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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

[No 23.

A FINE TEAM.

WHAT a fine team Master Jacky has I hope they won't run away from him. Little pug Ponto enjoys the fun as much as any.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

It was a quiet little seashore place where Ross Canter and his mother were spending the hot summer weeks. There were no great noisy hotels with bands and balls and fine dressing. The fashions kept there were mainly the fashions of fisher-folk, but Ross and his mother were very happy and comfortable.

The little boy never seemed to tire of making sand-houses and gathering shells, while with book and sewing-bag Mrs. Canter sat on the dry beach enjoying every hour of the sun and breeze.

"Don't go out of my sight, Rossy," was the only precaution needed; and Ross had been trained to obey.

"Mother, can't I go round the bend for a half hour?" he asked, one day—"just round the bend, mother. I won't go into the surf; I'll be as careful as a pussy-cat."

"Yes," said his mother with a little hesitation. "I think I may trust you round the bend."



A FINE TEAM.

"Come, Ross," cried Sam, a big, kind-hearted fisher-lad, fifteen minutes later—"git in my boat and I'll give yer a sail."

"Can't," answered Ross, looking wistfully at the boat—"mother don't 'low me."

"But she is out of sight," said the untaught lad; "she'll never know."

"Ho!" answered the little man, pulling himself up very straight, opening his eyes in an amazed stare—"Ho! but we ain't ever out of heavenly Father's sight I reckon." And that was the best sermon Fisherman Sam had ever heard. He never forgot it. In many a stormy sail, in many a tempted hour, that little piping voice came back to him: "We ain't ever out c. heavenly Father's sight, I reckon."

"HERBERT TOLD ME TO."

We know a little miss who often disobeys her mamma by leaving the yard without permission, but who always excuses herself by saying, "Herbert"—one of her little play-fellows—"told me to." It would be very easy for all children to be good if they never had a chance to do wrong, but being good really means refusing to do wrong when you

have a good chance. She ought to learn to obey when her playmate asks her to go; and we should all know that we ourselves, and no others, are to blame for the wrong we do. Others may ask us or tempt us, but they cannot make us do wrong—we choose what we shall do.

"TO SWEETEN IT."

THE baby eats his bread and milk
And laughs out loud in glee;
For every other time he dips
His spoon, it is for me.
"To eat it all yourself," he says,
"It isn't nice a bit:
You have to give somebody else
A taste to sweeten it."

A little miser sits alone;
Her scowl is sad to see;
Wants all the playthings; shares her own
With nobody—not she.
Sullen and sad the little maid
Will all day sighing sit;
She'd better "give somebody else
A taste to sweeten it."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

MAY lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light in the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased, for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, "The Lord's word is like this lantern." Then he told May what the Psalmist meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a dark world through which we are passing; there are dangers all about us, and to get through it safely we need a light to guide us. We may all have this same lamp the Psalmist talks about as a guide for our feet and a light for our path. We will find it in the Bible. Let us all try to walk by its light.—*Selected.*

ADVICE TO A BOY.

GET away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand to one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of a man people say you are; find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business dealing; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.

GOD IN THE DARK.

THERE was trouble in Mother Frush's cottage. The goodman, August Frush, was away, and would be for two more nights, and Baby Lotta was very sick.

Her head and hands were burning hot, her breath came too fast, and every now and then she would start out of her stupor and scream loudly. The mother thought she would die unless she could have a doctor.

But the doctor was eight miles away and the Frushes had no neighbours. Their cottage was out in the wilds, where the German had got land cheap for his sheep-farm. Agatha, the eldest daughter, was too young to go for the doctor, for it was now almost midnight; neither could Cris go, and of course Earnie was too little.

The mother must go herself, and the little children must watch Lotta and bathe her head and coax her to take the cooling drink and try to quiet her cries. "She may die while I am away," thought the poor mother; "but the best I know how to do is to leave her in God's hands and go for the doctor."

Shouldn't you think Agatha and Cris and Earnie would be afraid to stay in that lonely

cottage all night by themselves? Ah, their young hearts were so full of trouble about the dear little baby that they did not think of themselves at all.

For hours after Mother Frush had walked away in the dark, Lotta lay and panted heavily, only rousing up to scream out as if in terror. But presently her breathing grew softer, her cries ceased, and she seemed really to sleep.

"Oh, if mother could see her now she would say that little dear was better," cried the sister. "Go, Earnie, peep out of the window and see if you can see her coming."

The sleepy little boy shaded his eyes with his chubby fingers and gazed through the window. "It is very dark," he said gravely; "nobody is out there except God."

The faces that Mother Frush saw at the window smiling above Agatha's plant when she drew near the cottage in the old doctor's gig gave her heart a great bound; indeed, before she got near enough to see the bright faces, Agatha's little spotted shawl waving in the dawning light gave her hope. And when she entered the cottage and the sweet baby smiled up at her, Mother Frush thanked God for his goodness.

ABOUT A FEAST.

JESUS told his disciples about a king who prepared a great feast, and invited many people to come. But they did not care about coming; they would rather go to their farms and their stores than to the feast. The king said they did not appreciate his kindness; so he called others to come in their places.

If your minister, or the richest man in the town where you live, was going to give a party, and invited you to come, would you not be very glad, and be pleased to go? You would say he was very kind to think about you, and would get ready to go and have a nice time.

But Jesus has invited us all to his beautiful home. Are you getting ready to go? Or, are you like the people who would rather do something else than go to the King's feast? If you are getting ready to go, you must love and serve him.

A BOY'S FAITH.

Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had had on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in the chariot of fire. "I say, Charlie," said George, "wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I should not be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt when he said, "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee."

HARRY AND THE NEW MOON.

"PRETTY new moon,
How do you do?
Long I've been looking
And looking for you!
Where have you hid yourself,
'Way off' so far?
Or did you get lost,
Like the wandering star?

"If you only would tell me,
You pretty new moon,
Whereabouts you are living,
And where are you gone,
When you hide away from me
For many a week;
If you only would tell me—
Pretty moon, won't you speak?"

"'Tis a wonderful story,
My dear little boy;
I cannot half tell you
My work and my joy.
The great God has made me
And hung me on high,
To shine in the evening
And light up the sky.

"Sometimes I roll near you
While 'tis yet afternoon,
Just one edge you see then,
And call me new moon;
But when I get larger,
I shine all the night,
And give the grown-up folks
My pretty soft light."

LITTLE MARY VANCE'S CONVERT.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink, which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once, as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving little girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so when she saw the drunken man come along she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but she did not run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke.

"Well, now, my little dear," he said in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"O you shall sit in our pew," said Mary; and she led the way, and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and the mother came in. The father took his place at the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary and see that no harm came to her.

After the prayer and singing the minister said, "Now, we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and, seeing him half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing, and they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too. O how dreadful!"

They did pray for him, and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God. And he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him, in her sweet, childish way, to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

NO JOKE TO BE A BABY.

Now I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken. How would you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How would you like to have a pin put through your dress into the skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How would you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half-scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How would you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him with your little, fat, useless fingers? How would you like to tire yourself out crawling away across the carpet to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper.

LAYING UP TREASURE

FRED and Willie lived in a lovely woody place all the happy summer days. It would take a long time to tell even the names of all the acquaintances they made—not boys and girls and pleasant ladies and gentlemen only—O no; but birds and bees and butterflies and squirrels, and many, many other dwellers in the woods and fields. Perhaps none of these charming little people were more entertaining than a chipmunk, a bright-eyed little fellow who lived just at the back door. He was very shy at first, but Fred and Nellie were careful not to frighten him, but fed him on nuts, coaxing him every day to come a little nearer, until he lost all fear, and would run into the house and sit down on the sofa and wait until he saw some one from whom he could hope to get a nut. It was very funny to see how greedy he could be. He would take a nut out of Fred's mouth and put it into the little pocket on one side of his own mouth; then Nellie would give him another, and he would drop that into the other pocket, then he would sit up on his hind legs and cross his little paws in front, and look so bewitching that some one would give him still another, which he would carry away in his paws, walking carefully on his hind feet lest he drop the treasure. How droll he did look with both cheeks puffed out as though he had the worst kind of a swelled face.

What did chippie do with these nuts? Why, he carried them to his store-house and put them away for winter use; for well he knew that the day was coming when nuts would be few and far between, and his little appetite would be very sharp indeed.

"Sensible chap!" said Fred, one day. "Laying up treasure, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied thoughtful Nell; "may be we'd better learn a lesson from him."

"WHAT WILL JESU'S SAY?"

Two little girls were one day walking home from school.

"Edith Wills," said one, "what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelley to your party?"

"Ella," said her companion kindly, "when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor, and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words:

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



WHO SAID, "RATS?"

Our little Scotch terrier is death on rats. He ferrets them out and makes short work of them. Hence he is very useful about the barn, where the rats do much harm. If any one ever speaks the word rats, he will cock up his ears and look very wide awake, as if he understood all that was said, and as if asking, Who said "rats?"

NEW PLAYMATES.

"How do you feel, Nora?"

"Most unamiable. As you look, Frank."

"I'm as savage as a bear—and no wonder."

This brother and sister were returning home after spending several years on the Continent, where they had been sent to complete their education. During their prolonged absence, their father had married again, and they naturally felt that with a new mother and her little boy, their home would indeed be home with a difference. Their own mother had died when they were very young.

"I shall be perfectly polite to mamma, of course, Frank; but I do not expect to like her."

"Why not? It is the small boy that I do not fancy. If we had all grown up together it would have been better."

Nora laughed. She did not think Frank looked so manly as he evidently felt.

Meanwhile, their father waited their return with some anxiety. After years of solitude, his shadowed life had again been blessed with "fireside happiness" and domestic prosperity. He knew that the peace of his home was now at the mercy of his elder children, who could either add to it, or destroy it, for a time, at least.

On their arrival, he welcomed them with affection and pride; and before introducing them to their new mother, confided to them

something of what had been passing through his mind. He begged them to forbear from anything in thought or speech that could destroy the priceless crystal of family unity and assured them of their warm welcome home.

This direct appeal, so tenderly made, was successful. Before they had been in the house an hour, little Percy had distinguished them by his approval, and led them out into the garden to play with him. Frank tossed the little rogue into the air, and then gave him rides in the gardener's barrow, while Nora entered into the fun with spirit.

Percy's mother, hearing the shouts and laughter, went to the window, and, seeing the merry group, turned to her husband with tears of thankfulness, and said,

"After that," pointing to the child between his elder brother and sister, "I have not a fear. Our home will now be complete. I thank God for his kindness in opening their hearts to my child."

"And to *you*," whispered Nora, softly, who had entered unobserved by a French window. "Frank and I both feel quite sure we shall love you very dearly."

And indeed they did, for who could help it?

THE BIG BROTHER.

THERE are many things which nobody can do half as well as the big brother. For one thing, he can keep the peace. If there is a dispute between two of the little ones, or a general row in the nursery, the big brother has only to say the word and the belligerents will cease their strife. "Belligerent" is a long word, but the boys who are reading *Cæsar* may tell the others that it is made up of two Latin words, one of which means "war," and the other "waging or carrying it on;" so that when two children are quarrelling, and saying cross words which may presently cause blows, they are properly called "belligerents." Mother is a happy woman if she can trust her big boy to be her right-hand man, to settle all that goes wrong, and to set a good example.

Nobody equals a big brother in taking the children's part when they are attacked, whether it is by a savage dog, an occasional cow in the meadow, or the bad boys from the next street. How safe they feel when brother Tom advances boldly to the rescue, and how proud they are of him! With reason, too; for is he not strong and brave, and quick to act, knowing just what to do and just how to do it? I never yet heard of a cowardly big brother. Did you?—*Harper's Young People.*

THE FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for one and all,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
And not a flower at all.

He surely might have made enough
For every want of ours,
For all that we could think or wish,
And yet have made no flowers.

But glad we are that he has made
The flowers to bloom so fair;
Their beauty brightens all the earth,
Their fragrance fills the air.

JESUS OUR KING.

JESUS is our great King. He should rule over all the earth, and over all our hearts. There are many people who do not love Jesus. Among them are some rulers and kings of the earth. When Jesus was on the earth, they put him to death. But on the third day Jesus came forth again alive from the grave, and now lives at the right hand of God in heaven. And God says that he has set Jesus as King upon the holy hill of Zion, and that he will give him all the nations of the earth to rule over. All the heathen shall come to him and obey him, and Jesus shall rule over them.

When Jesus was in the world he chose twelve men called apostles. And he said to them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Jesus still says the same words to his people. He wants them to take the gospel to everybody in all the world. If we love Jesus truly, we will try to do his commandments. Some must go and preach the gospel to the heathen. And those who cannot go, must give of their money to help the others to go. In this way, we can all help to take the gospel to the heathen. And so we shall help to bring the day when Jesus shall reign as King over all the earth.

A LITTLE SERMON.

"OWE no man anything." That is the text, boys and girls. Do you know where I found it? "In the Bible!" Right, my dears. And do you know what it means? Well, Johnny, speak up. "Don't get in debt!" That's it, my little man. It is a very bad plan to get in the habit of borrowing. It sometimes leads us into a great deal of trouble. If you borrow a top-string or a marble from Willie, be careful to pay him back promptly. If Mary lends you a book, be careful to return it as soon as you have finished it, and in good order. These are little debts, children, but your honour is just as much at stake as if they were greater. So remember to "owe no man anything."