

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889.

[No. 13.]

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

HORATIUS B. HASTINGS.

WHEN I was about ten years old I spent several months with some friends in Connecticut who kept a flock of sheep, and I became very much interested in them.

I had been told that every spring, as the warm weather came on, the thick, soft covering of wool which had kept the sheep warm during the winter, was taken off and sold to be made into clothing for boys and girls; but that the wool was so dirty after being worn all winter by the sheep, that it must be washed before it could be used; and it was so much easier to wash it before it was taken off the sheep than after, that the farmers generally took them to a stream or pond, and washed them before shearing.

So when I heard that they were going to "wash the sheep," I asked eagerly if I couldn't help.

"Oh, yes, I guess so," said Uncle Francis.

So I put on some old clothes and went out to the barnyard, where the sheep were crowded together and bleating loudly. They

were to be washed in a pond near; so we drove them down the road till we came to the bars opening into the pasture which bordered on the pond. I ran ahead and let down the bars, and the sheep jumped over them into the pasture. Then we went



through the pasture and into the woods on the other side, until we came to the sheep-pen on the banks of the pond.

This pen was large enough to hold the entire flock, but not large enough to give them much room to run around in; and the

set open gates for greater thieves to come in at, even so, if we accustom ourselves to commit little sins, and let them reign in us, they will make us the fitter for greater offences to get the advantage of us, and to take hold on us.

fence which surrounded it ran down into the water, lest the sheep should try to escape; for, like some boys, they did not much like to be washed.

There was one sheep that had always been a pet; and when, after several others had been washed, they came to "Billy," as he was called, I begged leave to help.

So Uncle Francis took hold of Billy's fleece on one side and I took hold on the other, and we went down into the water with Billy between us. He struggled a little, but we held him firmly, rubbed his fleece and squeezed out the dirty water; and when we let him go he was the cleanest sheep in the flock.

A little while afterward the sheep were sheared. It was a warm summer day, and I thought the sheep must be glad to get rid of such a load of wool. While the wool was being cut off they remained very quiet, not making any noise until they were sheared, when they ran, bleating, about the yard.

As little thieves, being let in at a window, will

MAMMA'S RETURN.

THREE little waiting children,
Eagerly watching the door;
Harry and Charlie and baby
Hazel eyes two, blue eyes four.

Three little noisy children,
Roguish and full of play;
At every sound—"Hush! listen!
Isn't somebody coming this way?"

"I do believe that is mamma!"
"No, it's only the umbrella man!"
"I don't believe she's ever coming:
She'll stay just as long as she can!"

A sound of steps on the pathway,
And eagerly rush all three;
"It's mamma! It's mamma! Come, Charlie,
Come baby, come Harry, let's see!"

"O mamma, we're so glad to see you!
We're tired as we can be!
We love you a thousand millions!
Anything in that bundle for me?"

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 44
Sunday-School Banner, 82 pp. 8vo, monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 240, a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 60, a dozen; 60c per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 16
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 16
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
79 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 F. HURST,
8 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

WHAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was my mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; he is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is, 'he

says he will, and that's enough for me.'" What a beautiful answer was that. And what was enough for this child, is enough for us all.

Are you tired of carrying about the heavy load of sin? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But I am not worthy of his forgiving love. Never mind that. "He says he will, and that's enough for me." Take the Lord Jesus Christ at his word, for the forgiveness of our sins, and for peace to our soul. "My peace I give unto you," he says. Will he? Oh! his peace is very precious. Will he give us his peace? "He says he will, and that's enough for me." Trust him, his word never fails.

OILING UP.

THE best supplement of religion is common sense. After having resolved to fulfil the highest possibilities of our nature, the wisest course lies in attempting to reach the mental and physical conditions which render noble living possible.

A serene old lady, whose daily living was like noble music, was once asked by a moody young girl how she could exercise self-command without one apparent failure.

"My dear," said she, "the first secret of decent living is in the help and support we receive from above; the second lies in taking care of ourselves. When I find I am more than usually sensitive to the worries of life, I take half an hour alone and read a pleasant book, or even take a nap. If the 'chariot-wheels jar in the gates,' I say to myself: 'Come, come, Martha! We must stop to oil up.' When I was a girl I had a quarrel with my best friend, and all because I had been up half the night before, and didn't know enough to take a nap before finding fault with her!"

"But I should grow selfish if I watched my moods in that way," said her little friend, discouraged.

"O bless you, it must be done with discretion! Regard your mind and body as delicate and complicated machines which must be kept in order. You wouldn't expect your watch to keep time if a bread-crumbs had lodged among the wheels; why should you demand gentleness and patience of this human mechanism if you don't exert yourself to see that it is kept in repair? I once had a fit of the deepest indigo blues, which yielded to an orange, eaten in a bright little room. The orange was so sweet, and the sunlight so dazzling, that I couldn't resist the conviction gradually stealing in on me that this is indeed the 'best of all possible worlds.'"

JENNIE AND HER BROTHERS.

JENNIE had been to Mrs. Jones' with a message for mamma. She liked to go to Mrs. Jones', for she was such a kind, motherly woman.

After Jennie had delivered the message, Mrs. Jones said: "Wait a minute, Jennie. Do you like cherries?" All the while she was filling a dainty little basket, which, when filled, she handed to the little girl, saying as she did so, "There, when it is emptied, bring it back and you shall have some more."

Jennie's eyes glistened as she thanked her kind friend. Such a treat, and all her own, too! She would go into the summer-house at the end of the garden and have a feast all by herself. Her mouth fairly watered for a taste of them; and yet they looked so beautiful and waxy as they lay in the basket, with here and there a green leaf peeping out, that she hated to disturb them. And then something else came into her mind. Wouldn't Tommy and Joe like to have some? Tommy and Joe were Jennie's brothers.

"But, they are mine," argued Jennie to herself; "Mrs. Jones gave them to me. Besides, there will be such a few when they are divided, and Tommy and Joe will never know."

As if to refute such an insinuation, who should arrive upon the scene but these same brothers.

"Hallo! Jennie, what you got in the basket; cherries?"

Jennie walked straight ahead and pretended not to hear. "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," said something inside. "Supposing Tommy and Joe had cherries, would they treat you so meanly?" Jennie knew that they would not, and even if they would, that was no excuse for her.

She wheeled about and said: "Yes, cherries; come, we will show them to mamma first—they look so pretty—and tell her what Mrs. Jones said, and then we will go into the summer-house and divide them."

Mamma admired and tasted, and then Jennie divided them into four piles, one for each of them and one for Mary Ann. Mary Ann was the cook. They tied them together in bunches. When they gave Mary Ann hers, "Bless your hearts," she said, "to think of me; wait till I give you each a cookie to eat with them."

Then they went back to the summer-house and had a little picnic, and Jennie always believed in the golden rule after that.

KATIE'S PART.

"WHAT have you done, dear children,"

The mother gently said,
As she kissed her white-robed babes at
night,

And tucked them up in bed—

"What have you done through all this day
To help some one along the way?"

Then each one told of some kind deed—

A loving word just spoken,
Some sacrifice for other's wants,
Or gift of friendly token.

But when 'twas Katie's turn to speak,
A tear-drop glistened on her cheek.

"I cannot think of anything

So very good to-day,"

She sadly said; "only I helped

A chicken find its way
Back to its mother—that was all.
But it was lost, and oh, so small!

"'Twas naughty when it ran away;

But dear mamma, I know

It felt so sorry, for it tried

The right way back to go.

You told us once we ought to seek
To save the lost ones and the weak.

"The little chicken looked distressed,

And how it cried, poor thing!

It was so glad to cuddle up

Under its mother's wing.

And I was happy when I found

'Twas there with her all safe and sound."

The children hid their smiles beneath

The bed's white coverlet;

But the mother kissed her Katie

Just where the cheek was wet.

"Your part," she said, "you too have done;

God is well pleased, my little one."

THE LOST BOYS.

HARFIE and Percy were two little boys
that lived in a large city just across the
river from New York. Can you tell its
name?

Though only five and three years old,
they sometimes did very strange things,
and once gave their mother a great fright.

After breakfast one morning, they were
playing on the wide stone walk in front of
their house, but they kept getting a little
farther off, first to see this sight and then
that, until they were many blocks away.

Their mother was so busy in the house
she did not miss them until about ten
o'clock, when she looked all over the large
house, and called up and down the street,
but she could not find them. She then
went to the police station, and told the man

in charge, of her missing boys, their ages,
and how they were dressed.

But though many of the men with brass
buttons and clubs were hunting for the little
runaways—eleven, twelve, one, two, three,
four and five o'clock went by, and they
could learn nothing about them. The
father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters
were almost wild with fears. What if some
gypsies had carried them off, or they had
been stolen, like little Charlie Ross, or they
had gone to the river, and were drowned!
But I cannot tell you how very badly they
felt, and the many fears they had during
this long, sad day, that seemed like weeks
or even months to them, it was so awful.

About five o'clock, as the mother stopped
walking the floor and went to look out of
the window, who should she see coming up
the steps, whistling as happy as could be,
but little Harfie.

"But where is dear little brother?" asked
the mother, as she clasped Harfie in her
arms.

"I don't know, mamma; I haven't seen
him this good while; he wouldn't come
with me. But I'll find him if you don't
cry so," said Harfie, for the first time think-
ing something very bad had been done.

The mother and Harfie started at once,
and as he led the way through street after
street, and alley after alley, the mother felt
sure she would never find her baby boy.
At last they met a stout, bustling Irish-
woman, who said, "Indade, ma'am, have
you lost a boy? I met one not long since,
crying like his heart would break, but I
couldn't git him to come in, the poor little
dear!"

"Here's where we played all day, mam-
ma," said Harfie, stopping in front of a long,
dingy-looking feedstore, "and I left him
here." But the mother learned of the clerk
that he had been gone some two hours, going
from there towards the river.

"Oh—h!" thought the mother, as she
stood looking at the blue river, "if my baby
is drowned!" Just then a dirty, ragged
little boy stepped up to her, and said, "Pat
and Mike has just gone to the station with
a boy they found, it's right down this street
four blocks, ma'am."

You cannot know how happy these words
made the mother feel, and how good this
dirty, ragged little boy looked to her, and
after giving him some pennies, and thanking
him, she went as fast as she could to the
station. But they had just sent him home
in charge of the boys who found him.

It was quite late and dark when Harfie
and his mother reached Lorie, but they
could see a crowd of boys around the steps,

and hear them quarrel over the reward for
a half block away.

"Here's your boy, ma'am. I found him!"
came from some twenty boys at once.

But the first thing the mother did was
to take little Percy in her arms and kiss
him; then she gave Pat and Mike each a
dollar, and all the boys went off. You
never saw such tired, dirty little fellows in
all your life as the mother bathed and put
to bed that night, and as they saw how pale
she looked, and heard her cry as she held,
and kissed them, and told them how sad
she had been all day, they said, "Don't cry
so, mamma; we won't never do so any
more."

And I am glad to tell you they never
did.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAM.

ROSEBUD lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her
head,

And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their
glee.

"Mamma," said she, "when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And he comes and carries it far away
To the beautiful home where his angels
stay.

I gather red roses and lilies so white;
I sing with the angels all through the long
night;

And when, in the morning, I awake from
my sleep,

He gives back the soul I gave him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful
dreams,

The garlands of lilies, the wonderful
streams."

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.

ONE of the worst habits young people
form is that of leaning forward too much
while at work or study. It is much less
tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand
erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chest-
ed, and almost deformed persons one meets
every day could have avoided all the bad
results from which they now suffer had
they always kept the body erect, the chest
full, and the shoulders thrown back. A
simple rule is, that if the head is not thrown
forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will
drop back to their natural position, giving
the lungs full play. The injury done by
carelessness in this respect is by compress-
ing the lungs, preventing their full and
natural action, resulting in lung diseases,
usually consumption. Sit erect, boys and
girls, and look the world in the face.



Ouch!

PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

WE plead for the little children, who have
opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness where the
shadow of death yet lies;
But not to be nurtured for heaven, not to be
taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided, lest
their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! It is idol worship their stammering
lips are taught;
To cruel, false gods only are their gifts and
offerings brought.
And what can we children offer, who dwell
in this Christian land?
Is there no work for the Master in reach of
each little hand?

O surely a hundred tapers which even small
fingers can clasp
May lighten as much of the darkness as a
lamp in a stronger grasp;
And then, as the line grows longer, so many
tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining than a lamp
would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasure, and
even infant lips can pray;
Employ, then, the little fingers—let the
children learn the way.
So the light shall be quicker kindled, and
the darkness the sooner shall flee;
Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour
both here and "far over the sea."

OUCH!

CARLO has got more than he bargained
for. He finds what comes of meddling with
what does not belong to him. He has been
trying a basket full of lobsters, and has got
his toes pinched for his pains. I wonder if
little folks ever do that sort of thing.

THE PANSY.

THERE is a fable told about a king's gar-
den, in which all at once, the trees and
flowers began to pine and make complaint.
The oak was sad, because it could not
yield flowers; the rosebud was sad because
it could not bear fruit; the vine was sad
because it had to cling to the wall, and
could cast no shadow.

"I am of the least use in the world," said
the oak.

"I might as well die, since I yield no
fruit," said the rosebud.

"What good can I do in the world?" said
the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which
all this time held up its glad, fresh face,
while all the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so
glad, while all the rest pine and complain?"

"I thought," said the pansy, "that you
wanted me here, because here you planted
me; so I made up my mind to be as good a
little pansy as I could be."

There are people, dear children, like the
oak, the rosebud, and the vine. They look
with envy upon those who are called to
more important positions in life. They are

unhappy because God has not called them
to a higher sphere. They will do nothing
just because they cannot do all that other
do. Reader, go to work where God has
placed you, and in time he may say to you
"Come up higher."

WANTED—A GRANDMOTHER.

I've the dearest of papas, and the sweetest
of mammas,
And a darling little birdie that the finest
songs can sing;
And a cunning dog and cat, but I've wanted
something else
Ever since the time I knew enough to
wish for anything.

And that's a silver-haired, dear old lady,
who to all
The children, whether rich or poor, says
pleasantly, "My dear;"
Who can lots of stories tell, and a lot of
rhymes repeat,
And never is too busy all the news I
bring to hear.

Oh, how lovely it would be in the summer-
time to see
Her sitting in the garden when the sky
was bright and blue;
Or in winter by the fire, humming hymn
tunes very softly,
While knitting scarlet stockings for—I
guess you can guess who!

It really don't seem right that I never
should have one,
When almost all the girls I know have
two, and some have three;
So if there should be any dear old grand-
mother a-wanting
A loving little granddaughter, why let
her come to me.

A HIGHER HAND.

A LITTLE boy sat in front of his father,
and held the reins that controlled a restive
horse. Unknown to the boy the reins
passed around him and were also in his
father's hand. He saw occasion to pull
them. With artless simplicity the child
looked around, saying; "Father, I thought
I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus
it is often with men who think that they
are shaping a destiny which a higher hand
than theirs is really fashioning. They do
their own will, but they also do the will of
God. A stronger hand guides them; a
mightier power holds the helm of their
vessel, and saves from rock and wreck.
Happy are they who quietly yield to the
guidance of an Almighty hand.