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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

[No. 3.

THE FISHER BOY.

THE fisher boy is watching his father's boat sailing away over the sea, and the waves breaking on the shore. How brown and hearty and rugged he looks, with his son'-wester hat and fishing blouse and hob-nailed shoes. He is longing for the time when he shall be big enough to go out with his father and pull at the oar, and haul in the net, and hold the helm. It is a grand, free life, which cultivates daring, strength and trust in God. The sea is his, he made it; and the harvest of the sea is his gift to the children of men. This picture might stand for the portrait of many a young leader of the HAPPY DAYS, which finds its way in hundreds to the far-off fishing villages of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.



THE FISHER BOY.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

"OH, do come and see the bird's nest!" cried George to his sister. I think the bird was as much surprised as the children were; for the window in the spare room had not been opened before since the bird could remember. He flew away, and was very shy at first; but he need not have been afraid of George, or his little sis-

ter; for they had both been taught that birdies have as much right to their homes as little boys and girls have. They looked at it many times a day, but they never touched it. When birdie learned this he came back;

and he and the children became very good friends. When they first discovered the nest the birds were just bringing the last straws and bits of wool to finish making their little home. After that Mrs. Birdie laid four of the cutest little eggs in it that you can imagine, and a good while afterward they found four wee birdies there. As they grew older they were very tame, and often flew into the open window, and learned to expect the crumbs of bread that George and his sister brought them each day.

OUR WILLIE.

WILLIE was the most obedient little boy I ever saw. When his mother gave him permission to go out in the yard to play for half-an-hour, he would run in two or three times calling out, "Mamma, is the half-hour up yet?" he was so afraid lest he should stay out a minute over the time and so disobey.

When Willie was about seven years old he died. Do you not think it gave his mother great pleasure when she thought of him to remember how careful he was to obey her? It gave Jesus pleasure also. He loves thoughtful, obedient children.

LOOK TO JESUS.

Every naughty thing I do,
Every naughty word I say,
Every naughty feeling too,
Makes God angry every day.

Who can take my sins away?
Who can cure and who forgive?
Hark! I hear our Father say,
"Look to Jesus, look and live."

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
On the cross uplifted high,
In thy agony and blood
Dying that I need not die—

Blessed Jesus, I believe—
Save me, cure me, bid me live!
Precious Saviour, now receive,
Strengthen, help me and forgive!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE day, seven years ago, when a preacher went into the pulpit to preach, he found that the sexton had forgotten to put a glass of water on the pulpit table. His throat was dry and he felt that he could hardly preach without a drink of water. He was in a strange church, and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the services.

Just then one of the little girls in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one, she rose and brought a full glass of water to the preacher. It relieved his throat, and helped him to preach a better sermon.

That preacher has never forgotten that cup of water, nor the little girl who brought it. And sometimes he says that if he can remember one cup of water so many years, it will be very easy for Christ to remember the little things that his little ones do for him.

PATCHES AND HEROES.

"THREE! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes—the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word, and the boy's loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, and then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lillie Gross.

"There! Don't mind a word they say," exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys, and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It's only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in the school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his school-mates and befriend this poor forlorn little girl.

THE BRAIN OF CHILDHOOD.

DOCTOR William H. Hammond, in considering, in *Popular Science*, the subject of brain forcing in childhood, states that the brain of a child is larger in proportion to its body than is that of an adult. A fact somewhat astonishing to those not aware of it is that the head of a boy or girl does not grow in size after the seventh year, so that the hat that is worn at that age can be worn just as well at thirty. In the meantime the rest of the body has more than doubled in magnitude. Not only is the brain larger, but it is more excitable and impressionable in the child than in the adult. At the same time the structure is immature. What it possesses in size it lacks in organization; consequently, it is not at its maximum for severe and long

continued exertion, and when subjected to a strain of this kind, it is certain to suffer.

We have all seen children become mentally fatigued from very slight causes, even when they have been at the same time greatly interested. How much more, therefore, must their brains be fired when they have been forced to concentrate their attention upon subjects the importance of which they do not understand!

"The child," says Doctor Hammond, "should be taught how to acquire knowledge by the use of his senses, and there are facts enough surrounding him to keep him as much engaged as is proper. If he does not begin to look at books till he is ten years old, he will, by the time a year has elapsed, read better than the child that has begun to learn his letters at three or four."

AMBER BEADS.

It was Fannie's birthday and she felt very old indeed, for besides being seven years old, her uncle John had given her a pretty amber necklace.

Fannie thought it very beautiful. She stood in the sunshine for a long time watching the rainbow colours come and go as she gently turned the beads about.

Fanny did not know much about amber, so she went downstairs to find Uncle John. He was pleased to have the little girl want to know more, so he lifted her up on his knee and this is what he told her:

"Amber comes from a great many places, but your necklace came from the shore of the Baltic Sea, hundreds of miles away. A great many years ago the coast of this sea was covered with a pine forest. But the trees died one by one and fell into the sea. The amber is the gum of these pine-trees, changed to a beautiful yellow crystal. It is washed upon the shore in small pieces, and many children as well as older people collect it. They sell it to men who cut it into beads."

The good Lord takes care of his little ones. This is the means of clothing and feeding many little ones who work all day on the shore gathering the little pieces of amber.

A BASKET OF NUTS.

NUTS! Nuts! Chestnuts, brown, and ever so sweet and nice. The sharp frost opened the prickly burs, and the strong wind shook the nuts out of their little beds. They dropped down to the ground, and the brown leaves covered them. And now the little folks turn over the leaves, and gather them into baskets, and take them home. They are a luscious nut, and all the children like them.

GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low
trundle-bed.

"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good-
morning, papa!

Oh, give me one kiss for good-morning,
mamma!

Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet notes, 'Good-morning to
Mary!

The sunshine is peeping straight into my
eyes—

Good-morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
So early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering
curl,

"Happy as can be, but think of the One
Who awakened this morning both you and
the sun,"

The little one turned her bright eyes with a
nod—

"Mamma, may I say then 'Good-morning'
to God!"

"Yes, little darling one, sure you may,
As you kneel by your bed every morning to
pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands that were folded to-
gether

Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.
"Good-morning, dear Father in heaven,"
she said,

"I thank thee for watching my snug little
bed;

For taking good care of me all the dark
night,

And waking me up with a beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long
day,

Blest Jesus who taught little children to
pray."

HOLDING UP HIS HAND.

ONE of the boys that were sent out from
the big city one summer for two weeks' fresh
air was little Pip Glover. He was a handy
fellow, and Mr. Price took a fancy to keep
him and teach him to work on the farm.

Pip was glad to stay, and made himself
very useful, for there were no children at
"Woodlands," and you know it is always
convenient to have a pair of short legs
around that don't get tired of going errands.

But there was one thing that sometimes
made Mr. Price feel sorry he had kept Pip;
the little boy had lived where people used

bad words, and it seemed as if he didn't
know how to talk without them.

"Pip," said Mr. Price at last, "if you
don't stop that sort of talk, my boy, you'll
have to go back where you came from. I
can't stand it."

Pip burst out crying. "I can't stop," he
said; "I have tried, and I can't stop."

"I know better," said Mr. Price. "If
you ask the Lord, he'll help you to stop."

"I don't seem to know how to ask him
nothin'," said Pip sniffing. "I ain't been
used to askin' him 'bout things."

Mr. Price looked bothered, and was quiet
for a minute, and then, "Pip," said he, "do
you remember how hard it was for you to
keep on your feet when I took you to skate
last Monday?"

"Yes, sir," said Pip, laughing to think
how funny he felt slipping about on the
ice.

"Now, how did you keep from falling
down all the time?" asked Mr. Price.

"Oh, when I began to fall I just held
up my hand and you caught it," answered
the boy.

"There, now!" cried his master, "when
you begin to fall that other dreadful way,
just hold up your hand, my boy; the good
Lord will take hold of it, though you can't
see him, and pull you up straight.

And Pip found this a first-rate plan, till
by-and-by he forgot the sound of those evil
words, and became a man of pure lips and a
clean tongue.

JAPANESE BABIES.

"THE babies in Japan," says a writer in
St. Nicholas, "have sparkling eyes and
funny little tufts of hair; they look so
 quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those
doll-babies that are sent over here to
America. Now, in our country, very young
babies are apt to put everything in their
mouths; a button, or a pin, or any thing
goes straight to the little rosy, wide-open
mouth, and the nurse or mamma must
always watch and take great care that baby
does not swallow something dangerous. But
in Japan they put the small babies right
down in the sand by the door of the house,
or on the floor, but I never saw them
attempt to put anything in their mouths
unless they were told to do so, and no one
seemed to be anxious about them. When
little boys or girls in Japan are naughty
and disobedient they must be punished,
of course; but the punishment is very
strange. There are very small pieces of
rice-paper called moxa, and these are lighted
with a match, and then put upon the finger,
or hand, or arm of the naughty child, and

they burn a spot on the tender skin that
hurts very much. The child tremors with
pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the
skin for a moment or two, and then goes
out, but the smearing burn reminds the
little child of his fault. I do not like these
moxas. I think it is cruel punishment.
But perhaps it is better than a whipping.
Only I wish little children never had to be
punished."

THE BOYS WE NEED.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

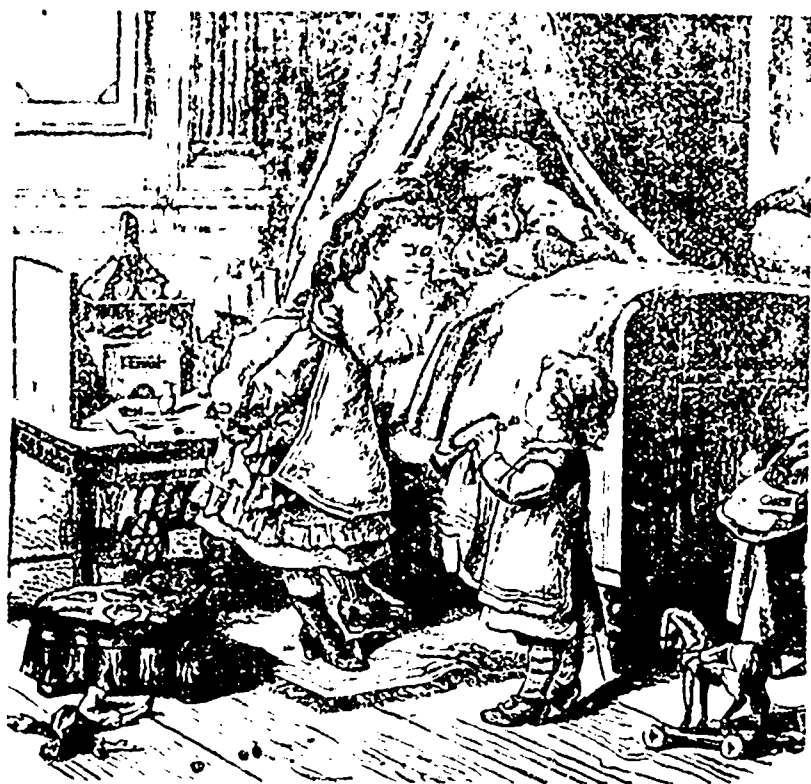
Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land, and we
Shall speak their name with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."
—*Golden Days*.

HOW MOLLIE HELPED.

THERE was once a bright, spirited little
girl, whose hard-working father was taken
suddenly away from his little family, leav-
ing the whole burden of their support on
the mother. A kind lady questioned this
child, but six years old, as to how they got
along. "O," said little Mollie, "mother and
I do all the work now, and we do it first-
rate." "But what can you do to help, with
such little hands as those?" Mollie held
up her plump little hands, and turning them
over and over again, said "O, I can do lots
and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes
and shake up the cradle pillow, and blow
the whistle for the baby. Sometimes
mamma gets tired washing, and she cries.
Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle—
he's awful heavy—and hold him right up
before mamma. Then she always laughs
and takes him, and that rests her, you
see."

How shall I stand in this storm, bear this
burden, or overcome these foes? By looking
to Jesus and trusting in him.



ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

Jane—Now, Andy, be a good boy, and put down that trumpet. Kitty and Bella are asleep, and you must not wake them.

Andy—Why, it's time they were up and at play. *Too-too-too!*

Jane—Oh, stop that noise, you rogue! They have both bad colds, and I have given them some sage-tea.

Andy—Why did you leave Bella out on the door-step all night, if you did not wish to have her take cold?

Jane—That was an accident, Andy. I let her make a visit to Ellen Ray's, and Ellen brought her back and laid her on the door-step. The night was chilly, and Bella took cold.

Andy—Took cold! Oh, what a likely story! And how did Kitty take cold? Oh, I'll tell you, she dipped one of her fore-feet into a saucer of milk; I saw her do it. *Too-too-too!*

Jane—I shall have to take away that trumpet, if you do not stop.

Andy—Where's the use of stopping now? That gray kitty has waked up, and means fun. *Too-too-too!*

Jane—There! They are all awake now.

Andy—Yes, the sage-tea has cured them, and they are all ready for a frolic. *Too-too-too!* Dolls and cats, come out to play, for it is a pleasant day. *Too-too-too!*

THE best way to procure the most enjoyment from any pleasure, is to have others share it with you.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I READ a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's 'she'?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead!" said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had string enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not, only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it.

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

A RAINY MORNING.

ONE Sunday morning last summer the rain was falling fast. Jennie's mamma said she could not go to Sunday-school. But by-and-by Jennie slipped out, and soon came to the door of the Sunday-school. She was carrying an umbrella and a dolly, and was not very well dressed. The teacher was glad to see that Jennie loved the Sunday-school so much, but she thought it best to send her home again for that morning.

OLD WINTER.

"I LOVE old Winter," Mary said,
"He looks so good and bright,"
Espying in her picture-book
The fine old man in white.
His hair and beard were just like snow,
His eye was sharp but gay,
Brimful of fun, as if his heart
Was set on naught but play.

"He's gay and kind and bright enough
To children such as we,"
Said Herbert, taking up the book
The old man's face to see.
"But, let me tell you, to the poor
He's not so very nice;
He pinches till he makes them cry,
He's hard and cold as ice."

Then little Mary knit her brow
And donned her thinking-cap.
"Why, we can coax old Winter up
And help the poor, mayhap;
We'll give them caps and coats and mits,"
She said, "and skates and sled;
And then old Winter couldn't pinch,
He'd be their friend instead.

"He doesn't mean to be unkind
To any one, I'm sure;
How should he know the difference
Between the rich and poor?
We'll share our food and clothes with them,
He'll share his favours too;
So you and I, my brother dear,
Have something quick to do."

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are the salvation of the race. They purify, they elevate, they stir, they instruct, they console, they reconcile, they gladden us. They are the ozone of human life inspiring us with hope, rousing us to wholesome sacrifice. If, in the faults which they inherit, they show us the worst of ourselves, and so move us to salutary repentance, they also stimulate our finer qualities; they cheat us of weary care; they preach to us, not so much by their lips as by their innocence; their questions set us thinking, and to better purpose than the syllogisms of philosophers; their helplessness makes us tender; their loveliness surprises us into a pure joy. A child is a sunbeam on a winter sea, a flower in a prison garden, the music of bells over the noise of a great city, a fragrant odor in a sick-room. If any one thinks this exaggerated, I am sorry for him. It is literally true for me, and for tens of thousands who have far more right to it. These fingers tingle with a kind of happiness while I am writing about them here.
—*Bishop of Rochester.*