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# Happy Days

## PARABLE OF LEAVEN.

ANOTHER parable he spoke unto them: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

## MAY I KISS THAT BABY.

To a soldier far away from home, there is no more touching might than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg, his troops were marching by night through a village, over whose streets hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell."

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable-lanterns, their



PARABLE OF LEAVEN.

light falling full upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the face of the mother and

her child. "I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home, at least he was when I last seen him, two years ago."

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child, Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent smiling lips for a moment and then walked on, saying:

"God bless you, ma'am for that!"

Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.

## ARE YOUR HANDS CLEAN?

"JOHN, you can't come to the table with such dirty hands as those! Go and wash them right away!"

Mamma is right not to let John, or Nell, or George come to the table with dirty hands. And this puts me in mind that God says that only those who have clean hands and pure hearts can enter heaven. There are two

kinds of dirty hands. One kind you get when you play in the mud. The other kind you get when you strike or steal. Say, my little friend, are your hands clean?

## JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

AND I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none,  
May now be folded on his breast;  
As birds within the parent nest,  
And be his little one.

And he can do all this for me,  
Because he died on Calvary  
For children's sins to atone;  
And having washed their sins away,  
He now rejoices day by day  
To cleanse the little one.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

## NOT LONELY.

A GOOD minister of the gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there, that nobody seemed to know about. He went on climbing until he found his way into that garret room. As he entered the room he looked around; there was a bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it, a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading:

"Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked.  
"Na, na," was her reply.

"What do you do here all these long winter nights?"

"Oh," she said, "I just sit here, with my light and with my New Testament on my knee, talking with Jesus."

If a man is polite and honest he is well-bred, I don't care whether he has any ancestors or not.

## FINDING TIME.

"SIXTY seconds make one minute, sixty minutes make one hour, twenty-four hours make one day," studied Johnnie. "Twenty-four hours make one day, seven days—"

"Third class in arithmetic," called the teacher, and Johnnie's mouth puckered into a whistle—almost an audible one. This was his class, and he had just begun studying the lesson. Of course he failed.

Miss Atwood looked grave—cross, Johnnie called it.

"The third imperfect lesson this week! What's the matter?"

"Couldn't find time for it," pouted the boy.

"Very well. You may search for time after school. The lost must be found."

It was nearly dark when he reached home.

"Run right out and shut up the chickens, and chop the kindlings for morning," his mother said.

"All right." But John was spinning his top, and before he had finished he forgot all about the chores.

"Everything done?" asked mamma, as he was going to bed.

"O I forgot! And then, you see, it was so late when I got home I couldn't find time."—By Julia A. Tirrell

## TEMPERANCE.

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC.

HARRY WILSON had just got a new arithmetic, and was delighted with its figures and study. He had been in mental arithmetic for some time, but now he had a book and a slate of his own, everything for him seemed to turn into sums and calculations.

He was sitting by the table working at a sum in division, when he heard his father speaking to his mother, saying:

"Johnston got beastly drunk at the club last night, and disgraced himself abominably. He drank ten glasses of wine, and it went to his head; and he acted so foolishly we were all disgusted with him; and finally he was so drunk that he had to be taken home in a carriage."

Harry, full of his arithmetic, caught the sound of the word ten, and then looking up, said:

"Ten! and how many did you drink, father?"

"Only one, my son," said the father, looking down with a smile to his little boy, of whom he was very fond.

"Then, father, was you one-tenth drunk?" said Harry, reflectively, thinking, perhaps, more of his figures than of anything else.

"Harry!" said his mother sternly, "what

do you mean?" But Harry who was thoroughly absorbed in his calculation went on talking to himself.

"Why, yes; if ten glasses make a man all drunk, then one glass will make him one-tenth drunk; and if one is beastly drunk, then the other must be one-tenth beastly drunk, and—"

"There, here," said his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come, "guess that is arithmetic enough for to-night."

But as Harry went on with his sums his remarks started a train of thoughtfulness in the mind of the father, who said to himself:

"If Johnston had not taken the first glass he would not have gone on to ten; and, the whole, it is safe for myself, and best, an example to my sons that I never again take the first glass, lest I, or they should, on to the ten."

And from that day the father became total abstainer from all intoxicating drink.

## "HE'S SO OBLIGING."

I CAN'T make out how it is that Bill Pratt always gets such good places, said Harry Underwood, the basket-maker's son, to another lad, as they sat cutting rushes by a brook side.

And Harry was not the only one who thought thus, for "Bill Pratt's luck" was the surprise of many like himself. Bill was certainly no pattern of cleverness, of beauty, or strength, he could not do more than other fellows as many; but for all that, it was quite true that he always had good places, good wages, and a good character. When he left one master to go to another, it was generally said, "I would not part with him if I could help it, he is a good boy, and so obliging."

This was the secret of his being so much liked, and his "good luck"—he was "obliging."

## SAY IT TO MY CHRIST.

ONCE when a good woman, Catharine Brettorge, was lying on a sick-bed, Satan annoyed her very much by calling up all her past sins. He would point her mind to these, and then whisper, "How can you hope to be saved after such a sinful life?"

At last she said to him:

"Reason not with me. I know I am a weak, sinful person. If thou hast anything to say, say it to my Christ, he is my advocate, my strength, my righteousness. Say it to him."

This is the meaning of the words, "We shall lay any thing to the charge of God elect? . . . It is Christ that died."

## HOW TO MAKE UP.

Two little people who couldn't agree were having a tiff, and "were mad as could be,"

They looked at each other in silence awhile, till a sudden glad thought made one of them smile.

Said she, "Say, you ain't very mad, are you, Bessie?"

"Well—no—" said the other, "nor you, are you, Jessie?"

"Then let us make up," little Jessie suggested.

"Well—you be the one to begin," Bess requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still,

While the small-sized disputants were claiming their will.

When—what do you think brought at last sunny weather?

Just this: they agreed to begin both together.

## FRANK'S "NEIGHBOUR."

FRANK is a boy with a large heart. He gives away his balls and kites and tops, and says cheerfully, "Never mind; I don't care about it."

Frank's grandma once gave Frank three shillings to spend as he pleased. For some time he was very busy and thoughtful. Then he came home one day from school and said, "Mother, I know a boy that's ill almost all the time, and I know a place at the sea-shore where he can stay two weeks for nothing, if he can only get there, but his folks are awful poor, and can't get the money to send him. Hadn't I better give him my holiday money?" Of course Mrs. Morris was willing; and so poor Tommy Smith had a fortnight at the sea-shore, which did him great good, because a kind-hearted boy loved his neighbour as himself.

## THE LITTLE DOG-DRIVER.

I AM going to tell you a very little story about a very little dog. It was a brown-and-white King Charles spaniel. One day as I was passing along the street, I saw him sitting on the back of a small brown-and-white pony, as good-looking as himself. The pony was attached to a cart, standing before the door of a house. The master came out and jumped into the cart, and when he had taken the reins, doggie said, "Bow-wow-wow" to his friend the pony, and away they all went. When the pony lapsed into a lazy trot, the dog's "bow-wow-wow," soon quickened his speed. He seemed to take all his frisky ways and his little sharp "bow-wows" in a good-natured way. I could see their master was proud of them both.

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"MUSTN'T go now, dears, it's too hot." That is what mother said when Carrie and Sue wanted to go down the street and play with Mabel.

Now, what do you believe these little girls did? They frowned and pouted and looked, oh, so cross! And Carrie said, "Why-y-y?" just like a little snarling dog, and Sue said, "Dee me! dee me!" and tried to look just as cross as Carrie did.

Dear mamma smiled brightly as ever, and said, "The east porch is shady and cool, and you can play there until the sun goes down."

A little later Robert, their big brother, came out and found them sitting there looking very cross and unhappy.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "Have you broken your dolls or has your rocking-horse run away?"

"No, just hot!" said Carrie, and "Just hot!" said Sue.

"Oh, is that all! Why, this is not so bad! Of course it would not be nice to be out in this sun, but we're pretty well off. Here, sit down by me, you little thunder-clouds, and look at this book I am reading."

Of course the "little thunder-clouds" couldn't help letting a little sunlight come into their faces as they sat down to look at the pictures. It was a book about India, and Robert told them how in the hot season all work has to be done very early before the sun is high. The schools are opened at six o'clock. The *punkahs*, or great fans, are kept swinging all day and all night, and the doors and windows have mats over them, which are kept wet all the time. Even then the little children of the missionaries grow pale and sick from the great heat.

Dear, kind Robert told them many more stories about the pictures they looked at. At last, when mother came to the door and said, "Now, dear ones, you may go to Mabel's if you walk on the shady side of the street," they were both surprised. They sprang up and kissed the dear, patient mother, and said, "Oh, mamma dear, we are so glad we don't live in the *punkah* country!" And Carrie said, "I believe even you could not be patient with us there. If we are as cross as this in our country when the sun is a little hot, how dreadful we would be in India!"

Then they both ran away as happy as birds. Mother looked after them smiling, and Robert forgot that he had ever called them thunder-clouds.

"THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."

## JESUS INVITES US.

JESUS invites little children to come to him. You remember the beautiful invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. for of such is the kingdom of God. He also says, "Those that seek me early shall find me"

It will be easier for you to be a Christian now than it will be when you get to be a man or a woman. Jesus says to you to-day, "Come unto me." Won't you tell him, "I will come just now," and not only say it, but do it?

## THE BABY.

No shoes to hide her tiny toes,  
No stockings on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snows  
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of purest white,  
Her double, dimpled chin;  
Her rosy lips and bonny mouth,  
With not one tooth between.

Her eyes, so like her mother's eyes,  
Two gentle, liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face—  
We're glad she has no wings.

## WHAT ONE LITTLE BOY THOUGHT OF IT.

A GENTLEMAN once met a little fellow seven years of age on his way to school. Stopping him for a moment, he said—

"Well, my little boy, what do you intend to be when you grow up?" He had asked this question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, some ministers. But what do you think was the answer of this little boy? Better than all of them. "I mean to be a man," he said. It matters very little whether he be a farmer or a merchant or a minister, if he be a true man he must be a good man.

"You remind me," says Mr. Short, "of the answer which a little fellow once gave to a gentleman."

## WHAT HE WAS GOOD FOR.

What are you good for?" said a gentleman to a little boy.

"Good to make a man of," was the prompt, appropriate, and significant reply.

A bright boy that, Mr. Short. We have known some boys who thought it manly to smoke the stumps of old cigars, or to swear, or to be drunk. But though some men do these things, there is nothing manly in them, they are bad habits, all of them, and boys ought to set the men a better example.



PRESS IN A CORNER

#### BABY'S TOILET.

My Rosy, my po-y.

My little Blue Eyes,  
The bright sun is shining  
Way up in the skies

My neat one, my sweet one  
Is just out of bed,  
With golden curls dancing  
All over her head.

This way, and that way,  
I'll brush them, just so,  
And make all the frizzes  
Stand up in a row.

I wonder, and wonder,  
While thinking it o'er,  
If ever there's been  
Such a baby before?

#### GEORGE BENNET, THE BOAT MAKER.

GEORGE BENNET was only a wee little boy when he first began to make what he called little boats. Some of them were only chips, which he sailed in a basin of water. As he grew older he added sails and rigging. And a very proud little boy was he when he climbed up to the top of the rain-water barrel and sent a real little sail-boat across its surface by blowing its sails full of wind. When he was a good deal older he made a handsome little boat to sail on the pond. Sister and little brother and some friends came down to see it launched, and all declared her trial trip to be a grand success.

Many a day after that they did have fine

sport watching her sail. Sometimes sister put her doll in the little ship, and tied a string around her fast to the mast to keep her from falling, and then they would say she was going on a sea-voyage. I think, if he only could, George would have liked to have gotten in it himself. He had a friend who had a big sail-boat in which he used sometimes to go, when the water was very smooth and calm. He liked to sit rudder in hand, and watch the sails rounded out by the wind, as his boat glided gently along over the sparkling water.

#### WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A LITTLE girl sat at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that, perhaps, you might die before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"Oh," thought I, "how many of us wait till 'the dark comes,' in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to 'act good'! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then 'when the dark comes,' as it will in a measure to all, we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

#### A LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

ONE Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney-sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?"

"Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it?"

"You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only

half awake when we leave the house. I

think about God, but can not say that I

pray then." "When, then?" "You see,

sir, our master orders us to mount the

chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to

rest a little when we are at the top. Then

I sit on the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?" "Ah, sir, very

little. I know no grand words with which

to speak to God. Most frequently I only

repeat a short verse." "What is that?"

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

#### DOING THINGS WELL.

"THREE," said Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush, "that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter—what cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed, while his father continued "My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine. When you have finished come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes, his father said: "I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a gentleman's family, and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased, and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands he went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man, and anxious that his son Harry should practise the rule that made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to black boots and wait at table, and do any service that was required of me. By doing little things well I was soon trusted with more important ones."

#### ROOM FOR JESUS.

A CHILLY night, and stars are white and cold as marble. In house and inn there is no room for a Baby born at Bethlehem. Only a chance to lie in a stable-manger. Would you have taken the child-Messiah in? It is not too late. When you give up some selfish love you make room in your heart for Jesus. When you say, "I will serve him better, and, helping self less, help others more," then you make room for him. He would rather go to your heart than go to a palace.

#### A TEXT.

"MOTHER," said a little girl on coming home from the Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Do you know which is my best text?"

"Tell me, my dear," replied the mother.

"Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my little text has just seven words in it, and this is it, 'It is time to seek the Lord.'" (Hosea x. 12.)