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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1869

[No. 6.]

GENIE BENDER.

GENIE was not quite three years old. One day little Hazel Graves came to play with her. Mamma and Baby were in the next room. Baby had just had his bath, and the tub of water was still standing.

"Et's pay wis se was-ser," said Genie.

"Mamma 'low it?" asked Hazel. She knew her own mamma never allowed her to play with water.

"Sut 'e door an' s'e tan't hear," said Genie.

Genie was a very little girl, but, you see, she knew enough to be naughty. This showed she had a naughty little heart. She needs a new clean heart.

But mamma heard the door go slam-bang, and jumped up quickly so see what mischief the little girl was doing now.

"Genie must never play with the water—never, never," said mamma, slowly and plainly, "unless she comes and asks mamma first. Genie, do you hear?"

Genie said "Yes'm," easy. She knew very well what mamma meant.

The next day, the very next, Genie was again in the room where the tub was standing. This time she was playing with her two little dogs.

"I'll give 'em a baff," she said to herself;



WILL THE PARROT TELL!

and down she sat with Marco in her arms, and took the wet sponge. But as soon as she touched his head he began to whine and cry, for little dogs do not like water. Mamma heard, and came in again.

"Genie, Genie, what did I tell you yesterday?"

Genie hung down her head and didn't speak. She knew very well she had done wrong.

What do you think happened, then? Mamma put the baby down and lifted Genie up into her high chair, and the naughty little hands were tied together with a piece of red ribbon, which she kept on purpose. She had often tied the little mischievous hands.

Poor little Genie! Her tears fell fast, and we hoped she learned that she must mind mamma.

A STRANGE MIRROR

THE old city of Rouen, in France, has a pretty sight which is worth describing to your crowd of young folk. The little men and maids are fond of looking-glasses, I know; but I doubt if they all have heard of the queer one of which I shall now tell them. Near the west door of the church of St. Ouen, in the city of Rouen, is a marble basin filled with water. It is so placed that the water acts as a mirror, and in

the face of it one sees all the inside of the church. Look down into the water, and you see pillars and the ceiling and pictures and statuary, and nearly all the interior ornamentation of the building. The stately basin seems to take pride in holding its beautiful picture of the church. I wish you and all your readers could see it.

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun
 And count the things that we have done,
 And counting, find
 One self-denying act, one word
 That eased the heart of him who heard,
 One glance, most kind,
 That fell like sunshine where it went—
 That may we count this day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day
 We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
 We've done nothing that we can trace,
 That brought the sunshine to a face;
 No act, most small,
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost—
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1859.

MUSIC AS A DAILY HELP.

THE sound of the piano, flute, violin, or banjo is essentially a cheerful home sound, indicating the absence of illness or affliction. In seasons of bereavement the voice of music is hushed. Whether or not the daughter shall ever play so skilfully that her performances can satisfy artistic critics, it is worth while for her to practise, if she plays well enough only to please her father and mother. The household group in the evening, with Ell. at the piano and the big brother by her side, singing and turning her leaves, the younger ones joining in the chorus, papa supplying a deep bass like the rumble of a wave, is pleasant to the eye as to the ear. Music is a daily help over hard places, a sweetener of toil, a soothing influence when there are signs of rough weather in the domestic sky.

On the Sabbath evening, when the little ones are allowed to sit up a half hour later

than on other days, how charming it is to sing over the dear hymns familiar to us through many and varied experiences, linked in thought with stories of other days and with memories of dear ones whose voices now join in the chorus beside the crystal sea. These home concerts on Sabbath evening are full of tender sweetness, and do much to hallow the home and make the home life blessed.

"REALLY IN EARNEST."

THERE was a little girl in Vermont, who had been taught to have faith that God would answer her prayers. One night, when her sister was sick and not expected to live, she went to her room, and prayed long and earnestly that God would spare her and make her well: Then she came out and asked her mother if her sister was better.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "she is no better, but worse."

"Then," said the little girl, "I guess the Lord wants to know if I am really in earnest."

So she went back and prayed until midnight, when a change came and her sister began to recover. The Lord heard her prayer, because she was really in earnest.

When we ask God for anything we must be in earnest.

He regards only those who diligently seek him. Elijah was in earnest when he prayed seven times for rain, and God heard him. 1. Kings 18. 41-45. The blind men were in earnest when they wanted their eyes opened, and Jesus heard and answered their prayers. Dear young friends, the Lord is just as willing to hear your prayers when you ask him to help you to overcome your wicked ways, to forgive your sins, and help you to do right. Only you must be really in earnest.

THE TRUE TEST.

I STOPPED on my way down stairs last evening to speak to Jennie Barnes, who had just gone to bed in her little cosy room. I bent over to kiss her.

"Jennie," said I, "do you love Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Why, of course I know," said she.

"Don't I feel it all over inside?"

"That's good," thought I. "I wish every one had that same consciousness of love; there wouldn't be so many fearful, trembling Christians."

"Do you think that Jesus knows that you love Him, Jennie?"

"Why, of course," she answered again.

"Don't he know everything? Don't he

look right down into my heart, and see it there?"

"Well Jennie," I continued, "how shall I know it? I can't look into your heart?"

Jennie sprang instantly to her feet.

On the wall at the side of her bed hung a large picture sheet, containing twelve scenes in the life of Christ, and a number of short texts, his own dear words were printed here and there around the gaily coloured border. Putting her tiny fingers on one of these, without speaking, she turned around and looked triumphantly up into my face. I put up the gas, and read the words, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY God, I'm very ill,
 But cure me if it be thy will;
 For thou canst take away my pain,
 And make me strong and well again,

Let me be patient every day,
 And mind what those who nurse me say;
 And grant that all I have to take
 May do me good for Jesus' sake.

FIRST LOVE CONTINUED.

Now here is something that Aunt Bertha likes: "Judge Gary, who presided over the trial of the Anarchists, is considered the sternest man on the Chicago bench. But there is a soft side to his heart; the side that ought to be soft. Those who know them best say that he and Mrs. Gary are as fond of each other as when they were first married, though the heads of both are white with age. She bids him good-bye at the door when he starts down town in the morning, and watches him till he turns the corner, when he invariably looks back and waves a final good-bye, and his return at evening is greeted with as much joy as in the brave and bonny days of old." That is the way in which the early romance of love should be kept through the struggles of life.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

IN the great battle of the right against the wrong, childhood's faith and earnestness, childhood's prayers and entreaties, have often led the way to victory. When the Reformation seemed almost defeated, and even Melancthon was cast down and disheartened, we read that, taking an evening walk, he heard voices of children praying for the Reformation, and was cheered at once, and said to his friends: "Brethren, take courage: the children are praying for us." The children's prayer-meeting changed seeming defeat into victory.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

I WISH I could see Jesus
And look into his face,
Behold his wondrous beauty,
His Majesty and grace.
Oh, if I could but hear him
Just as he spoke to men,
I'm sure I should believe him;
Ah, yes, and love him then.

But now he is so distant,
So very far away;
How can he ever hear me
When I attempt to pray?
Or, if he heeds my asking,
How can he answers send?
And how can one who's absent
My Guardian be and Friend?

O Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Please show thyself to me;
I long so much to know thee,
I long thy face to see,
To clasp my arms about thee,
And on thy bosom lean!
Oh, if I could get near thee,
I know I should not sin.

Dear child! thy loving Saviour,
Though now by thee unseen,
Lives, and is ever near thee
To save thy soul from sin.
Receive the gospel message,
Believe his holy Word,
And thy heart eyes will open
To see thy blessed Lord.

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once as he was staggering along the village street he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving little girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so when she saw the drunken man coming she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but did not run lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke.

"Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go, too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but what I will seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary; she led the way, and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary and see that no harm came to her.

After prayer the minister said, "Now we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me; for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing he was half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too! Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again, and said, "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him, and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God. He always loved little Mary Vance for leading him, in her sweet, childish way, to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring, one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a door-way. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and guided by Dick's chirps would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed-cup and water-bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.

OUR MAUD.

ONE May, when pinks were all a-flame,
Perfuming garden closes,
A little city maiden came
To gain her cheeks' lost roses.
She grew the dearest dimpled thing,
With voice sweet as wood-robin;
She tried at least his notes to sing
A-riding our gray Dobbin.

She had such quaint and dainty ways,
With blue eyes full of wonder;
She made us merry through the days
With many a little blunder.
"Your beans were growing wrong end up!"
She said, one day, half crying;
"I pulled 'em out and turned 'em up,
And now I think they're dying."

"What woollen things are those?" she said,
When through the pasture straying,
She saw the young lambs frisk and feed,
Beside the old sheep playing.
Once in the farmyard, dressed in silk,
She views the cows milk-laden;
"Two handles to pump up the milk"
She called their horns, our maiden.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

A CHILD who had a mother asked of one who had none:

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your trouble to?"

"Mother told me to whom to go before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was my mother's friend, and he is mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I don't know anything about that," replied the orphan. "All I know is, he says he will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what is enough for the child is enough for us all.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

LAURA and Ada are two little sisters. Laura is the elder, and Ada is the younger. Laura has learned to read nicely. Ada is trying to learn too. She looks at the pictures in the books, and Laura reads to her what is said about them. Then Ada reads after Laura. Ada cannot help Laura by showing her how to read, but she helps her to sweep, and wipe the dishes. They both go to Sunday-school, and learn the Bible lessons.

GOOD Sunday-school superintendents, like poets, are born, not made.



THE BABY'S SWING.

TO A LITTLE BOY.

DEAR, thoughtful, gentle, little boy,
I'd not thy boyish dreams destroy
By word or act, for wealth or joy
That's not been mine :
To make thee glad and never sad
I'd life resign.

I'd scatter roses, night and day,
Beneath thy feet, along the way
Till thou sleep'st in thy bed of clay,
If so I could :

I'd bear thy load along the road
And through the wood.

And up the hill, and down again,
And far across the lonely plain—
By night and day, in sun or rain,
Just thee to save
From fortune's frown, I'd put it down
Beside thy grave.

I'd have thee play a manly part
I'd have thee wear a manly heart
And worship beauty, truth and art
- Thy whole life long—

And pity all that strive and fall
Amid the throng.

No blinding tears should burn thine eyes,
Nor thy heart harbor weary sighs—
But fair the winds and bright the skies
Would be—ah, me!—

If I could love as One above,
Dear child, loves thee.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

A MAN who was sad heard two boys laughing. He said to them: "What makes you so happy?" "Happy!" exclaims the elder, "Why I makes Jim glad, and gets glad myself!"

This is a true secret of a happy life: to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes life happier here, and heaven will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help brought there.

A STORY ABOUT BEES.

BY COUSIN LUCY.

Do you like to watch the honey-bees as they fly from flower to flower, gathering store of sweets to make their honey? Some of them are very handsome in their velvet jackets, ribbed with gold. You remember the stanza, too, which all good little girls and boys had to learn by heart:

"How doth the little, busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower!"

Here is a story of the sagacity of bees which you may like to hear. A man once brought home a molasses hogshead to be used as a water-tank. On washing day his wife said, "Let us throw the suds into it to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so, she exclaimed, "O, I have drowned hundreds of our neighbour's bees!" The hogshead was black with bees, which were busily appropriating the sweets from what they must have considered an enormous blossom. The good lady hastened with her skimmer to skim the bees from the top of the water, and spread them on a board in the sunshine, they seemed nearly dead, and she was sorry. All the bees around the hogshead had flown at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes returned, accompanied by scores of others. Then began a curious work. They immediately went to the half-drowned bees, turning them over and over with their heads, feet, and horns. The result was that one after another gave signs of life, stretched its legs and wings, crawled about, dried itself in the sun, and flew away. There remained only about a dozen hopeless cases.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY AUNT EMMA.

THIS is a long, hard word, isn't it, little readers? I wonder how many of you know what it means?

Archie and Esther were little neighbours and playmates. They were together almost every day. To-day they are going out to have a good play in the orchard.

"Let's have a picnic," said Archie; and he ran into his house to get some things for it.

Margaret, the cook, found a paper bag and put some cookies in it and nuts and little pears. "There, begone now, and have a grand time," said she; and off he ran as fast as his little feet could carry him. He overtook Esther just going round the corner of her house.

"See! see!" he cried, "what Marg'ret

gave me—such a lot of goodies!" when, lo, as he put his hand into the bag, he found nothing there. Down, down went the hand into the bag, till every little finger peeped out at the bottom. The bag was broken, and everything had fallen out, and he never noticed Boz sniffing and munching behind him. Doggie thought it was a nice picnic, you may be sure.

Poor little Archie! He thought he had such a bagful of goodies, and every crumb was gone! That was the disappointment.

Disappointments are not pleasant; sometimes they are very hard to bear. See how unhappy Archie looks. And Esther, too, tries to look in the empty bag, and wonders, and puts her finger in her mouth, "It's too bad, isn't it?" she says.

But by-and-by she brightens up. "Never mind, Archie," says she; maybe we won't be hungry; maybe we'll find some real ripe apples up there; maybe we'll have just as good a time without it; maybe Boz was hungrier than we." And so with her good-natured brave little *maybes* they got over their disappointment.

SHALL WE PAY RENT IN HEAVEN?

THIS question was asked a man of property by his little eight-year-old daughter. The question was suggested to her by hearing people talk about the little her father gave to the cause of Christ. He did not seem to be investing any of his money with God. His neighbours said in the hearing of little Nannie that the deacon would "be poor in the other world," and this made her think they would have to rent a house over there. But this is not possible; we must own the house we live in there.

If we enter into partnership here with Christ, and do our part as well as he does his, the house will be ready and furnished when we get there. It is possible to be homeless in eternity. We can spend thousands here in building homes and accumulating property, but we leave all these things behind us.

We can object to giving money to missions or church erection. We can keep all we have and get all we can. But when we go to another world we will be renters. This is a startling thought. Better ask the Lord how much and for what purpose to give. If we had the money that is wasted in church work, we would have all we need for missionary work.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.