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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1889.

[No. 15.]

OUT OF THE GUT- TER.

RAGGED, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide-open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down the begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to leer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stop and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removes one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him at the ragged school.



THE TEACHER AND HER PUPIL.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so bad!"

She has him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

mentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?" "Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral."

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engines have not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "Oh, she lives here!" Then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about till he finds what he sought. She has fainted—is dying perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away saying, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

Oh friends the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

A LADY walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly. "Why my boy," said she to the young tor-

FIVE EGGS

WASE let me peep into your nest,
 Little, cunning, wise redbreast!
 We want to count the eggs, and see
 How many little birds there'll be.

We will not take the nest away—
 We're very glad to let it stay;
 We'll count the eggs—one, two, three, four;
 And, let me see, there's just one more.

Five eggs, dear birdie, I declare—
 Five eggs to claim your watchful care,
 And by and by, five little things,
 Alive with feathers and with wings.

God taught the bird to build her nest;
 He cares for you, my sweet redbreast;
 We'll join with you in tuneful lays
 To sing our Maker songs of praise.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1889.

THE UNFAILING HAND.

A TRAVELLER following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side, and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended the other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon, and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, "That hand never lost a man." He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely.

The child of God who takes the Saviour as his guide in this world of darkness and danger, has the help of an unailing hand. Who that has ever trusted him has been disappointed? He stretches out his hand for help and deliverance. He holds us by the right hand in the midst of dangers. And he has said, "My sheep hear my voice,

and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them to me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." "That hand never lost a man;" blessed are they who can lie safely within its hollow, protected by its mighty grasp.

A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A TOUCHING incident was related to me the other day of a little girl's faith in God's promises. She had always been very precocious, loving the Saviour from the time she was taught to lisp his name.

When she was just six years old, a malignant disease broke out in the neighbourhood where she lived, and her dearest playmate and friend fell an early victim to its ravages. For a long time she was inconsolable at her loss, feeling that she wanted to die too, that she might go to be with Jesus and her little friend.

Fearing the consequences of such violent grief, her friends took her away for a visit, and one day after her return, as she sat deep in thought, her mother proposed her finishing a motto, "No Cross, no Crown," that she had been working for a present for her papa, thinking that busy fingers might divert her mind.

She worked a few moments; then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I can't work that motto to-day."

"Why not, my child?" the mother asked, holding the dear one in her arms.

"Because, mamma dear, it makes me think so much of Jennie. When I look at the cross I think of Jesus, and when I look at the crown I think of Jennie, for of course, mamma, she has now a crown of life, and is happy with Jesus."

She had recently learned the beautiful promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and showed by the application of it that she understood its meaning, and that the truth had sunk deep into her heart.

FATHER KNOWS THE WAY.

Two little children were returning with their father from spending an evening with some friends at a distance. They stayed longer at their friend's house than they at first intended. The shades of the evening had fallen, night was coming on, and before they had proceeded far a heavy curtain of murky clouds seemed drawn about them. They had to cross a moor, pleasant enough in broad daylight, but not so pleasant with

darkness around. A silence fell on all, as the father, busy with his own thoughts, took a little hand in each of his, and pressed forward.

"Johnny," whispered Amy's timid voice in her brother's ear, "are you frightened?"

"No," replied the little man, as a little man should, "not at all."

"Why, Johnny, it is awful dark," again murmured the timid little voice, this time almost with a sob.

"But, you see," returned the boy, confidently, "father knows the way."

The father had heard the low conversation, and stooping down, he lifted Amy into his strong arms, while he clasped his boy's hand more tightly.

"Thank you my children," he said, "you have taught me a lesson. I, too, am going home to my Father's house above. It is but a little way, yet often dark and dreary, so that my heart gets afraid. Still it is the best path, and when I get home I shall be constrained to declare: 'He led me by the right way.'"

As Amy's mother laid her down to rest that night, the little girl murmured very contentedly:

"Mamma, I was not one bit frightened when I remembered father knew the way."

THINGS MONEY CANNOT DO.

MANY boys and girls have an idea that money can do almost any thing; but this is a mistake. Money, it is true, can do a great deal; but it cannot do everything. I could name you a thousand things it cannot buy. It was meant for good, and it is a good thing to have, but all this depends on how it is used. If used wrongly, it is an injury rather than a benefit. Beyond all doubt, however, there are many things better than it is, and which it cannot buy, no matter how much we may have of it.

If a man has not a good education, all his money will never buy it for him. He can scarcely ever make up for his early waste of opportunities.

Neither will wealth itself give a man or a woman good manners. Next to good morals and good health, nothing is of more importance than easy, graceful, self-possessed manners. But they cannot be had for mere money.

Money cannot purchase a good conscience. If a poor man, or a boy, or a girl—any one—has a clear conscience that gives off a tone like a sound bell when touched by the hammer, then be sure he or she is vastly richer than the millionaire who does not possess such a conscience. Good principles are better than gold.—*Amor.*

"MORNING STAR" DIALOGUE.

ONCE there was a little girl,
And what do you think she had?
A bright new ten-cent piece;
And I tell you she was glad.

Once there was a little dime,
And where did it find itself?
Dropped in the mission fund,
In the bank on the parlour shelf.

Once there was a mission fund,
And where do you think it went?
It helped to pay for a mission ship,
To the heathen to be sent.

The ship went bounding o'er the sea
Till it reached the lands afar;
And because it brought such light and joy,
They called it the "Morning Star."

Once there was a heathen child,
And what do you think said she?
"I thank the girl who gave her dime
To send this ship to me."

Once there was a little girl,
It might have been myself!
That put her dime in the mission fund,
In the bank on the parlour shelf.

OUR BABY.

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying:—

"Isn't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say:—

"Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy;" and then as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!"

It's pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps when I'm big, folks will wish they had done differently. Last Saturday mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a football-match on, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, so it made no difference whether I went to it or not.

They said they would be gone but a little

while, and if baby waked up I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any cake in the pantry.

If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again the baby was awake, and was howling as if he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue used to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking-brush.

The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face; and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it.

Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw that the baby was partly black, I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should see how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language.

When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or something that don't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few weeks. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

"KEEP CLOSE TO ME."

"KEEP close to me and they cannot hurt us." That is what Charlie said to his little sister Jenny. They were going along the way and met a herd of cattle. They were both afraid; but Charlie thought if they

would just keep close together, the cattle would not hurt them. Charlie was right, for the herd passed on, and the children were safe. I want to tell my little readers of One who says, "Keep close to me, and nothing can hurt you." It is our dear Jesus who says that. Jesus is great and strong, and if we put our hand in his, and walk close by his side, nothing can ever hurt us. I wish all my little readers to keep close to Jesus.

BE IN TIME.

BE in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all;

Be in time.

If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you;

Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart;

Be in time.

In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done;
This is how the goal's attained;
This is how the prize is gained;

Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late;

Be in time.

Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan or rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatsoever you may do,

Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all;

Be in time.

Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hive;
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view—

Be in time.

MAY'S GARDEN.

MAY had a little garden, and the weeds popped their green heads up before the good seed had time to sprout. She had to pull some out every day or they would have smothered her flowers.

May's heart is a little garden, and there is good seed planted in it, but she must watch every word and thought and act, for the naughty ones are like weeds, and will smother the good ones. She does not want to raise briars and nettles where sweet flowers can grow.



CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

BAD TO-BACK-ER.

ONE day at school
 I told the boys
 'Twas wrong to chew tobacco;
 A six-year old,
 Grown very bold,
 Presumed to give his veto.
 Says he: "I saw
 A fellow chaw
 Because he had the toothache."
 'Taint never wrong
 For anyone
 To chaw that has the toothache.
 The school agreed
 With him; indeed,
 His logic charmed the urchins.
 Quite puzzled, I
 Could scarce reply
 At first to his assertions.
 A happy thought,
 However brought
 Relief from Greely's namesake:
 "Horace," I said,
 "If a girl instead
 Should chance to have the toothache,
 And want to chew,
 What should she do?"
 Like older ones by time unschooled,
 He scratched his head,
 And then he said:
 "She orter have the tooth pulled."

HIDDEN JEWELS.

A CERTAIN nobleman, for political reasons, was banished from the kingdom. On the eve of departure, he called his steward, and gave into his keeping a casket of small, but very precious jewels. Years went by, and still the nobleman was wandering in foreign lands. The steward, in failing health, still faithful to his trust, sought a place of security for the costly and precious stones. Accordingly, he cut into a tender tree, and beneath its bark hid the treasure. Many years later the nobleman was permitted to return from his long exile. The

steward was gone, but his lord knew well the secret of his deposit. Where the young tree once stood, now towered the thrifty oak, with its bark hardened and roughened by time. But well it had kept its trust. Though the firm wood had closed over it, and no eye could divine its hiding-place, it was still secure. The tree was felled, and in its very heart the gems were found, not a point broken. They flashed in the light with the same brightness as in former days, and rejoiced

the heart of the owner.

Is not each lesson of truth deposited in the mind of the young, like that hidden treasure? Is not the teacher like that faithful steward? When our Lord—now banished from his rightful realm on earth—shall come again to seek his own, may not the precious jewels which the true preacher quietly and faithfully hid, be found beautiful as ever, to the joy of their rightful owner.

GLADNESS OF HEART.

"WELL, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action of her life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and he took me."

She meant that she felt that she had no power to advance towards Christ; that she could only yield herself, and he must take her where she was, and as she was.

There was a pause, and then the mother asked once more:

"And how do you feel now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad—so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalms occurred to the mother—

"Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many sources of joy in the world. Some children are glad simply because the sun shines, the birds sing, and the air seems full of gladness. Some rejoice in other pleasures, and the blessings of home. Perhaps the saddest sight on earth is a child in whose life there is no joy. Others are mad enough to rejoice in "the pleasures of sin for a season."

But this little girl had learned the only

secret of lasting joy in being able to say "Jesus is mine and I am his."

Dear young readers, enjoy the blessing God has given you as much as ever you can, but fail not to seek first his favor and forgiveness in Christ Jesus.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room put in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things can not be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

"I AM NOT MY OWN."

LIKE the child with the stalk of grapes who picked one grape after another from the cluster and held it out to her father till, as affection waxed warm and self-faded, she gayly flung the whole into her father's bosom and smiled in his face with triumphant delight, so let us do until loosening from every comfort, and independent of the help of broken cisterns, we can say, "I am not my own." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

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