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Happy Days

[VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

[No. 23.]

SHAN'T FALL.

BESSIE was a little girl whose parents had to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door," as some people say. That is, work as hard as they might, there were times when they were in want of nourishing food. But she always contrived to get something nice for her darling Bessie and her faithful dog Trusty.

Perhaps you wonder why they kept a dog if they were so poor. I have heard it said that when people are poor, they keep one dog; when they are rich, they keep many. I don't know anything about that, but I will tell you how Bessie's father and mother managed to keep Trusty.

When Bessie was a wee girl, her father, on his way home one day, saw some cruel boys trying to drown a little pup. Being tender-hearted, he had to give a sixpence, but at last he had in his pocket to them if they would give him the dog. An exchange was quickly made, and soon baby Bessie was rejoicing over her new-found treasure.

They were soon firm friends, and from that time her mother could go about her work with a feeling that baby was safe, for Trusty would guard her faster than his little mistress, and by



TRAINING A CHILD.

the time she was able to trot about, she was large enough and strong enough to take good care of her.

There was a creek near Bessie's home over

which a plank had been laid for a bridge, and Bessie never crossed this plank but Trusty would take hold of her dress, as much as to say, "You shan't fall, Bessie; I will hold you fast." One day, somehow, Bessie came to the creek without her faithful guide. When she was in the middle of the plank she missed her footing and fell into the stream. She would certainly have been drowned had not Trusty, who came up at this instant, plunged into the water, took hold of her dress and pulled her safely out.

Do you wonder that her parents did not wish to part with such a faithful creature, and often denied themselves to save something nice for him?

Was not her father rewarded for his kindness towards a poor, dumb creature?

NOBODY TO CRY TO.

"How you must have cried!" said auntie to her niece, who was badly scalded. "O, no, there was nobody there," was the candid reply, and certainly there was much of human nature in it.

Many children do not care to cry unless some one can hear, and there are some no longer children who are fond of notice even if obliged to cry for it.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

In the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are so young and fow;
Little handfuls
Help to fill the garner, too.

Toiling in the early morning,
Catching moments through the day;
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
As along our path we stray;
Giving gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Tell the heathen
Of the Lord, and Saviour's birth.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

THE PRAYING SUPERINTENDENT.

WE know of superintendents who feel the burden of their office resting upon them so heavily that they daily pray for divine aid, to help them in their work. You may be sure that these are not the men who seek the office, but rather who are sought by the office. They are not the men who so delight in place and notoriety that they yearn after the position because it gives them authority and prominence before their fellows; such men, it is to be feared, do not pray much, unless it be in public. The praying superintendent is the man who asks God for the help which no human aid can give. There is a limit to the help afforded by assemblies and institutes and commentaries. There are wants which

these cannot supply. The praying superintendent knows where these needs can be met. Yet not for himself alone does he pray. He remembers his fellow-labourers and prays for them. As a faithful superintendent, he knows somewhat of the peculiarities of every teacher, as well as of the scholars; and he asks God for the special grace needed by each one. His prayers make him sympathetic in his school; they help him to form charitable judgments of persons and events; they prompt him to greater faithfulness; and they give to all the services of the school that wondrous charm of spirituality which distinguishes the mere intellectual process of teaching from the warm, yearning, heartfelt interest in religious life which ought to be manifested in every Sunday-school.

SIX LITTLE PIGS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THERE was a new servant-girl in the kitchen of the Belmont mansion. She was a very green girl, and deplorably careless. She was always blundering; but I have only time to tell you of the funniest blunder she ever made.

One day Mrs. Belmont was told by a dear friend of hers a story that made her heart quake with fear. The lady's son, a beloved and finely educated young man, had become thoroughly dissipated. With tears in her eyes, she told Mrs. Belmont that she traced her son's downfall back to the brandy-peaches which had been eaten at his own mother's table.

"And my own little boy, only ten, is too fond of brandy-peaches, I verily believe. I should not wonder at all if that is what has caused his headache. We have so much company that the peaches have been on the table frequently of late; but they'll never be on my table again," Mrs. Belmont said, decidedly.

So she began her work of reform by emptying all the brandy-peaches she owned into a pail for refuse.

"I'll not give them away, because then they might get some other mother's boy's feet slipping; but I will throw them away, and then they will do no harm to any one," she said mentally; then aloud to Ann, she said:

"Now, Ann, remember to empty this pail into the ash-barrel, and not into the swill-barrel."

"Yessum," Ann said, paying no attention, as was her habit.

So when Ann was ready to empty the peaches, she did what she was told not to do; she emptied them into the swill-barrel,

and went back to work, unconscious that any harm was done. Very soon afterward, Jerry, the hired man, fed Dick Belmont's six little pigs with the contents of the swill-barrel.

An hour later little Dick ran into his mother, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Mamma, O mamma!" he cried, "my six little pigs are dead—my six precious little pigs!"

There was a grand rush for the pail. Yet there lay the six little pigs on their backs. What a disappointment!

Suddenly a bright thought entered Mrs. Belmont's mind. She ran to the barrel and stirred it at the bottom, where she found some slices of peaches.

"O! that stupid, provoking Ann," she said, laughing in spite of herself.

"Was it that horrid Ann that killed my six little pigs, mamma? Was it?" Dick asked with clenched hands.

"The pigs are not dead, Dick, they were drunk, became drunk on brandy-peaches," she answered soberly, for little ten-year-old Ernest came up just then and stood watching and listening. The pigs finally recovered, but lay stupid for a long time.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

ONCE it was a good custom for parents and children to walk "to the house of God in company," to sit there side by side, and to join both hearts and voices in song and worship. To some extent this custom seems to have become obsolete. Children go to Sunday-school, parents to church, and it is often the case that families are not gathered together in the house of prayer. The Sunday-school teaching is supposed to take the place of the public worship of the Lord; and the children, having attended the Sunday-school, are supposed to have done all that is expected of them.

There are, however, objections to this method, and one is that the children, attending the Sunday-school, are left unconverted, and are liable to drift away from religious service. He who "setteth himself solitary in families" is pleased to have them keep together as they pursue their heavenly way. It is not well to scatter and divide those whom God has joined together.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see

A whole assembly worship thee;

At once they sing, at once they pray,

And hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;

'Tis like a little heaven below;

Not all that careless sinners say

Shall tempt me to forget this day.

PHUSSANDPHRET.

HAVE you heard of the land of Phussandphret,

Where the people live upon woes and regret?

Its climate is bad, I've heard folks say,
There's seldom, if ever, a pleasant day;

'Tis either too gloomy from clouded skies,
Or so bright the sunshine dazzles one's eyes;

'Tis either so cold one is all of a chill,
Or else 'tis so warm it makes one ill.

The season is either too damp or too dry,
And mildew or drought is always nigh,
For nothing that ever happened yet
Was just as it should be in Phussandphret.

And the children—it really makes me sad
To think they never look happy and glad.
It is "Oh, dear me!" until school is done,
And 'tis then, "There never is time for fun!"

Their teachers are cross, they all declare,
And examinations are never fair.
Each little duty they're apt to shirk
Because they're tired or 'tis too hard work.

Every one is as grave as an owl,
And has pouting lips or a gloomy scowl;
The voices whine and the eyes are wet
In this doleful country of Phussandphret.

Now, if ever you find your feet are set
On the down-hill road into Phussandphret,
Turn and travel the other way,
Or you never will know a happy day.

Follow some cheerful face—'twill guide
To the land of Look-at-the-Pleasant-Side.
Then something bright you will always see,
No matter how dark the day may be.

You'll smile at your tasks and laugh in
your dreams,
And learn that no ill is so bad as it seems.
So lose no time, but haste to get
As far as you can from Phussandphret.

HOW A GOOD PENNY RETURNED.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

THERE is an old saying that a bad penny always returns. But I would like to tell you the story of the return of a good penny. This Penny was a dog; the very cleverest dog I ever knew, and I have been acquainted with a large number from first to last. The family that owned the dog lived in two places; or perhaps I should say that two families owned him. There was "Father Jim" and "young Jim" and Father Jim's wife, who was g . . . , of course, and

young Jim's wife and three children. Father Jim lived in the city of Athens, six miles from Grayton, where he and young Jim did business together and where young Jim lived with his especial belongings. But they were all back and forth in each other's house so often that it really didn't seem as if they were so much two families as one family in two houses.

As for Penny, he was in one place and the other place as frequently as the most of them, and fat and good-natured and fond of the children. If you came right down to ownership, Penny really belonged to the Athens folks, but I doubt whether anybody realized this.

Father Jim usually went down to Grayton saw-mill and lumber-yard on a way freight train which left at half past seven in the morning, and he returned at a little before five in the afternoon, except when Grandma was there to stay a few days. Penny always went too, riding in the caboose, sitting on a seat like the dignified, educated dog he was; all the train-men used to shake his paw as he went in and out.

I did not make a mistake when I said an educated dog. Did you ever hear a dog say his letters? Neither did I—except Penny. But if his various masters and mistresses should say, "Penny, say your letters now," he would sit up and look at them wisely. "Come," they would say; "ready!—A." And Penny would yelp one yelp that sounded remarkably like "A." "B"—another yelp. "C"—a third yelp, and so on, until the entertainment was brought to a close, because Penny made so much noise. For, laughably enough, he yelped every letter a little louder than the one before it, and the effect was quite deafening before he had gone far.

It fell out, once on a time, that Father Jim had a bad cold, and the doctor said he must not go to Grayton for ten days at least. So he obediently stayed at home, and Penny stayed also. That is, he stayed for three days. But early one morning he disappeared and did not return until night. The next day he did the same, and one of the men employed on Father Jim's train, who lived in the city, called on his way home to say that Penny had presented himself at the station for two days, entered the caboose and got off at Grayton, returning in the same manner. This was highly amusing to Father Jim, and as the trainman offered to look out for Penny's entrances and alightings, nothing was done to prevent the dog's daily trip.

But alas! after five successive trips Penny did not return at night, and though great

effort was made to find him he had utterly disappeared. The train man had put him off the car at night, and had seen him start for home, but no further traces of him were found, and at last he was given up for good and all.

A little over a year later Father Jim went to Connell's market to buy some meat. As he stood waiting for it the door opened and a countryman came in, followed by a fat dog. The dog at once sprang upon Father Jim, and by whining, rolling, and licking his shoes tried to show how much delighted he felt. The dog was Penny!

"Where did you get this dog?" asked Father Jim of the countryman, and the countryman with an honest face told how he had bought him of a boy more than a year before.

"Well," said Father Jim, "this is my dog, and he was stolen from me. I want him back again, and am willing to give what you paid for him."

But the countryman was a little slow about accepting this offer, and said perhaps it was not Father Jim's lost dog. All the men standing near became much interested about how it would end.

"Well," said Father Jim, "this is my dog and I can prove it. If you will not then give him up I shall see what law can do."

The countryman, who had no desire to go to law, said:

"Of course, if you can prove property, you can have your dog. I don't want to keep a stolen dog."

Then Father Jim turned to Penny:

"Penny," said he, "come, sir, and say your letters!"

Instantly Penny sat upright, alert and eager.

"Ready, now!" said his master, "A!"

Penny immediately gave one exciting cry. "B!" and Penny said "B," as well as he had done of old time. "C" followed, and "D" and so on until the voice of the dog was heard far down the street. Father John paused to see if the listeners were convinced.

"You may have your dog," said the astonished countryman, "and you needn't pay for him either!"

But Father Jim insisted.

"You have taken good care of him," said he, "and I am too glad to get him back to find fault about paying charges."

If you should come to see me any day, I can take you around the corner and show you Penny, and he will say his letters, as he did for my little girls the other night.

To have sweet sleep, let the conscience be pure.



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

AND Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.—Genesis xxi. 14-20.

KEEP QUIET, NOW.

BY AUNT FRANCES.

Now, do be still, you good-for-nothing little thing. Don't you see I'm busy? Here's dinner to get, potatoes to peel, and pies to bake. And who can do anything with you bothering one all the time? There, don't cry now, if I do scold you. I have to scold you just like my mamma scolds me. I am your mamma, you know.

Now you are at it again. I just can't have peace, not even one minute. How in the world am I to get on with the dinner? There! just look on the floor! All those dishes broken, just because you annoy the life out of me with your whimpering. I do wish you would go to sleep, or go out and play, or go somewhere where you won't bother me. I'm just sure my pies are going to be burnt, and all the dinner will be spoiled.

Well, well, then don't cry any more. You are my little dear, anyway. Come here to the window, and hear the birdies sing. And see, there come the horses. Now be quiet a little bit, and dinner will soon be ready. Papa will be here now in just a minute. Now wipe your eyes, and laugh, and don't let papa see that you have been crying.

THE WEST WIND.

"SEE, mamma, I'm the wind!" said Charley as he puffed out his cheeks and blew his little boat across the great Sea of Dishpan.

"Well," said busy mamma, "if you are going to be a wind, I hope you will be the clear, bright west wind, blowing away the clouds and fogs. Never be a chilly, rainy east wind."

Charlie liked the fancy; and now when the east wind is blowing out of doors, and people are dull and a little cross, he tries to make sunshine indoors. He likes to hear mamma say, "What bright weather my dear West Wind is making here in the house!"

OUR DOG BOUNCE.

HAVE you seen our dog, Bounce? I think he's one of the finest dogs out. Why, you can trust him to do almost anything. He can take the horse to water as well as any body. Just give him the end of the halter in his mouth, and he'll start off toward the water-trough, and walk along as if he knew we were trusting him with the care of the horse.

One day father left him in the field and said to him, "The Bounce, take care of my coat for me until I come back." But when he came to the house, he was detained and did not return to the field that night. He forgot about Bounce. Nobody knew what had become of him. We called and called, but no dog came. When he went out to the field next day there was a very hungry looking dog watching his coat. I call the

being a pretty good dog; don't you?

POLLY'S PICTURE.

"THEY brought me down town for a picture
And they smoothed and they straightened
my hair,

And my aunts talked a long time together
About which new dress I should wear.

"The picture's for mamma's next birthday
But the trouble you surely must see:
It never could be a good likeness
Unless 'twas *exactly* like me.

"And my hair never looks smooth
minute,
But they've wet it to make it 'more
shine;
And my dress hasn't even one wrinkle—
It don't look the least bit like mine.

"I'll just wait until the man's ready,
Then I'll muss up at least one front curl
And crease just one place in my apron,
So mamma may know it's her girl."

A BAD MARK

"I've got a boy for you, sir."

"Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"I don't want him," said the master workman; "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir? What?"

"I have met him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smoking boys."