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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1886

[No. 22



GIBRALTAR.

## GIBRALTAR.

GIBRALTAR is said to be the strongest fortress in the world. It is a high cliff, connected with the main-land by a narrow spit of sand. About three miles of galleries are hewn in the solid rock. The walls are

pierced for heavy guns, of which over one thousand are in position. Immense sums of money have been expended in making this fortress very strong. It was captured by the British and Dutch in 1704, and is still held by the former. From 1780 to

1783 it was besieged by the French and Spanish without success. Forty-seven ships, one thousand guns, and forty thousand men, failed to capture this stronghold defended by seven thousand men. It is fifteen miles across the Straits to the African shore.

## SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving him who first loved me.  
With a child-like heart of love,  
At thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

Teach me all thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in thy grace,  
Learning how to love from thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.  
Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till thy face I see,  
Of his love who first loved me.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1888.

## OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

THE Rev. Mr. Barnum, of Illinois, once preached a most delightful discourse on temperance to children, taking for his text the words, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

After having the children repeat the text and analyze it by answers to well-put questions, he drew a bottle from a package and asked the children to describe it. A bottle, a glass bottle, a round bottle, a long bottle, a corked bottle, a clear bottle, finally they hit the design, a "clean bottle;" then he presented another which he asked them to describe precisely as they had the other, but when they came to "clean bottle," they all laughed out "A dirty bottle." "Dirty—well, let me wash it;" so he plunged the vial in a pail of water, carefully wiping it, and held it up as cleansed! "But you haven't washed the inside," shouted the children. "Just so now about the hearts of

some people that look very nice outside, but have been enticed to be very bad within. How shall they be cleansed?" "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." We must remember that the contents of the bottle, however, often have very much to do in making hearts vile.

## A LITTLE BOY'S CONFESSION.

A BRIGHT little boy of four years was saying his prayers the other night to his mother, and with his hands folded, and his eyes closed, he sweetly said:

"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.  
God bless mamma, and—"

He stopped all at once, opening his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Mother, mother, what shall I say if I have been a bad boy?"

"You should not stop to ask questions, my son, while you are saying your prayers," replied his mother.

"But, mamma, I have been bad; what shall I say?"

"Ask God to forgive you; but you should say your prayers all through when you begin, without stopping."

His questions answered, he reverently folded his hands, and closing his eyes, continued:

"And will God forgive me for killing a hop-toad with a big stick, and throwing it down a big hole? Amen."

## GOD'S DAY.

BESSIE MEAD, a little girl four years old, was visiting at her Aunt Annie's. She had been staying several days, and when Sunday afternoon came, she asked her aunt to play with her, as she usually did after dinner.

"It is wrong to play on Sunday," said auntie.

"Oh, yes!" said Bessie. "I forgot; it is God's day to-day."

A while after, Bessie was discovered, sitting very quietly in the corner, and when asked why she was so still, her reply was:

"It is God's day, and we must rest."

We grown people may learn a lesson from this innocent little child. "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work!" To obey this divine command, must we not lay aside all thoughts of care about the duties of the week, and give ourselves up

wholly to rest and worship? Should we not do all we can in six days, so that there will be no small jobs left for Sunday morning? I have heard Christian people complain that Sunday was the hardest day in the week for them. Is this right? Let us read this commandment carefully. Does it tell us to spend several hours, Sunday morning, in dressing and fixing, so that we may look nicer than the people in the next row at church? Does it tell us to invite our friends, and prepare a dinner that shall excel those of the week in the time spent upon it? "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Then let us be sure that we read them rightly, and understand their meaning.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

## WHY SHE THOUGHT SO.

"SINCE you gave your heart to God last spring, Jennie," said a pastor to a little girl, "you think that you have been a Christian. Can you tell us why you think so?"

"Because, sir," she said, after thinking a moment, "Jesus says: 'If ye love me, keep my commandments,' and I want to keep his commandments more than anything else."

"Yes, my dear child, 'By this we know him when we keep his commandments.' You say, Jennie, that you feel sure that your sins are all forgiven; will you tell us how you know? May you not be mistaken?"

She stood a moment, then said: "I know that Jesus surely says that if we ask him he will forgive."

"Yes, we have his own sure word. And now, Jennie, suppose some one should ask you how to be a Christian, could you answer? Suppose one of the little girls at school should ask you how she could be a Christian, could you tell her?"

"I would tell her just to trust Jesus and obey him," she said quickly.

## A NOBLE BOY.

A LITTLE boy once had his leg badly broken. His mother was very sick, and when she heard about it she fainted. But when the doctors came to set the broken limb, the little fellow never cried all the while they were working with it. When they were done, one of them asked if it did not hurt him. "O yes, very much," he said; "but I did not want to give pain to mother, so I tried hard to keep from crying." Was he not a noble little fellow?

READ nothing from which you cannot learn something.



THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

CHARLIE'S papa is a railroad engineer. Charlie thinks he would like to be an engineer when he becomes a man. He has a toy engine and train. He draws it through the sitting-room and about the door-yard. He calls out the different stations as he goes along. If he becomes an engineer I hope he will meet with no bad accidents.

NO MORE SICKNESS.

ONE quiet Sabbath afternoon, sitting alone with my little ones, I talked with them of heaven, the land where comes no night, no care, no grief, not weariness.

Hearing the office-bell—their father is a physician—one of them exclaimed, "Will there be a bell there?"

"No," I said, "thank God, disease and death are there unknown. 'The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.'"

Then I told them of the Great Physician who had with touch divine raised to life souls once dead in trespasses and sins; and in the resurrection morning would raise the body, healed and glorified, to receive the soul again, never more to be separated.

"What a happy time that will be!" said Charles.

We all thought the same as we sang our favourite hymn,

"Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer words on high."

Yes, it will be a happy time indeed, when, as the Bible says, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." But it is only for those who have been "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and whose names are written in his "book of life." Is your name there, little one?

JACK.

COUSIN FRANK has a little dog named Jack. He is small but very knowing, and the noisiest little creature I ever knew. He likes to go out in the street and bark at every carriage and waggon that goes by.

One day a gentleman who lives just across the way came over to say that his wife was very ill, and Jack's barking disturbed her.

"Is there any way to keep him quiet?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said Frank, "we'll tell him about it, and he'll mind."

So he called the dog: "Jack, Jack, come here, sir."

Jack came.

"Now, Jack, Mrs. Lincoln is very sick, and she can't bear any noise. Do you hear, Jack? You must keep still all day."

Jack wagged his tail, and trotted off. He ate his breakfast, and then went out into the garden, lay down under the pear-tree, and we never heard a sound from him the whole day—not a sound.

That little dog understood what was said to him, and he minded. Children, are you as obedient as Jack?

"FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair and slight neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that little Carrie did not look as happy as usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O, teacher: I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "I suffer little children to come unto me," which she had recently learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands, and said:

"It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No it is for me—for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them and believe his kind words as soon as they hear him, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me—it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour—*Morning Light.*

THE LITTLE LEAVES.

BY GEORGE COLE.

WEE Topaz and Ruby  
And Garnet and Gold  
Set out for a ramble

When winds whistled cold,  
"Come back soon, my darlings,  
And nestle by me!"  
"At sunset," they whisper,  
"Dear old mother tree!"

Then down they all fluttered,  
And, dancing along,  
They came where a brooklet  
Was singing its song,  
"Come, dears!" sang the brooklet,  
"Each one be a boat;  
It's jolly all day  
Down the valley to float!"

They heard the blithe call  
Of the quail 'mid the sheaves,  
And the wan flowers whispered  
"Farewell, little leaves!"  
By meadow and woodland  
They wandered all day,  
With never a thought  
Of their home far away.

But when the sun set  
And the stars twinkled bright  
How sadly they missed  
Their own mother's good-night!  
For never came back  
From that brook deep and cold,  
WEE Topaz and Ruby  
And Garnet and Gold

## LITTLE GLEANERS.

We are a little gleaning band ;  
 We cannot bind the sheaves,  
 But we can follow those who reap  
 And gather what each leaves.  
 We are not strong ; but Jesus loves  
 The weakest of the fold,  
 And in our feeble efforts proves  
 His tenderness untold.

We are not rich ; but we can give,  
 As we are passing on,  
 A cup of water in his name  
 To some poor, fainting one.  
 We are not wise ; but Christ, our Lord,  
 Revealed to babes his will ;  
 And we are sure, from his dear word,  
 He loves his children still.

We know that with our gathered grain  
 Briers and leaves are seen ;  
 Yet, since we tried, he smiles the same,  
 And takes our offering,  
 Dear children, still hosannas sing,  
 As Christ doth conquering come,  
 Even as he promises, to bring  
 His ransomed children home.

## LITTLE MOTHER.

"I'll take baby, mamma, and you sit down  
 and have a nice visit."

As she spoke, Ada picked up crawing,  
 laughing Nell, and left the room.

"What a thoughtful girl!" said Mrs.  
 Bell, who was a new-comer in the neigh-  
 bourhood.

"Ada is always thoughtful," said Mrs.  
 Pelton, with a tender light in her eyes.  
 "She seems to know by instinct just what  
 will relieve me most, and that is the very  
 thing she wants to do."

After a very pleasant call, Mrs. Bell was  
 about to go, when she heard the baby,  
 cooing and laughing, as she went through  
 the hall in Ada's arms.

"Come in, Little Mother," she called to  
 Ada, "and let me see your lovely child."

Ada came, smiling, but an earnest look  
 crept through the smile as she replied.

"Papa calls me that, sometimes, and I  
 love to have him."

Will you go with me, dear girls, to Mrs.  
 Bell's pleasant home? It is a home of  
 comfort, rather than one of wealth, and it  
 is easily to be seen that to keep all this  
 brightness and cheer calls for busy hands.

Flora, a girl of about Ada's age, meets her  
 mother at the door.

"Dear me! I'm so glad you've come!  
 These children do make such a racket, and  
 I want to go down town with Nellie May.  
 I shouldn't wonder if she'd given me up,

and gone off alone. I do hope I needn't  
 have to stay with the children again!"

"Flora," said Mrs. Bell, "I hope you will  
 get acquainted soon with Ada Pelton. She  
 is a lovely girl."

"Yes, I suppose so; a piece of perfection  
 that you want me to imitate. Robbie, do  
 get out of my way!" and she slammed the  
 door as she left the room.

Later, Mrs. Bell told Flora how unselfish  
 and thoughtful Ada was, and that young  
 lady tossed her head, and said, impatiently,

"Little mother, indeed! She thinks that's  
 all very fine, I suppose, but I don't like to  
 see girls put on such airs!"

We do not have to go very far to find the  
 Floras, do we, girls? But they are not the  
 kind that help to make home a happy place,  
 and it would be a good thing if they could  
 all be made over into Adas, thoughtful, self-  
 denying, and loving!

## UNCLE FRANK'S SERMON.

TEXT: "He is despised and rejected of men."

Who do you think it means? The  
 Saviour. And who are the men who despise  
 and reject him? Some of them are boys  
 and girls (for you know the word "men"  
 in the Bible means men, women, and  
 children.)

"O how can that be? I am sure none of  
 the children who read this paper would treat  
 the Saviour so!"

Perhaps not, if you knew just what you  
 were doing. But suppose that to-morrow  
 Lucy should come over to visit you, and  
 you should shut the door in her face and  
 tell her to go away, would not that be  
 despising and rejecting her?

"O but I couldn't think of doing such  
 a thing; besides, mamma wouldn't let me."

Very well; suppose, then, that you did  
 not want her to play with you, you thought  
 you could have a great deal nicer time by  
 yourself, and should pretend you did not  
 hear her rapping and calling, wouldn't that  
 be despising and rejecting her, too?

Now, Jesus comes "knocking, knocking,"  
 as we sing, at the door of your heart.  
 Every time that you feel that you want to  
 be a good little girl and love him, then he is  
 knocking.

Of course you would not tell him to go  
 away, but do you not keep still and pretend  
 you do not hear, or do not quite know what  
 you ought to do, and not answering him  
 right away, until he is grieved and goes  
 away, and you do not feel like being good  
 and unselfish, but get crosser and naughtier?

That is rejecting and despising him.  
 Don't do it again, but say softly, "Come in,  
 dear Jesus."—*Our Children.*

## A RECEIPT IN FULL.

Do you remember the story of Martin  
 Luther when Satan came to him, as he  
 thought, with a long black roll of his sins,  
 which truly might make a swaddling band  
 for the round world? To the arch enemy  
 Luther said:

"Yes, I must own to them all. Have  
 you any more?"

The accuser of the brethren, being an  
 expert at the business, soon supplied him  
 with a further length of charges, till there  
 seemed to be no end of it.

Martin waited till no more were forth-  
 coming and then he cried:

"Have you no more?"

"Were not these enough?"

"Ay, they were. But," said Martin  
 Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole  
 account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleans-  
 eth from all sin.'—*Selected.*

## CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

A SAILOR who had been converted to  
 Christ said one day to a friend: "This  
 great change in my life came to me, under  
 God, by a story I read in a child's paper of  
 a little girl praying for her impenitent  
 father. I never see a little child now  
 without thinking, There's one of God's  
 angels!"

Little Norah prayed for her father, too,  
 while she was lying on her bed very sick.  
 The last thing she said was, "Mamma,  
 please tell papa that I prayed as long as I  
 could that Jesus would wash every black  
 spot of sin off his soul."

Her father was a drunkard, but he was  
 so touched by this last message of his little  
 girl that he couldn't rest until he, too, had  
 asked Jesus to give him a new, clean heart.  
 —*Selected.*

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ETTA had just returned from Sunday-  
 school, and was delighted. "I have just  
 planted my fifty-second P!" she exclaimed.

"Your fifty-second pea!" said her mother.  
 "Why, don't you know that this is not the  
 time of year to plant peas?"

"Oh, I don't mean peas to eat, but P's  
 for 'Present.' The superintendent says I  
 have fifty-two P's for 'Present,' and no  
 A's for 'Absent.' He says I have planted  
 one P every Sunday for one year; and now  
 I am going to begin on the second year."—  
*Child's Recorder.*

LITTLE CHARLIE listened eagerly to his  
 father read the third chapter of Revelation;  
 but when he came to the twentieth verse—  
 "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"—  
 he could not wait, but ran up to his father,  
 eagerly asking, "Father, did he get in?"