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# Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

[No. 20

## THE HAPPY FAMILY.

HERE is a very happy family, but a very strange one. You see old Puss has adopted four little guinea pigs to share her home with her and her gray kitten, and the doves seem to be welcome visitors with them. But how is it that these creatures, with natures so different, get along so nicely together? It is because their natures have been tamed, and they have learned that the others have rights, too.

Quarrels, many times, come because the parties are too jealous of what they regard as their rights. If we but forget ourselves and try to see what there is that we can do to increase our brother's, or sister's, or neighbour's happiness, we will increase our own equally as much. You never saw a person who sought continually to make others happy, who was not just as happy himself as could be. But the big trouble is to forget ourselves. In spite of all our resolves, it seems as though we will do or say something hastily that is real selfish, and will make others feel badly, or if there



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

help of Jesus. This is his work: To save us from our sins, and make us fit for heaven. Oh, ask Jesus to wash your heart, that you may be freed from this bondage.

"Jesus will give you rest,—  
Oh, happy rest, sweet,  
happy rest—  
Jesus will give you rest."

## TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT.

It had been one of those days in which everything goes contrary and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sunk into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!"

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie, dear?" said my little niece, who was standing, unperceived, beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to

is some one around who feels a little selfish, too, it may provoke a quarrel. Well, dear reader, there is one cure, it is not by our resolves alone, nor by bargains, but by the see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter' She did not know what healing she had brought. The simple words have never been forgotten.

## CHILD'S MISSIONARY HYMN

LORD, can a simple child like me  
Assist to turn the world to thee?  
Or send the bread of life to hands  
Stretched out for it in heathen lands?

Will this poor mite I call my own  
Lead some lost Hindu to the throne?  
Or help to cast the idols down,  
Which midst the groves of Java frown?

O yes! Although the gift be small,  
Thou'lt bless it, since it is my all;  
And bid it swell the glorious tide  
By thousands of thy saints supplied.

You mighty flood which sweeps the plain,  
Is fed by tiny drops of rain;  
And ocean's broad, unyielding strand  
Consists of countless grains of sand.

Thus may the offerings children bring  
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King.  
If owned by that resistless power,  
Which curbs the sea and forms the shower.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

## LITTLE ALICE.

ONE of my Sabbath-school scholars was little Alice, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, whose beautiful face and sweet, winning ways made her a favourite with all. Methinks I can see now the soft, tender look of her mild eyes fixed so earnestly upon me, as I endeavoured to impress upon her opening mind the gospel plan of salvation. One day I said to her: "Alice, what will you do when you die, and are called upon to stand before the judgment-seat of God to answer for all the sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion as she answered: "Christ died for sinners; I will

hide behind him. God will not look at me; he will look at Christ."

Beautiful thought, to hide behind Christ, to lose ourselves in him, and casting aside our own impure works to rest solely and entirely upon his finished work for salvation.—*Rays of Light.*

## "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

GRANDMA HIGGINS is now an old pilgrim lady. When she was a small girl about ten years old she was a real little Christian. I will tell you how she worked for Jesus. One morning she went to a neighbor's house, and while there the man and his wife, and the children too, got into a terrible quarrel. Many hard words were spoken and hard words said back. It grew worse and worse, and she was frightened. She said she thought they would soon be fighting if they did not stop. What could she do? Well, I'll tell you what she did. She knelt right down and prayed, and told the Lord all about it. Soon the man and his wife began to sob and weep, and they too knelt down and prayed to God earnestly to forgive them; and he did forgive them that day. Praise the Lord!

So you see it is not always the great sermons that do most good, but according to the working of God's Spirit, even in a little child.

The children, too, both great and small,  
Who love the name of Jesus,  
May now accept the gracious call  
To work and live for Jesus.

—*The Lily.*

## DILLY'S GUESTS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

DILLY is my little neighbour; she lives in a big, wide house with no brothers and sisters to keep her company, and I have no doubt she is sometimes lonesome; I am sure, too, that she is a wee bit spoiled.

Once on a time she invited Miss Bad Temper to spend the day with her; she came of course; Miss Bad Temper always comes when she's asked, and sometimes when she isn't. But lo, and behold! she did not come alone; Miss Unhappiness, her twin-sister, came along with her, and settled herself as if she was going to stay. Dilly got very tired of her company, and I must say every body in the house did too.

She complained to her mother that she had to entertain Miss Unhappiness, who was very stupid and tiresome. "O," said Dilly's mother, "whenever you have Miss Bad Temper for a guest, you must make up your mind to have her sister, Unhappiness,

too. Now I'll tell you what I'd do; I would send right off and ask Miss Good-Nature to come and pay you a visit. These other guests of yours hate her with a deadly hatred, and as soon as they see her approaching, away they'll scamper, both of them, out of the back door, slamming it as they go."

Dilly began to laugh heartily at the idea of that hasty flight, and mamma, looking out of the window with a funny little smile, said, "Well, I declare! if here isn't Good Nature coming to pay you a visit of her own accord; run and ask her in, take off her bonnet, and beg her to stay to tea."

Dilly ran away, laughing more merrily than before. About an hour after, her mother passed the play-room door and found her having a fine time with her paper dolls. "Well, Dilly," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "how do you like Miss Good Nature for company?"

There was a twinkle in Dilly's eyes too. "First rate, mamma," she said, "and Miss Good-Nature brought her sister along this time."

"What's her name," asked mamma.

"Well, she didn't exactly induce me, you know," answered the little girl, "but sort o' think her name is Good Times."

## IF YOU PLEASE.

A CHRISTIAN missionary in India relates that in the course of his labours among the Hindoos, a poor youth followed him about the garden, or compound of the school asking him to make him a Christian. He replied: "It is impossible, my dear boy, if it be possible at all, it can only be through the Lord Jesus Christ. He can do it, none else; pray to him."

Then the missionary writes, how well he recalls the sweet voice and face of the poor boy when he came to him soon afterwards, and said: "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken his place in my heart."

"How is that?"

"Ah," he replied, "I prayed, and said, 'Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!' And he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

How simple and touching! "Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian. Can you say your prayers are like his, and that the dear Lord Jesus has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?"

THE mother had cut her little daughter's hair to make "bangs." Surveying her own work, she said, "Bessie, yesterday you looked as if you had no sense; to-day you look as if your mother had none."

THE RIVER WE ALL MUST CROSS.

THERE is a river we all must cross,  
Thousands will pass it to-morrow;  
Some will go down to its waters with joy;  
Others with anguish and sorrow.

Some will be welcomed by angel hands,  
Coming from over the river;  
Others be borne, by the current adown,  
Where there is none to deliver.

Some will stand firmly in Eden's bowers,  
Wearing the white robes of pardon;  
Others be cast on a desolate shore,  
Far from the gates of the garden.

These shall join in the chorus of praise,  
Ever from Eden ascending;  
Those shall unite in the wailings of woe,  
Woe that hath never an ending.

Soon to this river we all must come,  
Jesus may call us to-morrow,  
Shall we go down to its waters with joy—  
Or shall we go with anguish and sorrow?  
—Selected.

HER COMPOSITION.

FORMERLY a large proportion of the compositions written in school were devoted to "Hope" and "The Seasons." The time has passed, however, for giving children too abstract topics upon which to enlarge, or, indeed, those which they do not understand. "Pansy" tells the following incident, the moral of which applies chiefly to inconsiderate teachers. She says:

When I was a girl in school, the teacher used to give out topics once a month for essays. One evening she gave a girl named Fanny the subject "Bacon." Poor Fanny hated essays, and over this subject she fairly groaned.

"As if I could!" she said.

But she did. In just a month from the day subjects were given out the essays were to be read. Fanny was among the first to be called forward. I ought to say first that these monthly essays were not passed in for correction until after they had been read. They were to be given to the school exactly as they came from the author's hand. So Fanny began:

"Bacon. The subject assigned to me for this month is bacon. I do not see how it is possible for one to say very much on this subject. Everybody knows all there is to say about it. It is simply the flesh of hogs, salted, or pickled, or dried."

Before she had finished reading, the scholars were in such roars of laughter that her voice was drowned. She looked round upon us with astonished eyes, and

this made it appear all the funnier. The boys fairly shouted, and even the gentle teacher was laughing.

"O Fanny! Fanny!" she said at last. "Did you really think I meant pork?"

"Why, what else could you mean?" asked the bewildered girl. Then we all laughed again.

"Why, Fanny," continued the teacher, "did you not know it was the poet Bacon that was meant?"

THE GREEDY HENS.

ONE day I chopped up a large plate of meat and took it out to feed my hens. There happened to be one piece larger than the others, having a bone in it so, I could not cut it. As I set the meat before them, one greedy hen caught this large piece up and ran off with it. Another hen wanted the same piece, and ran after her to see if she could not get it for herself. While they were chasing each other around the yard trying to eat their bone, which was too large for them to swallow, the other hens ate up all the finely cut meat. When the two hens got tired of quarrelling about the bone, they went off and left it lying on the ground. They looked silly enough when they came back and found the nice meat all gone. They had lost their dinner through their foolish greed. It seems very unwise for these hens to do as they did; but I have known little boys and girls who at times do not act with any more wisdom—G. W. Lary.

THE TWO WOODCHUCKS.

Two little woodchucks were caught in the woods. The man who caught them did not want them, so he gave one to David and one to William. The boys were very much pleased with their presents, and took them home. They were cunning little things. They looked like round black balls, when they lay curled up asleep. William had a pen for his, and David had a pen for his, and each boy was to train up his own.

William liked to tease his woodchuck. He would deceive it; make believe he had something for it when he had nothing; promise it something, and break his promise; and the poor little thing used to look so hurt; indeed, it was so hurt and unhappy by such conduct that it ran away and never came back.

How did David bring up his woodchuck? He always kept his word with it. If he promised it anything, he kept his promise. In teaching it pretty tricks, he rewarded its obedience. He was always kind and considerate toward it, and the little creature

loved him dearly. It seemed to believe in David, followed him everywhere, and was never so happy as when his young master was talking with him. He ran round after the cat's tail, and played hide-and-go-sock with old Rover.

Rover used to stick his nose into woodchuck's little house under the piazza and bark, to the great delight of the little thing, who thought it was very droll that Rover could not get in any farther. And this woodchuck never so much as thought of running away. Was it not as happy as it could be?

"David understands him," says the man. "You must never break confidence with an animal, if you want him to respect, love, and mind you."—Child's Paper.

KITE TIME.

KITE-SAILING is a pleasing pastime for boys at certain seasons of the year; and who is the boy that does not delight in making a kite that will soar very high heavenward? Not only small boys, but many grown-up boys engage in this sport, and in our northern country June is sometimes a very favourable month for it.

One of the largest kites that ever soared in American air was given to the breeze at New Haven, Conn., on the 28th of March, 1884. The kite was twelve feet wide, and fifteen feet long. Its ballast was a tail of manilla rope and weighing thirty-eight pounds. On the day of the trial-trip a strong breeze was blowing. After several vain attempts to send the kite aloft, it caught the breeze and went up like a huge monster on wide-spread wings. Two men were required to run the reel. The kite sailed away until one thousand yards of clothes-line had been paid out. It was fortunate that a reel had been provided, for if those present depended on their unassisted strength, the kite would have escaped. When it reached the extent of the rope the strain was so great that forty men had hard work to pull it down. Aloft in the air, it looked to be less than half its real size. Thousands watched it soar above the city of New Haven, and many boys dreamed of kites when they went to bed that night.

WHERE DO THE PENNIES GO?

LITTLE Robbie has been in the habit of putting his pennies into the box at Sabbath-school till last Sunday, when he came running into the house in a breathless hurry, and shouted, "Mamma! sha'n't save up my pennies any more. The money don't go up to God. I saw Mr. Kelly take it and put it in his pocket." Can our little readers tell Robbie what Mr. Kelly does with the pennies?



### OUR PET IN A PET.

THIS little girl is evidently out of humour. She won't take her breakfast, and looks very sulky about it. It is very foolish and very wrong. I hope none of our HAPPY DAY readers ever do that sort of thing.

### "THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A LITTLE boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," said he. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers." What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

### A LITTLE HERO.

CAN a boy be a hero? Of course he can if he has courage and opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation and suffer rather than do wrong, is a true hero. A drummer boy who had become a great favourite with his officers was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. The boy declined, saying, "I am a temperance boy, and do not touch strong drink." "But you must take some now," said the captain; "you have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse; I insist upon it." But the boy stood firm. The captain then turned to the major and said, "Our little drummer is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier." "How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey orders?" "Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier

faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, for I know it would do me harm." "Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink; and you know it is death to disobey orders." The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard, and when I entered the army I promised my mother I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders,

but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my pledge." Was not that a hero? He had learned when to say "No."

The officers could not help admiring the courage of the boy, and ever afterward treated with great kindness.—*Selected.*

### TOM'S STORY.

TOM, the gardener, was very good-natured. He was always glad to have Floyd and Nelly near by when he was at work. They never "bothered" him, he said.

Tom had a great many good stories to tell. He could talk and work too. Not every one can do that, you know.

Now do you want to hear one of Tom's stories?

"So you like that little blue flower, do you?" he said. "It 'minds me of a little girl in old Scotland. Her eyes were like the blue wee flower, and her sweet voice was like a soft bird song."

"Tell us about her," cried both children, and they trotted after him as he gathered up the dry grass with his rake.

"Margie was my sister's bonnie maid. She was all the bairn they ever had, and they loved her as the flowers love sunshine. She was a bit o' sunshine herself. She loved everybody, and never was so happy as when she could brighten somebody up a bit.

"The blue flower 'minds me of a day when she took both hands full of bonnie blue flowers to a wicked old woman who lived in a cottage at the end of the lane. She lived all alone, and she looked like there was no love in her heart. She shook a stick, and looked black if she saw a bairn, and so they all feared her. But Margie did not fear. When she saw the dark old face first, her little heart was full of pity. The next day she went to the garden and came back with her pretty hands full of flowers.

"What is it, bairnie?" said the mother.

"Let me take the pretty posies to Grannie down the lane," said Margie.

"The mother was a bit feared, but brave little bairn begged to go, and said yes.

"So down the lane went Margie. Grannie sat in the cottage door. She looked so cross and she muttered when she saw the bairn coming. But she never stopped her. Up she went with the flowers in her basket and the love in her eyes.

"See, Grannie, the pretty blue flowers. You want them, don't you? I brought them to you."

"Grannie growled out, 'What for?'

"I thought you would like to have a little girl pick flowers for you, 'cause I have no little girl of your own, you know."

"Then Grannie choked a little, and little tears came up in her dry old eyes. Something in her hard old heart broke, and a little stream of love began to flow.

"This was the bairn's little bit o' love for the Lord o' love. Grannie never stuck her stick again at a child. Before she died she grew gentle to everybody, and she went to the kirk and learned to pray."

This was Tom's story, and it shows what the Bible means when it says, "I will casteth out fear."

### LOOK UP, MY BOY.

THERE is hope in the world for you and  
There is joy in a thousand things that  
There is fruit to gather from every tree  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life  
With temper and sorrow the world is rife  
But no strength cometh without the strife  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill  
There is work to do with an iron will;  
The river comes from the tiny rill.  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, the way is long  
But a purpose in life will make you strong  
Keep ever on your lips a cheerful song  
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right;  
And have the courage, as in God's sight  
To do what your hands find with your might  
Look up, my boy, look up!

—*Good Ch.*

WE should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.