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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

[No. 4.]

CHICKADEE.

BY HENRY R. DORR.

ALL the earth is wrapped
is snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds
blow,
Through the valley down
below
Whirls the blast
All the mountain brooks are
still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny, murmuring
rill

Is frozen fast.

Come with me
(To the tree)

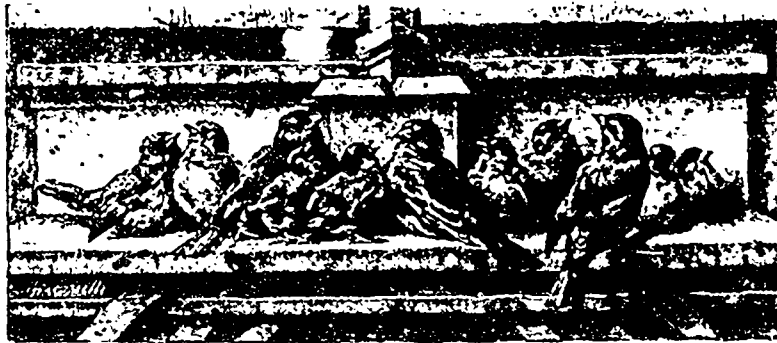
Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me

To the tree

Where the birds of summer sang!
There's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;
And his cheery little voice
Makes my happy heart rejoice,
While he calls the live-long day—
Calls to me—
"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"



Then he hops from bough to twig,
Tapping on each tiny sprig,
Calling happily to me,
"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,
"Chickadee!"

ROBBIE AND THE SNOWBALL

ROBBIE had seen his big brother James make a great, large snowball by rolling it along on the ground. Yesterday a deep snow fell, and this morning it was just soft enough to make balls. Robbie went out and looked at the snow. He said, "Now, I will make a ball like that which brother James made." So he went to work at once, and soon had a great big ball. He laughed and said his ball was as big as brother James's. Just then something happened. I cannot say just what it was, but our picture shows what came of it.

LOOK OUT!—ICE IS THIN!

"THIN ice! Where?" asked Charlie Cautious. Standing on the crystal shore of the pond, Farmer Faithful points out a strip of blackish ice.

"It is smooth! Half inclined to try it," says Rick Reckless.

"Don't! Smooth, but shaky! Fair, but false!" cried Farmer Faithful. "Water runs fast and freezes with difficulty."

"But I can go here," cried Charlie, jumping upon and running along a very solid stretch of ice near the shore. "You may pound all day with a sledge-hammer

and cut away with an axe, I was going to say, and you can't get through."

"Yes, you can trust that, it is like a good character, boys. But that other—"

The farmer's homily is cut short by an outcry from the strip of black ice:

'Help-p p' Help p p'

Farmer Faithful seizes a fence rail. He rushes out upon the ice. Towards the hole in the ice he thrusts his end of his rod, and he catches on the fish, Rick Reckless.

"Never-r will I go near-r that-t ice again-n-n!" exclaims the chattering, shivering Rick.

"I hope you won't," says the farmer. "That is like a bad character, treacherous and tricky. You come here on the solid ice. You can trust this. It is like a good man that folks run to in trouble. Two kinds of character. Don't forget it!"

Will they remember?

There is a black ice kind fair but thin, deceptive and dangerous. How all sensible people run from it! How they run to a good man and woman! How they compliment the strength, the solidity of good character by resting the heavy weight of their necessities upon it!

People make a winter roadway along the solid river-ice. It is a good thing to be trusted. It is a compliment when people count your word as good as your note. Be the boy or girl that always



meets an appointment, is on hand in the Sunday-school and church, and when the minister looks to find you, why you are there within arm's reach. Be reliable; the very one to whom people can trust dearest, weightiest interests. Have that crown of trustworthiness, reliable, solid character.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

JESSIE FINDING JESUS.

IN a wretched tenement in New York, a little girl stood by her mother's death-bed and heard her mother's last words, "Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried, her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbour could give her. One day she wandered off, unmissed, a basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door, and almost stumbled over her. He uttered passionately the name of him whom she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she inquired eagerly.

He looked at her in amazement. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him,"—this time with great earnestness.

The young man looked down curiously at her for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said, in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly, "I don't know, child; I don't know where he is."

Poor Jessie trudged on; but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket from her hand, threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet, and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hos-

pital bed. When the doctors came that night, they knew that she could not live until the morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over, heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it, "O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

TRUTH-LOVING JOHN.

It made a pretty picture in the twilight hour, or just at bed-time—that of happy little John, seated on a foot-stool at his mother's feet, his blue eyes looking confidently into her loving face, while he asked question after question, or listened to the story she might be telling, the while smoothing back from his forehead the sunny curls that fell in the way. Very often he sat there. He was an only son—his mother's darling—and there was no one else to occupy that cherished place, save a beautiful little sister. A happy home this little boy had. The best of Christian fathers came in and went out before him, setting a worthy example; and then the loving mother and "wee sister" were a joy for ever. Surrounded as he was by an atmosphere untainted by evil influence, it is not surprising that his open nature absorbed much that was good. Ah! little John was much more blessed in his home life than many boys who have no protection from evil, and never see or hear anything good. Like most children he was fond of hearing stories, and whenever his mother related one, he would invariably ask with great earnestness, "Mother, is that a true story?" If sometimes informed that a story was only a "made-up" one, he would show displeasure, and say almost indignantly, "Mother, please don't tell me any 'made-up' stories—'made-up' things are not true; are they mother? I want to hear about things that have happened sure enough."

John's mother was often puzzled to know how to satisfy her little boy on this point. To his simple understanding whatever was 'made-up' was altogether false, and his artless mind could make no distinction in the matter. This guileless child reached maturity, carrying along with him his early and intense love for truth. Deceit, sham, pretence, anything mean and underhanded, his honest soul abhorred. Some faults of temperament he had; but still he was true-hearted. To be truthful and honest is a very important part of a gentleman's character, and not all the fine looks in the world or the most fascinating address or great riches, can make up for what is lacking in this respect. To be truthful means that one is not only to avoid speaking falsely; but that he is also to act sincerely about everything. Surely there is nothing praiseworthy in wearing a mask to deceive unwary or even silly people. So, whatever line of policy the world may suggest, remember there is nothing noble in acting a false part. Be true to the truth.

ALWAYS GROWING.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

WHAT do you do in the ground, little seed
Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
"Why, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?
"What! do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water grass,
Never at rest, I see you pass.
"Why, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away and your wise little eyes are shut?
"Ho! do you not know?
I grow."

Always growing! by night or day
No idle moments we see.
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say,
"In the goodness of God
We grow."

THE LITTLE STROKES.

"MAMMA" said Nellie, throwing down her book. "I can never learn this lesson, I am just completely discouraged."

"My dear little girl," said her mother, passing an arm lovingly around her and drawing her to the window, "look over there at the side of the road, where a man is cutting down that great tree. He has been a long time at work upon it, stroke by stroke, hour after hour,—chip by chip flying off. Does he give up and say, 'I never can bring down this tree?' No; he labours on, little by little, stroke by stroke and by-and-bye, with a terrible crash, the old oak will come down. Drop by drop wears away marble; and don't you remember when we were climbing the mountain how we sung going up, step by step, and how at last, when we had reached the top, what a glorious vision burst upon our view?"

Nellie smiled and returned to her task. She could hear the woodman's axe on the sturdy tree, and the sound of those steady strokes seemed to give her strength.

After awhile she spoke again, "I have felled the tree, mamma; I have climbed the mountain."

"And you have my heartfelt congratulations," replied her mother. "It will be always thus, dear, that you gain life's victories, stroke by stroke, step by step; Never give up!"

CALLED HOME.

[NORMA WILLIS, died December 14th, 1893, aged nearly five years.]

BY MRS. J. ISAAC.

FAST the snow was falling round us,
As we reached the school-room door
Steigh-bells jingled as they passed us
Surely winter's come once more?

Just inside the door stood Norma,
What cared she for frost and snow?
Much had she enjoyed the sleigh-ride,
Wrapped in mother's shawl, yor know.

Then as shawl and veil were taken
From the little form and face,
She looked like a lovely picture;
Ruddy health—and heavenly grace.

Then we gathered in the class-room,
Each one had a little chair,
Norma's close beside the teacher
For her place was always there.

Then we learned the lesson-story,
From the pretty picture-roll,
Gathered pannies; marked attendance;
Closing, sang—"Home of the soul."

Little did we think while singing
That sweet song of heaven so fair,
That before another Sabbath,
Norma would be singing—there.

Then the leader spoke of treasures,
In this world and in the next,
Asked some one in the infant-class
To repeat the "Golden Text."

Then the teacher taking Norma—
Placed her forth where all could hear
What she said about salvation,
In those accents soft and clear.

"Giving thanks unto the Father,
Who hath made us meet to be
Partakers of the inheritance
Of the saints of light," said she.

Blessed testimony, given
By our little Norma dear,
She had been made meet for heaven
And no love could keep her here.

For before the week was over
Angels whispered, "Norma, come;
Your inheritance is ready,
Welcome to your heavenly home."

So she's only been promoted
To the school where Christ doth teach.
Keep us, Lord, like little children,
Till the golden shcre we reach.

Then we'll be united ever,
Father, mother, sister dear,
Teachers, scholars, not one missing,
If we love the Saviour here.
Brantford, Ont.

"AND how old are you—y little man?"
"I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

JENNIE FLINT was a little girl twelve years old; and, as she was very bright in school, she knew as much as some who are older.

Jenny's father was not rich, and, as there were four children younger than she, Jenny determined to be a teacher. About this time, an old friend of Mrs. Flint's wrote to her and invited Jenny to pass the winter in Germany at her school.

This seemed an excellent chance for Jennie. So it was decided that she should start the next week with a friend who would see her safely settled in her new home.

The day came for the boat to sail, and, with many sobs and many kisses, the last good-byes were said. As the boat was about to start, Mrs. Flint said, "Remember, my dear, one rule, the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'"

For the first few weeks Jennie was amused at her new life. She could not understand the girl's remarks for a long time, but at last she heard one German girl say, "I say, girls, look at that jacket, will you?"

As Jennie's jacket was rather old-fashioned, she felt hurt and angry, and was just at the point of replying, "Well, it's no worse than those slippers you wear!"

But something restrained her. Those few words, "Do unto others—" and the thought of her good mother's face came to her mind, and she did not reply to her tormentor, Retta.

But Retta kept on day after day trying to make Jenny angry. Jenny did not complain even to her teacher, who asked her very often how she enjoyed the school and her school-mates.

One morning Retta did not come to the breakfast table with the others.

"Where is Retta?" asked some of the girls.

"She has been very ill during the night," replied the teacher. "Somehow she must have caught cold."

"Oh, yes, she went down the village yesterday when she had callers, and it is against the rule to leave the school," said one girl who liked to tell tales on the others.

"We will let that pass," said the teacher, "she has been punished enough. This afternoon I hope some of you will go to see her, and perhaps read to her a little, for it is not pleasant to be in bed all day, and alone, too."

No one replied, for Retta was not a favourite. But Jennie, thinking how she would feel in Retta's place, went to her room and timidly asked—

"May I read a little to you?"

"Yes, if you want to," replied Retta, crossly.

In spite of this sullen answer Jennie commenced. At the end of half an hour Retta was sobbing. Jennie went to her bed, and putting her arm around her companion, asked her if she was in pain.

"No, no, but why are you so good to me when I have been so hateful towards you?"

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," answered Jennie quietly.

Retta embraced her and said, I will try and follow that rule hereafter."

And, from being one of the torments of the school, Retta became one of the helpers, and all were sorry when she had to leave. Years later, when visiting Jennie in England, she said to her one day, "I never knew what happiness was until I learned and obeyed the Golden Rule.

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

(See next page.)

ABRAHAM had but one son, Isaac, whom he loved more dearly than his own life. God knew this, and knew that Abraham was a good man. To prove that this good man did not love his son more than he loved his God he was told that he must offer up his son as a sacrifice. Poor Abraham, what a hard thing that was for him to do! But he obeyed God and set out with the little lad for the place where they were to build the altar. Isaac carried the wood for the fire, but, looking all round, he saw no lamb to be slain. Looking up to his father he said, "Behold, the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" His father told him that God would send a lamb. Then Abraham bound Isaac and laid him on the altar, but when he raised his hand to slay his dear son a voice from heaven called to him saying not to hurt the boy. In a thicket near by he saw a ram caught by its horns. Abraham knew that God had sent it for the sacrifice, so he took it and laid it on the altar instead of Isaac whom he loved so well. After this God knew that Abraham loved him above all else and he blessed Abraham. In our picture we see Isaac looking up into his father's face and asking where the lamb is, not knowing that he himself was to be the lamb. Abraham points up to heaven telling the lad that God will send the lamb.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MARCH 4.

LESSON TOPIC.—Selling the Birthright—Gen. 25. 27-34.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 25. 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.—Luke 12. 23

MARCH 11.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jacob at Bethel.—Gen. 28. 10-22.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 28. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee.—Gen. 28. 15.

NEVER let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.