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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

[No. 14.]

KITTY'S FIRST SCHOOL-DAY.

LITTLE Kit y Clover started up in bed just as the sun came peeping in the window. A very sweet little Kitty she was, with her blue eyes and her dimples; for the angel had kissed Kitty Clover three times.

The old clock on the stairs was ticking away for dear life. But to-day it was not saying tick, tick, tick. No, indeed, the old clock had a new tune this morning: "Kitty is five years old! Kitty is going to school!" over and over again.

The little girl jumped out of bed, and had her shoes and stockings on before Aunt Dinah came in. "Laws a mercy," said Aunt Dinah, "but my chile is smart chile. If she larn to read as fast as she put on dem shoes and stockin's, she'll make smart work in de school-room."

"I guess I will, aun'ty," said Kitty, "for I intend to try."

Kitty's mamma had a pretty satchel all ready; and Kitty placed her brand new primer in it, and off she started, out the back gate and down the lane. As

she passed the barn-yard she heard the hens cackling loudly: "Kitty is going to school! Kitty is going to school!"

Down at the end of the lane was a large bush of hawthorn. A little bird sat on one



JOSEPH'S DREAM.

Read story about Joseph's Dream. GENESIS xxxvii. 5-11.

of the boughs, singing sweetly. "Good morning, Kitty! Are you the little girl that is going to school?"

A squirrel ran along the fence and perched himself on one of the posts.

thing in taking no notice of what the bad little girl said.

Obedience always tends to strengthen faith.

"Oh, what a little girl this is to be going to school!" he chirruped.

The teacher was very much pleased to see Kitty Clover, and she asked one of the larger girls if Kitty was coming all the time.

"No'm, just till she gets tired."

"Does people ever get tired coming to school?" asked Kitty and they all laughed.

She said a long lesson in her primer, read the line of "two times two," and did a "sum." But she could not help thinking of the squirrel and the bird, the chickens and the old clock on the stairs.

By and by she rose very quietly and took up her hat and her satchel. She walked up to the teacher, and said in a pitched little voice. "Good evening, Mis Mary! I guess I have to go home now."

The scholars all laughed, and one girl called out over her geography—

"Do people sometimes get tired of coming to school?"

But she was a very bad little girl, and so Kitty Clover didn't mind her, but went her way. I think Kitty did a very wise

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The twinkling stars, with angel eyes,
Begin to peep from darkening skies ;
The daisy hides her lowly head,
And dewdrops light the way to bed.
O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
Watch o'er thy little lamb to-night.

Forgive the sins that I have done
Since first uprose the golden sun,
And make my spirit clean and white,
Like moonbeams shining pure and bright.
O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
Forgive thy little lamb to-night.

I thank thee on my bended knee
For those dear ones thou givest me ;
But with my head on mother's breast,
O, let me ever love thee best !
O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
Watch over those I love to-night.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK.

The little ones were playing happily in the nursery one evening all by themselves, but they were not afraid, for the room was brightly lighted. It looked just like daylight in there. By-and-by Albert wished for a toy he had left downstairs, but was afraid to go after it. There were those long stairs and a dark hall to go through, and he could not bring up his courage to run such a risk. It would have been hard to tell what he was afraid of in that quiet, orderly house, but I suppose it was just the dark. Did you ever hear of the dark hurting any one?

Albert would not go, but he kept on wishing for that toy more than all the other things he had. "I'll go," said three-year-old Freddie, bravely ; "I'll get it, Albert." So he stepped resolutely into the hall,

and the children listened at the door to the patter of his little feet as he trotted down the steps, and they heard him say softly, over and over again : "Lord, are you there ? Lord, are you there ?" He came back through the silent hall with the treasure, and said, sweetly : "I wasn't afraid, for the Lord was there." That was the way Freddie kept up his courage. If he had been sixty years old he could not have done better.—*Child's Paper*.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

THE reaping time is a very busy time for the farmer. Field after field of grain he must have cut and gathered into sheaves, then threshed, and finally taken to the mill and ground into flour. How patiently he has to wait from the time he sows the seed until it is stored in his granary. One of the most beautiful sights in nature, I think, is a field of waving grain. Did you ever stand and watch one as a gentle summer breeze swept over it ?

The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, or the Ingathering, was celebrated every year at the close of the harvest, and was a feast of thanksgiving to God for the blessing of the fruits and grain. During the time of the feast, which lasted a week, the people lived in booths or houses made of the branches of trees. We are told in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus what kind of trees the booths were made of—"And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

And in the tenth verse of the same chapter we read : "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then shall ye bring a sheaf of wheat of the first fruits of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you."

I would like you to read the whole of this twenty-third chapter, and you will then understand better than I can tell you the true meaning of this feast.

HOME COURTESIES.

BY FRANCES POWER COBB.

THE duties of sisters to sisters are even more close and tender than those of sisters to brothers. I hardly know if there be any salient fault in the usual behaviour of English sisters to one another which any moral system could set right. Perhaps the one

quality oftenest deficient in this, and other more distant family relationships, to which we need not further refer—uncles, aunts, cousins, and so on—is courtesy. "Too much familiarity," as the proverb says, "breeds contempt." The habit of treating one another without the little forms in use among other friends, and the horrid trick of speaking rudely of each other's defects or mishaps, is the underlying source of half the alienation of relatives. If we are bound to show special benevolence to those nearest us, why on earth do we give them pain at every turn, rub them the wrong way, irritate them by unflattering remarks or unkind references ? For once we can do them a real service of any kind, we can (if we live with them) hurt or else please them fifty times a day. The individual who thinks she performs her duty to sister or niece or cousin while she waits to do her the exceptional services, and hourly frets and worries and humiliates her, is certainly exceedingly mistaken. Genuine benevolence—the "will to make happy"—will take a very different course.

THE NEW SONG.

A YOUNG lady who had refused many times to yield to the Lord, became greatly burdened because of her sins, and sought the Lord. She had ridiculed others for being so straight and plain, and for loving their Bible, but now the Lord forgave her. She felt he lifted the weight of sins from her, and forgave her freely. Immediately she began to sing his praise, and said to the minister, "Oh ! now I want to tell it to my mother and sister. Now I want to go with my sister and help her in meetings." She was no longer ashamed of the narrow way, or those who walked in it. The psalmist said when the Lord saved him that he had put a new song in his mouth. So it is with every one who is born of God.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

HANNAH was a little Jewish maiden seven years old. In school she read with the other children from the New Testament. One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent ; some said they did not know ; some said they hoped they would go to heaven ; but when it came Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there ?" asked the teacher.

"I know it," answered the little girl, her eyes sparkling, "because Jesus died for me."

THAT'S MY BOY.

Big blue eyes with rognish twinkle;
Dimples ever running riot;
Busy tongue that's never quiet;
Forehead fair, with never a wrinkle;
Clustering hair of sunny hue;
Nose a little snub, 'tis true—
That's my boy!

Never ending, still beginning;
Pockets full of dirt and crumbs;
Crazy over horns and drums,
Noise in all things ever winning;
Bragging he of "Jim" is master,
While I run for white court plaster—
That's my boy!

So it goes—some pain, some pleasure,
Wondering 'twixt tear and smile,
Will it be thus all the while—
Joy and grief in equal measure?
Shall I cry, in bitter sorrow,
In some dread far-off to-morrow?
That's my boy!

Ah, no, no! Mother's eyes look far ahead,
And mine see with tender pride,
By a gray-haired woman's side,
One whom, now that years have sped,
Brave, yet gentle, is her stay:
One of whom she'll proudly say—
That's my boy!

HOW THEY BOUGHT HIM OUT.

At least three-fourths of the efforts started for the reform of abuses, public or private, when they fail, fail for want of earnest purpose. A cash-boy in a New York store answered a request that any boys or girls should tell of any wrongs which they would try to make right in the year 1883, in this way:

"Well, you see, I think swearin's 'bout as bad as anything us boys in our store do; swearin' an chewin' tobacker. I don't chew, and lots of us boys don't, but then there's lots that does, little fellers not half as big as me; and some of them do swear awful."

"Do your employers allow it?" asked the editor.

"Not if they knows it, but you don't 'spose they swear at the boss? And them that chews, they don't chew on pay-day."

"And you think this might and ought to be changed?"

"Yes, I do; and I thought, after I read 'bout the Reformed Club, that I'd like to jine, and so I'd see if I couldn't help stop off the bad talk; and two other fellers, they're goin' to stop."

"But how did you manage it? I should really like to know."

"Well, I just said, when I heard 'em,

'What d'ye want to say that for?' and then they stared, and said, 'Cos; guess I've got a right to do what I please?' And then I didn't get mad and say, 'No, you ain't,' but I said, 'Well, 'spose you have, but I wish you wouldn't,' and sometimes they laughed and sometimes they poked fun; but two of 'em swore off, and another one said he would if we'd just let him say 'Jimminy creeks!' And we did; we thought that wasn't swearin' at all."

"So you have three who have given it up?"

"Yes, and another boy that we bought out."

"Bought out! What do you mean?"

"Well, he had the biggest job lot of bad words. Seemed's if he had all that had been left over from the whole trade. And we just got him to take account of stock and make a list of his swear words, and we others that swore off, we formed a company and agreed to buy the lot at five cents apiece. And after we bought 'em they wasn't his to use no more, and so every time he used one of 'em he had to pay two cents."

"But would he tell you?"

"O yes; 'twas 'pon honour, you know, and Jack's a real good feller, and he said he'd like to give it up, only they stuck to him so he couldn't get rid of 'em without givin' 'em away, and we offered to buy 'em all. Wasn't that a pretty good dodge?"

And the editor went straight home, and before he took off his overcoat wrote down the "dodge," to show the young folks that one boy at least was in earnest about helping himself and others to reform. I do not write his last name, because I know he is in such earnest that he will be glad to have his language corrected by some of the young friends who have not been running to the cry of "Cash here!" as he has, ever since he was eight years old.

NOT MINE.

In one of the wars of Germany a captain of cavalry was ordered out with a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troops and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it he went up and knocked at the door. An ancient Hernhutter, or Moravian Brother, with a beard silvered by age, came out.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a-foraging."

"Presently," replied the Hernhutter.

The good old man walked before and

conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley.

"This is the very thing we want," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied."

They went on, and at the distance of a quarter of a league farther they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor:

"Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the old man, "but it was not mine."

BEGIN AND TRY IT.

I KNOW of a boy who says "I can't,"

When the thing proposed doesn't please him.

I wonder how many things he could do,

If a fit of "I'll try" should seize him?

He says "I can't" whenever he's asked

To do a favour for mother;

And "I can't, I can't," he whined to-day,

"Take care of that baby brother!"

But a very different boy from that,

My friend, I give you promise,

You'll find in our helpful little lad—

Our good, kind-hearted Thomas.

"Take care of the baby? Of course I will,

Come here, you precious midget,

Let's see if a boy can't keep you still,

Who are always in a fidget.

And mother, you go and rest awhile,

I am sure I can keep her quiet—

A boy will never know all he can do

Unless he'll begin and try it."

So our laddie brings to any task,

Whether great or small before him,

A hearty good-will, and a pleasant face,

That wins half the battle for him.

For 'tis harder, my boys—"tis harder far—

(If you know you will not deny it),

To find fault and grumble at everything,

Than just to begin and try it.

A LOVING SYMPATHY.

A DEAR little boy fell and hurt himself very much. He tried to be brave, though he could not help the tears rolling down his cheeks. Little sister stood by and said: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry you's hurt." "But I'm pretty glad it wasn't you, 'cause I'm a boy, and can stand it," he said, bravely.

Wasn't that a sweet, generous thing for a brother to say, when he was suffering so, too?



THE HIGH-PRIEST.

ONLY NINE YEARS OLD.

I AM mamma's little helper,
She has only me,
So I rise up in the morning
Early as can be.

I have learned to dress the baby,
Wash him, comb his hair,
Make him sweet as rosy-posy.
In his little chair.

I have learned to set the table,
Wash the dishes, too.
O, I wonder if you know
All that I can do.

I can hem my mamma's apron,
Papa's socks I darn;
I can knit a pair of mittens—
Mamma bought the yarn.

Don't you wish you had a helper
Only nine years old?
Yes my precious—then I kissed her—
'Twas the truth I told.

PIPING FOR PRINCES.

Now and then comes a new anecdote giving us a glimpse, whether accurate or otherwise, of some great personage when he has, for the moment, cast off ceremonious restraint. The following story of Prince Bismarck is said to be an authentic one; otherwise, one might suspect it of having been coin'd for the sake of the home truth which it illustrates.

The Chancellor recently visited his young sovereign for the purpose of holding a consultation, and while waiting in the anteroom, he heard children's voices from the

next apartment. Opening the door, he looked into the Imperial nursery, where the little Crown Prince was grinding away at a small organ, while the younger princes danced. As soon as the two dancers noticed the Chancellor, the eldest rushed up to him, crying: "Please, please, Prince Bismarck, come and dance with us!"

The Prince shook his head.

"No, no," he said smiling. "I am too old. I really cannot dance, but if the Crown Prince would like to join, I will grind the organ for you all."

This was a most welcome proposal. With a shout of delight, the Crown Prince left his task, and the Chancellor became musician. While he was grinding away, in the sweat of his brow, the door opened and the Emperor appeared. Surprised and touched, he stopp'd on the threshold to observe the strange scene.

"Well, I must confess," he said, finally, to the Chancellor, "that it is kind of you to notice the children in this manner. But, my dear Prince," and he raised his hand in pretended sternness, "you begin early to make the heir-apparent dance to your pipe. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns for whom you have done it."

HOW TO BE SAVED.

MARY, a little niece of mine, sat beside me in the twilight last week, and we had a pleasant talk together which I think we shall never forget.

"Aunt Sarah," said Mary, "will you tell me what it is to be saved? Mr. Goff said last night it was three years since he was saved."

"If the house were on fire and there was no way for you to get out, and a fireman should put up a ladder, and spring in at the window and snatch you in his arms and carry you down into the street, you would be saved. You understand that?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Sarah."

"Supposing we were out on the lake in a boat and you should fall into the water. Papa or Richard would in a moment jump in and seize you and swim with you to the shore. You would be saved."

"Why, yes."

"Well, Mary dear, you are a sinner, and God has said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' How can you help yourself?"

"I can't; I must be saved."

"Who can save you?"

"Jesus Christ is the Saviour."

"Yes, he alone can save any one of us from eternal death."

"But how, Aunt Sarah? Oh, do tell me how."

"Jesus came into this world and died upon the cross for us, that is, instead of us. And God says to every sinner, 'I will accept the death of my Son for you, if you will also.' The sinner comes and says, 'I am a sinner, I deserve to die, I cannot save myself. But Jesus died in my stead. For his sake please forgive my sins and make me holy. This is what Mr. Goff meant by saying that three years ago he was saved. At that time he confessed his sins, accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and gave himself to Christ. He believed and accepted Jesus; God gave him a new heart, and ever since he has been a new creature."

"Aun' Sarah, can I be saved so?" asked Mary softly.

"My dear, there is no other way."

"I will now confess my sin and accept of Jesus as my Saviour with all my heart. I will, Aunt Sarah. Am I saved?"

"If you mean what you say, and are determined to forsake your sins and to be his obedient child from this time, you are."

"O Aunt Sarah, can this be all! It seems so easy and so sweet. Dear Jesus! how I love him! How happy I am!"

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, "Look, O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!" "Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose." "How, papa? tell me how." "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."

MORNING THOUGHTS.

JAMES has awakened from his night's sleep. The sun is already up, and is shining into his chamber. James is glad to see the beautiful light streaming in. And now his first thoughts are of God. He is glad that God is good and great, and in his heart he praises and loves God.

WHEN every little hand
Shall sow the gospel seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need;

When every little life
Such fair, bright record shows,
Then shall the desert bud
And blossom as the rose.