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Happy Days

THE BOOK IN THE FIELD.

SOME careless reader has left this book in the field. It must have been left there a long time ago, before the flowers had begun to send their tiny sprouts out of the ground. Now that they are in bloom we find it beautifully decorated. See, how prettily the vines have grown between the pages and the lovely blossoms peep out at the edges! The butterflies light upon its cover and a saucy bug trots gaily over its pages, utterly careless of the solemn and profound truths they may contain. A busy ant hurries past, not having time to stop for a moment to see what this strange object in the field is.

Though the book makes a very pretty picture as it lies there on the ground surrounded by the wild flowers, it is not serving the purpose for which it was made. It makes us think of some people we occasionally meet, who are always beautifully dressed, and we admire their appearance very much, for they make a pretty picture, but who are living comparatively useless lives and are not doing the work which they were intended to do in the world.

THE PICNIC.

"O MAMMA, may we go?"

"Do say yes, mamma!"

"We'll be so good; see if we aren't."

Mamma lifted her hands, and said, "Did I ever see such children! How can I say 'yes,' when I don't know what you want to do? Try to be quiet a minute, and let Bertha tell me what all this excitement is about. And turn Frisk out of doors; he is as noisy as the rest of you."

Poor Frisk looked very unhappy over his banishment, but really one couldn't hear one's self think with such yelping and barking going on.

Bertha began, after shaking her finger at her impatient brother and sister to keep them quiet.

"It is to a river picnic we want to go, to-morrow afternoon. Mrs. Barry asked us. Ethel and Janie and Paul are going, of

boats to stop and take them in one of them. Donald could not help shouting to his friend Paul as soon as he caught a glimpse of the boat.

What a jolly time they had, and how good everything tasted! How they rolled on the green grass, and swung in the long grape-vine swings, and played tag! And then the ride home in the twilight! Some of them thought that the pleasantest of all. For pretty Miss Gray and Ned Russell sang college songs and played on the banjo and the mandolin, and the oars kept time with their long sweeps, while the stars peeped out one by one.

That was an afternoon long remembered by all as a day of perfect delight.



THE BOOK IN THE FIELD.

course, and their big brother Ned, to row, and Mildred and Nellie and Frank Russell. Mrs. Barry and pretty Miss Grey are going too, and Mr. Russell is to row our boat, you see it'll be perfectly safe. So please say yes, mamma dear."

Mamma did say yes; and early the next afternoon the three children and Frisk were at the boat landing waiting for the three

this was the way she did it

"Papa, I can read every word in this book. Sister Margie taught me"

Papa was so pleased that he bought her a fine new book the very next day.

THE PICTURE BOOK.

EDITH LAWRENCE loved to look at pictures. Long before she was old enough to read, she would take her pretty books and make up little stories about the pictures.

Sister Margie was a young lady, but she was very fond of her little sister. Almost every evening, before bed-time, she would take Edith on her lap and read to her. After a while she would show Edith a word, cat, and ask Edith to find it again; and when she could do it every time, she gave her dog, and man, and boy, and girl, and in this way she not only had many very pleasant evenings, but it was not so very long until she was able to surprise her papa. And

OLD-TIME religion does not have much to do with dime novels.

LIKE JESUS

LAMB of God, I look to thee
Thou shalt my example be,
Thou art gentle, meek and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me Saviour what thou art
Live thyself within my heart!

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

THE NARROW CROSSING.

"You never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?"

"I never signed a pledge on my own account, Harry. I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John. "When I was a boy, a great deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even-edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water was a bridge spanning the stream, over which several of us children passed each day on our way to school.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school-children used to walk on this narrow capping board when crossing the bridge, and more than one fall and serious injury happened.

"There was one thing that saved me

from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what that was. The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or the disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't sure of my head, and I was sure on the broad, open bridge.

"I can think of a great many places that men and boys try to pass safely which are quite dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, forever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path."

HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING.

A WREN built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farmhouse saw the mother teaching her young how to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of her young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the notes were again lost, the mother began again where it had stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes the second time with great precision, and again the young one attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first, and so with the third and fourth, until each of the birds became a perfect songster.—*Musical Messenger.*

WHAT THEY COULD DO.

THERE was once a great forest on a mountain side with a brook flowing through it. One morning all the things in the wood thought they would tell what they could do.

The oaks told how they were so strong that they were made into boards, which made the great ships that sail over the ocean. The pines told how their straight, tall trunks made the masts of the ships. The firs spoke of the pleasure they gave at Christmas time to many happy children. The violets and ferns told of the joy they brought to those who picked them. The brook spoke of its good work in watering the meadows. All the things in the wood had spoken, but the mosses were silent.

"What do you do?" asked the trees and flowers.

"Our work is very small," was the answer. "We can only catch the little drops of water and hold them, so that when the sun shines hot and the brook dries we may give you moisture."

Theirs was humble work, but how useful! So a little child may do a humble work and fill a small place, but still be very useful.

BROKE!

"Owl! oh! oh! his head's come off!" cried Rob.

"Well, that's a queer kind of a horse I should say!" said Uncle Hal, with a twinkle in his eye.

But it was a very serious matter with Rob. You see it was the finest horse in all the country round, and Uncle Hal gave it to him last Christmas.

While Rob stood there holding the head in one hand a good many thoughts passed through his little head. Would Uncle Hal get him another? And how long would it be before a birthday or Christmas? And why did folks wait for birthdays and Christmas before they could give a fellow a present? And, oh, why couldn't the blacksmith mend Prancer's head!

"I think I'll take him right round to the blacksmith," said Bob.

"Better go to the carpenter," said Uncle Hal, "and I'll go along."

Would you believe, the carpenter fixed that head almost as good as new!

And then Uncle Hal went to a shop and bought a string of balls to put around Prancer's neck, and Rob was happy.

TOO INQUISITIVE.

DID you ever read about "Meddlesome Matty?" When I was a child I had a book that told her history. She was always touching this and that and would not attend to her own business; she would not let grandpapa's spectacles alone, or rest content till she had peeped here, there, and everywhere. One day she found a curious-looking little box; she knew she should not touch it, but she was too inquisitive to resist the temptation, so she bent down over it, and she had a dreadful attack of sneezing, for it was full of strong snuff. Poor Matty was punished for her curiosity indeed. I have read also of a prying boy who overturned some gunpowder and caused a dreadful fire, and of a child who peeped about here and there, and swallowed some mustard in mistake for custard! Also a boy who ate soft soap in mistake for stewed figs. Don't interfere in other people's concerns, boys and girls; "mind your own business" is a very good motto, unless people are in trouble, and then you must interest yourself in their grief, and try to help them.

TOO MUCH.

A LITTLE boy had his first pair of rubber boots, and could not be contented till his mother went down to the brook with him, to see him wade.

With loving care he dragged a board across the brook for her to walk upon, while he waded beside her in water which came nearly to his boot tops. Suddenly, as if he had just realized what she was deprived of in being a woman in shoes, he took her hand and said, with affectionate earnestness:

"Indeed, mamma dear, I will not wade another minute where you can see me. It must be too tempting for you to bear."

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

ONCE in the morning, when the breeze
Set all the leaves astir,
And music floated from the tree,
As from a dulcimer,
I saw the roses, one by one,
Bow gracefully, as though
A fairy dance were just begun
Upon the ground below.

The lilies white beside the walk,
Like ladies fair and tall,
Together joined in whispered talk
About the fairies' ball;
The slender grasses moved along
The garden path, and I
Could almost hear the fairies' song,
When blew the light wind by.

I waited there till noon, to hear
The elfin music sweet;
I saw the servant bees appear
In golden jackets neat;
And though I wished just once to see
The happy little elves,
They were so much afraid of me
They never showed themselves.

ESKIMO BABY LIFE.

SHORT SKETCH OF A DOMESTIC SCENE IN THE ARCTICS, BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

WHEN a baby Eskimo's mother makes the hood for her suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Eskimo is out-doors, or his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing among the skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not then think so, for his winter home is built of snow.

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble down?" you all ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that snow will not melt even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Eskimo cannot have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long, when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow

really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun, frolicking around on the skins and playing with his toys, and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *iglous*, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and the ceiling will commence melting—for you all perhaps have learned in school, that when a room becomes warmed, it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut of snow; it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there, and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snowball from the floor where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full, and then she removes it and puts up another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water, and warm enough to loose its freezing hold, down it comes, perhaps on the baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a pancake—or into his face—as it once served me.

THE NEW PONY.

"COME out to the barn, little Joe, and see what your father's got for you."

Joe needed no second bidding, but seized his hat and started, looking excited and happy. What a lot of questions he did ask in the short walk from the house to the barn, but what was the wonderful surprise he could not guess.

When they reached the barnyard, father bade Joe wait there while he went into the barn. In a few minutes he came out leading a beautiful dark-coated pony.

Joe was perfectly wild with delight, and he declared that he had the very best father in the world.

Joe had a little friend whose face fell when he saw Joe's pony. "I wish I had one too," he said; "I know father would give me one if he could afford it; he's just as good as your father, only he hasn't as much money."

Joe made it all right by sharing his pony with his friend.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Up with the daylight, listening to the song of birds in every tree-top, looking out at a world flushed rosy red with the first rays of the rising sun; this is what Milly, Farmer Green's little daughter, does every summer morning.

No sleeping until eight o'clock every morning for her, as some little folks I know, do.

Milly goes with her father to see the

cows milked, and drives with him to the station to see the milk cans put on the train for the city, twenty miles away. Such a delightful drive it is, when everything is so fresh and sparkling with the dew in the bright sunlight.

When she comes home she gets her basket of corn and feeds the chickens and the ducks and the geese and the pigeons. They all know and love her. All day long she is busy and happy. She goes to bed soon after the sun has sunk out of sight and the birds have gone to roost.

Such a healthy, happy, rosy, sweet-tempered little girl it would be hard to find in the city, as is Milly, the farmer's daughter. Her father calls her his "little Sunshine," and her mother calls her "Heartsease."

HER SIGNAL.

RAILWAY men—conductors, engineers, and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures, that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In the early days of one of the great Western railroads, according to a story in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, it was so common for cattle to be run over that the manager required the engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and kind of animal.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but a reference to the files showed that the engineer had reported no such accident.

The manager sent for him, and inquired why he had omitted to report the matter. "I didn't know I hurt the cow," he answered.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Oh yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 16.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus at Jacob's Well. — John 4. 9-26.

MEMORY VERSES, John 4. 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

SEPTEMBER 23.

LESSON TOPIC.—Daniel's Abstinence.— Dan. 1. 8-20.

MEMORY VERSES, Dan. 1. 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.— Dan. 1. 8.

Don't quarrel with the clouds. They have often brought refreshing showers into your life.



JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

AN UNHAPPY FAMILY.

ONE day Puss found the door of Jimmy Wren's room open. (You see it wasn't Jenny Wren this time.) Puss liked to get into that room! She was almost sure of finding something for her supper. For Jimmy was very fond of pets. Birds and squirrels and ground mice and bugs and beetles, all were to be found in his room at some time. Just now Jimmy was training a whole family of rats and mice.

Careless boy, to leave the door open! He forgot that mamma said the next time Puss caught any of his pets she would have to say that he could not tame any more in the house. She said this to make Jimmy more careful.

Well, Puss walked in at that open door, and then there was trouble!

The happy family felt very unhappy right away, and so did Jimmy, for he remembered too late what his mother had said.

"I shouldn't think you'd care so much about rats!" said Jimmy.

"Perhaps not," said mamma; "but I do care about my boy learning to look after the comfort of his pets."

WEBSTER'S READY WIT.

MORE or less sportive artifice enters into the parry and-thrust of lawyers' combats in court. Fancy the drollery of a man like Webster playing upon the word "doctor." *Harper's Magazine* says:

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will.

Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a

dying man is struck (with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the court and audience with laughter.

WHERE IT IS SAFE.

"AUNTIE," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"

Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place their money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe; and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her auntie.

HIS DESCENDANT.

TEACHER. "Now, Johnny, you understand the difference between ancestors and descendants, do you not? The one comes before and the other after us." Johnny: "Yeth'em. My ma ith a dethendant." Teacher. "Not at all. You've got it just wrong." Johnny. "No'me. She'th alwayth comin' after me."

THE MERCIFUL PRINCE.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago, in a far-away country, there lived a little prince. He was a very kind and loving boy, and always felt pity for suffering.

One day he was playing with his cousin in the grounds of the palace, when a flock of wild swans flew over their heads. His cousin shot his arrow and wounded one of the swans, and it fell at the little prince's feet. The prince drew the arrow from the bird's body, and nursed and saved its life.

The years passed by and the boy-prince became a man, but he kept the same tender, merciful heart. He left his beautiful palace and his friends and went about helping the suffering. Once he came to a flock of sheep that were being driven along a dusty road. There was one poor little lamb that was wounded and bleeding, and he took it up in his arms and carried it.

This good prince lived far away in India. He did so many beautiful things that after he died people honoured him. His loving life ought to be an example to us.

THE RATS.

THERE are a great many different kinds of rats. Many years ago a man used to be about the English palaces who was called the king's rat-catcher. He wore a scarlet livery embroidered with gold coloured silk. On it were figures of rats and mice nibbling at wheat sheaves.

Rats are biting animals. They are apt to kill each other. Once a dozen rats were placed in a box and the lid fastened down. When the box was opened only three were found. The rest had been eaten up and nothing was left of them but their tails.

There is a story told that once a number of rats were tamed and trained to perform a great many wonderful feats. They were dressed up in miniature human clothing in which they acted the parts of fine ladies and gentlemen. The performance was generally concluded by the hanging of a cat in effigy, around which the rats marched.—*Selected.*

HOW TO SUCCEED.

THE fact that success is mainly due to hard work has been expressed in many different ways, but one of the best was that recently employed by a very successful "drummer," or commercial traveller. He was talking with a companion, a rather lazy fellow, when the latter exclaimed:

"I declare, Jack, I can't understand why you always succeed in selling so many more goods than I do!"

"I'll tell you why it is," replied Jack; "but," he added, "it's a trade secret, and you mustn't give it away."

"Of course I wouldn't do such a thing!" was the answer.

"Well, then," said Jack, impressively "I succeed because, when I'm after business, I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."