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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

[No. 21

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

And Jesus, when he went out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things. And when the day was far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert, and now the time is passed: Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they said unto him, Shall we go and buy hundred pennyworth of bread; and give them to eat? He said unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes. And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties. And when he had taken the five loaves and



FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all. And they did all eat, and were filled. And they

took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

It is as easy to train up a boy to be a gentleman as to be a blackguard. Let him run in the streets, and he becomes a blackguard. Keep him in good company, and he becomes a gentleman.

It is a good plan for mother and sister to depend on the boy for an escort. Let him help her in and out of a car or carriage. Let him have his little purse and pay her fare. Let him carry some of the bundles. He will be delighted to do these things, and feel proud that she can depend on him. A boy likes to be thought manly, and in no better way can he show his manliness than by taking his father's place as an escort of mother or sister. Teach him to bow prettily when meeting a woman with whom he or his family are acquainted, without regard to her position for a true gentleman will bow as readily to the woman at the fruit-stand with whom he has a speaking acquaintance as he will to the highest lady

in the land. All parents and members of the family are proud of a courteous boy, and there is no reason why any boy cannot become one if proper attention is paid to his training.

CHILD-MINISTRY.

"AND a little child shall lead them"—
Oh the sweetness of the word!—
In the grand millennial glory
Ere the coming of the Lord.

Little children at all be helpers,
Sharers, too, in all the joy;
Gracious words their lips shall utter,
Gracious deeds their hands employ.

In those latter days of splendour,
As of old in Galilee,
Christ, the Lord, will welcome children
Love's sweet ministers to be.

Work there is for old disciples;
"Feed my lambs," Christ says to them;
But the little ones he'll cherish,
Childish love he'll ne'er condemn.

Welcome, then, dear little workers,
Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew;
If till death you're true and faithful,
Crowns unfading wait for you.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

THE MISSIONARY LADY'S STORY.

THIS lady had been teaching in India where, several years ago, there was a very dreadful famine. Very many people could get nothing to eat, and actually died of starvation. Many children lost father and mother, and then were gathered into homes called orphanages by the missionaries. In one of these, there were at one time some six hundred children; and, while the missionaries fed and clothed them, they also taught them of Jesus, of whom many of them had never heard before.

Two of these little children became very sick; and, as it was plain that one of them

could live but a short time, the kind teacher said to her, "You will soon be with Jesus."

The other child, who lay in a bed near her, said, "Teacher, will she go to Jesus before I do?"

"I think she will," was the reply.

Then the child reached out in her little hand three pennies which had been given her, and, calling the other child by name, she said, "Carry these to Jesus, and tell him I send them, because I love him."

So this dear little child, though born a heathen, did the best she knew to express her love to Jesus.—*Little Helpers.*

EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS.

EMILY was walking by the garden wall when she heard some one say, "Oh, Emily!"

She looked up and saw a very sorry little face peeping over the wall.

"What makes you look so sober, Nannie?" said Emily.

"Oh," said Nannie, "Uncle George was going to take me riding this morning, and he couldn't go."

"That's too bad," said Emily. "But as you have to stay at home, hadn't you better think of the pleasant things at home?"

"I don't think there are many pleasant things," said Nannie, shaking her head.

"Don't you hear the birds sing?"

"Yes."

"And can't you see the flowers?"

"Yes."

"And don't you see the sun shine? Our little Faith sometimes says it must be God smiling at us, it is so bright and sweet,"

"But I see all these things every day," said Nannie.

"Yes," said Emily, "and] mamma says that is why we forget to be thankful for them. She says there are many, many poor little boys and girls shut up in hot, close places where there are no birds and sunshine and flowers."

"I wish we could give them some of ours," said Nannie.

"So do I. Perhaps we can some day. But till then don't you think we ought to thank God for giving them to us?"

"Yes, I do," said Nannie.

TAUGHT BY THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy one night was suddenly seized with croup. He became so ill that he thought he was likely to die. Then, however, he remembered that Jesus had died for sinners—that his blood can cleanse from all sin—and that he who cometh to God in Christ shall not be cast out.

He got on his knees, and prayed most

earnestly. "O God!" he cried, "wash from all my sins in my Saviour's blood and then I shall be whiter than snow. Almost immediately after this his anxiety fled.

"Mother," said he, "I need not fear to die, for I am washed in my Saviour's blood." He believed the promise that we ask we shall receive, and that "who ever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

A girl was weeping at the door of a minister of the congregation with which her parents were connected. The go pastor found her there and invited her enter his study. Kindly inquiring the reason of her grief, the child replied—

"Oh, sir, I have been a great sinner my life. I have lived seven years without God and without Christ. Do you think such a sinner as I can be forgiven?"

Then the minister explained to her the gospel—that God so loved the world as to give his dear Son to die so that he might be able to pardon us, and that whosoever accepts Christ as his Saviour from wrath and sin is forgiven at once and becomes a child of God. The young inquirer welcomed the good tidings with all her heart. She was filled with joy and peace in believing, and lived to prove, by the training up of a family of her own for God, that she had as a little child received the grace of God in truth.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewildering,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

As God's light shines into your heart,
You will see more and more of your depravity,
and of your absolute need of Christ

ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah! me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbours' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more
hats,
Loses more tops and kites and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours on busy days;
With his queer remarks and odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size
As a meteor hurled
From the pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man
If Nature goes on with her first great
plan—
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy,
"Only a boy."

HOW MAY TOOK CARE OF THE
BABY.

ONE day when May's mamma sat by the
window sewing, and May was on the floor
playing with baby, Sammy Green came
running in all out of breath and said that
his little brother Dick had fallen into the
cistern, and there was nobody to get him
out. May's mamma said to him, "Take baby
into grandma's room, and she will take care
of you till I come back." Then she ran
back with Sammy as fast as she could.

So May said, "Come, Robbie"—baby's
name was Robbie—and she helped him get
up, for he could only walk a very little by
himself, and they went to grandma's room,
but grandma was not there. Then May
went all around the house calling, "Grand-
ma, grandma, come and take care of Robbie
and me. Mamma's gone away."

But grandma had gone out a little while
before, and there was no one to answer
May.

She was not used to being left alone, and
it was so still, and the big clock in the
sitting-room made such a loud tick,

tick, tick," that she began to be fright-
ened. So she went to the window to
see if mamma was not coming. But there
was no one to be seen but an old beggar
man coming down the road. He had a bag
on his shoulder and he looked up at the
house, and May felt sure he was coming to
put the baby into his bag and carry him
off.

What should she do? She knew. She
would take baby and go to find mamma.
So she took hold of his hand and they went
into the back yard. She was afraid to go
out the front way because the man with the
bag was there. Besides Sammy Green
came to the back-door, and Sammy's mam-
ma, too, when she came every week to wash
for May's mamma, and May thought their
house must be out there somewhere. She
pulled open the big gate and went out into
the street, but Robbie was too tired to walk
and May had to carry him. Pretty soon
they came to a corner and there was the
church. There was no other house to be
seen, and May thought she should never
find the one where mamma had gone. She
was just ready to cry when she remembered
that mamma had told her the church was
God's house. "If we should go into God's
house," she said, "he would take care of us."
So they climbed up the steps. The door
stood open and they went in. Then May
knelt down and said, "Dear God, Robbie
and me have come to your house for you to
please take care of us till mamma comes
home. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

And now she did not feel afraid any more.
But Robbie was tired, and when he found
mamma was not there, he began to cry. So
May sat down and cuddled him up in her
arms and sang to him as mamma used to do,
and pretty soon he was fast asleep. Before
long May was asleep too.

When May's mamma got to Sammy
Green's house she found that the water in the
cistern was not deep enough to drown Dick,
and she soon helped him out. His mother
came home just then, so May's mamma
went back to her own house.

When she found that May and Robbie
were gone, and that grandma, who had just
come in, did not know where they were, she
was very much frightened, and called their
papa in from the field. They went all
around looking for them, and some of the
neighbours helped look too. After awhile
May's papa and another man went into the
church, and there they found the children.
When May woke up and saw her papa, she
said, "We were so 'fraid, and we couldn't
find mamma, so we went to God's house and
he took care of us."

WHAT IT WAS.

OH, they were as happy as happy could be,
Those two little maids who were down by
the sea,
As each with a shovel grasped tight in her
hand,
Like a sturdy young labourer, dug in the
sand.

And it finally happened, while looking
around,
That, alongside a big shell, a star-fish they
found,—
Such a wonderful sight that two pairs of
blue eyes
Grew huge for a moment with puzzled
surprise!

Then—"I know," said one, with her face
growing bright,
"It's the dear little star that we've watched
every night;
But last night, when we looked, it was no-
where on high,
So, of course, it has dropped from its home
in the sky!"

"IT BELONGS TO ME."

"MAMMA, may I take 'Dollie' into bed
with me?" pleaded a little blue-eyed
speaker.

"Why do you want 'Dollie' in bed with
you?" asked the mother, smiling.

"Because I love her," was the ready
answer.

"Why do you love her, darling?"

"Because she belongs to me."

"And why do I love you?" still ques-
tioned the mother.

"Because I am your own little girl," said
the child, looking up affectionately.

"Then, dear one, you know how and why
the good Lord Jesus loves his little lambs!"

"I WILL BE GOOD."

AT the age of twelve it was thought nec-
essary to tell Victoria that she was the near-
est heir to the throne. It was done in a
very quiet way. A genealogical table was
put into her historical book. When the
princess opened it, she read on to the end,
and then remarked to her governess, "I see
I am nearer the throne than I thought."

"So it is, madam," replied her teacher.

After some silent moments, Victoria very
gravely said, "Now many a child would
boast, but they don't know the difficulty.
There is much splendour, but there is more
responsibility."

She then gave her hand to the governess,
saying, "I will be good—I will be good."



BEAVER'S AT WORK.

THE BABY BEAVER'S DAM.

"I KNOW of a naturalist in eastern Maine," said a well-known Maine college professor, "who wouldn't be convinced that beavers could build dams until he saw it done with his own eyes. He is an awfully incredulous fellow anyway. One day I bought a baby beaver of a hunter who traps them, and sent him to my skeptical friend. He grew greatly attached to the little fellow, and kept him in the house; but he often wrote me that his beaver didn't show any propensity at all for dam-building. One Monday, washing-day, his wife set a leaky pail, full of water, on the kitchen floor. The beaver was in the kitchen,—he was only a baby then, too,—and he saw the water oozing out of the crack in the pail. He scampered out into the yard, brought in a chip, and began building his dam. The naturalist was summoned. He watched the little fellow, thunder-struck. Said he, 'Leave that pail there, wife, till doomsday, if needs be, and let's see what the little fellow will do.' The beaver kept at it four weeks, until he had built a solid dam clean around the pail. My naturalist friend

is quite a beaver man to-day. They say, you know, that way down East there is a beaver dam that two hundred thousand dollars could not build the like of. Oh, men don't know everything. The wasp knew how to make paper before we did."

FLYING FOR REFUGE.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings quivering with fear and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to save the lost, do you think he will ever deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never!

THE SWINGING CHAIR.

BY AMY TALBOT DUNN.

"COME let us make a swinging chair
And this is how it is:
I hold myself my own left wrist,
And brother he holds his,
We grasp each other's right wrist
And make an even square—
And here we have the rockaway,
The little swinging chair.

"Here now, you bonny Baby Bell,
Come here and take a seat,
We'll carry you across the stones
That hurt your little feet.
Just put one arm around my neck,
And one arm around our brother—
O don't we have such jolly times
A-playing with each other!"

Their mother said, when they came
Their three heads in a row—
"Why, that's a play I used to play,
Some twenty years ago!"
"Some twenty years ago!" they cried
"Can you remember plays
That happened twenty years ago—
That many thousand days?"

BOY-CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of his life will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so act that the truth that there shall be no discounting his word. And there are such noble characters among boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, have an immense influence for good, and are loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and Sunday-school. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be good.—*Child's Paper.*

FINGERS AND FORKS.

"USE your fork, Johnnie! Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?"

"Well, mamma; fingers were made before forks!"

"Yes; I know very well they were; not your fingers."