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# Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1888.

[No. 6

## WAITING.

BUT what is she waiting for? Is it for someone to dress her, or is she waiting for her breakfast, or what? It is a bad plan to wait idly for what we can do or procure for ourselves.

paneling in the hall where he waited. Of course every customer who comes into the shop must see this specimen of little Joseph's skill, and the boy as he grew up improved the talent that God had given him by study-

## BIBLE FIRST

About forty years ago, a business man sat at his fireside in this city. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work was not begun, and while waiting for his breakfast, the father took up the daily paper to read. The dear child came and climbed up on his father's knee, and, laying his hand gently on the paper, looked lovingly up into his face, and said: "No, no, papa! Bible first, Bible first, papa!" Very soon after, this dear child was taken sick, and died. As that father stood by the coffin in which his dead darling lay, and when he laid him in the cold grave he seemed to hear his gentle voice repeating those simple words "No, no, papa. Bible first." He never forgot those words. They were ringing in his ears all the time. He made them the rule of his life. He put the Bible first in his heart, in his home, in his business, in everything. He prospered and grew very rich. He became a teacher and superintendent in the Sunday-school. But in the use of his money, his time, his influence, and in everything, he "put the Bible first." He bore much fruit, or did

## THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT PAINTER.

ONE morning, something like a hundred years ago, there might have been seen coming from a barber's shop near Covent Garden a man and a little boy. They were father and son, and the father was the proprietor of the shop. He was going to the house of one of his customers to dress his wig; for at that period it was the fashion for all men above the poorer classes to wear wigs, and these wigs required frequent attention—brushing, combing, curling, and so on. So the two went hand in hand to one of the fine houses in the neighbourhood, which was at that time a fashionable quarter of London, many of the nobility and gentry living there. Arrived at the house, the father leaves the boy in the hall, the paneled walls of which are adorned with beautiful carving, and shortly, having completed his business, they return together to the shop. After some time, Joseph—for that



WAITING.

is the boy's name—is missing and the father calls out to know what he is doing. The boy comes timidly into the shop, a sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, and the delighted father, looking at the paper, sees a very careful and accurate drawing of one of the coats-of-arms carved upon the

ing hard from nature, so that he became the greatest landscape-painter England—some say the world—has ever produced, and if you go to the National Gallery, you will see a whole room devoted to the exhibition of his pictures. His name was Joseph Mallard William Turner.

a great deal of good. And this may all be traced to his darling child that little bud which opened so sweetly on the true vine. The person referred to in this story was the late Matthew M. Baldwin, the well known locomotive engine builder.

## NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

NEVER, my child, forget to pray,  
Whate'er the business of the day.  
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,  
If startling fears have made thee weep,  
With holy thoughts begin the day,  
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss  
A father's and a mother's kiss,  
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see  
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;  
From such examples turn away,  
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1888.

## THE FAITHFUL PRAYER.

Two families lived in one house, and each had a little boy about the same age: one was named John, and the other Willie. These boys slept together. Willie's mother was a Christian, and she taught him a prayer and some verses of Scripture, and told him to say them aloud every night before he went to bed. The other boy, John, had never been taught to pray. Now when Willie came to sleep with John, he was very much tempted to jump into bed as John did, without saying his prayers or repeating his verses. But he had learned to obey his mother. He did so on this occasion, and see what good came of it. It pleased God to bless the prayers and verses that Willie repeated every night to his friend John. He was led in this way to think about these things, and to become a Christian.

The two boys grew up to be men. They lived to be old men. They were earnest Christian men, and occupied honourable positions under the government in Washington.

The time came when John was to die. On his dying bed, he sent for his old friend Willie. He told him that it was his little prayer which he used to repeat with a verse of Scripture every night, when they were boys, which led him to become a Christian, and with his dying lips he thanked him for his faithfulness in saying his prayers, as that had been the means of saving his soul. Willie was another little branch of the true Vine, and we see how faithful he was made.

## PRAYING AND DOING.

"BLESS the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy just before he lay down on his warm cot on a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees his mother said:

"You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought for a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what then are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy all the things I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have; what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread—the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they are now—you know what you have that is your own; what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money; I have seven pennies; I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

## GETTING NEW SCHOLARS.

A LITTLE girl in the infant class one day said to her teacher, "I want everybody to come to the Sabbath-school."

That was surely a very good desire in this little girl. But she was not satisfied in only expressing her desire to her teacher: she at once began to put forth efforts to accomplish the object of her wishes, and ere long she brought into the infant department thirteen little boys and girls. If all the children would follow the example of this little girl, what a host of little ones would be gathered into the infant departments of all our Sabbath-schools.

## "PROMISE ME NOT TO SWEAR."

ONE day a gentleman observed a group of boys, bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could hear and see, and not be much observed. "That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself. A last effort was made to induce him to go with them.

"Now, James, will you not come? you are such a good player!"

"Yes," he replied; "but on one condition. Give me your hand that you will not swear, and I will go."

They did so; and with joy all ran off to play.

We are sure the game lost none of its interest for want of the swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side, even in the face of ungodly playfellows.

## THE HABIT OF SAVING.

CHILDREN who have a little money ought to practice saving something. Many girls and boys of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible. To such a lesson of self-denial and economy is very important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds by and by. Without having the custom of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than a spendthrift ever knows. The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort, than he who in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, money goes as it comes. Let the young man make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

A MODEL OF VIRTUE

YOUNG Master Ebenezer Brown  
Is quite the model of the town;  
He never made a single debt,  
Nor smoked a nasty cigarette.

He never robbed an apple-tree;  
No melon patches entered he;  
He never went a-courtin', though  
To him the girls would favours show.

He always early went to rest,  
And rose at day break with a zest;  
Although his appetite was good,  
He ne'er in pantries stole his food.

But Master Ebenezer Brown,  
Who is the model of the town  
Is a-o, if the truth is told,  
A baby yet—just one year old.

THE YOUNG GARDENER.

(See next page.)

PERHAPS there was a garden plot known as his, which, aided by a suggestion or two from his father, he carefully cultivated. Any father would be proud of such a son as "The Young Gardener." The faithful, affectionate dog, gambolling by his young master's side, seems to take in the whole situation, and rejoices in his master's joy. Woe be to any one who shall dare to interrupt him, or take anything off his barrow. Look at it again, and if you see, as your Editor sees, you will then agree to the following:

1st. It is suggestive of healthfulness. That boy is the picture of health. You may be sure that he goes to bed early, and gets up early. He don't chew nor smoke tobacco, nor use intoxicating drinks; none of your home-made cider or wine for him, his nose would be offended if you put whiskey near it. He eats his share of porridge and other wholesome food, and drinks plenty of good milk and water, and keeps his skin clean by the use of plenty of soap and water. He is none of your poor, thin little boys the wind mustn't blow upon; but a real healthful little fellow.

2nd. It is suggestive of industry. If the contents of his barrow is a specimen of his crop, then you may be certain that his garden is the very opposite of what King Solomon describes, when he says: "I went by the field of the slothful . . . and lo it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof." It had been well digged, carefully planted, and the hoe had not been allowed to get rusty, and where and when he could not well use his hoe, then he hand-pulled the weeds. It would be quite a delight to look on it. See

how he has filled his barrow, notice the way he has taken hold of the handles, see the way he steps. Off jacket and vest, roll up his shirt sleeves, and at it with a will! What pleasure to see a man or boy work after that fashion. Doubtless he can swim as well as the next, at the proper time, and with suitable companions, but he don't believe in all play.

3rd. It is suggestive of cheerfulness. Some boys and girls have the unfortunate habit of looking rather sour when they are at work; just as though they hated it. They are cross and don't half do it, unless they are watched all the time. Our Young Gardener looks to be real happy. Perhaps he is a little proud of his crop, and as he hastens to the door, he is thinking what his mamma will say when he calls her to look at what his barrow contains. Or it may be that is what he calls the minister's portion, and his young heart is so happy it shines out all over his face while he thinks of the surprise he'll give the minister. However that may be, he looks very cheerful.

Healthful, industrious, cheerful; these, with true religion in his heart, make him just such a boy as the world needs. If he lives to manhood he'll help to make the world the better for his abode in it; and in the judgment of the great day, the Lord Jesus Christ will say unto him, "Well done."—*Ensign*.

A TRUE STORY.

"ONCE upon a time," began Daisy. "Oh! I just love stories that begin that way!" interrupted Dot. "Do not interrupt; it isn't polite," said Miss Daisy. "A little girl didn't mind her mamma, and went out to swing"—"that's me," said Dot—"and the swing broke, and she got a great bump right on the back of her head." "Now, Daisy Marsh, I just b'lieve you are making up that story about me. I'm going."

THE BAND OF HOPE.

A LITTLE boy in San Francisco was accosted by a workman on one of the cable roads and the following dialogue ensued, which a lady overheard, and reported to me:

"See here, little boy, what's your name?"  
"Johnny," was the reply.  
"Where do you live?"  
"Up there, on the hill."  
"Well, Johnny you run to the grocery yonder and get me a glass of beer, won't you?"  
"No sir!" said Johnny.  
"Why not, are you afraid of your mamma?"  
"I won't tell."

"No, sir, I'm a Band of Hope boy and don't buy beer for anybody," said the brave little fellow.

Another little soldier in the grand army one day went out among his acquaintances and secured twenty-three names for the Band of Hope. Seeing his mother put her cloak over her Band of Hope badge he said, "Mamma, I never cover up my badge. I wear it outside for everybody to see."

LITTLE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed,  
By the stream and o'er the mead,  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee,  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself the Lamb.  
He is meek and he is mild,  
He became a little child,—  
I a child and thou a lamb;  
We are called by his name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day, it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

God makes the very waves that threaten to engulf us the pathway of his rescuing love.



THE YOUNG GARDENER.

## THE SPOOL OF COTTON.

ONCE a young man with a very little money opened a small store in a New England city. So few people came in to buy his goods that he became discouraged, and said to himself as he shut up his store one Friday night, "If I don't have more customers to-morrow, I'll give it up and go away."

Just then a little girl came along, looked up at him and said:

"Are you the man that keeps this store?"

"Yes," he answered, "this is my store, but it is shut and locked up now."

"Well," said the little girl, "won't you please open it again and sell me a spool of number seventy cotton? All the stores are shut up, and my mamma wants it to finish my dress to-night, so I can go and visit my auntie to-morrow."

The young merchant could not refuse the child's pleading voice; so he unlocked his store, went in, lit his lamp, found her the spool of thread, and took her six cents. She went happy on her way home; and the next day her mother came in with two other ladies, thanked him for his kindness and bought some goods, as did the other

ladies also who heard the story. Perhaps they told others, for more customers came in, and from that day his store was successful. Afterward he became very rich, and used to say, "I owe it all to that spool of cotton."

But it was the kindness, more than the cotton, which won him friends and success; for who would not rather buy of a kind, pleasant person than of one who seemed selfish and careless of others?

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.