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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1889.

[No. 2.

IN THE CORNER.

I WONDER what this little girl has been doing to be put in the corner in this way. I am sure she looks sorry, and her eyes are brimming with tears. I hope she will be forgiven, and let join her little companions in play.

THE TINY CHIPS.

"WELL, John, you go ahead of any boy I ever saw; why do you stop to gather up those pieces of wood? Come, let us leave them here and play."

"No, sir; I will not go until every piece of wood is safe within this bag. I am making lots of pennies by gathering up these pieces."

"Why, how?"

"Well, I cut them down in the evenings into those little wooden toothpicks you see on the hotel tables, and I get so much a thousand. And then I have a customer who takes all I can get, for I hunt up pieces of wire and have them ready for his use."

"What kind of a customer is this?"

"Don't you remember seeing that handsome piece of work all made of flowers, and you said you wished you could put flowers together that way?"

"Yes, I remember that; but what has that to do with toothpicks?"



IN THE CORNER.

"Just this; every flower has to be wired on one of these little toothpicks or sticks, and the florists are all glad to get them ready wired. So I wire about a thousand and then take them to one I know, and he pays me for them, for it saves him a great deal of time. That is the reason I am always looking out for stray chips, for many of these tiny chips help to make money for me, and from that money I buy my books, and in this way help my father."

"Well, John, you have taught me a lesson. While I am playing and having a good time, you are learning lots of business. I think I will commence and pick up chips, and perhaps I will grow more like the man my mother wants me to be."—Selected

I WANT to give three or four rules. One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this. Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly. Another and a very important rule is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep quiet.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills,
Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The happiest, the holiest,
That e'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was!
Harmless and undefiled.
O dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as a dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

O is it not a blessed thought,
Children of human birth,
That once the Saviour was a child,
And lived upon the earth?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1859.

"ALWAYS PUT GOD FIRST."

In her dying days, Jenny Lind gave utterance to an expression which may well be the motive power of the life of any child of God. It was her intense conviction that her art was a gift of God, to be dedicated to his service. This belief was continually on her lips. "I have always put God first," she said, during her last days. It was this which kindled her enthusiasm for Mlle. Janotha, in whom she found a kindred mind—Janotha, who said to her, "What is this world of which the people speak? I do not know what the world is. I only play for Jesus Christ."

She went to look on the face of a dead friend, and I must tell you her own words:

"It was not her own look that was in her face. It was the look of another, the face of another, that had passed into hers. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ. I put down my candle and said, 'Let me see this thing. Let me stop here always. Let me sit and look. Where are my children? Let them come and see. Here is a woman who has seen Christ.'"

WHAT UNCLE JOHN SAID.

UNCLE JOHN was an old gentleman who lived with his niece. He had been in poor health for many years. It was not often that he could walk out in the village streets. But he had a great many friends, for he had a kind heart, and was always cheerful and patient.

One day little Nell Joy's papa sent her to carry a note to Uncle John. She was a shy little girl, but when she saw the pale, kind face of the good man, her heart went out in pity for him. She did her errand very prettily, and then she said, "Please, sir, have you got any little girl?"

"No, my dear child," said Uncle John. "There is not one little girl in all this big house."

Nelly looked so scrry, and then she said softly, "I guess mamma 'll let me 'dopt you for my Uncle John, 'cause you see I haven't got any uncle and you haven't got any little girl; and then I can run errands for you, and sing to you, and make it pleasant for you."

How the sun did shine out of Uncle John's dear face! He just shut his eyes for a minute and said softly, as if he was praying, "Are they not all ministering spirits!"

And then he said to Nellie, "Thank you, dear little girl, very much. I should dearly love to be 'dopted.'"

And Nellie wondered all the way home what he meant when he talked to himself.

MABEL and Edith were sisters, and loved each other—as all sisters should. They were also beloved by all who knew them; for they had learned the secret of true happiness—they had given their hearts to the Saviour, and were trusting in him. One day, as they were looking up some of their favourite texts on prayer, Mabel asked: "Edith, what would you do if you called upon Jesus, and he did not answer you?" "I should keep asking," replied Edith. "But suppose he should never answer you?" said Mabel. "Then I should trust him any way." Here is a lesson for each of us to learn.

THE BROKEN PALING.

"You see," said Louise to May, as they sat on the woodpile one Saturday morning, "mamma didn't really tell us not to play in that field; she only just said, 'Don't go through the gate.'"

"But she told us not to climb the fence over, so how else could we get in? I'm afraid we oughtn't to, Louie."

Louise kicked away a chip or two with her dusty little foot:

"There isn't a bit of reason why we shouldn't play there, anyhow. Look at those red leaves over there; they're a great deal prettier than any here. We might just go and get a few of those for mamma, and run right back. They'll be a nice s'prise, and mamma likes a s'prise," added Louise, starting toward the fence.

"But the gate, Louie! Indeed! we oughtn't to!"

"We're not going through the gate; you follow me, and look out for brambles. We'll hurry up and get those flowers, and come right back; and we won't have disobeyed, either, for here's a broken paling. Now, we're not going over the fence nor through the gate; and that's all mamma forbade."

When they came to the red leaves somehow they weren't so very bright, after all, and Louise dragged down handful after handful and threw them away. It wasn't much fun in the field, either. The ground was damp and swampy; Louise got her foot wet, and May thought she saw a snake.

So they clambered through the broken paling again, a pair of forlorn little girls, both feeling that everything wasn't quite right.

The next day Louise woke up very early with a strange feeling in her face and hands, "as if there was such a lot of me," she told her mamma.

When the doctor came and looked at the poor little swollen face and little red hands, he said it was poison from some plants or leaves; but mamma shook her head and said, "There is nothing in our garden that could possibly hurt them."

After Dr. Wells had gone Louise sobbed out her little story, and told about the lovely red leaves and the broken paling. Mamma showed her that the disobedience was the same as if she had really gone through the gate, for she knew all the time that she was doing wrong.

Poor Louise! For many days she had to lie in a dark room; and now whenever she wants to twist one of mamma's commands to suit herself she thinks of the broken paling.—M. S. H.

WHAT HAVE I?

Two eyes have I, so bright and clear,
With them to see both far and near,
The birds, the flowers, the bright blue sky,
The waters deep, the sun on high;
The Lord, my God, gave them to me.
To him belongs whate'er I see.

Two ears have I, here on my head,
With them to hear whate'er is said;
When mother says, "Come here, my child,
Be always truthful, gentle, mild;"
When father takes me on his knee
And says, "My darling, I love thee."

A mouth have I, and well I know
What with that mouth I oft can do;
Can speak, and ask for many a thing,
Can tell my thoughts, and sweetly sing,
Can pray, and praise the Lord above,
And tell him all my care and love.

Two hands have I, both left and right,
To work and play with all my might;
Two little feet to leap and run
O'er hills and fields in merry fun,
To ramble by the brook so cool,
To go to church and Sunday-school.

A heart have I, that beats in love
For father, mother, God above—
The Saviour dear, so good and mild,
Who seeks the heart of every child.
Know ye who gave this heart of love?
'Twas God the Lord, who reigns above.

"I'M GOIN' TO."

NETTIE NEAL never did, but was always "goin' to." It was such a provoking habit, never to be quite ready to do as she was bid, never ready to put away her things, go on an errand, come to supper, or go to bed, but always, "Yes, mamma, I'm goin' to." Mamma Neal grew exasperated at last; she was tired of asking and telling, and calling over and over for her little girl to do what she wished her to. So she determined one day she would cure Nettie homœopathically, by which she meant she would use the same method in small doses, and see if she could effect a cure that way.

Therefore one morning, when Nettie came running in from the lawn with her doll's arm torn off its shoulder, and asked: "Mamma, won't you please fix my dollie's arm?" Mamma lifted her eyes from her work and answered, "Yes, Nettie, I'm goin' to," and t' in went on sewing. Nettie waited a little while, and then asked again: "Won't you please sew my dollie's arm on, mamma?" "Yes, I'm goin' to," replied mamma, not lifting her eyes from her work. "But, mamma, dear, I want you to do it now,

right away," and then there was a little break in the tremulous voice. "Why, do you? I didn't know you meant that; I thought my own time would suit you just as well." And then mamma took the doll, and sewed on its limp, hanging arm.

Nettie went out on the lawn again, walking a little slowly. There was a strange new thought stirring in her little brain, you see, but a romp with Ponto soon put it all out of her head; and when mamma called her into dinner, she answered as usual, "Yes, mamma, I'm goin' to," and went on racing over the lawn and across the brook and back again, until, by the time she was ready to come in, dinner was all over.

"Give me some dinner, mamma," she cried, as she saw the table being cleared away, and mamma preparing to go upstairs for her afternoon nap. "Yes, Nettie, I'm going to," answered mamma, going on up the hall stairs. Nettie ran on after her, clinging to her dress, sobbing, "But I'm hungry now. I want it now, mamma! Please come down, and give me my dinner."

Mamma stopped on the stairs then, and answered very slowly, "Do you see now from experience, Nettie, how trying and troublesome it is not to do a thing at once which is asked of you? If I should answer every time you wanted to be waited upon or cared for, 'Yes, I'm going to, Nettie,' as you do when I speak to you—and then not to do the thing at once which you ask, as you do—I fear you would go hungry and neglected, and be altogether a very unhappy little girl. Now that you see how disagreeable and uncomfortable a person can be made, by always 'going to,' and never doing at once a thing desired of them, I hope you will try to break yourself of the habit, and obey immediately when spoken to. And then mamma took Nettie up in her arms and kissed away the great tears trembling upon her eyelashes, and went downstairs to give her little girl her dinner; and after that day Nettie Neal always tried to do at once what she was told, without first answering, "Yes, I'm goin' to."

ROLFE'S LESSON ON FAITH

WASN'T Rolfe happy mounted on grandpa's shoulder, drumstick in hand? for grandpa had caught him while he was in the very act of drumming.

"Aren't you afraid, perched up so high, Rolfe?" I called from the next room.

"No, mamma," he called back, "grandpa's got me. He won't let me fall."

"Bless his little heart!" said grandpa; "what faith he has in me! I hope he'll have just such faith in God by-and-by."

"What makes you feel so safe, Rolfe?" I called again.

"Why, grandpa's just as strong; don't you see, mamma? and he's got his arm right 'round me."

"Perhaps he'll take it away."

"No, he won't; for then I should fall and get hurt; and you don't want me to be hurt, do you, grandpa, dear?"

"No, indeed, Rolfe; I love you too well for that. So God loves us too well to let us get hurt."

"I don't know 'bout God; I know 'bout you, grandpa, and papa and mamma," said the little one.

"And that's the way you are to learn about God, my boy. That's what the good God means when he gives a little child a dear loving papa or mamma."

"And grandpa, too, and grandma?"

"Yes, dear child. For God is your Father, too, and loves you as we do, only more. He is strong and wise and kind. You must feel just as safe in his hands as you do in mine. Will you always remember?"

SOUR OLD PEOPLE

"MAMMA," said a little boy to his mother, "is grandpa going to heaven when he dies?"

"Of course," said the mother; "your grandpa has been a Christian for more than fifty years. Why did you ask that question, my son?"

"Because if grandpa goes to heaven I do not wish to go there."

"Why not?" asked the mother.

"Because grandpa scolds so much; I know I would not be happy in heaven if he were there."

Let this little circumstance, which actually occurred, be a warning to parents and grandparents not to fret and scold. A fretful, morose, sour old man or woman is a terror to childhood, and brings reproach upon the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

BEING THANKFUL.

ROUND and round go the arms of the great windmill, as the November wind blows strong and sharp. But Ralph and Minnie and Carlo do not mind the wind. Shall I tell you of what they are talking? Of course, they have heard a good deal about Thanksgiving of late, and they are counting up the things for which they ought to be thankful. There are papa and mamma and each other, and kind friends, besides grandpa, and a whole host of uncles, aunts and cousins. Then there's food and clothing, and light and sunshine, and the warm fire at home and school, and Carlo.

Have you, my little one, thought of the many things for which you ought to thank God?



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

"TELL me, sweet eyes of the robin's-egg blue, Tell me, rose lips that are loving and true, What is your name? Can you say it to me? Something so pretty and nice it must be!" Oh, the wee hand that is laid in my own! Fondest of friends in a moment we've grown; Then the grave look, as she answers in doubt "I'm little Muriel, when I am out."

"When you are out? Have you pretty names two?"

One is enough for a wee girl like you." Then the bright ringlets are tossing in glee, Shaded like the golden belt of the bee.

"If I get lost when I go out to play, Muriel—that is the one I must say."

"Tell me your other name now, Dimplechin."

"I'm Mother's Comfort, you know, when I'm in."

BE KIND TO THE HELPLESS.

Susy and Faith and Rob were going home from school one day.

"What are those boys throwing stones at?" said Faith.

"It's a turtle," said Rob, when they got a little nearer.

"Oh, what a shame!" said Susy. "Boys, please don't hurt him."

The boys stopped when she spoke so pleasantly, but one of them said, "It doesn't hurt him, he's such an ugly thing."

"Oh, I'm sure it does hurt him," said Faith; "and God made him."

"He must have lost himself in this dusty road," said Rob.

"Let's put him in the lunch-basket and carry him to the river," said Susy.

They did so and soon the poor turtle was swimming about in the cool water.

"Good-bye, Mr. Turtle," said Faith. "I'm sure you would say 'Thank you' to us, if you knew how."

God has many of his little creatures helpless, so that we may be kind to them. We may be very sure that he will punish us if we are cruel to them.

LITTLE GIRLS CAN HELP.

It was a rainy day, and Patty went up into the garret.

She had a little trunk full of picture-books, which she did not look at very often. She liked to look at them when she could not think of anything else to do.

She carried Ida May and Muff with her. Ida May was her doll, and Muff was a make-believe woolly dog.

She sat them beside the trunk and said, "Now, I want you to be very still while I read."

And they were still; neither of them moved a bit.

She found in one of these books a picture of a little Chinese boy. It made her think of something her Sunday-school teacher had told her.

She told them that the missionaries often win the children and grown-up people to come and hear the story of Jesus by giving them books and pictures; but sometimes the missionaries had not enough for all, and she asked Patty and the other little girls if they would give some of theirs to send to the little girls in China.

Patty liked her books very much; she thought she would like to keep them. But then she remembered how many nice things she had. God had given her a pleasant home and parents who taught her to love the dear Saviour.

At last she went downstairs and said, "Mamma, I am going to send my picture-books to the little Chinese."

Mamma kissed her, and said: "You may be sure, my darling, that Jesus will bless you for it. He always loves little children who give up what they like for love of him."

BURMESE TOY SELLER.

A curious observance in India is called the "dall mela," and is supposed to be a children's festival, although nearly all grown people take part in it. The girls dress their rag dolls in nice clothes, and put before them sweets and three sorts of grain, this being an offering to the goddess. After awhile the boys come with small sticks in their hands, and beat the dolls; then the girls carry them to the Ganges and drown them, and spend the rest of the day in visiting.

Lieut. Hooper, writing of the people on the east coast of Siberia, says: "Few countries are there where dolls are not a great resource; the Tuski children have theirs; make and clothe them with the minutest attention to details; every article of dress is provided, and everything put on and off in the proper manner. The boys have miniature sledges, boats, and bows and arrows; the girls their dolls, and also embroidery, which they early begin to practise as a pastime, and soon become expert in."

JENNIE'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE Lou had been out in the woods after bright berries and Christmas evergreens, and her face was as bright as the day, with empty hands and empty basket.

"Why, I thought you went after berries and greens!" said Aunt Fanny. "Couldn't you find any?"

"Plenty of them," laughed Lou. "But I knew we had enough, and so I left all mine by the way. I wanted to carry a bit of Christmas into poor sick Jennie's room, so I trimmed up her window and table, O, so pretty! Auntie, what do you suppose it made Jennie think of?"

"What was it, dear?"

"She said she believed the blessed Jesus had come into my heart and made me think to do it. I never thought before that doing little kind things would show others that our hearts have room for Jesus to come in, and that they are not like that old inn at Bethlehem—too crowded to have room for him.—*Lutheran Standard.*"