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Happy Days

[VII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

[No. 25.]

JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

picture repre-
 Jewish high
 as he appeared
 in the days of
 prosperity, he
 sacrifices in the
 for the sins of
 Hebrew people
 nothing that he
 was very beauti-
 and very costly,
 nearly every arti-
 had some signifi-
 meaning. He
 wore a long, violet-
 colored robe fastened
 with a belt or girdle
 which was richly em-
 broidered. The skirt
 of the robe was fringed
 around the bottom
 with a row of little
 bells and pomegranates
 and on his breast he
 wore a golden breast-
 plate which sparkled
 with jewels. The tur-
 ban on his head was
 white and on
 the front of it, in gold
 letters, were these
 words "Holiness unto
 the Lord."

SEE YOUR EYES.

One of the best pos-
 sible illustrations of
 the great, and some-
 times unexpected, value
 of careful observation
 of things is fur-
 nished by an English
 naturalist's recent dis-
 covery that nearly all
 the habits of bees have blun-
 dedly asserting that a honey bee, when
 on a foraging trip, confines itself to one
 flower.
 It has been said that if a bee begins, for
 example, gathering pollen from a daisy, it
 visits only daisies during that trip,
 and not clover blossoms, honeysuckles,



JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

violets, and so on, but Mr. G. W. Balman
 announces that he has watched bees chang-
 ing from one kind of flower to another
 during a single trip. One bee, in particular,
 visited twenty seven flowers belonging to
 ten different species. If this is correct,
 the discovery has an important bearing
 upon the theory of the influence of bees in

not see that he was bending over him.
 He lay quiet for a few minutes, then he
 opened his eyes—there was such a light
 in them! "Open the gates! open the
 gates," he cried. "Happy, happy, happy!"
 These were the boy's last words, but
 the smile remained when he had passed to
 heaven.

producing cross fertili-
 zation of plants. But
 how easy it would be
 for any person—a boy
 or a girl who knows
 flowers, for instance—
 to carry on such obser-
 vation for himself or
 herself, thereby open-
 ing up not only a new
 source of intelligent re-
 creation, which would
 rapidly increase in in-
 terest, but gathering
 facts which might make
 a reputation for the
 young discoverer and
 add materially to the
 stores of science

PASSING AWAY

"MOTHER, I'm going
 to-night!"
 "Where, Edwin?"
 "Home, mother
 dear," said, very quiet-
 ly a dying boy. He
 had been a bright,
 beautiful boy, a 'real
 village chief among his
 companions. Only a
 year past he could leap
 the highest swim the
 strongest. 'climb the
 loftiest tree. This was
 all over now but his
 face was brighter and
 more beautiful than
 ever. "Tell Uncle," he
 said, "that the religion
 of Jesus is no pretence,
 but a reality. I feel
 it is; tell him, do."

Uncle Sam was a
 professed infidel, and
 this was his idolized
 nephew. The boy did

THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

(BY CELIA THAXTER)

SAID the child to the youthful year,
 "What hast thou in store for me,
 O giver of beautiful gifts; what cheer,
 What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
 Their treasures—the winter's snows,
 The autumn's store, and the flowers of
 spring,
 And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these, and more, shall be thine,
 Dear child—but the last and best
 Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
 If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?
 'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
 A peace of mind which the soul can lift
 To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love
 If thou unto me canst bring,
 I will set thee all earth's ills above,
 O child, and crown thee a king!"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

A NAUGHTY LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BERTIE was naughty. He would run away whenever his nurse turned her back for a moment. He tried to be good, but he was always wanting "to see something," and he always forgot to ask if he might, or else "there wasn't time to ask," and so he made a great deal of trouble, and frightened his mother and nurse a great many times.

Once Bertie slipped away and was gone all day long. Papa searched all through the town for him, mamma made herself ill crying because he was lost, and cook spoiled all the bread and cakes going to the kitchen door so often to look for him and forgetting the things in the oven.

Where was Bertie? He had followed a tin peddler's cart to Farmer Green's, and the good farmer had harnessed up and brought him home in the evening.

Bertie seemed sorry, but that did not cure him of running away.

At last papa thought of a way to keep Bertie from slipping away from nurse.

As soon as Bertie was dressed in the morning he was tied by a cord to his nurse. Wherever nurse went Bertie had to go, and he couldn't run away, no matter what he saw. It was hard on nurse, but it was a success.

WHAT SHE SAW.

THE Germans have a short story about a little girl named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a good place from which to see the soldiers pass. She noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see.

Jeannette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march, but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat, and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honour old age, and I will." So she called the old woman, and placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tip-toe and peep and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her; but Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few moments later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her, "Little girl, will you come to her Ladyship?" she could not imagine who her Ladyship was, but she followed the man through the crowd to some raised seats. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said, "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now, sit down here by me, you can see everything here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honouring old age.

CAPTAIN FRANK.

LITTLE Frank wanted very much to go out driving with mamma, but she had said "No," and there was not the least use in teasing. When Mamma Ray said "No," she meant it.

Little Frank was so disappointed that he forgot, and asked "Why?"

"Frank," said mamma, "don't you know you are a little soldier, and I am your captain? Soldiers never ask their captains why they give their orders; they simply obey. Usually the captains have the best of reasons for their orders, but even if they make mistakes, the soldiers must obey. Once, in a great war, six hundred men were ordered to charge right in the face of cannons. The soldiers knew it was a mistake, but they charged just the same, and nearly every man was killed. A poet

wrote a grand poem about them, called "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Mamma read the poem to him before she went out, and Frank liked it so much he learned part of it while mamma was dressing.

When she came home she heard such noise in the nursery she ran up to see what was the matter. Frank was sitting on a stump of his hobby-horse, whipping it, shouting, while only three of his wooden soldiers were whole.

"Why, Frank," she said, "what have you been doing to your horse and soldiers?"

"It's 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' mamma. I am captain, and I ordered them 'into the valley of death.'"

"Very well, captain, you must be court-martialled."

"What is that?"

"You must be tried for needlessly recklessly exposing your soldiers' lives. Captains have duties as well as soldiers, and have no right to make such mistakes. Frank had a long time to think, mamma made him sit still for an hour last he asked: 'Mamma, are there captains that never make mistakes?'"

"Yes, on," answered mamma. "You need never be afraid to obey him. Jesus, the Captain of our salvation."

EDDIE'S "WABBITS."

EDDIE is very fond of hearing stories of adventure and hunting, and often asks what he will do when he's a man. He has a dog which is not much larger than a cat, but very fierce, and a gun. The dog's name is Gyp, and the gun is a wooden one. One night he snuggled up on a sofa beside Ray and asked him to tell him a story. To tease him a bit Ray told him one. "Once there was a little boy, his name was Eddie, and he was a real sportsman. He had a brave dog named Gyp, and a pretty red gun. So he went out hunting. And what do you think? He shot two great big rabbits! He was in great hurry to show them to his mamma, and did not stop to go home by the usual way—by the road; he started across a pond, where the ice was so thin that it would break it. Of course he fell in. Gyp pulled him out. Wasn't he a brave dog?"

"Did I lose the wabbits, Way?" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes; a big pickerel carried them away. There! what do you think of that?" Master Ed. asked Ray.

Eddie looked at him very soberly sometime, thinking the story over, beginning to end. Then a satisfied smile stole across his rosy face, and he asked eagerly: "Did I do dat? It's good. I wanted mamma to see the wabbits. Give me another, Way."

A LITTLE girl wanted more but she had no toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her sick. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer, and send for the doctor."

PLAIN TALK FROM JOHNNIE

There are men that are ever so kind and good,
 And yet not ever so clean.
 And all of them say they'd quit if they could—
 Quit chewing tobacco, I mean
 They'd never be wishing so much to get out
 If only they'd never got in;
 And that's what I've made up my mind about—
 I'll quit before I begin.

Here's Chrissy, my dear little sister, so bright,
 So rosy and sweet and glad,
 That every one's bound to hug her at sight,
 And often it seems too bad,
 How she turns away whenever she can
 From the chewers—poor little Chriss!
 That a baby'd be willing to kiss.
 Our good old bossy-cow chews all day,
 She's got it in the habit, I s'pect.
 She does it in such a nice, clean way
 That no one could ever object.
 And then I'd like to remark just now—
 And you may deny if you can—
 That some things look very well for a cow
 That look very bad for a man.

Though some of the boys may tease and laugh,
 It will be all the same to me.
 Sure tobacco is worse than chaff,
 So I'll have my choice, you see.
 I'll give as good as they send in jokes,
 And do what I said I'd do;
 Unless I change to a cow or an ox,
 I never, never will chew.
 —*Youth's Companion*

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is, that when I have Kit out, I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some fellow's sister."

pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually think of their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's skates in winter as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's idea of all that is

loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctually. For instance, when Jack has Kate at a party, he cares for her in all ways as an escort should, and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of being left to the tender mercies of anyone who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares that she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than almost anyone else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favourite rice cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a tea cup and saucer, or embroider him a hat-band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of sweets, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favourite violet perfume. Best of all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action towards their sisters as Jack does towards his, they might perhaps be rewarded with as delightful a result: for it is by little acts of kindness and courtesy, and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.

HAD AN EYE ON HIM

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so"

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye upon him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer

of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on the Sabbath, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said:

"Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting."

Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself:

"He'll do. He's a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through his strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix an eye on him, and he will keep you in the way.

BEECHER AS A SCHOOL-BOY.

Mrs. STOWE gives a characteristic account of a grammatical exercise at which her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, assisted in his schooldays. The teacher was drilling her pupil in the rudiments.

"Now, Henry," said she, "a is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?"

"Yes, I can say 'amen,' too," was the rejoinder; "father says it always at the end of his prayer."

"Come, Henry, don't be joking, decline he."

"Nominative he, possessive his, objective him."

"You see his is possessive. Now you can say, 'his book,' but you cannot say, 'him book.'"

"Yes, I do say hymnbook, too," said the impracticable scholar, with a quizzic twinkling.

Each one of these sallies made the young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike,' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?"

"Yes, I do; I strike back again."

After about six months Henry was returned to his parents' hands with the reputation of being an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*



MONKEYS.

OF all the animals created for the benefit of mankind, the monkey seems to fill the place occupied by no other. Some animals are for food, some to carry burdens, others to furnish material for clothing, and many other uses, but the monkey seem to have been created for men's amusement. One can scarcely see a monkey in his natural home or in captivity, without laughing outright at his comical movements and looks.

Our picture shows two monkeys teasing a parrot. One has pulled a couple of feathers from its tail, and is eating the fresh ends, as if it enjoyed the fruits of its mischievousness. The other has hidden under some leaves, and is just about to grasp the few remaining tail feathers the poor bird has left.

The ability the monkey possesses to amuse the people is frequently made use of by organ grinders, that they may fill their cups with pennies from the appreciation of the public of the monkey's power to perform laughable actions. They dress them in fantastical costumes and train them to perform many antics.

There are a great many species of monkeys, ranging in size from that of a rat to that of a good-sized dog; but they are all possessed of the same active and comical qualities.

YOUTH is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly; youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will fast wear away.

THANKSGIVING JOE.

JOE was born one bright Thanksgiving morning; and it may be the spirit of the day fell upon the tiny boy, for he has always had a glad, sunny, thankful spirit. If the day is fine Joe says, "What a splendid day to sail my kite" or to go nutting or to do some other pleasant thing. If the day is stormy, Joe whistles and smiles as he thinks what a fine time this will be to work in his "shop."

Does some one want him to leave his play or work to do an errand, Joe cries out gayly: "Just the thing! You see I'd like to have a change."

Thankful Joe! He's rich because he thinks he is. And very likely he will never find out that he's a poor boy and ought to be miserable because there are so many things he never

has had and maybe never can have.

Now at this very Thanksgiving time Joe will be jubilant over his good home (or bit of a house) and his nice dinner (pumpkin pie in honour of the day) and his new cup and poor little stock of toys; and just around the corner Archie Wilson will be fretting because they don't have nuts and raisins for desert, besides the plum-pudding and pies, and wishing he could have things like other boys! Archie has everything money can buy, still he is the poor boy, and Joe is the rich boy. What makes the difference?

"NEED I GO TO SCHOOL?"

"O FATHER, need I go to school?" said Johnnie, one morning, as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand books; I never shall. I would rather help you in the shop, and work ever so hard."

"Johnnie, how did we fell that big tree yesterday?" asked the father.

"A stroke at a time, and keepin' at it," answered the boy.

"Exactly so," said his father. "A word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader, a syllable at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good speller; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good at figures, a thought at a time, and keeping at it, will make you master the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping at it, Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

"Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but I can do that," said

Johnnie. And before six years from time he stood first in the highest class school.

THE "GOODEST" MOTHER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVENING was falling cool and dark,
And people hurried along the way,
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering

Before me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The bundle she loved best of all.

A dear little roly-polly boy,
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you

"You're the goodest mother that ever was
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart
cause

To utter the sweet and lovely words

Perhaps the woman had worked all day
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps
sewed;

I knew by her weary footfall's way
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear!
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have here
The mother dear, in whose house
live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,
In task or play for a moment pause,
And tell her in sweet and winning way
"You're the goodest mother that
was."

IDLENESS.

NEVER be idle. Idleness means not just as stagnation means decay. You catch better things than early worms, rising early in the morning—something that will paint your cheek, quicken your pulse, brighten your eye, and give you such an appetite as will make breakfast pleasure, dinner a treat, tea a delight, and—no room for supper. Besides, it's one early bird that catches the worm. Every early boy can catch the benefit speak of. And what the boy learns love the man will turn to deeper account and while his hay will be better and more abundant than an idle man's, his corn, carrots, and his cucumbers will be finer, better, and more abundant, too; and when the idle man is thinking that he ought to have a fortune, the early one will be wrapping his up and running off to bed with it. The boy who says it's no use to hear the milkman and chimney-sweep from between the sheets will most likely take to his bed to escape his creditors by-and-bye.