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Happy Days

VOL. VII.]

TORONTO JUNE 1, 1892.

[No. 12

BROTHER AND SISTER.

LITTLE Frank was a good little boy with a sunny face and bright laughing eyes, who loved to help his mamma all he could; so after school, he would play with little May his little baby-sister, instead of going out to play with other little boys while mamma got on with her work. Little May loved her little brother who was so good to her, and mamma called him her little helper while papa called him a little man, which name Frankie liked to be called.

WHAT TOT SAID.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

IT was absurd to call him Tot, but they all did it. He was now thirteen, and not very big. But Tot had brains, plenty if his size was small. The tallest heads of wheat often stoop the lowest. Tot belonged to a temperance society. He had never made a speech in the meetings, though he meant to. One winter's night there were visitors at the gathering, and lo! the young man who was to speak second was too hoarse to utter a word, and, possibly just for fun, the president called on Tot. Tot flushed at first; then he came forward and in a firm voice made his first speech. "Ladies and gentlemen: To-day I sat on a fence watching the fellows slide down-hill, and the way things went reminded me of our temperance work. Some began at the top of the hill and went straight down as even and jolly as could be. They were

strong fellows and know how, and their fathers had got them good sleds. I said, so some men go through life and never get a fall or jog. They never are tempted to be intemperate. They started right, they were born strong, and their fathers helped



BROTHER AND SISTER.

them. I saw other fellows that didn't know how to steer, and they had little cracked sleds and no irons on 'em, and their clothes were thin and they were cold, and their sleds went off the track and upset 'em in the snow, and filled 'em with snow down their necks and legs. I said there are poor drunken fellows always coming to grief

and they didn't give them a good start, and they didn't know how to keep a straight course. I noticed then that when these poor fellows rolled off and smashed up, some of the other coasters did not care a cent, they just slid on, and never looked nor spoke to those who were down. Says I, that is the great army of 'don't cares' in temperance work. I saw, too, some that laughed and cheered, and thought it funny when one got a fall. I said, that is the Whiskey Ring. Those represent the lot that live and rejoice on other people's falls and tumbles. They've got plenty of cash, they've got good sleds, they don't care. I saw, too, some of the meanest kind of fellows. They went and hid rails and chunks and rocks in the snow, a purpose to throw other ones off, and they crowed to see 'em go over. I said those were the grogsellers, the gin-shop men, the bar-keepers — spoiling other people's way. And I saw some tiptop good fellows, too, and when any one got a fall they stopped their sleds and helped him up, and they helped him brush off the snow and mend his sled, and they looked out for the things hid in the snow and warned the rest, or they removed the obstructions. They did what they could to make the hooters and road-spoilers behave. Then I said, that is the temperance party; they are doing some good and helping others. And I just hollered out and cheered 'em with all my might."

Then Tot sat down, and all the audience cheered him.

A LITTLE TEMPLAR'S ADDRESS.

I'm mamma's little darling,
I'm auntio's little joy;
I'm sister's little torment,
And papa's cunning boy.
I don't drink beer or whiskey,
Some folks there are who do;
I'd rather have cold water,
I think its best, don't you?

I do not use tobacco
Cigars, or even snuff;
I don't intend to, either,
I do not like such stuff.
I think that I can travel
Life's journey all way through,
As well without as with them,
And if I can, can't you?

I am a little Templar,
I've signed the pledge for life;
And, when in years I'm older,
Please count me in the strife.
The good, the true, the noble,
Through life I will pursue;
I'd live to aid the erring,
And restore them, would not you?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1892.

GOD'S KITTEN.

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her eyes full of tears, said to him: "O, Philip! don't do that, it is God's kitten." That word of the little girl was not lost. It was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister had said. "God's kitten—God's creature—for he made it," he said to him-

self. "I never thought of that before." The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor, half-starved looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it, was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature."—*Selected.*

THE ELEPHANT.

BUT all the elephant's exploits upon mankind are outdone by the trick it played on one of its own neighbours in the menagerie. One of the workmen had been engaged painting a portion of the house, touching off the ornamental projections with red paint. The young elephant watched him with great interest, apparently amused at the bright bits of colour that suddenly appeared wherever the brush touched. The painter was absorbed when the dinner-bell rang. He put his pot and brush down and went off to his meal. The elephant waited till he got out of sight, then carefully felt for the brush with its trunk. Next to Tom Thumb stood a sleepy camel, dreamily eating his hay. Tom Thumb took up the brush and streaked the camel's side. Tody happened in just then, and watched events. The elephant was beside itself with joy when it saw the red line of paint on the camel's gray flanks. When the painter returned the brush was back in its place, but the paint pot was empty, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was emblazoned all over with red stripes like a crimson zebra.

TWIT AND FLIT.

IT snowed all night. Wasn't it deep when Twit and Flit got up in the morning? Their house is on top of a pole in the back yard. Jack built it.

They flew down to the barn, and peeped in through a crack.

"Do somebody give us something to eat," they said; "everything is covered up with snow."

"Nay," said the horse; "I can't get the door open."

"And besides, it's too cold to feed folks out of doors," said the cow.

"And I can't get as much as I want myself," said Rover.

Pussy did not say anything. She was eating a saucer of bread and milk on the porch. But she thought how nice Twit and Flit would taste!

"O dear! its hard to go without break-

fast this cold morning," said Twit. "Let us go and tap on Jack's window."

"Tap, tap, tap!" Jack heard it; he saw his dear little birds. He opened the window, and scattered some meal on the snow.

They twittered their thanks to him as well as they knew how: "Tweet, tweet, thanks thanks!" they said again and again.

And so they hopped and twittered and ate, and ate and twittered and hopped.

"BY HEART."

FRED said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred," said Cousin Mary, "you surprise me."

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, with a show of humility: "It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses!"

"O it was not the length of the lesson but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about that little verse: 'If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you declare a few months ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never once thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his head and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But Cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

Was Cousin Mary right? Do we ever really know a thing until we do it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive" by just forgiving Ralph in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that words of Jesus were meant to be done, and not said merely, he honestly set about doing them.

This must be the way then to learn a lesson "by heart"—to put it into practice. We do not always do that when we learn a lesson by head.

Jesus must have meant something, very practical when he said: "Why call me Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks,
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do what he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I am sure I can't see it all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and ponies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, boys will be boys"

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and where they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every
night—
Some boys more than others, I s'pose—
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

OUR large picture represent a joyous scene which must have often happened after the late Franco-Prussian war. The husband and father is returning from the victorious battlefield. He has won the iron cross of honour which hangs on his breast. His wife and little son hail him with eager joy. The little fellow carries in his arms a mimic battle-flag and sword. But it is so long since the baby saw its father that it clings in terror to its mother's neck. The invalid grandmother in the chair is so overcome with joy as to be unable to rise. But, alas! there were many home circles where the father never came back. Thousands of brave men were left dead upon the gory field, and their wives and children were left to weep in solitude and poverty and despair. War is among the greatest of evils that affect the race. Of this we had seven years ago a slight experience in our beloved Canada. God grant that we may never know its evils again.

AN UNSPOKEN LIE.

ROSA'S mother took great pains to bring up her children to be truthful. She impressed upon their minds the fact that a person given to lying can never have the confidence of others. Whenever they did wrong she encouraged them to come to her and confess what they had done and be forgiven for it, rather than conceal it. Sooner or later it was pretty sure to be found out, and attended concealment only brought added disgrace when the truth was known. One day Rosa had a visitor, a little girl about her own age. They were at play in the parlour. Accidentally Rosa overturned a vase and broke it. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what will mother say! She thought ever so much of that vase, because Uncle William brought it to her all the way from China." "Put it back on the bracket and don't tell anything about it," advised Rosa's visitor. "See, it will stand up just as it did before, if it isn't jarred." Rosa hesitated a moment. She knew that it wouldn't be right to accept such advice. When the servant dusted the vase it would come apart, and very likely the girl would be blamed for breaking it. But Rosa decided to take the advice offered; so they put the broken vase carefully on the bracket, and left the parlour.

The very next day, when the servant was dusting the room, down tumbled the vase as soon as she touched it with her duster. Rosa's mother happened to be in the room at the time. She was very sorry that it was broken, and seeing how she felt about it, the girl, who really thought she had done the mischief, was a good deal pained. Mrs. Sprague spoke of the affair several times during the day, and Rosa knew that no one dreamed of her as being the guilty one. But that didn't make her feel right. Her conscience began to trouble her. "I haven't lied about it," she argued with herself, "for I haven't said a word, no one has asked me." But that argument didn't satisfy conscience. "You know you broke it," said the accusing voice, "and you know that keeping silent is as much as saying you know nothing about it. That is acting a lie." Rosa stood it as long as she could. Then she went to her mother and told her the truth. "At first I thought it wouldn't be lying if I didn't say anything," she said, "but I see now that I was wrong. My actions lied just the same as my words would. I am sorry, mother, that I broke the vase, and sorry that I tried to deceive you about it." "I'm sorry that the vase was

broken," answered her mother, "but I'm glad that my little girl concluded to come to me with the truth. The loss of the vase is nothing compared with the loss of confidence I should have felt in her if she had kept up the deception until I found out the truth"—*Congregationalist*.

A SWEET APPLE.

"MAMMA."—"Yes darling, I hear you."
"I was down by the gate, you know.
Eating that big red apple
You gave me a while ago.

"And what do you think I saw there?
You never can guess, you see.
The funniest little beggar!
Why, she wasn't as big as me.

"She was dirty, you know, and so
ragged,
And her face was so thin and white.
And she looked and she looked at my
apple
Just as though she would like a bite.

"And she kept on watching my apple
Just as hard as ever she could,
And she looked so awfully hungry
That it didn't taste half so good."

"Well, and what did you do, my
laddie?"
"Why, I waited a bit, and then
I gave her a piece of the apple,
And it tasted all right again!"

ALL REWARDED.

FOUR children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after, their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them into his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first. "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?" "I rushed in after him and brought him out." "You did well; here is your reward." "And what did you do?" turning to the second. "I helped to carry him home." "That was right, here is your reward." "And what did you do when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl three years old. "I prayed, papa." "You did your part too, and well, here is a book for you too." All did what they could, and each was justly rewarded.



HOME FROM THE ...