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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1888.

[No. 13.]

THE PET DOG.

This young girl is very proud of her dog, I dare say, but don't you think it would be a good deal better to let it walk instead of hugging it in her arms on a hot day?

WHAT A LITTLE SEED DID.

The Bible teaches us that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." And we are also taught that God does not love a proud or haughty spirit.

Once upon a time there was a German countess who was wealthy and proud, and, we are sorry to add, an infidel. That is, she did not believe in a heavenly Father, or the resurrection of the body, or the blessed place of peace and joy hereafter. So when she died she left these directions that her grave should be covered with a solid granite slab, and around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole should be fastened together by strong iron clamps. On the stone these words were to be cut "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened."

Here, you see, she defied the Almighty, and showed disbelief in all that is told us in Revelation and other parts of the Bible as to the resurrection of the body and eternal life. But through the almighty power of God, just see what a tiny seed, or, rather, a little acorn, was permitted to do.

It was lodged between the heavy covering to the grave, sprouted there, and sent forth its shoots that crowded its way to the surface



THE PET DOG.

through between two of the slabs and grew there, slowly but surely, until it became thicker and stronger, when this little weak plant, watched over by nature—in other words, the Creator of all things—burst the clamps asunder and lifted the immense blocks of stone.

As it grew and grew the whole structure grew long, became a confused mass of rocks,

among which, it is said, "In verdure and beauty grew the great oak that had caused the destruction," leaving neither name nor record to the countess who had purchased her grave for all eternity.

She had exalted herself only to be abased, while a little acorn became a mighty tree to spread its branches in splendor above her mortal remains. There, too, no doubt, birds collected to lift up their voices in praise to their Creator. For we love to think of the birdies doing so night and morning, when they sing so loudly and joyously.

"HATE EVIL."

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to the boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boys' worst enemy. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. There is nothing too mean for him to do, that he may win them.

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them. Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers, "You might have known better."

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is, ought to hate him. It's his duty. He cannot afford not to hate this enemy of all good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys, but be sure and use the Lord's weapons.

WHAT A TRACT DID.

A CHILD a penny gave,
With which a tract was bought,
That tract a heathen chief
Unto the Saviour brought.
A little church was built,
Men turned from idols old,
Till fifteen hundred souls
Were gathered in the fold.

If every little hand
Shall sow the Gospel Seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need;
If every little child
Shall give to God his mite,
Soon shall the heathen come
To walk in Christ, the Light.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1888.

FORGIVENESS.

"LIFE is too short for any bitter feeling; time is the best avenger if we wait."

Little people have their temptations to revenge, and sometimes it almost looks right to pay bad folks in their own coin.

But do not be deceived. It is never right. We cannot afford it. "Life is too short" to indulge in any unkind feeling or revengeful acts. The thing to do when we are ill-treated is simply to wait. Wait our opportunity to do a kind turn, to speak a gentle word, to show a forgiving spirit.

Do you know that the spirit of revenge is the spirit of Satan? And when a boy says, "I'll pay him back! see if I don't," Satan smiles. That is just what he likes. But it leaves a dark spot on the heart!

The spirit of forgiveness is the spirit of Jesus. Boys sometimes get the idea that it is weak to be forgiving. But our Master

was the strong one, and whatever is like him must be strong.

If we have not already learned the sweet lesson of forgiveness, let us learn it now.

"To err is human,
To forgive divine."

WHY A PITTSBURGH MAN WENT OUT OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

"I HEAR that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon last Friday.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:

"It's a rather funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out of doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a fellow, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping, or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard, and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing keep saloon. He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting up the drinks pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the bar.

"Boys, you must not drink that!" he said, as he lifted the six-year-old boy from behind the bench.

"We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell nor drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BOB AND SURF.

ONE DAY Bob ventured too far and carelessly, while playing on the sea-shore near his home, for he fell with a splash into deep water. The little fellow could not swim and his bubbling cry for help could scarcely have been heard on the rock from which he fell, so loud was the noise of the dashing waves. Surf's tail became rigid with the stress of emergency, then over the rock he went after his playmate. Seizing the boy by the coat-collar, he swam around the rock to a gravelly beach, and soon had him high but not dry, on the shore. For a moment Surf was puzzled. The day was windy and Bob had pulled his little cap down over his ears so tightly that the waves had not washed it off. Surf pulled it off with his teeth, and ran at full speed with it to the house. "Merciful heaven!" cried the mother, seizing the cap and rushing out. Surf led the way, whining in a low tone, to where Bob lay, pale indeed, but already showing signs of life. Fortunately, Mrs. Andrews knew just what to do, and within an hour Bob was in his high-chair at the table with the rest; but he shared his dinner that day with the brave dog who had saved his life.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

A NEWFOUNDLAND dog was playing on the porch with a little girl four years old. All at once she took a notion to go to neighbour's house, and opened the gate and went out. The dog did not follow her. Some little time afterward the child's mother came out, discovered her absence, and said to the dog, "Where is Nellie?" The dog looked as if he knew, and wagged his tail quickly. "Go this instant," said the mother, "and find Nellie and bring her home." Over the gate flew the dog and started down the street to a neighbour's house not far off. Nellie was playing there inside the house and saw the dog come and scratch at a verandah window. "I know what he wants," said the little girl; "he wants me to go home, but I'm not going to do it!" The dog was not admitted, but he lingered near like Mary's little lamb, and when two ladies called presently he rushed in past them through the door. Then, rushing up to Nellie, he seized her dress with his teeth and began dragging her to the door. An attempt was made to drive him off, but he growled and held on to her dress. The little girl, beginning to be frightened, gave up all resistance and trotted home by his side, and he delivered her in triumph into her mother's hands. Don't you think he was a sensible dog?

JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.

JESUS loves the little ones,
And calls them to come near,
Watches o'er them every day,
And on from year to year.

Jesus loves the little ones,
And gives them food and friends;
Grace for lifetime while it lasts,
And glory when it ends.

Jesus loves the little ones,
And guides their steps aright;
Shields them all the busy day,
And guards their bed at night.

Jesus loves the little ones,
In health or in distress;
Makes them poor or very ill,
But loves them none the less.

Jesus loves the little ones,
And bears their sin and care;
Loves to hear them lip his name
In praises or in prayer.

Jesus loves the little ones,
Where'er on earth they roam;
Then he gives them when they die
A happy welcome home.
O for Jesus' love,
To make me kind as he!
O, to give to all
The love he gives to me!

HOW A CAT HELPED A DEAF AND DUMB WOMAN.

THE chill wind was moaning, the rain falling drearily, and day darkening rapidly, when a lady might have been seen walking along quickly. She was thinking of home, with its bright, warm fire, and how soon she should be sheltered from the cold and wet.

Suddenly she stopped, as a feeble cry arrested her footsteps, and looking around she perceived a cat crouched against some steps. The storm was beating on the poor harmless creature, and night coming on.

The lady did not turn away and hurry on, as some selfish people would have done, but pitied and called the poor cat. It looked so forlorn and gave a frightened glance in her face. Gaining courage from what it saw there, it trusted her and jumped up, curled its tail over its back, and trotted contentedly after her. The lady went on. When she looked back now and then, there was pussy trotting steadily behind.

Presently the lady knocked at a hall-door, and when it was opened they passed into a bright room and pussy sat down to dry herself before a warm fire, where two other cats, sleek and well-fed, kept her company.

Well, our puss, whose name was "Gipsy," very soon was lapping a saucer of warm milk. After that she looked at the fire, and winked her eyes until she fell asleep.

A deaf and dumb woman, named Sarah Darby, was at that time living in this house. Pussy became very fond of Sarah, and liked to sit in her lap because she was kind to it. Now, Sarah did not think a cat could help her, but she knew that God commands us to be kind to helpless creatures, and he is always pleased when we obey him.

You will wonder how a cat could help any one, so I will tell you. Sometimes Sarah was left alone in the house, and when a knock came to the hall-door there was no one to tell her but puss and puss did so. How? She jumped down off Sarah's lap, and looked up in her face every time a knock came, and waited till the knock was repeated and Sarah opened the door. So this is how the cat helped the deaf and dumb woman.—*Selected.*

WOLVES.

BY A. V. M.

IN a thinly settled region on one of our Western prairies there once lived a family of six—father, mother and four small children. The house in which they lived was built of logs and in the midst of what is called a clearing; that is a spot where the forest trees have been cut down for a distance to make room for a house and garden. It was a long distance to the settlement, and the man of the house only went there once in a great while. One morning, in the winter, the mother said to her husband, "We are growing short of provisions, John, and I think you had better go to the settlement in the morning; for I'm afraid there is a storm brewing and you will not be able to get there very soon unless you go now."

So next morning the father started very early, saying, as he drove away, "If all is well I will return to-morrow, about noon."

The first day of his absence passed quickly, and the following day the mother began to watch for her husband. Noon came, and went, and no sign of the absent one. As it began to grow dark the children said, "Mamma, why doesn't papa come? he said he would." The mother said, "He will be here soon now. Go to bed, and when you wake up, papa will be here." Night finally settled down and, to add to her uneasiness, she heard every few minutes a cry of a wolf in the forest near the clearing. Her husband had often told her if she were ever alone when the wolves came near the house, to build a bright fire and the light would keep them at bay. She went to the door

and listened and the cry seemed farther off, but she thought to herself, "I'll get the fire all ready to light in case I should need it. So she gathered together what wood she could find and made it ready to light at a moment's notice, and returned to the house. Again the cry sounded, this time it seemed very near. Seizing a lighted brand from the stove she ran to her pile of wood and lighted it, and not an instant too soon, for as she looked from the house she could see the wolves by the light of the fire, and hear their angry barks. In a short time the fire began to grow dim and the wolves bolder. Piece by piece she seized the scanty furniture and threw it into the pile. Just as her strength and courage were about gone she heard several rattle shots, and to her joy there drove onto the clearing a waggon load of armed men, her husband among the rest. He had heard the wolves and had gathered all the men he could find on his homeward way and had arrived in time to save his loved ones from a dreadful death. The men soon dispatched the wolves, and as soon as possible after entering the house the husband and father knelt down in the midst of his family and neighbours and thanked our heavenly Father for their wonderful preservation.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

It's nobody's business but mine, I hurt no one but myself," said Alfred Dana, a young man, when reproved for intemperate habits.

Was it nobody's business? What of a lad of fourteen, employed in the same store, who began to smoke cigars just because Alf Dana did? or a few months later drank his first glass of liquor at the request of this same friend? Was it nobody's business when this lad continued to accept the proffered drinks until an insatiable thirst fastened upon him and bound him in the destroyer's grasp? Alfred had been strong, but he is weak. Was it nobody's business that at twenty-five this same young man died a horrible and sad death, with drink the cause of it, and his mother an accomplished and lovely woman, was bending in awful agony of soul above the pale, dead face? Was no one hurt but Alfred Dana?

It is true of liquor-drinking that it loves company. Therein consists its greatest snare. Hence the danger of the saloon, with all its appointments for sociability.

There is not a drinker, moderate or immoderate, but has an influence in leading some other soul toward destruction. He cannot say in truth, "It is nobody's business."—*Royal Road.*



GOOD MORNING.

GOOD MORNING!

WHAT a cheerful salute this little girl gives. We hope all our young friends will begin the day well, and it will be apt to end well.

GREGORY IN THE SLAVE-MARKET.

PERHAPS the children think because England is a Christian land now that it has always been so. But no; it was once a heathen country, as benighted and degraded as India or China now is. There were different tribes of people always making war upon each other, and so it happened that the people were carried away as captives into other lands.

In the market-place of Rome they were sold as slaves, and among them were some dear little children. Their fair faces and golden hair attracted the attention of Gregory, a great and good man, who was passing by.

"Of what people are these?" he asked the trader.

"They are English," he answered, or, as the word ran in the language there spoken, "They are Angles."

"Not Angles, but angels," said Gregory, whose heart was full of pity, "their faces are like angels. From what country do they come?"

"They come," said the merchant, from Dears, in that language *De tra* means *from wrath*."

"De ira?" exclaimed the questioner, "ay, plucked from God's ire (wrath) and called to Christ's mercy." For he hoped

they would be taught about Jesus." "And what is the name of their king?"

"Aella," replied the merchant.

"Ah!" said Gregory; "and Alleluia shall be sung in Aella's land;" and he passed on, thinking of those sweet angel faces and how he could bring them and their people to sing the glad gospel song.

A few years after he sent missionaries to England. The new king Ethelbert, had just married a Christian wife, and so was prepared to receive them with kindness. That was about thirteen hundred years ago.

Was it the sight of those sweet little English captives that, with God's blessing, made England a Christian land? We cannot tell how much good in the world comes from the little children. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." Be pure and modest and lovely in your lives, dear children, that you may win those who are older to think rightly and to act nobly.

THE PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown, for it was bed time, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking her curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down

beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

STORY-BOOK TIME.

WHEN lessons are over
And toys put away,
In the quiet that follows
The noise of the day;
When tired of the pictures,
The riddles and rhymes,
We long for the pleasures
Of story-book time.

Red dances the firelight,
And creeps up the wall
With shadows of bogies
That flicker and fall;
Then closer we gather,
Nor dare we look round,
In case a great *something*
Should *somewhere* be found.

But when mamma enters
And closes the door,
Our fears are all ended,
We trouble no more;
And soon as she opens
The favorite book,
For the ghosts and the shadows
We spare not a look.

THE ROBIN.

SPRING has come, and the robin sings among the trees. Glad to see you, pretty bird! Sometimes, though, you come before the snows are quite gone; then you are obliged to run away and hide in some warm nook. Why do you like an apple tree so well? It is there we always see your nest. What a funny nest!—plastered with mud and lined with grass. We shall like to see you take your breakfast, though we wonder how you can eat worms.

One day we saw a dozen robins on a bush full of little purple pokeberries. A man came along with a gun, but he did not shoot them. Now, dear boys, you will not want to put your hands into a robin's nest? How would you like to have some tall man rob your pretty home?