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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1889.

[No 5

TEMPTATION.

THE cat would very much like to get at the bird; but I don't think the lady will let it.

CHARLIE'S SURPRISE.

"I AM very much afraid," said Charlie's mother, "that my little boy is lazy; he will not take the trouble to learn anything thoroughly."

(Charlie hung his head a minute; then, lifting up his eyes, he said brightly, "Never mind, mamma; I'll surprise you some day;" and he ran off to look for his Uncle Ned that he might begin right away to get ready this surprise for his mother.

"Come, Charlie," said his school-friend Brant, the next day, "last night's frost must have unbuttoned the chestnuts' overcoats for us finely: we can just get quarts of nuts if we hurry before the others gather them all."

"All right," said Charlie, starting off with a bound; but he came to a sudden halt. "I can't go," he said; "I promised to do some work for an hour every morning for two weeks."

"Ho! who made you promise?"

"I promised myself," said Charlie.

"Yourself," laughed Brant. "Oh, well, you can let yourself off, can't you?"

"No," said Charlie, stoutly, "that would be breaking my promise. Go ahead, Brant, I'll follow you in an hour."

"Yes," grumbled Brant, "when the nuts are all gathered."



TEMPTATION.

Perhaps I must not tell how Charlie spent that hour every morning; but, when his mother's birthday came there was a delightful surprise ready for her in the shape of a little picture painted by Charlie with great care and patience.

"Now," said mamma, "I hope my little boy will keep on in this new path, so that

he may never hear those terrible words; Thou wicked and slothful servant!" but may come to stand one day among those who shall hear the blessed sound of 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

FOUR LITTLE MARYS

THEY all live in the same house, they all have the same room; and the fact is, they are all in the same body. But they do not think the same thoughts or want to do the same things. In the morning the rising-bell rings. "We must get up," says Mary Loving. She always wants to please her mother, and she has not told anybody, but she has promised Jesus she would try to serve him. "I don't want to get up," says Mary Lazy. "Oh, never mind the bell!" says Mary Selfish. "I won't get up," says Mary Wilful. So they all lie together awhile longer. Then the mother calls. "Yes'm," says Mary Loving. "Oh, I hate to get up!" say the other three. But they all agree that they must mind mamma, and slowly arise. "We must put in a new shoe-string," says Mary

Loving. "Oh, knot the old one!" says Mary Lazy. "No; we must have a new shoe-string," says Mary Loving. So the rest let her put it in. Mary Wilful will not stop to sew a button on their dress; and Mary Lazy thinks the hair will do, if it isn't quite smooth. Did you ever meet these little girls?

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE beams of brightness,
Little gems of love,
Make the blissful Eden
Of the realms above.

And the little angels,
Singing as they roam,
Make that land delightful
For a heavenly home.

So may little children,
As a little band,
Brighten every footstep
To that heavenly land.

Little prayers devoted,
Little songs of praise,
To our blessed Father,
Brighten all our days.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1889.

DUTIES OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

"CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Eph. 6. 1-3.

Children who are dutiful to their parents enjoy the approbation of God and of all who witness or know this part of their conduct. On the other hand, such children as treat their parents with disobedience and disrespect are commonly punished in some way or other by the frown of Divine Providence in this life, as well as by the disapprobation and inward contempt of all who know them, both good and bad.

They that disregard their parents or treat them with disrespect, are guilty of the gross-

est ingratitude to their best earthly benefactors, who befriended them in that helpless period when they were unable to protect themselves, or relieve their own wants. A consciousness of guilt in this respect must trouble their repose on a dying bed and accompany them as a miserable inmate into the world of spirit. Beware, children, how you treat your parents. Remember with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

"Did you say your prayers this morning, daughter?"

"No, mother," said little Griselda; "I forgot to do it."

"Suppose God should forget to take care of you to-day?" said the mother.

Griselda was ready to go down to the ice-pond, and was in a hurry to be off. "Oh, never mind," she said, impatiently; "I don't need any care to-day."

"Very well," said her mother, "I will not make you kneel down, for our Father is not pleased with unwilling prayers, but I shall ask God's protection for you." She kneeled down at her chair, and while pouting little Griselda stood waiting at the door, the mother asked the heavenly Father's protection upon them during the day.

Then in warm wraps and caps, with skates strapped at their waists, Griselda and her mother set out for the pond, followed by Gypsy, the little white dog. For several hours they skated up and down in the bright morning sunshine, Gyp enjoying the sport as much as the others.

"Come, mother," said the little girl, "let's take one last stretch out beyond the tree before we go home."

"I don't know about that," answered the mother; "the ice is evidently getting rotten, and I don't see any skaters in that direction."

"Oh, come, mother! the water is shallow there; it wouldn't hurt us if we did fall in." And with her mother's consent, Griselda tossed her rubber ball far away over the shining ice for Gyp to run after, while she and her mother followed rapidly.

But before Gyp had reached the ball the ice gave way and down he went with a yelp into the cold water.

This brought the skaters to a sudden stop, and then a gentleman called to them to turn back, as there was a deep hole just beyond.

Little Gyp struggled back, shivering and whining, to the top of the ice, and Griselda walked home very slowly, thinking how good God was to take such tender care of a careless and unmindful little girl.

BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYING.

I SEE children playing "tug-of-war." They are very happy and their merry shouts can be heard at a great distance.

I think 'two things as I look upon them.

I was reading yesterday of a village school in Turkey where the people do not know of Jesus and his love, and the missionaries have gone to teach them. The teacher says it would make us weep to see their children—not one smile on all those little faces; a merry childish laugh is never heard among them when they first come to school. But a new light comes into their life when they begin to read the New Testament. When they are in the yard you can always tell the difference between the new scholars and those who have been in school long enough to learn to read, for these laugh and play.

The other thing the scene makes me think of is the verse in the Bible: "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." This city was old Jerusalem; and I think the verse refers also to the new Jerusalem—heaven. It shows us that God loves the boys and girls, and loves to have them play. It is not a sin to run about and skip and jump. Only be loving, pure, and kind and try to do just as Jesus would do if he were in your place.

A SWEARING FATHER.

A FATHER was swearing awfully one day; he had often been rebuked for it, but never felt the rebuke; but on that occasion using a most horrible expression to his wife, his little daughter, in fright, ran behind the door and began to cry. She sobbed aloud until her father heard her. He said to her, "What are you crying for?" "Please, father," she said, and kept on crying. He cried out roughly, "I will know what you are crying about;" and the child replied, "Dear father, I was crying because I am so afraid you will go to hell, for teacher says that swearers must go there." "There," said the man, "dry your eyes, child—I will never swear any more." He kept his word, and soon he went to see where his daughter had learned her holy lesson.

A VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

BESSIE is a vain little girl. She loves fine dress, and spends hours looking at herself in the glass. She thinks her face is pretty, and sometimes she takes a hand-glass with her to bed, so that she may admire herself after she lies down. I am sorry to say that she does not love her books, and that sometimes she does not obey her mamma and papa.

MY BRAVE LADDIE.

TAP, tap, along the pavement, tap,
It came, a little crutch.
A pale-faced lad looked up at me,
"I do not mind it much,"
He answered to my pitying look,
"It might be worse, you know;
Some fellows have to stay in bed,
While I quite fast can go.

"Oh, yes, I used to run about,
Perhaps I may again;
The doctors say it's wonderful
I have so little pain;
It hurts me now and then of course,
Well—ever since the fall,
But I'm so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."

Tap, tap, the little crutch went on,
I saw the golden hair,
The brown eyes wide, and all aglow,
The noble, manly air;
And somehow tears a moment came,
And made my vision dim,
While still the laddie's cheerful words
Were sweet as sweetest hymn.

"I am so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."

Why, that's the way for us to feel
When troubles may befall.
There's always blue sky somewhere, friend,
Though clouds around you meet,
And patience will the Master send,
If sought at His dear feet.

MIND THE DOOR.

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street door is?—how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a firm lock? If there was nothing of value in the house or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house—our heart may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah! I know him. It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it were too mean for his notice. No, sir; we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine suit to wear and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door, here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in? We must unbar the door for you.

O if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and come out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad. We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your heart—*Sunday.*

WORDS THAT STAIN.

A SMALL brush of camel's hair had been dipped into a fluid in which was some nitrate of silver, or "caustic," as it is sometimes called. The brush was wiped upon a white sheet. Pretty soon there appeared a black stain upon a white surface. It did not look very dark at first, but the action of the light seemed to deepen the colour, until it was an ugly spot that could not be washed out nor bleached out in a whole summer's sunshine.

A bright boy heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and they left a stain that could not be washed out by all the waters of this great round earth.

Do not allow yourself to think of vile, "smutty" stories, or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and bad books, it is our duty to take care what we listen to and what we read. A bad story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory and inflames the fancy.

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous

kisses" of the crocodiles seen in DeQuincey's opium dream. If, by chance, you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts, as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.

THE ADORATION OF CHRIST.

ANGELS from the realms of glory
Wing their flight o'er all the earth
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God and man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear!
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

AFTER SCHOOL.

"THE lake is frozen again, and the ground is covered with snow. Now we'll have some fun when school is out," said Georgie Cooper, one morning. "Yes; and there's Bessie Green, who never has had a sled in her life; let's take her with us!" said Georgie's brother Roy. "And maybe her little brother can go too, if he's all wrapped up," added Arthur, who was scarcely more than a baby himself.

So when school was out they went to Bessie's house with their sled, to ask her to go out on the pond with them. Bessie was very much surprised; for she was a poor little girl, and not many people thought of her. But she was glad to go, and both she and her little brother had a nice ride. When the boys went home afterward, Arthur said he "felt just as if he had sunshine in his heart," and Georgie answered: "That is the way people do feel if they have Jesus there; for he is the Sun of Righteousness." If we follow him he will make us happy.



THE JAPANESE DOLL.

OUR HEROES.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
 To do what he knows to be right;
 When he falls in the way of temptation
 He has a hard battle to fight.
 Who strives against self and his comrades
 Will find a most powerful foe;
 All honour to him if he conquers,
 A cheer to the boy who says "No!"
 There's many a battle fought daily
 The world knows nothing about;
 There's many a brave little soldier
 Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
 And he who fights single-handed
 Is more of a hero, I say,
 Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
 And conquers with arms in the fray.
 Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
 To do what you know is not right;
 Stand firm by the colours of manhood,
 And you will overcome in the fight.
 "The right!" be your battle-cry ever,
 In waging the warfare of life;
 And God, who knows who are the heroes,
 Will give you the strength for the strife.

children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits are formed.

Probably you do not.

A BRIGHT little girl aged two years and a half said: "When I get so I can behave myself, I am going to Sunday-school." Many of the little boys and girls who are old enough to go to Sunday-school do not behave themselves very well while there. They take more pleasure in whispering to their companions, and gazing about them, than in listening to what the teacher or superintendent may be saying. They forget that they are in God's house, and, while there, should behave as if they could see God looking directly at them; for his eyes see all our actions, and he knows our every thought.

TAUGHT EARLY.

HE was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "thanks" and "please" were so much a matter of course to the child, that he never knew that he was doing anything at all noticeable.

"How cunning he is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw anything so sweet. My

DOLLY'S LESSON.

"It is very hard that I should have to learn that nasty, dry spelling, instead of going out to play, this lovely morning," and Dolly threw the book on the floor and turned her back on it.

A swallow darted past the open window. "Come and play with me, little bird," said Dolly; "I'm so dull."

"I have no time to play," said the swallow. "I am building my nest, and it takes up every minute of the day."

A bee settled on a plant that was nodding to Dolly through the window, only she was too cross to notice it.

"Stop and play with me, little bee," she repeated.

"I play! I never play. I work from morning till night. I—"

But the end of the bee's speech was lost, for it had gone into a snap-dragon blossom and the door had closed behind it.

"Do stop and play with me," said Dolly to the butterfly that lighted on the window-sill.

"I can't," said the butterfly, mournfully: "I have to find food suitable for my children to eat when I am dead and gone. I had just got the right thing when a cruel boy struck at me with his hat, and I barely escaped with my life. I am terribly bruised and exhausted, or I should not be waiting here."

"Well," said Dolly, "if everybody else has to work, I suppose I must, too."

So she turned away from the tempting sunshine and took up her book. She was surprised to find the lesson was not nearly so hard as she had thought.

A RESCUE BY A DOG.

THERE was a steamer on one of the western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail, leaning over and watching the water, when she lost her balance and fell into the waves. The lake was very rough. The mother cried, "Save my child!" There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up into his master's face as if for orders. His master said, "Tray, overboard; catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck, and the mother ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace and went and lay down as though he had accomplished nothing.