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Happy Days

VII.]

TORONTO AUGUST 27, 1893.

[No. 16.]

READY FOR SCHOOL

Edwin is the first to get up after the others, and Mat and Willie are waiting hand in glove along the road to the red school-house on the hill. Edwin has been going to school for three years, and he is fond of books and of his teacher. But when he only went a few weeks last term and he does not know if he will go or not. He wishes he would play in the street with Towser. He knows he will be at the school very soon by-and-bye if he is a good boy and minds his teacher. For you know that only naughty children who do not like to go to school are always scolding the teacher.



READY FOR SCHOOL.

taken up with the bricklayers, pray, what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and that great factory is built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean. Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy if divided up into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step

BUILDING

Edwin was one day looking at a factory which the bricklayers were building opposite his father's house. He watched the work from day to day as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed

them in their proper order. His father said to him:

"Edwin, you seem to be very much

by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things."

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

Out from among the crowd
Of listeners standing by—
From among the Pharisees, stern and proud,
And Rulers, learned and high—
An innocent babe did Jesus call,
And placed him there, in the midst of all.

And when the dear mothers pressed
Close to the Master's side—
Eager to have their children blessed
Though the multitude deride—
He said, as they gathered around his knee,
"Suffer them all to come to me.

O what a wondrous place
For the little ones to fill—
Type of the kingdom of his grace
In those who love his will.
Then come to Christ and be reconciled,
With the trusting faith of a little child.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1892.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller?

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose in the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, and his forefeet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me I have possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. A young man is asked to drink. He takes one glass, only a glass. Then he takes two. By-and-bye he is out on a spree. Intemperance has got its fore-paws on him. He neglects to rouse up and shake them off. So, little by little, it gains ground, until it gets the mastery, and too late he finds he has lost place, power, character, everything.

Coveting puts its nose in the soul, breathing only wishes, little wishes. It is not thrust out. Desires for ill-gotten gain grow stronger and stronger. They get a footing; they fill the mind; they take possession; and at last lead to stealing, robbery, or murder.

Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only the nose of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

SOMETHING stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill, and it lit the little parlour, and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, by the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at its mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and its rosy lips uttering each word with childish distinctness. The father listened, spellbound to the spot—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet innocence! The man himself who stood there with bearded lips tightly shut together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not yet finished, he heard her "God bless mamma, papa and my own self." Then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," lisped the little one, "and please send him home sober." He could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspiring tone. "God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober." Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened suddenly, and

they saw who had returned so soon, that night, when little Mamie was tucked in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and contented of voices: "Mamma, God swears most as quick as the telephone doesn't he."

DRINKING A TEAR.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you do what I do," said old Josh Spilit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of first standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "you should prescribe conditions, make us laugh. Perhaps you want to force our abominable mixtures down us. We are the chief of mixed drinkers, and won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square. Take my drink, I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and all stood along the bar. They turned to Spilit, and all looked at him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What! water?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me. I'll admit, and it's a scarce article, I expect. Several days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine lot of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. 'Toward evening I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey, and came back to town. They thought it was a good joke because they had left me there drunk, and told it around town as a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I was under the tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sat right there beside me. She said nothing when I woke up, but turned her head away, and I could see she was choking.

"I wish I had something to drink," said I. Then she took up a cup that she had brought with her, and went to the spring came up, and dipped up a cup of water and handed it to me. Just as she did she leaned over to hide her eyes. I saw a tear drop into the water. I took up the cup and, raising my hands, I vowed that I would never drink my wife's tears, and that was going to stop. You boys know what was that left me. You were all in the game. Another glass of water, please."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY NELL M. MOFFAT.

Here it is, that dear old place!
 Unchanged through all these years,
 How like some sweet, familiar face
 My childhood's home appears.
 The grand old trees beside the door
 Still spread their branches wide;
 The river wanders as of yore
 With swiftly running tide;
 The distant hills look green and gay,
 The flowers are blooming wild,
 And everything looks gay to-day
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
 Half-wondering I stand;
 I catch no fond endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand.
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's foot
 Come bounding through the hall;
 But silence all around me reigns.
 A chill creeps through my heart;
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Still shed their fragrance on the air
 Within life's golden hours;
 The loving ones that cluster here
 These walls may not restore;
 Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more.
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face
 And leave it with the dead.

TRUTHFUL AND OBEDIENT.

CHARLIE! Charlie!" clear and sweet
 voice rang out over the common.
 That's mother!" cried one of the boys,
 rantly throwing down his bat and pick-
 up his cap and jacket. "Don't go yet!
 ve it out! Just finish this game,"
 ed the players in noisy chorus. "I
 et go right off, this minute. I told
 ther I'd come whenever she called."
 "Make believe you didn't hear!" they all
 claimed. "But I did hear!" "She'll
 ver know you did." "But I know it
 d—" "Let him go," said a bystander.
 ou can do nothing with him. He is
 d to his mother's apron strings." "Yes,"
 d Charlie, "and there is where every
 boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot,
 "But I wouldn't be such a baby as
 to run the minute she called," said one.

I don't call it babyish to keep one's word,"
 said the obedient boy, a beautiful light
 glowing in his blue eyes. "I call it manly
 for a fellow to keep his word to his
 mother, and if he doesn't keep his word
 to her, you see if he keeps it to anyone
 else."

DOT'S WELCOME.

DOT HUNT was as sweet a child as you
 ever saw. She was beautiful, too, and
 everybody loved her because she was
 lovely. She was an only child of a
 wealthy widow, and her home was one
 of elegance and culture. There never was
 a kinder or more generous child or one
 more compassionate. If while driving in
 the grand carriage beside her mamma, she
 saw a child grieved or injured, she was
 not happy until something was done to
 comfort or help it. If a beggar child
 came to the door, she turned beggar, too,
 begging Ann, the cook, to feed the hungry.

But Dot was only five years old. I tell
 you this so that you will not wonder at
 what I am about to relate.

Dot went to church for the first time,
 one bright summer day. She was a
 perfect blossom in her snowy white dress,
 with a bunch of rosebuds fastened in the
 broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly
 dressed woman with a very sad face, and
 beside her a little girl of perhaps ten
 years of age, the latter wearing a calico
 dress and a very common-looking brown
 straw hat. People were going into the
 church very fast, but no one seemed to
 notice the sad-looking woman and her
 daughter. Presently a sunshiny voice
 broke the icy coldness of the church-
 goers; it was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' to church?" asked Dot
 of the little girl.

"It isn't our church, we're strangers;
 we don't know where to go," answered the
 little girl.

"It's God's church," Dot said reverently,
 "Come with mamma an' me, there's lots
 of room in God's church."

The weary woman looked into Mrs.
 Hunt's face questioningly, and although
 the latter's face flushed, she seconded her
 little daughter's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please," she
 said, "we will be glad to have you. And
 presently, seated side by side in "God's
 church" were the children of poverty and
 wealth. There had been a number of
 witnesses to the pretty scene, and more
 than one face flushed with shame as the
 minister, during his reading, gave this

passage, "I was a stranger and ye took
 me in."

Was it Jesus looking through that sad
 woman's eyes? Jesus looking through
 her little daughter's eyes?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the
 least of these, ye have done it unto me."

And after the service, more than one
 richly dressed lady shook hands kindly
 with the "strangers," and made them
 welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how home-
 sick, how desolate, those two strangers
 had been before her gentle welcome
 reached their souls, but her first Sunday
 at church had taught some "children of
 larger growth" a lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from
 a little acorn. The "strangers" who had
 come to the city from a bereaved home,
 from which death had taken beloved ones,
 and money had taken wings, found
 friends and pleasant and profitable employ-
 ment. How far a little candle throws
 its beams!

A PENNY AND A PRAYER, TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table
 Susie?" asked grandma, as the children
 came in from Sabbath school. "I saw it
 after you went and I was afraid you had
 forgotten it."

"Oh, no grandma, mine went into the
 box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?"
 asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking
 surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in.
 You know, I earn my penny every week
 by getting up early and going for the
 milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know
 just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want
 it to do good somewhere."

Well, then, every Sabbath, when you
 drop your penny in, why don't you drop
 a prayer in, too, that your penny may be
 blessed in its work and do good service
 for God? Don't you think if every penny
 carried a prayer with it, the money the
 school sends away would do a wonderful
 work? Just think of the prayers that
 would go out, some across the ocean, some
 away off among the Indians."

I never thought of that, grandma.
 The prayer would do as much good as the
 penny, if it was a real true prayer,
 wouldn't it? I'm going to remember, and
 not let my penny go alone again."



AS HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG.

NELLIE'S KITTY.

My oh, my oh, what a pretty
Little picture-book!
Pussy-kitty, pussy-kitty,
Come and take a look.

Here is something awful funny.
Dear me! oh, my, oh!
It's the picture of a bunny,
Most as white as snow

Pussy, here's a little mousey,
Catch him, if you can;
Here's a woolly towsy-wowsey
Doggy with a man.

Here's two little birds together,
Here's a long-tailed rat;
Here's a hen and here's another
Pretty pussy-cat.

Pussy, toll you what, you'd better
Learn to read, I guess;
See this funny looking letter?
Great big crooked S.

"B-a-b-y," that spell's baby,
"P-u-f-f," puff;
Pussy dear, I think that maybe
That may be enough.

GOD'S CHILDREN.

ONE day Nellie said, "I wish I was Mrs. Brown's little daughter. Mrs. Brown is rich, and her children can have every thing they want." Nellie's mother was poor and sewed hard every day to make a living for herself and her children. Cousin Jane heard Nellie when she spoke. "Why, Nellie," said cousin Jane, "don't you remember that our lesson says we are God's children. And God is far richer than Mrs.

Brown. All the world and all heaven are his. And if we love him he will after awhile give us a beautiful home in heaven." "I did not think of that," said Nellie; "and then my dear mamma loves me so much, and is so kind, that I will never wish again I was somebody else's daughter."

WOULD SHE CARE?

"MOTHER, may we play with George Mason a little while?" asked Rob and Roy, as they stood in the doorway dressed ready for play.

"Yes, you may go; but don't stay later than four o'clock," she answered.

"No, mamma; we won't." And off they started.

When four o'clock came they were right in the middle of a game; but Rob started up and said he must go home.

"O don't go yet!" cried George. "There's plenty of time. Your mother won't care if you stay just a little longer."

"Yes, she will; for we would not be keeping the truth, and that would make our mother sad, even if she did not care for the two or three minutes," said both Rob and Roy.

Dear children, are you as careful as Rob and Roy are to keep the truth?

HOW CHRIST SHOULD BE RECEIVED.

ONE evening Charles Lamb and some of his friends were conversing on the probable effects upon themselves if they were brought face to face with the great and wonderful dead. "Think," said one, "if Dante were to enter the room! How should we meet the man who had trod the fiery pavement of the Inferno, whose eyes had pierced the twilight and breathed the still, clear air of the mount of the Purgatorio, whose mind had contemplated the mysteries of glory in the highest heaven?" "Or suppose," said another, "that Shakespeare were to come?" "Ah!" cried Lamb, his whole face brightening, "how I should fling my arms up! how we should welcome him, that king of thoughtful men!" "And suppose," said another, "Christ were to enter?" The whole face and attitude of Lamb were in an instant changed. "Of course," he said in a tone of deep solemnity "we should fall upon our knees."

THE CHINESE BOY WHO SOLD HIMSELF.

BY REV. J. W. LAMBETH, D. D.

ABOUT the Christian era there was a poor boy in China whose name was Yoong. His parents were very poor. When his father died the boy was not able to buy a coffin in which to bury him. He sold himself to one of his neighbours in order to get money sufficient to bury his father. When he had purchased the coffin and had completed the burial of his father, he started at once to the man to whom he had sold himself in order to fulfil his contract. While on his way there he met a young lady who said to him, "I have heard of your great kindness to your parents, and that you have sold yourself in order to get a sufficient sum with which to purchase a coffin that you might be able to bury your father. I have come to see to earn that money that you may be able to return it and be released from your bondage."

The boy replied: "I have sold myself to be a servant to this man. How can you consent to come and assist me?"

She said to him: "I know you have sold yourself, and it is for this reason I have come to help you."

They went on together, and when they had reached the house of the neighbour, he said to the woman: "For what reason do you come with this boy?"

The woman replied: "I have heard of his great faithfulness to his father, and I have come to help him to return the money he borrowed."

The neighbour then said to the woman: "If you will weave for me three hundred bolts of silk gauze I will release this boy from his contract."

She at once set to work, and in a month the maiden had finished her work, and handed it over to the neighbour, and at once the young man was released from the contract he had made. He at once set out to return to his home with a joyful heart, not only that he was released from the engagement he had made, but that he had some one to go home with him. When they reached the spot where they first met, the young lady vanished from his sight, and the young man was left alone wondering who this person was. I present this story was written for the Chinese young people, and I hope all my young friends will see the moral.

A GOOD many people would say more if they didn't talk so much.