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Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

[No. 3.

PLAYING AT BEING GRANDMAMMA.

LITTLE children are always fond of imitating the ways of older people and playing at being older than they really are. This little person has discovered her grandmother's spectacles lying on the chair and thinks she will have a great game all to herself. So she sits in Granny's chair and holding the glasses in one hand she gives the empty room the benefit of her weighty opinion on some subject she has probably heard her grandmother talk about. If little children would copy older people only in things that are good, it would be very nice, but we fear that many little boys and girls find a great deal of fun sometimes in copying the very questionable habits of their older friends.

PERSEVERANCE.

A LITTLE girl being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright; yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was, and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little tumbled off.

Next it she wondered what made the ant do as it had done. Something said it was perseverance, and the birds seemed to sing over and over again, "Perseverance," until she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterwards, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant, and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.



PLAYING AT BEING GRANDMAMMA.

MAMMA KNEW BEST.

FREDDIE had a little bird that Aunt Elsie gave him. It was yellow and white, with round black eyes, and a cunning little bill that it ate with. Freddie liked to talk to it. The bird could not talk, but it could sing, and it used to turn its little head and look at him, first out of one eye, then out of the other, and then begin to sing as hard as it could. Freddie thought it was trying to talk to him. There was a pretty cage for it to live in, and sometimes mamma opened the door of the cage and let the bird out to fly and hop around the floor a little while.

One day Freddie climbed into a chair and then upon the table. Then he was close to where birdie's cage hung. His mamma came into the room and caught him. She lifted him down to the floor, and told him he must not get up by the cage unless she said he might. Then she went away again.

This set the little girl to thinking, and

Pretty soon the bird chirped, and Freddie thought it was calling him. So he climbed upon the table again. Naughty Freddie, not to mind his mamma! In a little while he got the door of the cage open, and birdie flew out. But the pussy cat was in the room, and she caught the little bird and killed it.

Mamma would not have let the bird out of the cage when the cat was in the room, but Freddie did not think of the cat. If he had only obeyed his mamma, he might have had his little bird yet.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

MARY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said: "God bless papa, and don't bless mamma." Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By-and-bye she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered: "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Do you think you shall?" "I cannot tell." "Do many mothers die and leave their children?" "A great many." "Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer," and clasping her little hands, she cried: "God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had in the world." That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that, be they long

or short lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother?" Remember that every wrong committed against loving parents will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder

WILLIE'S QUESTION.

BY C. H. LUORIN.

WHERE do you go when you go to sleep?
That's what I want to know.
There's loads of things I can't find out,
But nothing bothers me so

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room
And takes away the light;
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place
Where everything seems queer;
Tho' sometimes it is not funny at all,
Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there,
Big fields covered with flowers,
And lovely ponies and birds and trees,
A hundred times nicer than ours.

Often, dear mamma, I see you there,
And sometimes papa, too,
And last night the baby came back from
heaven,
And played like he used to do.

So all of this day I've been trying to
think,
Oh, how I wish I could know,
Whereabouts that wonderful country is
Where sleepy little boys go.

NEP AND THE BABY.

NEPTUNE lives next door to our house. He is Dr. Lane's dog, and is eight years old. The butcher comes three times a week, and when meat-day comes Nep trots down to the corner of the road and waits for the butcher. He is very fond of the doctor's baby, who is two years old. He takes care of him almost as well as a nurse.

But the strangest thing is that Nep is fond of picture-books. He will stand up with his fore feet upon the table, and paw open the leaves of "Mother Goose" or some other book. When he finds a picture of a dog, he will wag his tail and say "Bow-wow!" Sometimes he pulls the book upon the floor. Then he lies down and turns over the leaves, and he and baby look at the pictures together. It would make you laugh to see them:

GIVE AND TAKE.

THE following story may not be true. Indeed, it probably is not; but we may say that if it were true, it would teach a lesson as well as excite a smile. We find the story in a New York paper.

When Jay Gould arrived in Boston a few days ago, he was confronted by a youngster with an usually dirty face, who shouted, "Mornen' paper, only two cents!"

The millionaire bought a paper, and gave the boy a five-cent piece, saying, "Keep the change, and buy a cake of soap to wash your face with."

The newsboy counted out three cents, and dropped them into Mr. Gould's hand.

"Keep your change," said the boy, "and buy a book on politeness."

THE BLACK SHEEP.

IT was such a poor, forlorn little thing that Farmer Green was going to kill it out of pity, but the children begged hard for it.

"It's only a black sheep it will be if it lives at all. Sure, its own mother won't have a thing to do with it, and you'll find it a deal of trouble. You'd better let me knock it on the head," he said.

But Master Tom set up such a screaming and kicking that the farmer called out:

"Whist, now, me boy, here's your little sheep, and its a bad sort, I fear. you'll find him."

The little sheep that its own mother wouldn't own was, in truth, a troublesome pet. At first it was almost impossible to teach it to take the warm milk Milly offered it; but after it had once learned to drink, it seemed to be always hungry.

How it did grow! and how mischievous it was! It followed Tom and Milly everywhere; into the house, up stairs, down stairs, out of the gate, and to church too, if he was not locked up.

One day he followed Tom into the school room, and in a playful mood began to butt him down. As fast as Tom got up, down he went again. At last Tom grew angry, and seized his slate to defend himself, but the sheep thrust his head through his slate, knocked over a chair and Tom together. Milly laughed until she could scarcely stand, but she did not dare stir for fear the black sheep would turn upon her.

The noise brought up the children's father, who drove the sheep out of the house. He was soon sent to the pasture with the other sheep, as he was too big and strong to be the children's playmate.

CATULLUS MAGEE AND THE MUSICAL TREE.

THERE WAS a small boy named Catullus Magee, whose father lived under a musical tree that played, when Catullus was happy and good, the most beautiful airs at the edge of the wood.

Whenever Catullus was naughty and bad the airs of the tree were both doleful and sad.

To learn his son's conduct, old Mr. Magee had only to list to the musical tree.

One day the tree gave a woe-begone, sorrowful howl,

And they missed from the cupboard a patty of fowl,

The father would play, with a movement most free,

A birchen tattoo on Catullus Magee.

One day the tree made a moan at the noon of the day,

It meant that Catullus from school was away,

And, without further question, when homeward he came,

He'd find his anatomy more than aflame.

One day, when Catullus was merry and good,

The tree played sad airs at the edge of the wood.

Awake in the odorous breezes of June, The musical branches were all out of tune.

Said Mr. Magee: "Hence no musical tree Shall make me believe what I can't plainly see.

No more sign or symbol shall govern my acts;

If I whip you again, it be but on facts.

"I have whipped you, though good, when the music was sad."

"Yes, indeed, sir, you have," coincided the lad.

For each thrashing apologized Mr. Magee, And the next day he chopped down the musical tree.

—Harper's Young People.

WE MUST LOVE EVERYBODY.

It is easy to be kind to those we love, and if we love everybody we shall be kind to everybody. But does God want us to love everybody? Yes; he says, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." We have so little love, that we must go to God to get more. He will give us love enough to love the world with if we want it.

NED'S TROUBLE.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

MILLIE was ill with fever, and longed for fruit to cool her parched tongue and burning lips. She tried not to let her late brother Ned know that she wanted anything, for they were very poor, and he was behind hand with the rent for their small room in the attic. But Ned found it out, and although he had no money, there was one thing he did have.

One day during the past week he had found a gold locket in the gutter among some rubbish. His mother when living had always told her children that to keep anything they found was stealing, unless it was quite impossible to find the owner. So he had been trying to find the owner of the pretty locket.

Still it did seem very hard that little Millie should want for something while this bit of jewelry lay rolled up in a piece of paper in his pocket.

Slowly his crutches thumped their way down the street. Ah! There was the confectioner's with a lot of fresh fruit in the window and on the counter; how Millie would enjoy a bunch of those beautiful white grapes; or one of the bright golden oranges, or a slice of that juicy pine-apple! A pretty young woman stood behind the counter; it was early in the morning and there were no customers as yet. Finally he entered the store and raising his hat politely, said, "I have a very sick sister, miss; she has fever and her mouth burns so, and the water is so warm, she cries when she thinks I don't see, because she wants some fruit."

"Haven't you any money? I am not allowed to give away the fruit."

Ned's face flushed, and he said, "No, ma'am, I have no money, but I found something the other day. I have no right to use it, because it is not mine, but if you are willing to keep it until I can find its owner, you will see that I mean to pay you, and I will come here every day and work for you until I have paid you for the fruit."

He held out the locket which he had tied about his neck, and to his surprise the woman cried joyfully:—

"Why, that is my locket. I lost it a week ago. Oh, I am so glad to get it again, it has the initials—E.M.—inside; yes, here they are, you see."

Ned gave her the locket, which she tied about her neck, then bidding him wait a moment, she stepped into the adjoining room. When she returned she carried a little basket which she filled with oranges,

grapes and a beautiful pine-apple; then making up a package of nuts she said smilingly, "The fruit is for your sick sister, the nuts for yourself, and Mr. Dubarry says he has been looking for an honest, worthy boy to help us here in the store, and if you would like to come you may; he will pay you more than you can earn doing odd jobs. Well, what do you say, my boy?"

"Oh, thank you! indeed I will be glad to come, and Millie will thank you very much."

When Ned had given the sick girl her fruit, and heard her joyful thanks, he went away by himself to thank God and to ask for strength to be faithful and upright in his new life.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I SHOULD be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I should know all about it myself, and I'd feel very mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I should be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve! and one which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

"MOTHER-SICK."

DAISY and her mother were such good friends you scarcely ever saw the one without the other. Once, when Daisy had been away a few days on a visit, her hostess brought her back, saying:

"I am afraid that Daisy hasn't had a good time; she cried a little once or twice."

"Were you homesick, Daisy?" asked her mother.

"No, mamma, but I—I guess I was a little mother-sick. Were you really happy while I was away, mamma?"

"Not very happy, Daisy."

"Then I guess you must have been child-sick, weren't you mamma?"

I wonder if Daisy ever learned that beautiful verse in the Bible: "Thus saith the Lord, As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."



THE OLD-FASHIONED FIRE-PLACE.

CHILD LIFE IN SIAM.

It is always interesting to learn how boys and girls in distant lands amuse themselves. In this account—taken from "Siam and Laos"—the most noticeable thing is that no mention is made of schools.

When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning, they do not go to the wash-stand to wash their faces, for the simple reason that Siamese houses can boast no such article of furniture. So our little Siamese friend just runs down to the foot of the ladder—for the house is built on posts—to a large jar of water with a cocoanut-shell dipper. There she washes her face by throwing the water over her hands and rubbing them over her face. She needs no towel, for the water is left to dry. She does not brush her teeth, for they are stained black by chewing the betel-nut. Her hair does not require combing either, for it is all shaved except a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a little knot, and not often combed.

After breakfast is over the children go off and find some pleasant place in which to play. The girls play at keeping house, and make dishes of clay dried in the sun. Little images of clay washed with lime are their only dolls.

The boys in Siam are very fond of pitching coins, and spend much of their time in this game. They play leap-frog, and very often jump the rope. Now that so many foreigners come to this country they have learned to play marbles too.

In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing. At this time the Siamese, young and old, are much engaged in playing games with kites,

which are filled with whistles, and the air resounds with the noise produced by the toys and the shouts of the multitudes of the people engaged in the sport.

As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals, the boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim, which they do when only four or five years old.

"IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

It is not worth while to open the piano for ten minutes' practice, and that is all the time I can spare this morning," I hear a little maiden say quite often.

Now, my dear, that ten minutes wasted six times makes an hour wasted; and ten minutes every morning at the piano would do you more good than a whole hour once a week, while you are a little girl and get so tired at school.

"It is not worth while to change my coat to perform this little work," says the careless boy; that is why he never looks as neat as his brother, who does not think it too much trouble to take care of his clothes.

"It is not worth while to carry the tools back to their place now; next time I go that way will do as well," but they are forgotten, mislaid, and much time and patience expended in looking for them when needed.

"It is not worth while to mend that little tear, or sew on that button; no one will notice;" but some one did notice, and you gained a reputation for carelessness.

Is there anything wise or good, however small, that is not worth while?—*Christian at Work.*

WHEN MAPLES SET THEIR LEAVES AFIRE.

BY CONSTANCE EVELYN DECKENS.

THE cricket sings in monotonous,
The air is full of golden dreams;
How perfect dying nature seems
When maples set their leaves afire.

Bright summer is not yet asleep—
I found her by the beeches wide,
And where belated violets hide
Their purple hoods beneath the hills.

And where, by fences old and gray,
That hoard the wealth and light of morn,
Pale, sapless grasses bow in June,
Lift silver fingers to the sun.

White autumn mists about her feet,
And yellow-coated leaves are seen,
Her bridal gown of riches green
Is bordered with a scarlet hem.

The cricket sings in monotonous,
The air is full of golden dreams:
How perfect dying nature seems
When maples set their leaves afire.

A DEAD LOSS.

"COME, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams you will kneel at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother and said, "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about my naughty mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when he has forgiven us, we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite rich as if I had not had a naughty mamma to-day."

"Never, my dear, but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in the future, and we will ask to keep you from sinning against him again."