

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1888.

[No. 15.

## BIRDIE'S LESSON.

This little girl is preparing to teach her bird some of those pretty unusual ways that in these little creatures always prove so amusing. We will tell our young readers how this training of birds can be conducted.

Set the cage on a table near where you wish to sit; after a little conference with the bird introduce a finger between the wires near the favourite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he pecks to ascertain its quality; may be he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird-food; put him away. Next day try him again. He may go farther and peck at on it; or he may spend several days getting more familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the programme by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first blocking the finger under it; next time when it open, blockading egress with the



BIRDIE'S LESSON.

you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger and he is sure to fly to it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch. Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two or four weeks about it.

### "SAY IT SLOW"

TEACHERS of little children in the Sabbath school have been known to complain that their pupils did not understand the lesson when it was plain that an attempt had been made to force, as it were, a great measure of matter into a tiny cup. Of necessity the mass had gone to waste, and the little retained had come too much like an avalanche to be put to good use. "Papa," said a little boy, "say that again; say it slow" And the little fellow's case is but a fair illustration of the fact that the primary scholars need to have things made simple.

rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it draw him forth a little; next tempt him to the perch outside a little; and so on. In a short time

They must be told over and over again. Such is the practice in the secular school, and it should be in the Sabbath school.

## THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life and bade thee feed  
By the stream, and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight;  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice;  
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb;  
He is meek and he is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child and thou a lamb  
We are called by his name.

Little lamb, God bless thee;  
Little lamb, God bless thee.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	92 07
Methodist Magazine, 16 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	2 50
The Wesleyan, 11-11/2x, weekly	1 84
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.	0 66
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2	
per 10; per quarter, 60c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 27
Less than 20 copies	0 35
Over 20 copies	0 32
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
78 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER,  
3 Henry Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HURST,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N. S.

## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1888.

## SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS was asked one day, "What is intercession?" A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us, now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor and mixed with much of sin, but if they come really from the heart he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian who had done the State great service, in which he had lost a hand. His brother for some offence, was tried and condemned, and about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced the other came into court, and without speaking a word held up

his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven and made dear children of that blessed household above.—*Youth's World*.

## BED-TIME TALES.

"I HAVE both ears open," said the Little Snuggler, by way of a gentle hint to the Big Storymaker, whom she took for granted was always wound up, like a thirty day clock, and ready to run.

"Once there was a dear old lady—very old, mind you," he began with a sigh. "Nobody knew just how old she was, for you see she had no mother or grandmother to remember for her—she lived before there were any mothers.

"And she was as healthy and plump as she was old; people said she was just a little broader than she was long, though I never could see that with my own eyes, notwithstanding I met her every day.

"How such a portly and aged lady would ever have taken care of herself, I cannot tell, I am sure, had she not been so fortunate as to have four handmaidens to dress her.

"These did not all wait on her at one time, but divided the work equally; and the strange part of it was that she changed her dress four times a day, and each one was allowed to choose the colour of dress she should wear, instead of the lady herself.

"So, when the first one began, she selected a robe of brightest green for her, only dotted here and there with specks of white, yellow, red and blue.

"A very pretty robe it was, so much admired by everybody that when the turn of the second one came, she did not attempt to change the costume, but only dyed it a deeper green, and adorned it with more bright colours.

"When it came the turn of the third, she decided so much bright colour was in bad taste, and changed to a dress of brown, trimmed in scarlet and old gold.

"This provided a very handsome costume, but the colours were not fast, and soon faded and grew very ugly; everyone feared they would, and so no one was surprised, one morning, to waken and find that the fourth handmaiden had changed it entirely for one of pure white. The children were delighted, and glanced in glee.

"When the old lady got her white robe on, she seemed to think it was intended as her night-gown, for she at once went to sleep, and took a long nap. Poor old creature! she must have been very tired changing so much."

"Take me to see her some day," pled the Little Snuggler.

"I think you will see her just outside your window in the morning, dressed in white."

"Pooh! that's only snow!" was the doubtful exclamation next morning.

"That's what I told you," was the wise answer. Are you wise enough to know what he meant?—*Our Morning Guide*.

## A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

LITTLE Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants. Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted. One cold, wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with the cold, and the rain and the sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus, you may come in; for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.

## "IT IS MY MOTHER."

As the children belonging to a class in a Sabbath-school were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterward asked them if they could remember the name of any one person that lived on earth who was always good. A little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart, "I know whom you mean; it is my mother." The teacher told her that Jesus Christ was the person meant, but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother, and that she thought so much of her.

## MR. NOBODY.

THERE is a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house.  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we'll all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books;  
Who leaves the door ajar;  
He pulls the buttons off our clothes,  
And scatters pins afar.  
That squeaking door will always squeak  
Because, you surely see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire  
That kettles cannot boil,  
His are the feet that bring in mud,  
And all the carpets soil.  
The papers always are mislaid;  
Who had them last but he?  
There's no one tosses them about  
But Mr. Nobody.

The fingermarks upon the doors  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying round you see  
Are not our boots; they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

## CHILDREN'S GIFTS TO MISSIONS.

THE missionary host of the Sunday-schools—what a good work it is doing! It is not a sergeant's little squad drilling by itself, but a great host, promoting unity of interest and sympathy in the great, wide campaign of the Master; and the mites falling in as offerings, like the drops of a steady rain, give us quite a river of good help.

The money the children give, how happily and blessedly it helps us! And again, how blessedly it helps them to learn from early years to give out and send abroad! O do not let the children of the Sunday-schools be giving for themselves—for their own books, their prizes, their entertainments, their comforts. Provide some other way, through teachers, or parents, or friends, for these necessary costs. Let the children always give for something outside of themselves—for missions, for great needs beyond, for something always teaching the blessedness of being unselfish.—*Church Worker.*

## THE BROWN TOWEL.

"THEY must be very poor who have nothing to give," said Mrs. Jarvis, as she deposited a pair of beautiful English blankets in a box that was being filled by the ladies of the church to be sent to the poor.

"And now, ladies, as you are nearly through, I would like to tell you an incident in my history; I was once very poor."

"You once very poor?" said a lady.

"Yes; I was once *very poor*. There came to our village a missionary to deliver a lecture. I felt very desirous to go, but having no decent apparel to wear, I was often deprived of going to church, although I was a member.

"I waited until it was late, and then slipped in and took a seat behind the door.

"I listened with streaming eyes to the missionary's account of the destitution and darkness in heathen lands. Poor as I was, I felt it to be a great privilege to live in a Christian land, and to be able to read the Bible.

"It was proposed by our pastor that the congregation should fill a box and send it out with the missionary on his return.

"Oh! thought I, how I would like to send something. When I returned home my poor children were still sleeping soundly, and my disconsolate husband waiting my return; for he had been out of employment for some time. After he had gone to bed I went to looking over my clothes, but I could find nothing that was suitable that I could possibly spare; then I began looking over the children's things, but could find nothing that the poor dears could be deprived of; so I went to bed with a heavy heart, and lay a long time thinking of the destitution of the poor heathen, and how much better off I was.

"I got to thinking over my little stock again. There was nothing I could put into the box except one brown towel.

"Next day I got my towels, picked out the best one, and when it was almost dark put on my bonnet, went to the church, slipped my towel into the box, and came away thinking that the Lord knew that I had done what I could.

"And now, ladies, let me tell you it was not long after that when my husband got into a good situation; and prosperity has followed us ever since. So I date back my prosperity to this incident of the brown towel."

Her story was done, and as the carriage was waiting at the door she took her departure, leaving us all mute with surprise that one so rich and generous had been trained to give amid poverty.

## LIVING IN THE FUTURE.

"How long the day is!" exclaimed Ina White, as she threw herself on a low couch in a weary attitude towards the close of a summer's day. "Why does it appear so?" I asked.

"Thinking of to-morrow," she replied, with a gesture of surprise. "Will it never come?"

I then remembered what had escaped me at first, that a party of pleasure had been arranged for the next day, to which the young people looked forward with extreme delight.

"Find something to do," I returned, "busy yourself in some way, I do not say, let your heart be less glad in the prospect before you; but I do say, let not the anticipation of it make you weary and dull to-day."

Ina was a dear girl and easily convinced of right, so she followed my advice. Presently I saw her at her mother's feet, assisting with some sewing needful for her younger sisters.

"Right!" I thought. "To-day's duty is the best preparation for to-morrow's joy." In spite of this effort to do right, however, as I passed Ina's room that night, her door ajar, I heard a gentle murmur from the wakeful girl:

"Oh, how long the night is!"

As I passed on to my chamber, I thought, "There's a very bright to-morrow before me in the sunshine of my Saviour's presence. Am I looking forward to it, and does the time appear long until I am in its full enjoyment? Yet am I seeking to follow out my own advice, and employ it well until the Master comes and calls for me? Am I living for the future while working and waiting for the present?"

I confess I had to answer these questions with shame to my own soul. My young reader, how would you answer them?

## ALWAYS MIND MAMMA.

WHEN I was a very little girl, I was one day sitting on a chair and rocking toward the stove. Mamma told me not to rock any more, for fear I would fall against the stove and burn myself. But I thought I could surely rock one more time without falling, and so I tried it. Now, this was just once too often, for I fell and burned my wrists very badly, and had to have them bound up in long white strips. My hands were sore for many days, and now I have five large scars on the backs of them, which often make me think of the time I did not mind my mamma. Little boys and girls, always do as mother tells you. She knows best.



### THE SAILOR BOY.

This sailor lad has selected a strange place to read. "High on the giddy mast" he sits, and sways with the swaying of the ship. The present writer has done the same thing himself, and if one's head is sufficiently steady, it is a very pleasant sensation.

### ONLY GOING DOWN TO TATE'S.

My father was an old gentleman who was very regular in his habits. Every evening it was his custom to take a stroll after tea to visit some old friends of the name of Tate, who lived in the next street. Before leaving the house he would open the door of the dining-room where we used to sit, and would say aloud, "Only going down to Tate's." Then we knew he would be absent for an hour or two, chatting with his friend Mr. Tate.

Now it happened one evening that Polly's cage door was left open. We sometimes let him walk about the room when he was very good, as a great treat. This evening we suddenly missed him from the room, and could not think where he had gone. As we were very fond of him, we all set to work and searched the house high and low, looking into every corner and cranny, and calling, "Polly, Polly," everywhere. But no Polly answered our repeated cries, and no Polly could we find. So at last my father left, as usual, to pay his visit to our neighbour's, leaving us still looking for our pet. What was his surprise upon turning the corner of the street to see Polly quietly waddling down the middle of the road!

"Why, Polly," said he, "where are you going?"

Upon which Master Poll cocked his impatient little head on one side, and looked up and said, "Only going down to Tate's."

How my father laughed when he brought him home perched on his hand, for the curious thing was that Poll was actually going in the direction of the Tates' house, which made it all the more amusing.

After that we took better care to shut his cage door.

### WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the grounds for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what's the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charlie," he replied, placing a basket of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charlie, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, David, how silly you are! How can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your masters. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

### A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

WINTER is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in the winter mostly. In some countries winter comes in the summer, then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country, which is the best government the sun ever shone upon. Then we could go barefoot and slide down hill in linen pants. We could snowball without getting our fingers cold, and men who go out sleighing wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to get warm, as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made then.

### THE TINY BOOK.

GRANDMA'S been away to town  
All the livelong day;  
Now she's home again to-night,  
And the children's eyes are bright  
As they leave their play.

Little Lou climbs to her lap,  
Bessie's at her side;  
See their little faces sweet.  
Madge, who's kneeling at her feet,  
Asks about her ride.

Now, the bag is open. Look!  
Lulu clasps her dolly,  
With its hair in funny locks;  
Bess laughs at her Jack-in-box;  
Doesn't he look jolly?

See! now grandma shuts the bag;  
Madge's eyes grow wide;  
Surely grandma won't forget  
That for her some treasure's yet  
Hidden safe inside.

Bess and Lou look wond'ring too;  
Grandma's smile is sweet:  
"Madge, my dear, I had for you  
A tiny book with cover blue,  
But lost it in the street.

"It was filled with promises  
Framed in buds so bright."  
"Grandma," Madge said thoughtfully,  
"Don't you b'lieve that God can see  
Where it is to-night?"

"Then I'll ask him when I pray  
My pretty book to give  
To some poor man whose Bible's gone,  
And keep him safe from doing wrong,  
And teach him how to live."

### FRED AS A PREACHER.

THIS was Fred's sermon on honouring parents:

"'H' means to *hear* what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather. 'O' means *obey*—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it. 'N' is to hear and obey *now*. Don't say, 'Wait a minute.' Don't think, 'I'll mind next time.' Now, is the word. 'O' again means 'onest; we owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers and couldn't do it ourselves. 'R' stands for *right*. It is right, because God says so; if it weren't he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

May be some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.