

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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.

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

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

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

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

Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1894.

[No. 5.]

ALL ABOARD.

THERE WAS a great noise in the nursery, and Auntie May opened the door to see what it was all about.

Frank and Mabel were tying a towel to some cross-sticks that they had fastened to an up-turned table.

"What are you doing, children?" asked Auntie May.

"Rigging our ship," answered Frank.

"Tie on another sail, Mabel. Here is our hold. Have you stowed away enough provision for our voyage?"

Mabel lifted the lid of a large basket, and showed five apples, five pieces of bread and butter, five crackers, five pieces of cake, and a bottle of milk—their noon lunch, in fact.

"I think so, if we are not going on a very long cruise," answered Mabel, while Effie and Mabel peeped anxiously in, to be sure there was enough for them too.

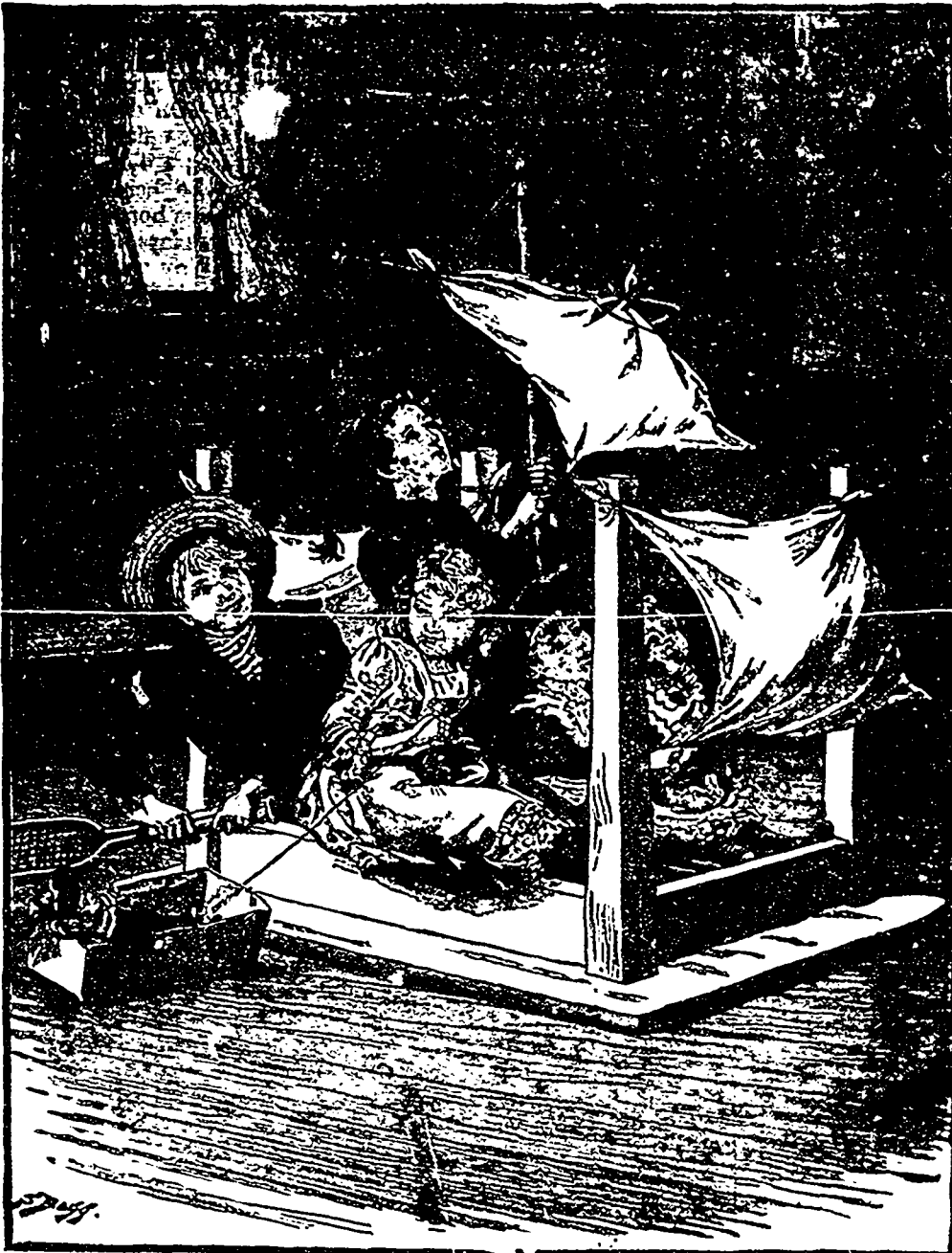
"We must have three sails," said Frank, "ask mamma to give us another towel."

"Mr. Captain, may I ask for what port you are bound?" asked Auntie May.

"San Francisco," promptly answered Frank.

"Oh, no," interposed Effie, quickly. "That's in California. We can't sail over the Rocky Mountains."

"We can go by water too. Guess you'd



ALL ABOARD

better study your geography," answered Frank, scornfully.

"How do you propose to go?" asked Auntie May.

"Why, down the Atlantic ocean to South America; in the Gulf of Mexico, and stop to look at the new canal they are trying

to make, then around the Cape of Good Hope—"

"Oh' oh' oh' shouted Effie and Mabel. And Auntie May said, laughingly, "Wouldn't that be considerably out of your way?"

"That's in the south of Africa," whispered Mabel. "You mean Cape Horn."

"Guess I'll look at my chart a minute," said Frank, with very red cheeks, as he pulled down a big atlas.

"All right! I know the way now. All passengers aboard. Ship the anchor. Hurrah, we're off!"

A PRAYER

A LITTLE girl went out to play in the snow, and when she came in, she said: "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray my dear?"

"I prayed that my new prayer mamma that I learned once in Sunday school. Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

"What a beautiful prayer! Here is the promise that goes with it: "Though

your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And what can wash them white—clean them from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: "These are they which . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

MISSIONARY PENNIES

JESSIE H. BROWN

WHERE did my pennies come from ?
 Let me count them,—one, two, three.
 "One" is for always remembering
 To shut the pantry door ;
 "Two" is for minding the baby,—
 Our dear little cunning Ted ;
 "Three" is for not interrupting
 What the grown-up people said,
 "Four" is what Uncle John gave me
 When I bumped me, and didn't cry,—
 If some of you think it was easy,
 I only wish you would try.}

What shall I do with my pennies ?
 There are candies and toys, I know,
 And the children can always tell you
 How quickly the pennies go.
 But this barrel seems always saying,
 "Give your pennies to me, my dear,
 And send them across the ocean,
 That the heathen God's word may hear."
 I know they are only pennies,
 I know they are few and small,
 But I'll send a wee prayer along with them,
 And the barrel shall have them all.

ONE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	2 50
Misc. Mo. Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Herein Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 50
Quarterly Review service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 25 to 27 Front Street West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
 TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
 3 Bleury Street, Meth. Book Room,
 Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1894.

OUR INHERITANCE.

EARLY in the last century a poor boy was attending a foundation school in an English village. He was a dreamer of dreams. In his play hours he would go off alone to the river side, and, sitting down under a spreading tree, would give himself up to thinking. One day, while his schoolfellows were busy elsewhere with their games, he had a great dream. Poor though he was, he was the heir of a family that had once been rich. The very scenes he gazed upon were once the property of his forefathers. As he sat there that day, turning the sad fact over and over in his mind, he formed in his heart the noble purpose of "winning back the inheritance his

ancestors had lost. The story of his life is the story of how that noble purpose was accomplished. Some friends of the old family took an interest in the boy, and got him sent out to India as a young clerk. He was well-behaved, attentive to his duties, and he was clever. Everything put under his care went well. He became a good soldier, a good leader of armies; he fought great battles, and won them; he rose to be Governor of India, and became very rich. Long years after, Warren Hastings returned to England, and he bought back the family estates, and became lord of those broad lands and stately mansions which his forefathers had lost; and thus the dreams of the noble boy were fulfilled.

Every child of God is the heir of an inheritance grander than any that could be purchased with gold. Christ has prepared a beautiful home of rest and purity. We have each, by diligence and devotion and faith, to strive to win that inheritance.

TIM'S DOVE

ONE day, when little Tim was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. He named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim, and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbor going past the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said; "she is so sick."

Then he ran to the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbor brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbor could speak there

was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.

DIDN'T MEAN TO.

JOHN came home very angry. "Someone left the bars down," he said, "and the cows are gone. I cannot find them."

"Oh dear!" said Jenny; "when I went across fields I forgot to put them up after me; I didn't mean to."

So her father had a long hunt, and came home very tired. Next day Jenny was late at school, and had a black mark. "Why were you not in time?" asked the teacher.

"I stopped a minute to play with Katie Brown, and I did not think it was so long. I didn't mean to be late."

That same week she was playing with the little kitten one day, when the baby was sitting on the floor. Jenny did not look where she went, and ran against him, so that he fell over, and hurt his head very badly. He cried so loud that his mamma came.

"How did you get this great bruise?"

"I hurt him," said Jenny; "I did not mean to do it."

Then her mother told her that this didn't mean to, if she let it live, would grow into a great ugly giant habit, and make a slave of her.

So Jenny said she would try very hard to kill it while it was little; and she has grown so careful since then that you might play with her for a year, and not find out that she was the very little girl I have told you about.

LITTLE MARY'S TRUST.

ONE day, in school, a cry of fire was sounded. The children rushed toward the door, and crowded the passage. But one girl sat still in her place. The alarm was false, and the scholars returned to their seats. Then the girl next to Mary said, "Mary, how is it that you could sit so quietly, when we were all so frightened?" Mary answered, "My father told me if there should be an alarm of fire, it would be best for us to sit still in our seats and wait for the teachers to tell us what to do. My father is a fireman, and he knows best." This little girl trusted in her father's word; she obeyed him and was safe. If we trust in our heavenly Father and obey him, he will help us in every trial.

ELFIE TO THE SNOWFLAKES.

BY NELLIE M. GABARRANT

Oh, little, little snowflakes,
Tell, oh, tell me, pray,
Through all the long bright summer-time
Where is it that you stay?

If you would come in summer,
How charming it would seem,
To see you join the fairy dance
Of fireflies o'er the green:

On azure wing, the blue-bird
Would catch you as he flew,
And you would sparkle 'mid the flowers,
Much prettier than dew.

The butterflies would chase you,
A-fitting to and fro;
And, oh how sweet the roses red
Would look in hoods of snow!

And when we all grew weary
With summer's heat and glow,
How cool would be your icy touch,
You little flakes of snow!

So, little, little snowflakes,
Don't keep so long away;
If you will come in summer-time,
Till winter you can stay.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

MY DEAR BOYS: You have been much in my mind for a week or so, and now I am going to write you a letter to tell you what it was that started me to thinking of you this time instead of your bigger brothers, with whom I am very well acquainted.

One of the most familiar sights in the world to me is that of a big, broad-shouldered Welshman named Murdoch, who sits one or two pews in front of me in church. Snuggled close up beside him at almost all the services is his little son, whose round, dark head hardly comes above the top of the pew. Everyone can see that John and his father are on very good terms, and I have always liked to watch the great content and friendliness of the tall man and the small boy. But I should never have thought of writing to you about them except for just one short speech that a lady made to me two weeks ago. I suppose she has forgotten all about it by this time, but I have not, and I hope that you will all try to remember it too. We were talking of Mr. Murdoch, and how hard he tried to get the men who worked with him during the week to come to church, and this was what she said:

Mr. Murdoch is very fortunate in his son in all these church plans of his. It isn't every boy, by any means, who is willing to help like John. Plenty of them would not like to run after the workmen on the buildings, as he does, and carry his father's messages and invitations to them. But John is always ready."

Was not that a nice thing to say? Could anybody say anything like it about you, I

wonder! When your mother is trying to coax some old lady to church, and asks you to go a little out of your way to carry her a posy or a glass of jelly, are you "ready" to do it? When your Sunday-school teacher tells the class that one of the boys has stayed away for three or four Sundays, and asks you to speak to him about it and try to get him to come better, are you "willing to help"? Or perhaps the preacher shakes hands with you some Sunday morning, and asks after your grown sister or your father and says how much he would like to see them at church too; do you "carry the invitation" home with you?

My letter is getting too long for me to write more. But to-night when sleepy-time comes, and your mother is tucking you into bed, ask her about the little tug boats that come puffing into New York harbour, bringing the great, rich steamers in behind them, and get her to tell you what a broad, deep harbour God's Church is, and how many, many vessels are lying out at sea, waiting, maybe, for some little tug to tow them into port, where, by the blessing of God, they might cast anchor and be at home for ever.

Hoping that you will take the example of my small Welsh friend to heart,

I am, affectionately yours,

SALLY CAMPBELL.

"SORRY IS NOT 'NUFF."

"ALLAN! Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling earth to the currant bushes. I cannot tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan is gone; there is his cart.

"Allan! Allan!"

"It's here," at last said a small voice from the back parlour.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother. "It is waiting for another turn."

"It's not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh! when mother told you not to! Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan; "I punish my own self."

His mother often put him in the back parlour alone when he had been a naughty boy, and you see he took the same way himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan.

"I am sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff; I punish me. I stay here a good while and think."

Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it is only sorry, is not enough. How often children say they are sorry, and yet go and do the same thing again! That is very short, shallow sorrow. Allan felt this, so he was was for making serious work of it.

FOLLOWING JESUS

"How I should like to take another nap," said Jennie, as she heard her mother calling her one morning. Then remembering that early rising was one of her crosses, she quickly dressed and ran downstairs. She set the table, and helped her mother about the breakfast. After breakfast she washed the dishes and dusted the rooms. She felt that she would much rather be out under the shady trees, but then she also felt that she ought to deny herself to help mother. After dinner her mother took the baby to put him to sleep, and Jennie settled down to have a nice time with her new story-book. She had read only a few pages, when a lady called to say that Mrs. Brown was sick and wanted Jennie's mother. So Jennie's book must be laid aside, and the baby amused while her mother went to see the sick neighbor. Thus Jennie went on doing the things she did not like, and giving up the things that she did like, in order to help others and that she might please the dear Saviour she was trying to follow.

RELIGION IN A TRUNK.

A LITTLE girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a 'church letter' which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighbourhood she had moved. The little girl rushed to her mother, shouting, "O mamma, I've found your religion in your trunk!" A trunk is a poor, dark, mothy place for one's religion. Out into the light with it, where it, too, may shine and bring glory to God and help to men.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MARCH 18.

LESSON TOPIC.—Wine a Mocker.—Prov. 20. 1-7.

MEMORY VERSES, Prov. 20 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

MARCH 25.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob: God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.—Matt 22. 32.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Resurrection of Christ.—Mark 16 1-8

MEMORY VERSES Mark 16. C. 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15. 20.



THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

THE LORDS LOVE TO CHILDREN.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as king he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

HARRY'S SLIDE.

BY NATALIE LORD RICE

HERE'S Rosie with her ma's washing.
Wait for her. We'll have some fun."
This was Harry's idea. The other boys
thought it a good one. They stood out in
front of the store and watched Rosie as
she came up the road, dragging her heavy,
rickety sled with the bundle upon it. The
boys began to whistle and call. "Give us
a ride. Lend us your sled." But Rosie
kept bravely on to the store. She was not
really afraid of the boys, for sometimes
they had been good natured and given her
bits of candy. Besides, her elder brother
Dan was just inside the store. So she
dropped the sled string and ran into the
store to do her errand.

sliding. In a very few minutes the bundle
was quite flattened down upon the sled.

By-and-bye Rosie and Dan came along.
When they saw the sled, and Harry, and
the bundle, they stopped and began to
laugh. Rosie's bright black eyes twinkled.
"Good 'nough for him," said Dan. "Come
on home, Rosie, and leave him to take care
of the clothes. He'll get a scolding for
that."

But Rosie remembered the pieces of
candy. She ran to the top of the hill and
called to Harry:

"Harry!" she said, "you better stop
your sliding, 'cause those are your ma's
clo'es you're a-sliding on. They're starched."

Harry jumped up in a flash.

"Good 'nough," said one of the boys.

But Harry picked up the sled string and
dragged home the bundle without saying a
word and Rosie and Dan trudged home.—
The Child's Hour.

FRED AND JOE

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age.
Both have their way to make in the world.
This is the way Joe does: When work is
before him, he hates so to touch it. Then
he does not half do it. He is almost sure
to stop before it is done. He does not care
if fault is found. He says, "I can't help
it," or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes
straight to his work, and does it as soon as
he can. He never slights work for play,
though he likes play as well as Joe likes it.
If he does not know how to do a piece of
work well, he asks someone who does know,
and then he takes care to remember. He
says, "I never want to be ashamed of my
work."

Which boy do you think will make a
man to be trusted? Which boy's way do
you think it would be well to imitate? If
you do not know, then you must be already
a rather sad case.

WHAT THE SPONGE SAYS.

I WAS born in the shallow water near
the Florida reefs. I had a very happy
time looking at the beautiful things all
about me,—pretty fishes, sea-fans, sea
feathers, coral, sea-porcupines, and many
curious things which live under the water.
But one day a small boat, holding two
men, came floating along on the water.
One tall, dark man stood up in the boat,
holding a long oar, and the other man bent
over the side of the boat, with his head in
a water-glass. Soon he spied me, and then
he reached out his hook, with its three
curved teeth, and jerked me out of my
comfortable home and threw me on the
deck.

There they left me for several days, and
the sun beat down upon me until I thought
I should be scorched. After a while some
one came, and oh, such a pounding and
washing! By the time I was a light
yellow colour they thought I was clean
enough, and then I was put up in a big
bundle with some others that looked just
like me and sent to a store.

One day a boy came into the store and
bought me, and now he keeps me for his
bath-tub. I could tell him some queer
stories of what I saw in my first home if I
wanted to.

THE EYE OF LOVE.

THE mother whose boy becomes dissi-
pated, and a criminal, never ceases to love
him. She does not love him for what he
is, but for what he has been and for what
she hopes he may yet become. Nobody
can see as mother sees, and when she looks
upon the bloated features of her wayward
boy she sees something the world cannot
see: she sees a sweet-faced little one cooing
in her arms and making glad her mother
heart. She does not remember the pain
and the sorrow and the anguish, the sleep-
less nights and the days of anxiety his
wandering course has caused; but she re-
members only the sunny spots in the past
—the days of peace and hope and love,
when the child was like the water of life
to her soul. She forgets everything that
he in his wrecked manhood thinks she will
always remember, and treasures up in her
heart only those sweet memories of her
darling which feed her love. If she could
only go back again and lead him from the
cradle out towards the mountains of life,
how much more careful she would be to
point out the paths of pleasantness and
peace, and warn him against those which
lead to danger and death!

As it is with a mother's love, so it may
be with the love of God. We cannot under-
stand why it is he loved us all so much,
for surely there is no good thing in us now.
"All we like sheep have gone astray; we
have turned everyone to his own way; and
the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of
us all." He has not condemned us, but has
done all that even God could do to save us.

Surely it must be that God loves us, not
for what we are, but for the purity that
was in us before the Fall and for that which
he would restore.