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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO MARCH 5, 1887

[No. 5.]

BAD COMPANY.

ONE day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six beautiful, rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him.

"You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said his father; and Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room.

Just as he was putting them aside his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apples will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said the father; and with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell throughout the room.

"O father!" cried he, "did I not tell



MISCHIEVOUS KITTEN.

you the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet you do not listen to me. See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert remembers the lesson, and when bad boys ask him to join them, he thinks of the rotten apples and keeps away from them.

A TRUE STORY.

WILLIE and Harry and Crusoe were three great friends, though Willie and Harry were boys, and Crusoe was only a dog, but that made little difference, for he was just as good a playfellow, and often seemed to have so much good sense. He certainly was better tempered than either of the boys, and as to quarrelling or fighting, he seemed quite above such behaviour.

One day Crusoe lay in the sun taking a nap, when all of a sudden he heard loud, angry words, then a sharp blow, and starting up quickly what did he see? Willie and Harry in a regular fist-cuff fight. No wonder the sensible dog was shocked and indignant, and what do you think he did? He sprang right in between them, then

separating them, bit each of them sharply!

He evidently thought both deserved punishment, and he did not stop to ask which struck first.

The mother of the boys told me this, who beheld the scene from the window.

CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord.

KATIE'S MISTAKE.

SHE had heard herself and her orphan mates
 Called "motherless lambs," and "poor little birds;"
 But little knew she of bird or of lamb,
 Beyond the sound of the loving words!
 The idol, at last, of a beautiful homo,
 She sat at dinner, at "papa's" side;
 "And Katie must eat some lamb," was said;
 But her blue eyes opened big and wide,
 And she cried, with a sweet, reproachful look,
 Her baby-brain in a puzzled whirl—
 "O, papa! I couldn't eat lamb, at all!
 Did you cook a *boy* or a *little girl*?"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1887.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a good boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to

say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong or wicked or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.
 —Royal Road.

MY MOMENTS.

HAVE we ever stopped to consider the value of our moments? A moment is a very small space of time, and yet our lives are made up of moments. We live only one moment at a time, and it is well that God has given us only one at a time to take care of. But how do we take care of them? Are not many of them wasted, and many others even worse than wasted?

Here is a little prayer by that godly woman, Frances Ridley Havergal, who wrote so many precious things. Perhaps we can all learn these little couplets and make them our daily prayer. Let us try.

"Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

Have we really given our lives, our moments, our days, to God and his service, to be used only as he directs and as will please him? For those who have done this Miss Havergal changes the prayer in a few words. Let us also learn this:

"KEEP my life, that it may be
 Consecrated, Lord to thee;
 Keep my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

OBEDIENCE.

WHEN Franklin Allen was small, his father died. At two years of age he went to live with his uncle and aunt, who tenderly loved and cared for him. They believed the Bible, and did all they could to help him love Jesus.

The first time his auntie had occasion to punish him, she took a small twig from the garden and whipped him. He cried bitterly.

Afterwards he came to her and said, "Auntie, do you think you did right to punish me?"

"Yes, Frankie."

"I don't; what makes you think it was right?"

"Because Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, says we should punish little boys when they do wrong.

"How do you know?"

"The Bible says so."

"Please read it to me."

His aunt took her Bible, found Proverbs xiii. 24, and read: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth chasteneth him betimes."

Frankie was silent a little while, and then said, "All right, auntie, now I know you did right, for the Bible tells the truth."

A NEW LEAF.

HARRY WILDE says he has "turned on a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys, Harry's old companions, laugh a little and say, "Just wait awhile and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational paper, he has taken hold of his school work in earnest, he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun; "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; more sour looks and lagging footsteps were required to obey.

Just this: A looking-glass was held before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself, selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well as might. He did not shut his eyes as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not characterize one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it was indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?—*Stray Advocate.*

WHAT IT WAS.

"Is it an angel?" little Floy asked, in a half-frightened whisper, as a flood of light from the window was cast over a statue on the side of the steps. Even her big brother did not answer right away; for the white new-fallen snow had wrapped it in a drapery so pure, and the light was so bright, that he did not think at first. But then he knew what it was in a moment, and told Floy. After that he laughed at her for thinking it was an angel; but she said, "I did look like one;" though I am sure I had never seen one, to know about that.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

WHAT a cold wintry landscape this is. The little boy has been sick and his sister bravely takes him upon her shoulders and carries him through the snow drifts to Sunday-school.

DAISY UNDERSTOOD IT.

Do you think Jesus loves you, Daisy?" Oh, yes'm," she replied; "he loves me when I'm naughty and when I'm good. He loves me better when I do right, just as mamma do. They always love their little children, but of course they love them better when they are good. They are really angry when they are naughty."

Daisy understood. Yes, Jesus always loves us, but he cannot take joy and pleasure in us unless we obey him. If we do

wrong, his love becomes grief and pity for us.

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
And he knows how weak I am,
Prone to stray and die;
But he loves me just the same,
For to save my soul he came
From his home on high."

SHINING IN EVERY WINDOW.

We went one cold, windy day to see a poor young girl who was kept at home by a lame hip. Her room was on the north side of a bleak house. It did not look pleasant without nor cheerful within.

"Poor girl!" I thought, "what a cheerless life is yours, and what a pity your room is on the north side of the house."

"You never have any sun," I said; "not

a ray comes in at these windows. It's too bad! Sunshine is everything. I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest of smiles, "my sun pours in at every window and through every crack."

I looked surprised.

"The Sun of Righteousness," she said, softly "Jesus, he shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

Yes, Jesus shining in can make any spot beautiful, and make even one bare room a happy home

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted

With life, little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment

If anything can—

Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired

With play, little girl?

Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest

Game in the world—

Do something for somebody, quick,
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain

Of the flood, little man,

And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine

In your soul, little man—

Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass

Overhead, little girl,

And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs

In a terrible whirl?

Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

—Selected.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

A LITTLE girl was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian: "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school rules. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now I love to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place!
 Unchanged through all these years.
 How like some sweet, familiar face
 My childhood's home appears.
 The grand old trees beside the door
 Still spread their branches wide;
 The river wanders as of yore
 With swiftly-running tide;
 The distant hills look green and gay,
 The flowers are blooming wild,
 And everything looks gay to-day
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
 Half-wondering I stand;
 I catch no fond, endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand.
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's feet
 Come bounding through the hall;
 But silence all around me reigns.
 A chill creeps through my heart;
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Still shed their fragrance on the air
 Within life's golden hours;
 The loving ones that clustered here
 These walls may not restore,
 Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more.
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face
 And leave it with the dead.

—Nell M. Moffitt.

TRUST IN A PROMISE.

A LITTLE girl whose mother had always told her the truth, and taught her to trust in her promises, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to living in the quiet country, and the noise and bustle of the city were not pleasant to her. A great crowd was gathered to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand for she felt afraid.

"Don't be afraid, my child," said her mother. "I won't take you into any danger. Keep hold of my hand, nothing shall hurt you."

Lucy believed her mother, and was happy. After awhile it began to rain. The mother looked at her delicate little girl, and said. "Lucy, dear, I am afraid to take you any farther on account of the rain. I have some business in other parts of the town. I must leave you in this store. Don't go

away from it, and I will come for you as soon as I get through my errands."

The child looked into her mother's face, and said, "You won't forget me, I know." Then her mother kissed her, and left her in the care of the storekeeper. At first she was amused by seeing the gay ribbons measured, and in watching the ladies who came in to do their shopping; but after awhile she grew tired and wished for her mother to come. Then a little girl older than she was came in, and they began to talk together. Lucy told her that she was waiting for her mother, who had promised to come for her when she got through her errands.

"Aren't you afraid your mother may forget you?" asked the little girl.

"No; I'm not afraid. I'm sure she won't do that," said Lucy.

"How can you be sure? She may forget, you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply, "and I never know my mother to break her promise."

Another hour passed away and it was dark. A lady who knew Lucy, and who lived near her father's house, came into the store, and offered to take her home in her carriage, but Lucy refused. At length her mother came, and they went home. When they were sitting by the fireside her mother told her this was the kind of trust God wanted his children to exercise. He gives us promises in his book, and expects us to believe them just as those of our parents.—*Early Dew.*

BISHOP RYLE AND THE BLIND CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun nor moon nor stars, grass nor flowers, nor trees nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her, not a friend nor a relative to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the bishop, "you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me; I saw Jesus and I found him," was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the gospels," she said; "but what I like best is the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him the bishop showed it to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. 21st and 22nd chapters.

GIANT CURIOSITY.

BEWARE, my dear children, of a devil named Giant Curiosity. He keeps telling you to try to see and hear things that you ought not to. He looks delighted as he sits and idly listens to the bird's song. (Giant Idleness is his great friend of Giant Curiosity, and they are often found together.) But after a while Giant Curiosity made him wonder how the cage door could open without hinges. He found that it would slide up, but in order to see all about it, he let the bird fly and away.

One day Giant Curiosity made a girl burn her fingers, because she wanted to see, for herself, if what mamma said was true about some chestnuts being hot. Curiosity causes children a great deal of trouble unless they are careful to kill him at once.

THE BROKEN VASE.

"WHO broke brother's beautiful vase?" asked Mrs. Scott. "I did, and I just got it out of your care," cried Eva, very angrily. "But the little girl ought to care," said mamma. "He was too mean," said Eva. "He called me names, and I just broke it, and he cried and struck me; and I don't care either." In all this Eva was very naughty.

Just then little brother came in to see about his broken vase. Mamma took them both in her arms, and told them they had grieved the loving Saviour. He wanted children to be gentle and kind, and forgiving, as he was when on earth. A while they put their arms around each other, and said: "We will try to be good, mamma, and he will help us."