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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

[No. 25.]

ONLY A FLOWER TO GIVE.

"MOTHER," said little Phoebe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to Aunt Molly?" Phoebe's mother was poor, and her cupboard was empty that morning.

"I wish I had, Phoebe," said she. "Can you think of anything?"

Phoebe thought a moment, and then said. "I've only a flower. I will take her a sweet pea."

Now Phoebe had sweet pea which she had planted under the window, and as it grew and flowered both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phoebe picked a fine blossom, and ran down the lane to poor Aunt Molly's cottage. This was a poor old sick woman who for a whole year had lain on her bed, suffering great pain.

In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly, and noticed the sweet pea in a cracked tumbler near the poor woman's bed.

"That's a pretty posy," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile, "was brought to me this morning by a little girl, who said that it was all she had to bring. I am

sure it is worth a great deal to know that I'm thought of, and as I look at it it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have. If this flower is not beneath his making and his care, he won't overlook a poor creature like me."

Tears came into the lady's eyes; and

what did she think? She thought: "If you have only a flower to give, give that; and remember, too, the Saviour's words, that even a cup of cold water given in a Christian spirit shall not lose its reward."

It is worth a great deal to the poor, the

less than one hundred yards away when the engineer recognized her predicament. He did his best to stop the train, but that was seen to be impossible. When the train was fifty yards away, the little girl went

down on her knees in the middle of the track. The engineer and spectators—the latter of whom were too far away to render assistance—thought that she realized her fate, and was praying. She probably was, but not in anticipation of death; for as the train approached within ten feet of her, she sprang up, and stopped from the track uninjured. She had knelt, unbuttoned her shoe, slipped her foot out, and left the shoe sticking in the frog. Rare presence of mind, indeed

A RECKLESS CUSTOMER.

THE New York Tribune tells a story of a boy who did not mean to be heartless, but spoke with out weighing his words.

He had lived all his short life in a city, but recently went to visit at a "real farm." He was in ecstasies. Every animal on the

place delighted to him, but he fell particularly in love with a Jersey calf.

"I'd like to buy it," he said to the owner. "But what would you give in exchange?" he was asked.

"My baby sister," answered the boy with the utmost gravity. "We have a new baby at our house almost every year, and I've never had a calf!"



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

aged, and the sick to know that they are thought of.—*Child's World.*

A LITTLE girl at Bucyrus, Ohio, was crossing a railroad track the other day, when her foot caught in a switch frog, and she was held fast. A heavy freight train was thundering down toward her, and was

MARJORY'S AMEN.

BY AMANDA BHAW ELSEFFER.

QUAINT Marjory, hazel-eyed darling,
At nightfall, white-robed for repose,
Repeated her prayer to "Our Father,"
From "Hallowed thy name," to the close.

Each word with a reverent accent,
And slow, as if stringing a pearl;
"For thine is the power and glory,
Forever and ever—a girl."

"Oh! Marjory—what are you saying?
'Forever and over. Amen!'"

"No, no, mamma—Marjory's praying;
A girl, I say—God will know then."

—Wide Awake.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE

"JACK! JACK! here, sir! his on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go. It wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail as much as to say: "You are a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. However, he dropped it on the bank, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied, at length, and with Jack at his heels went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty

hard work, mother," he said. "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him, but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I have the best right in the world to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charles had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly: "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him; I call him 'my dear little son.' He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him as I would a dog."

"O mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes. "I knew it was wrong to disobey you; but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed, I do love you, and I'll try—I really will try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the Word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will be always persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have, but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; and when we love, it is easy to obey."

A LITTLE THING.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy was writing a letter. It was an important letter. He meant to write it very carefully. He hoped that it would secure him a situation in a great business house, and he believed that a start in such a house would lead to success in business.

Perhaps you wonder that a twelve-year-old boy should be planning for himself in this way. His father had died a few weeks before. A mother and two young sisters were left. A little home and a small amount of money in the bank were all they had to depend upon.

Howard said: "I must leave school and begin to work my way into some business. In two or three years I can surely support you." Mrs. Day smiled sadly, but she was pleased to have her boy so brave and hopeful.

When the letter was finished Howard read it over. He saw no mistake in it. It was a boyish letter asking for work. He carried it to his mother. She pointed out a misspelled word, and a misplaced comma. Howard carefully erased the extra letter from the word, and corrected his punctuation also.

"But it shows, after all," he said. However he sent the letter.

The next day the merchant sent for him.

"Did you write this letter?" said he.

"I did," answered Howard.

"Without help?"

"Yes, sir." After a moment's pause, the boy added: "Perhaps you saw that I scratched out a letter, and changed a comma. Mother told me of those mistakes."

"I will see you to-morrow," said the merchant.

Three things this employer always required in engaging a new hand—carefulness, strict truthfulness, and promptness. "The boy is probably prompt," said he to himself, considering the case, "for he came at the very time I appointed. His letter is carefully written, though he did make two mistakes. And the fact that he told me that his mother pointed out the mistakes shows strict truthfulness. That decides the matter. I will take him."

The next day Howard was engaged, and twenty years later was made a partner in the great business house. It was a little thing to tell the exact truth in this matter, but it opened a door to Howard which meant comfort for his mother and sisters, and assured business success for himself.

DOLLY'S BATH.

EVA JANE heard her mamma say that little folks must have clean faces. Now dolly came in from a long walk. It was warm and dusty, and dolly perspired freely. Then the wind blew up the dust, and dolly's face was sadly soiled. So Eva Jane said dolly must have a bath. Then she bathed dolly in a basin of water. I am sorry to say that after the bath dolly had lost all her beauty. The rosy colour had left her face, her hair came off, and her dress was no longer fit to wear. Eva Jane wondered why it all came that way. Can you tell?

SUPERSTITION.

A GENTLEMAN who had been dining at a restaurant, and who often ordered a dozen oysters, counted them one day and found but eleven. Still another day he counted them, with the same result. Then he said to the waiter:

"Why do you give me only eleven oysters when I order a dozen?"

"Oh, sir," answered the waiter, "I didn't think you'd want to be settin' thirteen at table, sir!"

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by. And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why you are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold, and my shape is most elegant too to behold, yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true; but if I had half as much mischief to do, indeed they would love me no better than you."

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing; they own you are handsome, but then there's one thing they cannot put up with, and that is your sting."

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see, yet nobody ever is angry with me, because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware; because, like the wasp, ill-natured they are, they will never be loved if they're ever so fair.

SALLIE AND THE FLOWERS.

BY D. STEVENSON, D.D.

WHILE all persons delight in the beauty and the fragrance of flowers, some few seem to discover in them a spirit of intelligence, and sympathy, and love, capable of responding to the gentle approaches of a human soul.

Sallie was one of these. From the time when she began to manifest any peculiarity of disposition whatever, she began to show a special fondness for flowers. She would move among them as if they had been little children endowed with feelings similar to her own. She sought their companionship, and seemed to be most at home with them when most alone with them.

Every coloured leaflet, whether found on a slender stalk near the earth, or on the branch of a tree overhead, attracted her attention and kindled her admiration. Quietly and lovingly she would place her hand around every rose or flower of any kind within reach of which she came, and kindly press it toward her face, while inclining her head to it, to behold its beauty and to receive its fragrance. And she would walk under fruit-trees in the spring-time, and look up lovingly and tenderly at the branches covered with white or pale-red blossoms.

One day she was found, when quite a small child, trying to climb the bent trunk of a small peach-tree, some of whose blossoming branches hung just above her head; and, when asked what she was doing there, said that she was "mellin' the flowers."

It was not her fortune always to have her home where flowers grew in great abundance, and richness, and variety. But she did not eschew any, however common or poor they might be, that she chanced to find. She seemed capable of discovering a soul of beauty even in those that were to the ordinary eye the least attractive.

The last place which was known to her as home on earth had a vegetable-garden, but few flowers, and these were not of a rich quality. Nevertheless, she would go about them and cherish them as if they had been the richest and the rarest, and would talk as she stood near them as if in communion with them. To have heard her, and not to have seen her, one would have supposed that she was gently pouring out her soul in confidence to some loved and loving friend.

She never broke forth in exclamations of ecstatic delight in beholding these beautiful things. She rarely uttered words of exalted admiration in regard to them. Usually a smile would dimple her cheek, while she would softly and caressingly say of something that she had culled from her scanty stock in the garden: "Isn't it sweet?" in very much the same manner and tone in which one would speak of a beautiful child.

She loved them, and went about them, and talked to them, rather than praised them. She seemed to hold them precious in her heart, rather than on her lips. They were her sisters, gentle, tender, and amiable, like herself; and she, like them, bloomed in beauty for a time, and then faded from the earth.

The last summer went by, and then the flowers, one by one, breathed out their lives. She was left for a season without them, and then she perished, too. But when last I saw her grave, I found the flowers blooming in brightness and beauty by the side of it, as if they had come to watch and to wait till she should awake to commune with them again.

TOM'S BATTLE.

"THERE isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, on Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again; but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him in the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you,

fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom, that night; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but if victory makes you stronger and him weaker; and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

THE FAITHFUL MOTHER.

TABBY was the proud mother of five beautiful kittens. Such darling kittens were never seen before, the Watson children thought. There were five children, too. They used to go many times a day to look at Tabby's treasures. One day there was a great stir at the Watsons', and the children forgot to look at the kittens. Furcuses and carpets were carted off. Were the family going to move and leave her and kittens? thought poor Tabby. She ran back and forth to see what it meant. At last she caught hold of Mrs. Watson's gown and tried to drag her toward the shed where her kittens were. Mrs. Watson was busy and only said, "Sent." Then Tabby in despair took one of her kittens by the neck and laid it at Mrs. Watson's feet, and said, "Meow," and looked as if to say, "Are you going to forget us?" "Poor Tabby, don't fret," said she. "I'll send you and the children to the new house by the next load." Tabby seemed to understand, went back to her kittens purring and was soon quite as much at home in the new house as her friends were.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

DECEMBER 23.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9. 2-7.

MEMORY VERSES, Isa. 9. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.—Isa. 9. 7.

DECEMBER 30.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.—Heb. 13. 8.



THE BIRDS CHRISTMAS
TREE.

WAS IT RIP'S FAULT?

BY E. P. A.

"NINA, Nina, what are you doing to Rip?" cried a voice from the window.

But Nina would not listen; her face was red with anger, and with one doubled-up fist she was beating poor Rip, who had slunk down at her feet, looking very miserable.

"Nina, stop beating Rip at once," said the voice, sternly now, "and come up to me."

And presently the flushed face appeared in the doorway. "Rip has brought me bad luck, mamma," said Nina; "I wish you would let me whip him hard."

Poor Rip was rubbing up against her hand with his wet nose, he felt that the little mistress was in a bad humour with him, and he was trying in his dumb, dog fashion to please her.

"Bad luck!" exclaimed mamma in surprise, "what do you mean?"

"Yes, mamma, I've had bad luck all day. I lost my gold pencil this morning, and I tore my dress, and I broke grandma's spectacles, and just now I fell down and scratched my wrist."

"But what in the world has Rip to do with all that?" asked mamma.

Nina began to look rather sheepish. It had all seemed plain enough when she told it over to Mammy Cass, the black nurse, who believed in a thousand signs of good and bad omen; but in the light of mamma's clear eyes it seemed different.

"Why, Rip howled when I was practising this morning and wouldn't stop, and Mammy Cass says that always brings bad luck."

"Did Rip's howling make a hole in your pocket?"

"No'm I guess not."

"But it was the unended hole that lost your pencil. Did Rip's howling make you

climb through the barbed-wire fence?"

"No'm."

"But the fence tore your dress. What were you doing with grandma's glasses when you broke them?"

"I—I was trying them on."

"Which grandma told you not to do. And how did you come to fall down?"

But Nina's eyes were on the floor now; for some reason she did not want to answer that question.

"Never mind, then," said mamma; "I think you see now that if anybody is to be punished for your bad luck it is not Rip, it is my little girl herself."

"Mammy Cass says,"—began Nina.

"But God says, little daughter, that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his permission. Do you think he lets the poor dumb brutes govern this world? The only signs to believe in are his blessed signs, day by day, that his kind care is over all his creatures—over you, and over poor little Rip as well."

But Rip seemed to think himself a very happy doggie, for Nina had her arms tight round his neck, begging his pardon, and he was wagging his tail almost off for joy.

THE NEW BOOK.

THERE were only two books, and three children. One of the books was all about a little boy, and as Dick was a little boy, it seemed clear that he should have that one. The other book was about two little girls; but to which of the girls would papa give it? Did they quarrel, and each one want it? No, indeed; I am glad to tell you it was just the other way. Bess said: "It is beautiful, but Belle is the little one, and ought to have it." Belle said: "It is lovely, but Bess is the oldest, and ought to have it." Then, when papa talked with them, they said: "It will belong to both of us." Wasn't that sweet and good in them?

GREAT LUCK.

MONSIEUR CALINO was greatly disturbed because the city authorities changed the numbers of the houses in his street, and roundly denounced the functionaries who had forced him, by this simple change of figures, to live at No. 436 instead of No. 216. But one morning, as he came down to breakfast and took up his paper, he exclaimed:

"Goodness! I was all wrong! What a fortunate thing that our number was changed!"

"How is that?" asked Madame Calino.

"Why, here is an account of the total destruction by fire of No. 216! If the number hadn't been changed, we should have been homeless wanderers this minute!"

WHEN TO SAY "NO."

"No" is a very little word;
In one short breath we say it—
Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right;
So let me justly weigh it.
"No" I must say when asked to swear,
And "No" when asked to gamble;
"No" when strong drink I'm urged to share;
"No" to a Sunday's ramble!

"No," though I'm tempted sore to lie,
Or steal, and then conceal it;
And "No" to sin when darkness hides,
And I alone should feel it.
Whenever sinners would entice
A-foot from paths of duty,
"No," I'll unhesitating cry—
"No, not for price or booty."

God watches how this little word
By everyone is spoken,
And knows those children as his own,
By this one simple token.
Who promptly utters "No" to wrong,
Says "Yes" to right, as surely—
That child has entered wisdom's ways,
And treads her path securely.

—Golden Hours.

CLOTHES THE BIRDS WEAR.

WE usually call birds' clothing dresses, and not coats. These dresses are made of feathers, and many of them are very beautiful, much more beautiful than those which girls wear.

Birds change their dresses once in a while, as cats and dogs change their coats. The new dresses of most birds are just like the old ones, but a few birds have two dresses which look very unlike. They wear one dress a part of the year, and then put on the other. Sometimes the new dress is so unlike the old one that we think the birds are of a different kind.

Some birds have bright red dresses, some have green ones, some have blue ones, and some have yellow ones.

A few birds wear only plain black, brown, or gray clothes, and never put on any bright colours; others have dresses in which there are many colours mingled together so as to make a very showy garment.

The bluebird, which we often see in the summer, wears a dress which is almost all blue.

A woodpecker, which comes about in the summer, and sometimes in the winter, has a bright red cap, a blue-black coat, and a nice white vest.

The blue jay wears a light blue head-dress and a shawl of the same colour. His underclothes are nearly white, and his overcoat, or cloak, is deep blue, with a white border.

There are very many birds, and if we keep our eyes open when we walk along the streets and in the fields, we shall see some very beautiful dresses.—*Sheldon's Second Reader.*