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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

[No. 19.]

OUR BRUTE FRIENDS.

BY ROBBIN MERRY.

VARIOUS species of the brute creation have been adapted in the instincts given them to become companions and helpers to men. Horses are powerful and invaluable servants, and should ever be treated kindly. Cows have in all ages proved valuable to the family. Many kinds of fowls are almost indispensable to human comfort. Sheep, and in some countries goats, have great value as an adjunct to human existence. In the orient, camels and elephants hold a most important relation. Among smaller animals, cats cling to human society and fill an important place. A nobler place is that of dogs, an almost universal companion and friend to man, from the equator to the icy regions far toward the poles. In many countries the service of dogs is above estimate, and everywhere their watchful instincts are recognized. They are the natural guardians of the palace, the cottage, the hut, and the tent. When the inmates are asleep the dog is the ever-vigilant soldier on duty at the door. Many of the species, indeed, are worthless, as of the human species as well, and ought to be exterminated. Others are noble, and fill admirably the sphere appointed them by the Creator.

Of their relation in human companionship, especially as touching upon boy life, a writer in *Peck's Sun* discourses thus happily:

"A boy who owns a dog has good company. They are true friends, and neither would think of going back on the other. Their friendship is true and faithful. If you meet one, you are pretty sure to see the other near; and if one

gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that have been together any length of time? Of course you have. Why, they understand each other as well as two boys would—and better, in fact.

insult the other, and an insult to either is resented by both. You could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to that boy than anything else except his mother's love. A dog is a most excellent companion to a boy. The dumb brute will be true even to death, and his faithfulness does to a certain extent create a true and faithful disposition in the boy. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parent has a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company."



The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head to one side, then to the other, and look the boy square in the face with all but human expression in his countenance when he is being talked to. It is 'love me, love my dog' with every boy. To insult one is to

of the gods." Occasionally fatal accidents occur, but the sport is none the less popular on that account.

RELIGION is a good thing without theology; but theology is not worth a fig without religion

EVENING PRAYER.

WHEN the light is fading,
From the western sky
And the calm stars glisten
In the heavens high,
Then good nights are spoken,
Toys are laid away,
And the little children,
Kneeling, softly pray.

Dearest Lord, we thank thee
For thy care to-day;
Make us good and gentle,
Take our faults away;
Bless the friends who love us;
From us evil keep;
Let thy holy angels
Watch us while we sleep

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

THE YOUNG ANGLER.

WILLIE SACKETT was as fond of fishing as 'Simple Simon.' 'Simple Simon' is often laughed at because

"All the fish that he could catch
Were in his mother's pail."

But we have a good deal of sympathy with "Simple Simon." Anyhow, Willie was so fond of fishing that he could kneel by the bank of the pretty stream for hours. Other boys and girls tried his patience a good deal: for when all was quiet and still, and the fish were coming round and round the bait, and beginning to nibble it, the boys and girls of the village would come right up to the river's brink, and sometimes send a stone splashing into the water just by his float, but Willie would wait on patiently till his rough and boisterous companions grew weary of waiting, and his patience would sometimes be rewarded. Whether he caught many fish or few, he would start off at every opportunity with fresh hope and big expectation. He had commenced his fishing experiments with a bent pin and a piece of string, and he was

as enthusiastic and eager in those days as in after years when he fished with a barbed hook.

One day he had been fishing for minnows for his aquarium at home, and had caught several beauties, which were securely placed in the large bottle held by his little brother Jim. His sister had been gathering wild flowers from the river bank. Some of our readers will smile at the rough stick which was used as a fishing-rod, and at the float big enough for a "juck"; but he may "laugh who wins," and Willie felt a jerk such as he had never felt before—one, two, three—and down went the big float. Willie struck and landed a splendid perch, above half a pound in weight, and carried him home in triumph.

The fish of the rivers and seas are given us for food, and if they are caught without needless suffering, men and boys are not blameworthy, if they say, as Simon Peter did, "I go a-fishing." At any rate, Willie Sackett grew up to be a very skillful angler; he was gentle, patient, persevering, and industrious, and was the envy of other boys. Many boys imagine that fishing and other things can be done quite as successfully with clumsiness as with cleverness, but they will find out their mistake some day. Let us hope they will find it out in time.

USEFUL BIRDS.

THERE is a well-authenticated account of an English barber, who trained a starling to say, "Gentleman wants to be shaved," and hung the bird in his outer room to warn him of the coming of customers.

The same bird, the story goes, soon learned to call out, "Gentlemen, pay your money!" when the barber's work was done, and never got the two speeches mixed.

A milliner of Paris has, according to a French journal, put a parrot to a much better use even than this English barber made of his starling. She has trained the bird to call out, when a customer enters her shop:

"Oh, isn't she pretty!"

It is asserted that the milliner's business was very soon doubled.

CHILDHOOD REVISITED.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet

Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet

Are ever those at which our young lips drank,

Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank.

—Whittier.

A MUDDY stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company; but a little later and they mingle.

WHAT THE LITTLE MINUTES SAY

WE are but minutes, little things—
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain;
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—When we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while you may;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

—Sailor's Magazine.

BETTER TO SUFFER THAN LIE.

A LITTLE orphan lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself, and rushed back to his uncle's workshop with all speed.

"What are you running yourself out of breath for?" asked one of the men; "tell your uncle that the people kept you waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie."

"To be sure it would, but what's the odds?"

"I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the boy indignantly. "No, not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me that lying was the first step to ruin, and my Bible says that a liar shall not enter heaven."

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, "Look, oh, look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!" "Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa, "and you can be like the sun if you chose." "How, papa? tell me how." "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."

HOW SOON.

A LITTLE boy six years old, having been very naughty one day, was "put into the corner" by his governess. After a time she said: "Come here. Now what have you been thinking about when you were in the corner?" "About coming out," was the answer. Are not we sometimes like this little boy? Our heavenly Father sends us some punishment, and instead of thinking with sorrow over our fault and how we will try in future to overcome it, we are only thinking, "How soon will this trouble be over?"

THE CHILDREN'S TRIUMPH

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The sunbeams come to my window,
And said, "Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossoms on the tree."

But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired sunbeams' call,
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they
laid;

I drew it away to the curtain shade
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The robins came to my window,

And said, "Come out and sing!
Come out and join the chorus
Of the festival of the spring!"

But never a carol would I trill
In the festival of May;
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the robins flew away.

The children came to my window,

And said, "Come out and play!
Come out with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!"

Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away.
When the children called me what could I
do?

The robins might fail, and the sunbeams
too,
But the children won the day.

THE CROSS-BOX.

It was a rainy day, and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing, and Johnny wanted to set up a wind-mill he had made. Susie wanted to get her flower-seeds, and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barn. So all were disappointed, and before night had become cross and peevish and snappish. Mamma called all to her and talked very gravely. They were quiet for awhile after it. In half an hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had got a little hole in the top, just large enough to let a penny through, and under it was the word "cross-box."

"Look, mamma," he said, "supposing whenever any of us speak cross, we make ourselves pay a penny for a fine. Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box longest."

Mamma laughed and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it; but if they did agree they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie; "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned.

"No, we'll buy a whole lot of sweets," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you don't do as I want to, I'll pitch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it in the box.

Mamma thought the box really did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep the ugly words from coming through. When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later mamma was putting a room in order one Saturday.

"Here's the cross-box," she said.

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen pennies. That's enough to buy oranges and nuts. Let's do it."

"Oh!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say," whimpered Pet.

"I won't," whined Johnny.

"I —"

No one knows what Ned was going to say, in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth, and, with the other, held up a warning finger. "Look out," he half whispered, "or there'll be more pennies in the cross-box for Jimmy."

CHIVALROUS.

CHIVALRY is getting to be a rather old-fashioned word; but the thing itself has not yet gone out of existence. The *Christian Advocate* cites a "modern instance."

Mary and Willie, aged respectively six and four years, were sitting together in one large rocking-chair near a window during a heavy thunder-storm.

As the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder more terrible, Mary, who sat nearest the open window, began to be greatly frightened, whereupon her little brother very promptly said, "Let me sit on the thunder side."

WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

WE commonly speak of him as one who carries the good news to the heathen, and makes them good and glad. Every boy and girl should be a missionary at home, making their little brothers and sisters good by setting them a good example, and making their fathers and mothers glad by obedience, kindness, and love. By thus following Jesus, and being little home missionaries, you will become better fitted for being big missionaries by-and-by.

A SMALL boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.

ONE LEFT

AN Irishman can no more help being witty than a duck can avoid being a good swimmer, and it is apt to fare ill with those who provoke the Irish wit in repartee.

When Lord Thurlow first opened a lawyer's office in London, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own.

One day an Irishman entered, "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he had," tartly responded the lawyer.

"And what do you sell?" inquired the Irishman, looking at the solitary table and a few law-books.

"Blockheads," responded Thurlow.

"Begorra," said Pat, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business; ye ain't got but one left."

GOOD MORNING.

Do not forget to say good morning! Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers; and say it cheerfully and with a smile, and it will do your friends good. There is a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning" it is also of all kind, heartsome greetings. Let no morning pass that you do not help to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

A DESERVED NOTICE.

MICHAEL FENWICK, who used to travel with John Wesley as guide and valet, once complained because his name was never inserted in the preacher's published journal. In the next number appeared the item, "Preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 30.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.—Mark 1. 15.

OCTOBER 7.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus at Nazareth.—Luke 4. 16-30.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 4. 16-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.—Heb. 12. 25.

THE only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.



WAITING FOR FATHER.

WAITING FOR FATHER.

INSIDE the bar-room the gas is brightly gleaming from a score of burners with their coloured glass shades. The light shines through the windows, its rays falling across the street and showing the figures of two little girls who, though it is night and darkness all around them, wait patiently in the cold night air for their father to come out. They have waited there often before and know that his steps will be unsteady, and they will take his hand and lead him home. Poor children! They are trying to take care of the father who should rightly be their protector. We hope that all our young readers will do all that they can to help banish this curse from Canada.

Now, let the temperance banner be
In every land unfurled,
And let the shout of freedom, too,
Re-echo through the world:
Too long the flag of alcohol
Has waved o'er all our land,
Too long the monster's preyed upon,
The drunkards of his hand

Mother: "Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?"

Little Johnny (stopping in his play): "Yes he felt my pulse, 'an looked at my tongue, and shook his head, and said it was a serious case, and he left this prescription and said he would call again before night."

Mother: "My! my! Johnny! It wasn't you I sent him to see, it was the baby!"

"Then I made a mistake," said Johnny.

A YOUNG MAN OF IMPORTANCE.

TOMMY lives on a fine large farm. Of course Tommy's father really owns it, but somehow Tommy has come to think that it all belongs to him. He knows that the work he does could not be left undone, and he feels sure that no one else could do it so well as he does, so, you see, if he was not on that farm it would all go to ruin in a short time. Tommy feeds the chickens, takes salt to the sheep sometimes, drives the cows to and from the pasture fields every day leads the tired horses to water every evening, gathers the fresh eggs every morning, and attends to a number of other "chores" about the place. He does all his work so well that his father never has to ask, "Tommy, have you attended to the horses?" or, "Tommy, were the calves fed to-day?" He can trust his son to do carefully all the work that is his. This morning Tommy is out of work. It is a holiday. All his morning's tasks are done. The chickens are picking up the grains of corn he has just scattered to them, the eggs are carefully laid away in a basket, so the hens do not need any more attention for the day.

What had he better do next? He thinks, perhaps, the men in the wheat field will need his help, and so he trots off to join the men at work in a field a mile away.

A STATIONER'S WISDOM.

EVERY occupation affords opportunities of its own for the study of human nature, if only there be a little aptitude for putting this and that together.

A young woman was trading in a stationer's shop, says a German paper, and the elderly proprietor suddenly asked:

"And when does the wedding take place?"

"The wedding. Why, you don't think —" the fair customer blushed and hesitated.

"Ah, fraulien, when a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes, I know there is something in the wind."

TELLING THE GOOD NEWS.

A CHINESE boy went to England and there became a Christian. Someone asked him if he intended to go back to China. He replied, "What! You think I get the good news and keep it all to myself! Should I not be doing wrong if I did not go and tell my brothers and sisters all I know about Jesus?"

THINK well of your home, in a few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.

A PRAYER.

Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when I early rise,
And view the unwearyed sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run--

That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

A NEW KIND OF LIGHT.

THE people who live up in Alaska do not have any lamps or gas. The nights there are very long, and the people must have some sort of light to see by, so they take a candle-fish and set it on fire. The candle-fish is about ten inches long and very fat and oily. It is fastened to a rough wooden candlestick and then set on fire, and it burns away for about an hour; then they have to light another.

EXPLAINED.

A SKEPTIC, who was trying to confuse a Christian coloured man by asking how it could be that we are in the Spirit in us, received the following reply: "O, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I puts it in de fire till it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire and de fire's in de poker."

STRICTLY POLITE.

PATRICK was an employee in a grocery where the scarcity of help had compelled the grocer to take in an assistant who was entirely without experience. One day the grocer, in weighing out a purchase to a customer, searched in vain about the scales for something.

"Patrick!" he called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight, is it? Sure it's Mister Jones that has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean?"

"An' sure, didn't ye tell me to be perlitte to the rigular customers?"

"Of course."

"Well, then! Mister Jones came in the day for a pound o' tay. An' says he, whin I axed him what quality o' tay he wud have, 'Whatever ye give me,' says he, 'give me the weight!' So I put in the pound weight in the package wid the tay, perlitelike, and it's himsilf that's gone wid it!"—*Golden Rule.*

ANNIE and Lily were going home from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know it if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away. He would know," replied Lily.