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Happy Days

VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1892.

[No. 11.]

DIGGING ROOTS.

WHAT do you think these people are doing? I think they are digging roots of flowers or ferns, and each one is doing some part of the work so that when they grow up each can say "I helped." So one is digging and another is cutting the slips, and so on, each one taking a part. I hope the flowers will grow after having gone to so much trouble.

BE THANKFUL.

"I DON'T want any supper," said Kate. "Nothing else but bread-and-milk and cake—just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a little walk?" asked mamma, not noticing Kate's remark.

"Yes, mamma." She was pleased so long as their walk led through pleasant streets; but when they came to narrow, dirty ones, where

the houses were old and poor, she wanted to go home. "Please, mamma, don't go any farther."

"We will go into the corner house," said mamma.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on the door steps. Kate felt afraid, and held tight hold of her mother's hand, but on they went up the tottering steps to the garret. So hot and close it was that they could scarcely breathe. On a straw bed

near the window lay a young girl asleep, so pale and thin and still, she looked as if she were dead. Hearing footsteps she opened her eyes. Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the girl a drink of milk, and placed the bread and cake beside her.

Kate's eyes filled with tears as she saw the girl eat her supper.

plaining and faultfinding. If we have a home and food to eat, let us thank God, for many wander the streets homeless and hungry.

GOD'S CARE.

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. Half an hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the door of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little the voice again cried.

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.



DIGGING ROOTS.

Her poor mother had been away all day working, and now came home wishing she had something nice to bring her sick child. When she found her so well cared for, she could not thank mamma enough.

The supper seemed a feast to them. "If we can keep a roof over our heads," said she, "and get a crust to eat, we are thankful."

Kate never forgot these words. Let us all learn the same lesson, and cease com-

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs, to the right hand of God, to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, he speaks to us from the word, as the mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee" Jehovah Jireh—"the Lord will provide."

SUMMER DAYS.

THE summer sun is shining,
The sweet air softly breathes,
The flowers are gaily twining
Their many-tinted wreaths;
The fragrant fields are waving
With early ripening grain,
And noontide rays are leaving
On fruits a crimson stain.

Soon as the morning raises
Her curtain from the sky,
The greenwood sings thy praises,
O God, most great and high!
And flowers with perfume hasten
Each with a dewy cup,
While soft winds stoop to listen
And bear the incense up.

And I—shall I be silent
Amid' the happy throng?
No, let me join the music
That sweetly floats along;
And bid each breeze ascending,
Each sunbeam bright and fair,
My praises never ending,
My heart's love upward bear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1892.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

IN these days by far the greater number of those who become Christians become such in childhood and early life. Jonathan Edwards was converted at seven years of age, Robert Hall at twelve, and Isaac Watts at nine. Christianity is the only religion that touches childhood. Its founder passed through the various stages of child-life, and in after years took up little children in his arms and blessed

them. Conversion should be the aim of every Sunday-school teacher. We are not simply to impart a knowledge of Biblical history, geography, and doctrine, but to bring the hearts of our scholars in contact with the living Christ. With the greater number it is "now or never." Many come from anything but Christian homes. The world has them six days and twenty-three hours in the week. Whatever we do has to be done quickly. We have no time to discuss last month's concert or next month's picnic, no time to waste in mere chit-chat and local gossip. Let every thing converge to this focus—our personal relation to Jesus Christ. We find Christ directly or by fair inference in every lesson. It should be our aim to bring out that central truth and press it home upon the hearts of our scholars. There is no grander work upon earth. So shall all our children be taught of God, and "great shall be the peace" of our children.

REAL FRIENDS.

YOU may have heard your mother tell how when she went to school she had such a dear girl friend, and how they two have kept up the friendliness for so many years; and you have perhaps heard her say that school friendships are often the most enduring of any. Then you have wondered if you and your present "best friend" would love each other when both of you are gray-headed. Now let us see how things stand between you and your best friend, Anna. Of course you like her very much; but you must confess that very frequently there comes a "little tiff" and you "fall out." When such a thing happens, you straightway transplant your affections to some other girl, and your friend does likewise. You two scarcely speak when you meet, and generally make a point of showing great devotion to the new friend in the presence of the old one.

Now isn't it rather silly to have these unhappy differences so frequently? If Anna does some very unworthy act, then she deserves the loss of your friendship; but is your regard so frail a thing that it cannot stand small differences of opinion? Cannot you be more generous?

If your friend is lovable, and you are the kind of girl you ought to be, then you will bear with her inconsistencies, and put up with some of her faults. Perhaps you are not quite perfect yourself, and she may have to bear some things from you. If your friendship is the real thing,

you will remember that love "hopeth all things," "beareth all things;" and so, bearing many things patiently and sweetly, you will find that the years will not weaken—they will rather strengthen your mutual bond of intercourse.

WILLIE'S RIDE.

WILLIE was visiting his grandmother who lived in the country. He thought he was quite a man, but he was only seven. His grandmother had a very nice horse named Dobbin. Sometimes John would put Willie on the horse's back while he led him to water. He was never allowed to ride him alone, although he often wanted to do so.

One day every one in the house was busy, and no one thought of Willie. He thought of himself, the naughty boy! and this is what he did. He went to the stable just to look at Dobbin. John was not there. Willie thought he would take a little ride. He managed to untie the halter and climb upon Dobbin's back.

Slowly he walked the horse out of the stable, into the yard, and to the road. No one saw him. He wanted but one thing—a whip! Just then he saw a tree with a little branch growing on it that would do. He rode up, and with some trouble broke it off. Then he struck Dobbin a sharp blow—harder than he meant to. The good old horse was much surprised. He kicked up his heels and started at a quick pace down the road. Willie could not stop him. He did his best, but the old horse was too much for him. The poor little boy was very much frightened. He dropped his whip, and clung with all his might to Dobbin's neck.

Soon they came to a large mud-puddle in the middle of the road. Willie could hold on no longer. He slipped off, and fell with a splash into the muddy water. Dobbin then turned and trotted home.

Willie's mother happened to look out of the window as Dobbin came into the yard. She ran to see what it meant. Willie was missed, and his frightened mother and grandmother ran down the road to find him. They were much relieved to see the muddy little figure coming towards them. He was too muddy and too much ashamed to look at them; but, very fortunately, he was not hurt in the least by good old Dobbin.

Not very much was said; but for one month, Willie, the seven-year-old, almost a man, had to be followed about by a nurse, because he could not be trusted!

THE RESTLESS BOY AT CHURCH.

The following is a real life picture and applies to pert and ungovernable little boys as well as the small boy.]

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide-awake boy in church.

Then earnest and still
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some old hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still each naughty trick flies
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes?
Yes! His fingers he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head,
And still we take him to church.

He is troublesome? Yes!
That I'm bound to confess:
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise,
And he surely wants them in church.

Such children, you know,
Long, long years ago,
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though disciples were bored;
So we'll still keep them near him in church.

SAYING AND DOING.

MARY and her father were left at home for a few days while the rest of the family went on a visit. Some of Mary's young friends came in the afternoon with a request for her to spend the evening with them. Papa came home from business not feeling very well, and looking forward to a quiet evening with his daughter. She told him of her invitation, and spoke of some special reasons why she desired to accept it. Her father did not want to deprive her of the pleasure she anticipated, and yet he did not exactly want to pass the evening alone, nor to sit

up as late as would be necessary if Mary went out. So he put the matter wholly in Mary's decision, saying, "My daughter, you must do as you think best. I will not say you cannot go."

"I don't want to leave you alone, papa," said Mary—but all the same she went.

Now I do not mean to say that she did anything wrong. Her father was glad that she should have the pleasure of meeting her friends. There was nothing special that she needed to do for him if she stayed. But she would have been company for him, and her staying would have been proof of unselfish affection.

The thing that struck me when I heard of this little incident was its illustration of the difference between saying and doing. Mary said she did not want to leave her father alone for the evening, and I dare say she did regret doing it. But she did leave him alone. So what she said, you see, went for very little against what she did. Her actions spoke louder than her words.

This is true all through our life. We must be judged by our actions rather than by our words. It is easy to make promises and protestations, but by no means so easy to act always in just the right way. Children as well as their elders sometimes cheat themselves into thinking they are better than they are, because they talk so glibly about their right feelings—their sympathy, their affection, their desire to be of service. But the question is not what they say, but what they do.

"I am very sorry for A—," said one, speaking of a man who had met with misfortune, and who was in pressing need of aid. "Yes," said the friend spoken to, "I am sorry for him five dollars; how much are you?" He did not mean that his sympathy should be more words.

There is another matter in which we are very often tempted to let words take the place of something better. We try—is this true of you, dear reader?—to put God off with promises. We try sometimes to make fair words to take the place of a Christian life. How foolish is this! We can not deceive God. He understands us through and through. When he says to any one, "Give me thy heart," he is not deceived for a moment when the reply is, "Yes, Lord, I will," but no corresponding action follows. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is his way of judging, just as it should be ours.

Dear children, let us learn not to put mere empty talk in the place of the things our heavenly Father would have us do.

TESSA'S COMPANY MANNERS.

"TESSA, I'm going to have a little niece staying with me, won't you come and see her?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered little Tessa, "if mudder lots me"

And about an hour later as Miss Alice looked out of her window, she saw little Tessa pattering up the walk hugging a big hat box.

"Oh Tessa, dear," she cried, raising the window. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner, but Midget won't be here until next Friday."

Tessa declined the invitation to come in, and with a disappointed air, hugged her box of paper dolls, clothes, furniture, etc., back down the walk.

Friday next at twelve o'clock, Tessa was again on hand. This time Midget was expected in a half hour, so Tessa and her paper dolls staid to receive the company.

But when the carriage drove up and Midget appeared she was nothing but a baby? She couldn't play paper dolls at all! Tessa at first felt like crying; then she felt like picking up her dear dolls and flying home. But for fear she might hurt Miss Alice she stayed, and, would you believe it? she had a perfectly splendid time! Midget was a little darling, and played being Tessa's little girl far better than the old stupid paper babies. Tessa really hated to go home when the time came.

"I was so glad I didn't cwry," she said, "and so glad I didn't wun home." "Yes," said mother, "I promise you'll always be glad when you have done what is kind and polite."

BERRIES AND BRIERS.

ONE of the surest ways to make home happy is to look on the bright side of things. The boy in this incident not only cheered his mother, but preached a bit of a sermon besides.

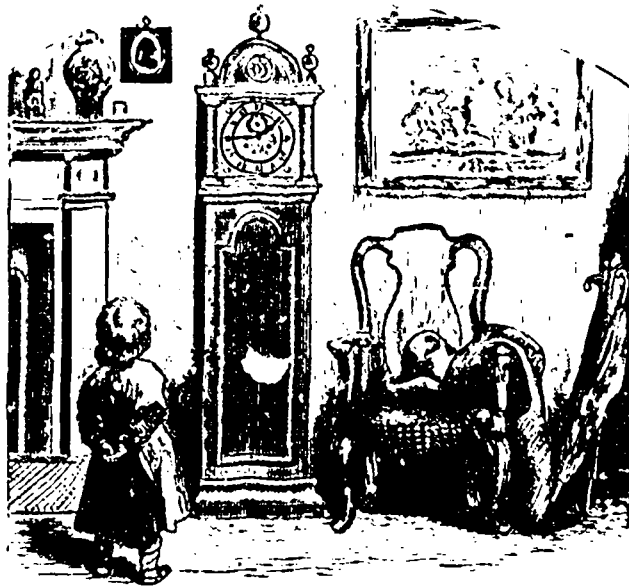
A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket full of such nice ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, "she always seems mighty glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that henceforth he would hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.



THE VOICE OF THE CLOCK.

THE VOICE OF THE CLOCK.

I HEARD the old clock ticking near my
open chamber door

In a soft and sweet metallic tone I never
heard before;

It sang to me in maxim and impressed
upon my mind

This truth, that old eternity can never
leave behind—

A truth as old as Father Time, that for a
thousand years

Has fallen on a myriad of dull, unheeding
ears—

"Whether it be of happiness, or whether
it be of pain,

The hour that has passed you by will
never come again."

The old clock resurrected the dead and
buried past,

And a thousand recollections came o'er me
thick and fast.

In the varied panorama that my fitting
fancy drew

My own misspent, misguided youth was
clearly brought to view;

And springing from my restless couch I
cried, "O Time, delay!"

But the old clock seemed to answer,
"To-morrow is to-day—

Whether it be of sunshine, or whether it
be of rain,

The hour that has passed you by will
never come again."

But ambition burned within me as the
future rose to view,

With magnificent reward for perseverance
strong and true,

And with grim determination I resolved
that every day

Should record a labour well performed
—and the old clock seemed to say:

"Dwell with the resolution, and hold it
strong and fast

Till the life that is gliding from you lies
buried in the past.

For whether it be of happiness, or whether
it be of pain,

The hour that is passing by will never
come again."

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"GUESS who was the happiest child I
saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his two
little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it
was a very wick little boy, wif lots and
lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich, he
had no candy or no cakes. What do you
guess, Joe?"

"I guess it was a pretty big boy," said
Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't
such a little boy, "and I guess he was rid-
ing a big high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big, and of
course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You
have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell
you. There was a flock of sheep crossing
the city to-day, and they must have come
a long way, so dusty, and tired, and thirsty
were they. The drover took them up,
bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the
great pump in Hamilton's Court, to water
them, but one poor old ewe was too tired to
get to the trough, and fell down on the hot,
dusty stones.

"Then, Jim—then, Joe, I saw my little

man, ragged and dirty and tousled, sp
out from the crowd of urchins, who
watching the drove, fill his leaky felt
which must have belonged to his gra
father, and carry it one, two, three, of
many as six times to the poor suffer
animal, until the creature was able to
up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say tank you, papa
asked Jim gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "
the little boy's face was shining like
sun, and I'm sure he knows what a ble
thing it is to help what needs helping.

MY PAPA'S TRUE STORY.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

ONCE there was a little boy nam
Willet, and he was five years old. He
mamma's only son, and she tried very h
to make him obedient, so that he wo
grow up to be a good and noble man;
Willet would not always mind.

One Sabbath day she bathed him wi
and clean, and dressed him in his li
new shoes and Sunday suit.

"Now, Willet," she said, as she g
him a good-by kiss, "come right he
from Sunday-school; do not stop upon
road to play, or look at anything, for
will make mamma very uneasy if you
late."

"I'll come right straight home, mamma
I won't forget."

But, ah! he did forget; for as he
coming home he passed near a great sh
ing river, and there he saw men fish
from the docks.

"I will watch them just one momen
he said, "and then I will go right on."

The docks were wet and slippery, and
he leaned over to see one of the men dr
in a large fish, his feet slipped, and bef
he could cry out he had fallen do
down, down, into the dark green water.

Once he rose to the top, gasping a
struggling, then down he sank again.
second time he rose, only to sink quick
back again. A third time he rose, a
the fisherman, who had gone out quick
in a boat, caught him and drew him i
it. And it was well, for he would ne
have risen again. He was very ill
many days afterward, and all through
fever cried out that he was sinking do
into the black water.

When strong again, he thanked
heavenly Father that he had been sav
from so sad a death. From that time
he always tried to be a good, obedie
boy.