.
Aren't you wondering many a time
What will happen by-and-by?

Don't you measure now and then
How much taller you have grown?
Don't you wish you were a man
With a grand house all your own?

Don't you fancy what you'll do
When you're bigger, stronger, older?
None shall be more brave than you;
Midst the bold none shall be bolder.

Don't you love to sit and pore
O'er some page of sacred story,
Where for mighty men of yore
History waves her flag of glory?

Listen, little boy, to me;
What I tell you now is true;
You can gain a victory,
You can be a hero, too.

There are dangers you must face,
You must now begin to fight;
You will need both strength and grace,
You must keep your armour bright.

Your great enemy's within;
You, yourself, are your own foe;
When you feel inclined to sin
You must conquer you with No!

Your desires are very strong;
You must hold the bridle tight,
And, when they would lead you wrong,
Pull them in and turn them right.

DIGGING THAT PAID.

"I AM going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray: and his eyes were twinkling.

He meant his three small grandsons, Hal, Herbie, and Had. So, at dinner, grandpa said to mamma.—

"I wish I had time to take that rock out of the yard there. It's a real eye-sore to me."

"Can't we, grandpa?" asked the boys. "Well—yes, if you want to," said he; "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was a good deal larger than it looked, really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie. "I'll take it out in no time!" and he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke, and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up, red and angry.

"Mean old thing!" said he; and he put his hands in his pockets and watched Hal and Had tug at it until their faces were red, too.

Then all three lifted together; but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal.

"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it, and Herbie shoveled, and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced

that the work was done; and there—there where the rock had lain were four silver dimes; one apiece and one for good luck!

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys and at that very minute grandpa walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out another rock; but grandpa thinks maybe silver dimes won't grow under the next one.

BOBBY—A TRUE STORY.

ONE day Jack's papa found a little robin in the garden. Some cruel boy had thrown a stone and hurt one of its wings so that it could not fly. He carried it in and fed it and took care of it till it was well and able to fly again.

By that time it was very tame, and seemed to love Jack and the rest of the family as well as they loved it.

Jack named it Bobby, and it knew its name and would go to Jack whenever he called it. Sometimes it would be in the garden eating berries, and Jack would stand in the window and call, "Bobby, Bobby," and Bobby would fly right in and sit on his shoulder.

One day Jack's mamma was shelling peas in the kitchen and Bobby came and sat on the edge of the basin of peas in her lap and watched each little round green pea as it fell. He would turn one little bright eye and then the other, and look just as though he wondered what the little green balls were for.

But one day when Bobby had been taking a bath, and his feathers were so wet that he could not fly easily, a cruel cat caught him.

Then O how sad little Jack felt! And all the family were just as sorry as he to lose their little pet.

BAPTISM OF JESUS.

IN those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins. Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.