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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

[No. 23.]

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

EAGLES are lonely birds that build their nests of sticks and stones in the highest crags and

Here they rear their young of little eaglets, and feed them food from the earth far below. They will swoop off a rabbit or a lamb through the air, as shown in the picture. I have even seen one of an eagle snatching a lamb from the ground, where its mother laid it while she was at work, and carrying it away to its mountain nest. A very thrilling story is told of a mother who climbed a steep and rugged mountain to rescue her babe, and which, at the risk of her own life, she

HOW TO BE A FAILURE.

EVERY morning it was the same thing, except on Saturdays morning, when there was no school to go to. Mamma always began to hurry Rolf off as soon as they left the breakfast table, and yet it was seldom indeed that he was ever late for school. For the little boy had one great fault, if no more. He would not obey promptly, and he could never be persuaded that "time waits for no man"—no boy either. He had a bright, frank face, and was a truthful, affectionate little fellow; but this habit of his was forever getting him into trouble.

In winter, he was sure to be a few minutes too late at school because he would stop for "a little slide," to make "one big



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

snow-ball," or to get "just one ride" on Arthur Brown's new sled. In summer, he stopped for the earliest primrose and the

latest spray of scarlet pink. He could never let a gold and black butterfly pass him without a chase. If a bug or bee came humming by he was off like a flash, or would stand waiting to capture it after a fashion small boys have. Then he wondered, at the close of the session, why he should have more tardy marks than all the rest! If his mamma sent him on an important errand, it was the same way. If his papa called him to post a letter just before the mail closed, he never reached the office in time.

Oh, he was a very trying little boy, and those who loved him best often despaired of his ever being any better.

Do you know what sort of man he will make if he does not change?

One whose life deserves to be called a perfect failure. Do not let yours be that.—*L. D. Phillips.*

HELP JOHNNY FIRST

A DEAR little girl was caught by the heavy timbers of a Kansas City schoolhouse, when it was blown down by a storm. When some men came to help her out, she said, "Don't mind me, help Johnny out first, he is only five years old." Don't you think that was noble in the little girl? I know of children who

always want to be served first, and raise a row if they don't get right away what they want.

AN UNWORDED PRAYER.

By Alpino lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,
And softly told with pious air
His A B C as evening prayer.

Unseen, the pastor lingered near:
"My child, what means the sound I hear?"
"Where'er the hills and valleys blend,
The sounds of prayer and praise ascend."
"Must I not in the worship share,
And raise to heaven my evening prayer?"
"My child, a prayer that ne'er can be;
You have but said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray,
But all I know to God I say:
I tell the letters on my knees,
And he'll make words himself to please."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1897.

GOD IS GOOD.

LITTLE Susie is very busily employed. "Why, how can that be?" do you ask when she is sitting with her head resting on her hand and she is doing nothing at all. You would say she might be sewing, or rocking the cradle, or learning her lessons, or at least playing merrily, being, as she is, a bright-eyed girl of seven. Well, though she is doing none of these things she is busy—busy with her thoughts.

She has been looking at the roses in bloom, at the birds who are building their nests in the apple-trees and at the blue sky over which the clouds are sailing like white boats. She is full of joy, for the day is lovely and her heart is glad. She thinks and thinks, and at last utters these words, "God is good."

The Bible says "God is love." If God were not love, he would not be so good and

kind. The poor heathen worship idols and they are afraid of their idol-gods. They are always taking gifts to keep them from being angry with them, and they cut and beat themselves and go through great suffering that the angry gods may not hurt them.

Our God is not like their false ones which people ignorantly worship. He is tender as a father and he is always taking care of us, forgiving our sins and giving us fresh mercies every day. Let us, like Susie, often say, "Yes, God is good."

MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

TOM had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seat-mate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard the teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seat-mate.

"Jamie must have a lovely mother, I think," said one; "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another; but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him a miserable boy for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper: "You've been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother!"

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her name. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and, going up to his teacher, he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it: "I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

I don't think Tom thought at all what a brave thing he was doing; he did not think of anything but the wish to defend his mother; but when the teacher took his hand and said, "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown

himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future," thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that, good or bad, all they do is but to please their mothers."—*Careful Builders.*

HE MEANT WHAT HIS PRAYER SAID.

"MAMMA, can't Fred stop talking and go to sleep? I've said my prayer six times now, and I don't want to talk any more and have to say it again."

"Can't you talk without having to say your prayer over again?" replied Eddie's mamma.

"No, mamma; doesn't the prayer say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep? If we don't sleep we don't talk, do we?'"

"No, Eddie; you are right, and quite a philosopher for a six-year-old boy. Now Fred, you must let Eddie go to sleep, you do the same."

Such was the conversation between Eddie Morgan and his mother, one night. Fred and Eddie had been some time in bed. This was but one instance of Eddie's conscientiousness. Some would have called him over-scrupulous, but I marked the character of the boy, and said to myself, "If that boy lives to grow up, he will be a trustworthy man."

If grown-up Christians, as well as children, meant just what they said every time, there would be more men of whom the Lord could say, as he said of King David, "He is a man after mine own heart."

Little children, let your words speak just what you mean in your heart. Alas! many people pray without meaning just what they say; but God says, "I desire truth in the inward parts," and by this means truth in the heart. He looks into our hearts, and sees whether they live there or not.—*The Lily.*

DON'T TELL ABOUT THE BRIERS.

A MAN met a little fellow on a road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, but I don't tell anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that he would forth he would hold up the berries only, and say nothing about the briers.

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have
Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you're fed.

They take up your dolly
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps,
And haul at her sled;
Are in summer quite white,
And in winter quite red.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants
So trusty and true,
Pray, who would be lazy
Or idle—would you?

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

PRACTICING.

CHARLIE GOULD sat by the window in a brown study. His head rested upon his hand; his eyes were cast upon the floor; his whole attitude indicated deep thought. He sat there for some time, when he arose, hastily exclaiming, "I'll do it!" Going out into the shed he picked up a new ball which lay there, and putting it in his pocket, went out on the street. After going quite a distance, he halted before the home of Richard Graham. It was a tumble-down affair—a home of poverty and drunkenness. Summoning up courage, he walked up to the door and knocked. After a moment's waiting, Richard himself came to the door.

"I've brought you my new ball, Dick—I heard you wishing for one yesterday; and here is a good bat you may have."

"Why, Charlie, how can you give them to me, after I treated you so badly?" said Richard, blushing and looking very much ashamed.

"O! never mind, Dick; we'll forget all about that." And hurriedly bidding him good-by, he started for home.

The next morning when Charlie and

Dick met in the school-yard, a few moments before the bell rung, Dick stopped up to Charlie and said, "I'm sorry I spilled ink all over your books yesterday. It was real mean of me, but I was mad because you got above me in the spelling class; and as I know you were very neat and particular about your books, I could think of no better way of taking revenge. Will you forgive me? I'm very sorry I did it."

"Certainly, I will."

"How could you take pains to come down last night and make me a present of just what I wished for, after I had treated you so meanly? I have puzzled over it ever since."

"Well, I will tell you. At first I was very much provoked. I felt like being revenged, it seemed so unjust, when I had not tried, in any way, to injure you, but then I remembered about Joseph, how he forgave his brethren, and did them good, after they had sold him to be a slave. I remembered my teacher said that we were to show this forgiving spirit in our lives—not merely learn it in the lesson, but practice it, and I found this a good time to practice."

"Well, I promise you I shall remember the lesson you have taught me, and I should like to become a member of your school and of your class."—*Morning Guide.*

THE WISE SQUIRREL.

As Lucy was taking a walk one day, she saw the prettiest little squirrel sitting upon the limb of a tree. He looked so cunning that Lucy thought, "Oh! if I could only coax him to come down so that I might take him home and keep him for a pet."

Lucy talked as cunning as she could to him. She said, "You dear little squirrel, if you will only go home with me, I will give you such a nice, warm house, and such 'lots' of nuts—walnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, whichever you like best; you shall have as many as you wish. Won't you please go with me?"

The little squirrel looked at her with his bright eyes as much as to say, "Yes, Miss Lucy, you will give me everything but what I want most, and that is my freedom. I would rather have my snug hole in this old tree than the finest house you can give me, and as for nuts, I have enough stored away in the trunk of the tree to last me all winter, and plenty of acorns, too," and with that he whisked his tail and away he went, leaving Miss Lucy to go home without him.

Do you, my reader, ever thank God for placing you in this land of freedom? Do

you thank him that you have a free gospel? Do not forget these things and do not forget those in other lands who are denied them, but pray for them; and as God has blessed you, send the means to provide them with the truth that shall make them free.

TELLING JESUS.

IN Tennyson's poem of the child in the Children's Hospital, one little thing tried to tell another young sufferer about Jesus, urging her to ask him to help:

"If I," said the wise little Annie, "were you,

I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for Emmie, you see,

It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come unto me.'"

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,

How should he know that's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"

Annie was puzzled, but a moment after she said:

"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—

The Lord has so much to see to; but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

Morning came, and the little thing was dead, with her "dear, long, lean little arms lying out on the counterpane."—*Sunday School Times.*

WILL'S TACTICS.

"Come, boys, stop fighting, and I'll tell you something worth knowing," exclaimed Will Graves, as he stepped between two rough-looking fellows who were glaring at each other like wild animals.

"Out of the way, Will, or I'll knock you into the middle of next week," shouted Dick, angrily.

"It's easy enough to fight," answered Will, coolly, "but you can do better than any of those generals over there in Europe, if you're a mind to."

"You get out!" growled Joe.

"Joe broke my top on purpose!" snarled Dick.

"Your top! Oh, well, I've got a brand new one at home. I'll give it to you tomorrow, if you'll sit down here under the tree a minute."

"Preach away!" cried Joe, rolling over on the grass.

Will took his Bible and read: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."



LEARNING TO WRITE.

A QUARREL.

THERE'S a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight with a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will extend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun.
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done;
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

A LITTLE girl who was watching a sunset
of crimson, orange, and purple, said, "Is
that the power and glory?"

HOW KITTIE TAMED ANNA.

ONE day Anna's papa brought her a cute
little kittie, which delighted her greatly.

But kittie, she didn't know at first
whether to be delighted or not. You see
she was not at all used to children, and
was very wild, and would run from her
little mistress and hide.

This grieved Anna, but papa told her
kittie would soon become tame, so that it
would jump up into her lap, and rub its
nose against her cheek, if she would only
be careful always to speak gently; but if
it heard a cross, angry or fretful little voice
it would be afraid of her and remain wild.

Now, to speak gently, was one of the
things Miss Anna did not always think of,
and she was sometimes very snappish and
rude. But she loved her new kittie, and
so she tried hard to remember, and suc-
ceeded pretty well.

"Well," asked papa one night, "and is
the kittie tame yet?"

Mamma smiled and said, "I think, at
least, that kittie has tamed Anna, for she
has scarcely scolded or whined to-day."

"Bravo!" said papa, clapping his hands,
"and I guess she has tamed kittie, too, for
I think I see its pink nose peeping from
her apron. So kittie is a little girl-tamer?"

TREES WITHOUT ROOTS.

O MAMMA, come and see our little farm!
shouted Henry as mamma came to the
door to hear what the ringing of the bell
meant.

And sure enough, the children had set
up their toy house and barn and stable and
a little fence between them. Nor had they
forgotten to have a tree in the barn yard
for, you know," said Willie "we must
have some place for the horses and cows to
rest under on hot days." That was very
thoughtful in them, surely.

Mamma was much pleased with the good
taste and the thoughtfulness of heart shown
by his arrangement. But she told them
she was afraid that their tree would not
stand a hot sun very long. Nor did it.
It had no root, and soon withered and died.

Do you know what that makes me think
of? It makes me think of a boy or girl
who tries to act very nicely before com-
pany, without having any real kindness in
their hearts. Such politeness is like a tree
or flower without roots. If you want to
learn good manners that will last, first seek
a new heart from Jesus. He has promised
it to all who seek it.—*Olive Plants.*

A CITY ARAB.

PERHAPS you think this is a strange
name to give to a boy. But these poor
city boys are wild and rough—in character
a great deal like the Arabs of the desert.
In our larger cities there are a great many
such boys. Some of them hardly know
they have any parents. Most of them do
not know what home means in any such
sense as you do. They have to earn their
own living, such as it is. They sweep the
pavements, sell newspapers, and black boots,
and do such odd jobs as they can pick up.
Those who have no home sleep anywhere.
Many of them are smart and enterprising.
Sometimes they grow up into successful
men; but they live in the midst of a
much wickedness and are surrounded by
many temptations that many of them fall
into evil ways. Some of them grow up to
be criminals.

Good people are trying to do good to
these street Arabs. Sometimes these boys
are taken to homes in the country; and
then they learn what a good home is, and
grow up to be useful men.

How thankful you ought to be that you
are not one of these waifs of a great city.
But if you have great opportunities you
have as great responsibilities. "To whom
much is given, of him will much be re-
quired."