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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1887.

[No. 15.]

FALSE PRETENCES.

"You say that your father keeps a butler and a woman? Why, that's nothing," exclaimed Tom Talkaway, in a boastful tone to one of his group of school-fellows amongst whom he had come for the first time. "My father keeps a man and two boys," said the young boaster, waving round him with an air of triumph.

"I say!" exclaimed one whose mother could not afford to have one more servant.

"Oh, you should see how we go on in London," cried Tom. "You've got no notion of real high life in a poor little village like this. Why," he continued in his swaggering way, sticking his hands into the pockets of his waistcoat, "I've seen six—seven carriages waiting before my father's door, and the most of them had coronets on

them. Gilbert, the usher, had been sitting by the window, reading, and he turned his eyes from his book to Tom Talkaway,

and he said, "I happen to know about your father—he is a respectable haberdasher in London, and, for aught I know, may have six men in his shop, and two boys to pack his parcels; nor should I be surprised if your customers came in carriages with coronets on them."



CHERRIES RIFE

Tom was thunderstruck, his thumbs were pulled out of his pockets, he flushed up to the roots of his hair. There was a general roar of laughter from his schoolfellows, and cries of "Look at the great son and heir of the haberdasher," which increased the boy's confusion.

"Hush!" cried the usher. "There is nothing to be ashamed of in honest trade, but a great deal to be ashamed of in dishonest pretence," and he added, "it is only the ass that puts on the skin of the lion, and he is sure to be found out and meet the scorn which he merits"—A. I. O. E.

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 play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

A CRUEL FRIEND.

In garments white and ribbons blue,
Our Bessie to the barnyard flew;
There pretty, downy chickens seven,
Their mother fed from morn till even

"I love O so!" the maiden cried
And hugged and kissed one till it died;
And so with many a hug and kiss,
She proved, alas, a cruel miss.

The hen quite wild and furious grow,
Of chicks alive she had but two;
"Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!" she cried
in vain,
"Of friends like these I must complain."

Now, when you wish your love to show,
Please stop a bit, until you know
What best will please the one you love,
And thus a true affection prove.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1887.

IN THE DARK.

MANY illustrations of faith have been given, but none seem to us bet'er than that given, not long ago, in a prayer-meeting.

A father said that his little girl, who was much afraid of the dark, slept at night in a crib beside his bed. Often had he been wakened during the night by a little voice saying, "Papa, it's dark! It's dark, papa! Take Nellie's hand." And when, in answer, he had taken hold of the lifted hand, she sank quietly to sleep, all her fears being taken away.

The remembrance of the pleading voice had often helped him to remember in the midst of troubles and distress that he, too, had a Father to whom he could lift his hand and say, "Father, it is dark! Take my hand." And is he not "nigh unto all them that call upon him?"

THE VALUE OF OBSERVATION.

I NEVER saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there was no telling but that sometime I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie once; my horse began to limp. Luckily I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she would allow me to start a fire and make the shoe. She said I might if I knew how. So I started a fire and heated the shoe red-hot, and turned it to fit my horse's foot and pared the hoof, and turned the points of the nails out cunningly, as I had seen the blacksmith do, so that, in driving into the hoof, they should not go into the quick, and shod the horse. At the next place I went to, I went straight to a smith, and told him to put the shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me if I put on that shoe, I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. Now I never should have known how to do that if I had not looked on and seen others do it—*H. W. Beecher.*

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

MINISTERS who mind little things in meeting are sure to have their hands full. In most cases of trifling annoyance, from children or from any innocent cause, some one in the congregation will notice and attend to it with less observation than a call from the pulpit would excite.

The Rev. Mr. C— was troubled with very excitable nerves. Being an incurable old bachelor, perhaps this was not so surprising. For example, he could not sit quiet and see a cat's back stroked the wrong way, while the sight of a spider disturbed his equanimity.

One Sunday, while absent on an exchange, he heard from a pew near the pulpit a boy snuffing, as if he were troubled with a severe cold, and did not have a handkerchief. His brother sat beside him. Mr. C— happened to know the boy's name.

He bore with this irritation as long as his nerves would permit, but it became so aggravated that he paused in the midst of a hymn which he was reading, and bending over the pulpit, said,—

"John, why don't you use your handkerchief?"

John, abashed by this unexpected address, and by the fact that the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon him, stammered out to the general amusement,—

"Please, sir, I haven't got none."

"Then why don't you borrow your brother's?" resumed the minister.

"Because, sir, he hasn't got any either," pursued the frightened boy.

The audience was convulsed.

"Will some charitably-disposed person remarked the clergyman, in a solemn tone, provide that boy with a handkerchief?"

This was done, and the services proceeded.

GIVING PLEASURE TO GOD.

IT will make a great difference in our lives when, instead of doing things to please ourselves or our companions, we do everything to please God.

I once read a poem by Mary Howitt, in which this good thought is put into the lips of a very little child. He was called Willie. One day Willie's mamma saw him sitting very silent in the sunlight, with the men and women and the beasts and birds of his Noah's ark set out in a row.

"What are you thinking about, Willie?" said his mamma.

Willie answering said:

"You know that God loves little children,

And likes them to love him the same;
So I've set out my Noah's ark creatures,
The great savage beasts and the tame.

I've set them all out in the sunshine,

Where I think they are pleasant to see.

Because I would give him some pleasure

Who gives so much pleasure to me."

It is true that it is only a very little child who would think of giving God pleasure in that way. But although the way of doing the good thing is a little child's way, the thing itself is good to

"JUMP."

On a dark stormy night, a few months since, a fire broke out in the lower story of a tenement house in one of our large cities. Every effort was at once bent in the direction of saving life, because property at that moment was not of so much consequence. All had been rescued save a little boy on the fourth story, who did not seem to realize the imminent danger he was in. The fire had made such progress that it was impossible to reach him; so, with outstretched arms, a fireman implored him to jump. "I can't see you," said the little fellow who now seemed to comprehend the danger. "It's too smoky." "Never mind that, I can see you," said the brave fireman. "Jump!" Hesitating no longer, the boy obeyed, and landed safely in his street arms.

This teaches us, dear readers, that whatever condition we may be, God always sees, and is ready to help us out of difficulty if we only believe.—*C. H. N.*

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the Church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home—
A place of their own with his people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in his arms he gathers
The dear little heads in the pew

So I love in the great assembly
On the Sabbath morn to see
The dear little children clustered,
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the little heads in the pew.

—MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

TONY'S FAULT.

"TONY," said the father, "I wish you would bring some screws and fix the garden gate."
"Yes, sir, I will," said Tony.
"Be sure you do not forget it," said his father.
"No, sir, I won't," said Tony.
Now, Tony had one great fault. In most things he was a very good boy: he obeyed his parents and was kind to his brothers and sisters; he never told what was not true, and never took what was not his own; and he was always obliging and well-behaved.
Do you wonder what great fault he could have?
He was careless and heedless. And it would surprise you, perhaps, to know how much trouble such a fault can bring to a whole family.
Tony meant to do exactly what his father told him. But he was reading a story-book and did not go at once. Soon

his father drove away to town, saying again, "Go and do it now, Tony."

He went to get the screws, but on his way stopped to have a play with his dog. Then some boys came to see him, and he forgot all about the gate and went into the meadow to play ball.

When he got home he heard a strange noise in the garden.

He ran with all his might, but, alas! the garden gate was broken down. Cows and pigs were feeding on the nice peas and lettuce and cucumber-vines. With loud shouts he drove them away, but the mischief was done.

How do you think he felt when his father came home?

Carelessness seems a little fault, but in the eyes of God no fault is small. He has a blessing for those who are faithful in little things. Every little child can show love for him by doing small duties well for his sake.

HOW ANNIE PRAYED.

SHE was a little girl, not quite three years old. Some people think that such little girls can hardly know enough to love God. But they can, if we will only take the trouble to teach them about him.

On Sundays Annie brings the book that has the pictures of Jesus in it, and asks her father or older sister to show her the pictures—of Jesus making sick people well, of Jesus blessing the little children, of Jesus preaching to the people, and of Jesus going up to heaven. And she loves to talk about Jesus.

She not only talks about him, but she talks to him. Often during the day she kneels down by her chair, and asks God to take care of her father and mother and not let them get sick.

She does not forget to ask a blessing when she sits down to breakfast or dinner. One day she was late to breakfast, and she wanted father to ask the blessing over again. But afterwards she decided to ask a blessing for herself. Yet she made it very short, so that she could get to eating quickly.

There is one verse that she loves above all others. It is "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And every morning (she rarely forgets) when her father opens the Bible to have family prayers, she asks. "Father read my verse first." And so father always begins at morning worship by reading her verse first.

Can some of the older brothers who shall read this story to the little ones, plan so as

to make these little ones love to talk about Jesus and to make them love family prayers even while they are very young.

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 to me.'"

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it'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.

NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.

WHEN Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered, without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence; when he added as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

WATER LILIES.

How lovely are the lilies which grow in the water! They never pine with thirst, for their roots are in the stream, their leaves float upon it, and their flowers peep forth from it. They are fit emblems of those believers who dwell in God, who are not occasional seekers of divine fellowship, but abide in Christ Jesus. Their roots are by the rivers of water, and therefore their leaf shall not wither.



FAST ASLEEP.

FAST ASLEEP.
LITTLE May,
Tired of play,
Has fallen fast asleep;
Bless her heart,
Save from smart,
God protect and keep

A THANKFUL HEART.

IN one of the side streets of a large city can be seen a little house standing back from the street, in which there lives a child with her mother. The little girl lies on the bed a cripple in every sense of the word. Suffering is no stranger to her, for she has known its pangs from babyhood. And yet it is an inspiration to go into that plain home. A lady one day said to the little girl, for whom she felt the deepest sympathy:

"My darling, I shall be glad when God releases you from this terrible suffering."

"Oh!" and the little face brightened, "I am so thankful for this life; it is so beautiful, and God is so good to me to let me see some of this beautiful world."

The poor child had seen only glimpses of it from her window, but she had a thankful heart.

A sweet little girl was invited to take

lunch with a friend; she had always been used to hearing a blessing asked before commencing to eat, but as she waited quietly the gay talking did not cease, and the waitress commenced to pass the cold chicken; she watched each one help themselves, and saw no head bowed in thankfulness. Finally it came to her, and she looked at the dish and saw a wing, the part to which she was partial. She looked at her hostess, then, before taking any, bowed her little head, and said in a low voice: "Thank you, Jesus, for my wing, anyway." She had a thankful heart.

A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring, one of the old birds in Dr Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a door-way. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and guided by Dick's chirps would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed-cup and water-bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick

would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing. Exchange.

A MORNING BATH.

WATER clean, water pure,
No excuse for dirt, I'm sure;
Water clear, water bright,
Washing well is a delight;
Water fresh, water sweet,
Let my hands and face be neat;
Water plenty from the well,
Water sparkling in the dell.
I am glad God gave to me
Water plenty, pure, and free.

WELL SAID.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said, "I liked that sermon so much."

"Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?"

A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him."

Her father said he thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

THAT is what mamma called her. The men had been cutting the wheat, and Mamma had been with papa to watch them as they stacked swathe after swathe of the golden grain into standing sheaves. As she grew older the wheat field will teach her many beautiful and serious lessons, but now she is too small to think of lessons, unless it be a lesson of love.

"I'll take some home to mamma," she said, and childlike she gathered quite many flowers—weeds the mowers call them—as she did heads of golden grain. She threw them over her shoulder and stood and waited for papa, and made such a sweet picture that the hearts of the roughest men were stirred within them, and they wished that they might be as pure as this innocent child. Her sweet face seemed framed by her golden hair, that fairly glistened in the sunlight, and her chubby arms and hands as they clasped their treasures made altogether a beautiful picture; and so when she reached home mamma called her the little gleaner, and in her heart she prayed that her darling might bring many sheaves of good deeds and loving words to the Lord of the harvest.—M. K. H.