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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

[No. 1.]



JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE CHILD'S MISSION.

You've a mission, little one,
Though your life is just begun;
For there's work for all to do,
In the world we're passing through.

You may be like angels here,
Making sorrow disappear,
Winning crowns that shall be given
To the faithful ones in heaven.

From the cradle to the grave,
Every precious moment save;
Fill your life with deeds of love—
Treasure bright for you above.

—Selected.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

AFTER the wonderful supper described in the lesson for January, Jesus bade his disciples row along the lake, and sent the people away to their homes, while he, himself, went up into the mountain to pray. He must have prayed nearly all night, for the "fourth watch" is from three to six o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile a terrible tempest swept down upon the lake; and the disciples, rowing with all their might to reach the place where Jesus had probably agreed to meet them, saw someone coming right towards them over the great, black waves. How frightened they were! and how sweetly Jesus' voice must have sounded through the storm: "It is I; be not afraid." Peter, always hasty, begged to go and meet Jesus; but when he stepped out upon the roaring water, his faith failed and he began to sink. Immediately Jesus stretched out his hand to help Peter. Let us learn from this story that in every storm of trouble they who are Jesus' disciples may hear him saying, "Be of good

cheer", and when our faith fails, let us feel for Jesus' hand, knowing it is always outstretched to help his people.

USING PLAIN WORDS.

THE greatly beloved Rev. Dr. X. was asked to address the Sunday-school, and he complied, and he did—well—he did the best he could. Toward the close of his address he sweetly said: "And now, dear children, I will proceed to give you a summary." "Doctor," gently whispered a friend at his right elbow, "perhaps the children do not know what a summary is." "True, true," he ejaculated, in an undertone, and then aloud: "O children, perhaps you do not know what a summary is. It is an abbreviated synopsis."

It was a poor way to explain one hard word by using two others, and though the intention of the speaker was excellent, he failed of his purpose. Let those who teach the young avoid words with which they are not familiar. Be understood. Some words are peculiar to the arts and sciences, and children do not comprehend them. If you use a technical phrase, make it plain to others, and be sure you know what it is yourself. Use six words rather than one, if the six can be understood and the one cannot. A large number of the words in an unabridged English dictionary are not familiar to young people, or even to adults. Use the language of every-day life so far as you possibly can. The grandest truths, which like ancient manna came down from heaven to earth, can be put into words which the unlearned use and understand; and if any one is inclined to challenge this statement, let him read with the eye of a critic the Gospel of John and the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan, and then challenge—if he dares!—*Sunday School Journal*.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

"DOLLY, don't go near the fire."

"No, mamma," Dolly answered, looking up from her picture-book; and she meant to obey, but after she had been alone in the room for a few minutes her eyes fell upon a basket of chips standing near the fireplace, and she began to wish that she might throw some of them on the fire and make the blazing log blaze still higher.

"I don't believe mamma would mind very much if I threw just a few chips on the fire," she said to herself, though she knew very well that mamma would be grieved if her little girl should disobey her.

She filled her apron with chips, and, standing at some distance from the fireplace, tried to throw them on the log. Finding

she was too far away, she stepped nearer and nearer, forgetting the kettle which was boiling on the crane.

Dolly had often been warned not to go near a boiling-kettle, lest she should be burned with the steam; but in her eagerness to make a bright fire with the chips she forgot everything else, till suddenly she came so close that the steam from the spout of the kettle came full in her face.

She screamed with the pain and dropped her chips and ran away from the fire, holding her hands over her eyes, which were almost blinded with the scalding steam.

When mamma heard Dolly's scream she came quickly down stairs, and she was very sorry to find that her little girl had brought such suffering on herself by disobedience. It was a long time before Dolly's face was well again, for she had been badly burned, and she never forgot the lesson in obedience that she had learned through so much suffering.

LOOKING PRETTY IN HEAVEN.

LITTLE Harry was only four years old when his mamma died, and they told him she had gone to heaven. While they were preparing the body to be laid away they could not decide how to dress it. Harry heard them talking about it, and said: "O please put my mamma's blue dress on her. She always looked so pretty in her blue dress, and I am sure she will wish to look pretty in heaven."

Dear little ones, we all "wish to look pretty in heaven," don't we? and if we do kind deeds and speak loving words for Jesus' sake while we live, they will all be woven into a beautiful "robe of righteousness" for us to wear in heaven.

THREE BOYS WHO GREW TO BE GREAT.

A BOY used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white sides of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, in a reflective mood: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So, here goes!" And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the German philosopher.

WHAT THE LORD FOR YOU HATH DONE.

EVERY moment of the day,
While at work or merry play,
With our happy mates at school
Or at home 'neath mother's rule,
Oh, remember, little one,
What the Lord for you hath done—

How he left the mansions bright
Of that world beyond our sight,
Left its glories all behind,
Care and toil on earth to find;
This and more, my little one,
Christ our Lord for you hath done.

Cruelly was he received,
Sadly was his kind heart grieved,
By the ones he came to save,
For those souls his life he gave;
And his sorrows, little one,
Show you what the Lord hath done.

Now he reigns once more on high,
Yet looks down with loving eye;
Often comes he to your side,
Tries your tender feet to guide;
He remembers, little one,
What for you he once hath done.

WHAT THE CHURCH-BELL DID.

ONE Sunday morning, as the people of God in the pleasant little village of M were gathering in his sanctuary, a boy of some twelve summers was seen to go half-way up the church steps, stop, hesitate, go down again, away toward the fields. He was walking briskly when the clear, silvery tones of the church-bell rung out on the still morning air. The boy started, and a troubled look swept across his face. "Has that old bell got a voice?" he thought to himself; "it certainly said, 'Come, come, do come!'"

"You promised to spend a day in the woods," whispered the tempter; "and was George Gray ever known to break his word? And besides, it is dreadfully warm up there in the church, and so cool and pleasant out here among the clover and the daisies."

"Come, come, do come," chimed the bell.

"Cannot you worship God just as well among the grand old trees and beside the running brook?" suggested the wily one.

"Come, do come," urged the bell.

George sat down on a stump, and such a battle as he fought there! He was just on the point of yielding to the tempter, when there came up before him the many times he prayed at his mother's knee, "Lead us not into temptation," and of the night when his dear father went "over the river" to the

better land, how he called him to his bedside, and laying his hand lovingly on his head, with his dying breath said: "Love God, my boy, and do right always."

Getting up he began to run toward the church, and never once stopped until he reached the church steps. As he went in, these words fell upon his ear: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck." When, a few months after, God visited the church with bountiful showers of heavenly grace, George was among the "first fruits."

He is an old man now, with locks white with the frosts of many years, and feet trembling on the borders of the grave, but he never wearies of telling how God made the bell of the same vry to praise and honour him.—*Good Words.*

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT.

"My son," said his mother to a flax-haired boy, five years old, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper, "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin!"—*Selected.*

WHAT ROBBIE LOST.

ROBBIE's mother was sewing by the window where he stood, cross and sulky because it rained. A ragged boy, going by, looked up as if he envied the warm shelter and mother love which Robbie was forgetting. And what do think Robbie did? He made an ugly face at the poor fellow. His mother put down her work, and drawing her boy closer to her said: "A little girl about your age, whom the Lord took to live with himself, a few years ago, was once watching the rain and the people when a wretched looking girl with no rubbers or umbrella to protect her from the storm, going by, looked up as if she longed for the blessings of a comfortable home. Do you suppose

she saw such a disfigured face as yours was a moment ago?"

"Spose not," growled Robbie.

"No, indeed. With a sweet smile the dear child threw her a kiss, and such a look of pleased surprise as came into the poor girl's face was worth seeing. You have lost a chance to give a smile, my boy. Try to look and speak as you want to be remembered."

Robbie, softened by the story of his little cousin in heaven, thought that he always would.

A SHIPWRECK.

WERE you ever on the water in a storm? And did you not feel like shrinking down in the boat close to papa or uncle, who was rowing?

The sailors have left the ship in the distance and are trying to reach the shore. There has been a storm at sea and although the waves are not so high now, their ship is not safe, and they have to forsake it.

If you were on the shore, dear children, could you not sing to cheer them? Yes? And I can guess what you would sing. Would it not be that familiar, ringing song which I have heard you sing

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!

Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;

Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!

Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore."

OUR SAVIOUR'S BIRTHPLACE.

THERE is no place in all the world to which Christians look at this time with so much interest as to Bethlehem. The cause of this great interest in that old town—one of the oldest in Palestine—is the birth in one of its mangers, eight-en hundred and eighty-eight years ago, of a child who became the greatest man this world has ever seen. Every one of our readers knows that his name is Jesus, the dear Christ Child whose birth angels celebrated with one of the grandest songs ever heard on earth. If you wish to know how the people of Bethlehem lived in those early times, you can find out by reading the book of Ruth. It was also there that David lived with his father when Samuel was sent by the Lord to anoint him to be King of Israel. It will be a good exercise in Bible-study to take a concordance and find all the passages relating to this noted place. Many interesting things in Bible-history occurred there.



MORNING PRAYER.

MORNING PRAYER.

DEAR little May Maykin has met with the greatest loss any little girl can meet in this world. She has lost her loving mother. But her mother taught her to pray, and as she lay upon her dying bed said, "Darling, do not forget to pray to God every day." And in her utter loneliness and sorrow the child loved to kneel by her little bed, and pour out her soul to God. And in that holy hour she seems to hold communion once more with her dear dead mother. I hope none of the young readers of the HAPPY DAYS ever forget to pray. Ask God's blessing on your young lives every day. It will make your days happier and your sleep more sweet to feel that God ever cares for you and watches over you, and if you should die, would take you to himself. I hope you will learn the following sweet morning prayer from the new Hymn Book:—

The morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near thy side.

O make thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all graces!
Make me like thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, unquestionably.

CARED FOR IN THE STORMS.

"HURRY, Kitty! hurry, May!" said Janet to her little sister and her cousin.

"But it snows so hard!" said May, peeping out of the schoolhouse door.

"Never mind; we will hurry along, and soon be home."

The three little girls gathered close under the umbrella and set out on their long walk over the prairie.

Oh how the wind roared and beat against them! and how the snow blew into their faces! And before long it grew dark, so that they could not see which way to go.

"I don't believe we shall ever get home," sighed May. And poor little Kitty cried bitterly as she became cold and tired.

But Janet was a brave little girl: she knew they were in real danger, for she had heard many sad stories of little ones being lost in the snow.

"Don't cry, dears," she said cheerily; "God will take care of us. We shall see the light in the window soon. Mother is watching for us, and what a good supper she will give us!"

But even Janet's heart was almost failing when Kitty stopped and cried, "What's that?"

Through the noise of the storm they could hear a voice calling, "Janet! May! Kitty!"

"It's father! Father!" they cried in joy. "And there he comes with his lantern." And in a few minutes the poor little things were by the warm fire.

When we are in trouble and sorrow let us listen to the voice of our loving Father, who calls us to our heavenly home and will guide us through all the storms and darkness of the way.

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven! Can he hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear
He listens unto thine.

God is in heaven! Can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can; he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven! Would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven! Does he care,
Or is he good to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear
'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heaven! Can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet, but love him here below,
And he will see it there.

God is in heaven! May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, seek his grace, and then one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

THE CHINAMAN.

HERE is a story of peace-making. One day a Chinaman had set down his basket to rest himself at the corner of a street in San Francisco. While he was waiting there, three well-dressed boys, aged from twelve to fifteen years, came along on their way to school. They each stole some tomatoes from the Chinaman's basket. They then ran off a short distance, and then turned round and peered the poor fellow with the vegetables they had stolen, besmearing his nice, clean dress.

A gentleman was passing, and saw what had taken place. He went up to the Chinaman and said: "Why do you stand still and allow those rascally boys to treat you so shamefully? Why don't you throw some stones at them, and punish them as they deserve?"

And notice the reply of what we should have called that "heathen Chinaman." It was this: "Me no punishee them now. Bym by we alee go up there (pointing to heaven). God punishee them for me, alee same."

The gentleman was astonished. "Where did you learn that, my friend?" he asked.

"Oh, me go to Sunday-school and mission school. Good teacherman show me how I makes good man." That Chinaman was helping to spread peace on earth by his acts.