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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

No. 4.

"CHIP."

BY ETHEL I. BLESS

RUTH had been studying her history lesson over as she sat by the school room stove. Just then there was a tap at the outer door.

"Come in," she said, and then the door opened, and a boy nearly her own age with frowny yellow curls sticking out from his cap and poor shoes on his feet, asked,

"May I get warm?" most froze. My name's Chip." And as Ruth explained that it was the 'room where she came to school every day he looked around curiously at its fittings and then at her.

"Kin you read?" he said, as he turned his red hands around by the fire. "I can't, know nothin'; kin fish, and watch fur boats to come in, and pick old ropes over."

"Why don't you go to mission school? It's real nice there to learn."

"I ain't goin' to school there, if they are missionaries."

"O Chip! why not?"

"'Cause they look at a chap so, and they stare when he goes blunderin' over a book, like they did when Ratty went in one



"CHIP."

always, and you won't want to sit there when you're a man. You know some day you'll be a big ship-carpenter or something like that, and then you'll have money in the bank, and you can't write your name for a check!"

"Rea'in' ain't writin'," grumbled Chip, triumphantly.

"How can you write, Chip, if you don't know what to say? Now if you'll come real early I'll teach you a bit every day before the other boys come. My mother taught me when I was a little wee bit of a thing."

"It must ha' been nice to have a mother!" and poor Chip picked at his cap until there was a hole all ready for his yellow curls to stick through, "I guess I had one once, but it was awful long ago. I shet my eyes sometimes and try to remember how she looked. I guess I wasn't Chip when she lived. Liza calls me Chip 'cause I'm round the ship timbers so much, and she says I am too poor to have any other. 'Ratty' is the other

afternoon (I'd rather sit on the dock feller that lives with Liza." timbers in the sun, any day."

"Is Liza good to you, Chip?" said the little woman pityingly.

"Yes, but Chip, the sun don't shine

"Not werry. She licks us when we don't steal wood anywhere."

Ruth Roe coaxed the friendless boy to learn his letters. Every morning rain or shine, he come stealing in softly, with one hand clutching his cap, and the other trying to smooth down his yellow locks. At first Chip ran timidly away as soon as any of the scholars came; but little by little he grew accustomed to them, and they to him, and sometimes Ruth would have a quiet group of listeners around her as she taught her one scholar his lesson.

But there came a bright spring day when Chip did not make his appearance, and Ruth looked up street and down in vain. Another and another day went by, and then she felt so troubled and anxious that she asked her teacher's counsel. There seemed no clue by which to find him, and as the days went by, Ruth began to think that he had fallen off the dock. She missed her bright-eyed scholar and his funny stories, but a week passed without a sign of his appearance.

The next Sunday afternoon Ruth's father went to the hospital to see a fellow-workman who had been injured. After his return he was speaking of the varied painful sights of wounded and injured men, and pretty soon Ruth laid down her book, for she heard the name of "Chip."

"Queer name, wasn't it, Betsy?" he was saying to his wife—"that's all the name anybody knows."

"What happened to Chip, father?" and in a moment Ruth stood beside him.

"What do you know about Chip, daughter?" said her father. "He was only a poor little loafer from the docks who got cut on the head with a piece of timber; they were bringing him into a larger room as I passed out."

"O, father, why! he is my scholar;" and then she told of her effort to help the poor lad. "And I must go and see him, and you'll take me, won't you?"

"Why, Ruth, he won't know you; his talkin's all kinds of gibberish now. You can go with your teacher to-morrow and see your scholar."

The next day Ruth lost no time in finding Miss Stewart and inducing her to walk to the hospital with her.

Through the long lane of beds in the children's ward, they came at last to one where no name, only a number, was on a ticket at the foot of the bed, but the nurses had in some way found out from his ramblings and disjointed talk his queer name, and knew at once where to direct their steps.

Poor little Chip. The face that used to be so rosy was pinched and pale, the hands

that had never been thoroughly clean before were white and idle now, and the yellow curls had been cut off and the eyes were closed.

The quick tears came to Ruth's eyes as she looked at the bandage across the forehead, and she said very softly, "Chip."

He did not open his eyes, but smiled a poor ghastly smile, and presently began to mutter, as he had done the day before.

"Don't tell Liza. She'll beat me. I don't see what Liza's fur, only to beat me."

The next day Ruth took a big orange in her hand, and when she came up the child just opened his eyes a moment and closed them wearily. Miss Stewart had a lovely voice, and she sang "Shining Shore," very softly. Then Chip opened his eyes in earnest, and saw Ruth as if she had been a vision.

"You 'membered me, after all, didn't you?" and he held up the poor weak hand to Ruth's plump little brown one, "Who's that?" and he pointed to Miss Stewart, who had drawn back a little.

"Why, she's the nice teacher in the mission-school, and when you get well you are going to be in her father's store, and you're to be in her class and have a jacket and a new hat. Now all you've got to do is to get well as fast as you can."

And that was the way the merchant now going down to his big store began to learn to read. A kind-hearted little girl was willing to take a few minutes every day, before her own school began, to help him on his way. No patient inquiry could ever discover his real name, or find a friend, so he called himself "Mr. Wood," in memory of the little "Chip."

TALKING TO PAPA.

It is not often a boy learns so young to master what is being done around him, yet it should be the aim of every boy to make his fingers learn how to do, his eyes how to see, and his tongue how to tell familiar things. An exchange says:

"At Pittsville, the other day, a six-year-old boy entered the telegraph office, and in his childish manner said: 'I want to talk to papa.' The operator saw he was familiar with his surroundings and stepped aside from his instrument. The little fellow (his chin just touching the edge of the desk) reached out his right hand, and, standing on tiptoe, with his left-hand still grasped by his sister, flashed over the wire a neat message to his father, who has charge of a station some miles distant. After sending the message announcing the safe arrival of his sister and himself, the little fellow set the instrument aright, thanked the operator, and retired."

GO TO GOD IN TROUBLE.

WHEN in great and solemn sorrow,
When with sad heart almost breaking,
Wait not for a bright to-morrow,
When you to God your troubles bring.

He is ready, ever ready,
While the tears stand in his eyes,
He will carry, always carry
All your burdens to the skies.

Do not tarry, foolish sinner,
In the long and stony road;
It is narrow, but the winner
Ne'er regrets his toilsome journey.

At the gate he stands and beckons
To the toilers up the hill;
And the distance, as they reckon,
Does not seem one-half so far.

He is waiting, always waiting,
Do not tarry on the way;
As around him kneel the angels,
Praising God with music gay.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

THE TWO VOICES.

EDWARD wrote grandma a letter. He said: "I want to tell you grandma, how Satan almost caught me the other day. Mamma wanted me to go out and buy some tea. I was busy playing, and was going to say, 'I can't go; send Mamie,' when God spoke. 'Don't say that,' he said. Then Satan—I knew it was Satan—spoke right up: 'Say it, say it; Mamie can go as well as not.' Then God said again, 'Edward, won't you please me?' And I jumped right up and said, 'Yes, I will.' I was speaking to God, you know, but mamma thought I was speaking to her, and she gave me the money, and off I trotted. Satan comes when you don't expect him; doesn't he, grandma?"

SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.
As it swiftly scuds along
Hear the burst of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright
Flashing o'er the pathway white

Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound;
See them, with capricious pranks,
Plowing now the drifted banks.

Jingle, jingle, mid the glee,
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow:
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold.

Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills.
Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast;
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

LUTE'S LARGE STORY.

LUTE and Nell went down to Coney Island one day with their parents. It was a lovely day in June. They went by steamboat from the city, and there was not a crowd, so the little girls had a lovely time.

As soon as they reached there, the children scampered up the long pier and across the platforms, stopping only a minute to watch the merry-go-rounds, for they were in a hurry to get on the beach, since there was only an hour to stay.

Little boys were wading in the edge of the ocean, and very small children, with their little pails and shovels, were digging in the sand.

Lute and Nell chased the waves out as far as they dared, and then scampered back to keep from getting their boots wet. They picked up shells and pebbles, and wrote their names in the sand to see the waves come in and wash them away.

Tired at last, they sat down on the sand to rest a little, and look away out over the broad ocean, where sky and water seem to meet.

"Nell," said Lute, "there is a hill near our home in the country, where you can see ninety-five million miles in a clear day."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly."

Nell told mamma that night. "It seems like a very large story," she said, soberly.

Mamma laughed. "How far is it to the sun?" she asked.

Nell saw through it then.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"KITTY, dear, will you run up-stairs and bring me my work-basket from my table?"

Kittie put down her book and went slowly out into the hall and glanced up the wide stairs.

"Mamma, Susan hasn't lit the gas yet; it is all dark up there."

"Don't you think you can find your way to my room, dear? Surely you don't need a light for that."

"But it is so very dark, mamma, and I—"

"Come, Kittie, don't be foolish," interrupted her mother. "There is no need of your having a light to go up-stairs. You are getting to be a great big girl, and it is quite time you—"

"There's Susan!" exclaimed Kittie, as the light was lit in the hall above, and she dashed up stairs and followed the girl into the room, keeping very closely beside her, and only breathing freely when the gas was lit.

"Did you go up in the dark?" asked her mother, as Kittie entered the room with the basket.

"No, mamma, Susan went in and lit the gas," she said, hanging her head.

The next day after her lessons were over Kittie's mother said, drawing her to her side:

"Now, Kittie, you must try to overcome your fear of the dark. What is it you are afraid of then any more than in the light? You are nine years old, Kittie, and it is foolish for such a big girl to be afraid of nothing. God is with us in the dark just the same as in the light, and why should you be any more afraid? Now will you try, dear?"

Kittie said yes, and resolved she would, and then her mother gave her a verse to learn and remember: "Darkness and light are both alike to Thee."

Her mother said no more about it at the time, but a few evenings later she asked Kittie to bring a book from the third story. Although the halls above were entirely dark, Kittie started bravely up, and her mother heard her singing on the third-story stairs in a voice that would tremble a little, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war!"

She said nothing when Kittie came back, but her pleased face told as plainly as words could have done that she knew Kittie had remembered that darkness and light are both alike to God.

THE CHILDREN.

A SHIP sailed forth from yonder bay;
'Twas on a fair and shining day;
The wind was still, and fearlessly
She floated outward to the sea.

But lo, on the unbounded tide
The swelling surge rolled deep and wide;
The wind grew fierce and waves tossed high,
The storm-cloud hung across the sky.

Yet stoutly built and ably manned,
One wise and prudent in command,
She steered the furious currents through
Till the far port appeared in view.

So, from the sheltered bay of home,
Buoyant with hope the children come,
And outward float on life's vast deep.
Oh, who each precious sail shall keep?

Our Father, when the night is dark,
And storms betide the trembling bark,
Be thou their help: In hate of wrong,
In love of truth, may they be strong.

Steadfast and firm upon the tide
Of change and sorrow may they ride;
And safely reach the heavenly shore
When life's rough voyage shall be o'er.

DON'T SKIP THE HARD NAMES
WHEN YOU READ.

Eddy was a bright little scholar. He could read very well for a boy six years old. He liked to read stories about birds and beasts. But he had one fault. One day his mamma talked to him about it. He would read fast until he came to a hard word. Then he would stop, and if he could not tell at once what it was, he would skip it and go on.

"Don't skip the hard words, Eddy," said his mamma.

"Why, mamma, I don't like the hard words. I am in such a hurry to go on that I can't stop to spell them."

"That will not do, my dear boy," she said. "You will never be a good reader if you do not stop and spell the long words. You will never be good at any thing if you do not do the hard things that come to you. When you are at work do not skip the hard things. God expects all his children to do faithfully the duty which comes to them. A boy who bravely tries to overcome hard things is a hero."

"A hero, mamma?" said Eddy laughing. "Why, I thought a hero was a man who went to war and was a brave soldier."

"You can be a hero, dear, while you are a little boy. A hero is any one who does his best, even in such small things as spelling the hard words. You are not too young to be a true soldier of the Prince of Peace."



SOMEBODY'S PAPA.

THIS poor drunken man was lying stretched out in the street one day as I chanced to be passing by, and around him were several men and boys. Some of them were pulling at him, and laughing and talking saucily to him, because they knew the poor fellow was too drunk to touch them. But just then a little girl, more thoughtful than the rest, came along. She did not enjoy the fun they were having, and as I stepped up, I heard her say "Don't, let him alone, he is somebody's papa." And sure enough it was Nellie Jones' papa. Poor little Nellie had been at Sunday-school once, but now she had not clothes to wear nor shoes to keep her feet warm. And worse, dear children, she had not enough to eat. Many a time Nellie cried for bread when she could not get it. Now, this was not Nellie's fault. No, she was a very good little girl, and ought to have a good papa. So, children, when you see a drunken man, don't forget that he may be some good little Nellie's papa.

GOOSE-GIRLS.

I HAVE read a story about a boy named Harry, whose father owned a flock of geese. One of these geese was given to Harry. He made her a nest of straw, lined with hay, and placed fifteen eggs under her, expecting to surely get from them a dozen goslings. These he intended to sell, when large enough, for half a dollar each. Then he would have six dollars to buy a new sled and a new pair of skates. Harry was delighted at the prospect. His father said to him.

"Do not disturb the goose while sitting. Let her remain on the nest thirty days, only leaving it a few moments at a time to take her food."

Twenty days passed. Then it occurred to Harry that it would be fine fun to take the goose to the pond and see her swim. So off they went together. They stayed

away from the nest so long that when they returned to it the eggs were cold.

On the thirtieth day, Harry watched for the little goslings; also on the thirty-first and thirty-second days, but not one appeared. He felt very sad. When the snow and ice came, he was without his six dollars, and had to make out another winter with an old sled and a pair of old skates.

As I think of Harry not obeying his father's instructions, and so losing the reward which would have been his, I am reminded of that hymn we so often sing:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I must forever die.

Jesus says: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Let us each try to be one of those faithful servants whom our Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A THIMBLE, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know it is only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that

people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."—*Little Folks' Magazine.*

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 wrists now
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 around our brother—
O, don't we have such jolly times
A-playing with each other!"

Their mother said, when they came up—
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?"

WHAT IS PRAYER.

A LITTLE child, six years old, in a Sunday-school, said, "When we kneel down in the schoolroom to pray, it seems as if my heart talked." That, dear children, is prayer. All our words are vain, if our hearts do not talk to God.

LONESOME.

SAID a little girl to her father. "Papa I'm so lonesome I don't know how to live" The father replied. "Well, dear, I'm sorry for you, and I believe that you do not yet know how to live. Now as for me, I have no time to get lonesome. I feel that I must work for the Lord with my hands and feet and my head—with all there is of me and all the time. And this is not hard, for I love his service; and when I thus do, he comes and abides with me, and he is good company, I assure you. Will you not thus invite him into your heart, my daughter, and see if your hours will not glide sweetly away while leaning on his word?" When we work for Jesus, we have no time to be lonesome.