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Happy Days

GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

JACK FROST has come back once more. The leaves, all red and brown and gold, are covering the ground. But the sharp frosts that have stripped the trees of their leaves have ripened the butternuts. Katie and her good dog Watch are wandering through the October woods gathering the butternuts that Katie knows just where to find. Sometimes Katie will gather enough to sell a bag or two, and in this way she earns her Christmasspending money. What a sweet, bright face Katie has, and what good care Watch seems to take of her! Her basket is well filled, and they are now going back through the woods to Katie's home.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a horrid boy, and I don't love you one single bit, so there!" said Gracie King to her brother.

Harry had been teasing Gracie all day, and had at last broken her very best doll, Marie Ethelinda DeCoursey, all to bits.

This was quite too much for Gracie's temper.

"Really and truly, Gracie, I didn't mean to break your doll. I'm awful sorry."



GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

"I don't believe you. You have been as hateful all day long as you could be, and I know you did this on purpose. I wish you'd go away and stay away where I'd

never see you again."

Harry walked out of the room winking very fast. Gracie should not see him cry. That night he was taken very sick and for several days they feared he would die. At last, however, he got well. The first day Gracie was allowed to see her brother, she climbed on the bed and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Harry," she said, "I was so wicked to talk to you the way I did when you broke my doll. I did not mean what I said, indeed I didn't. I thought God was going to punish me by letting you die. I do love you. Will you forgive me? I have asked God to."

"Of course," answered Harry. "And I'm not going to tease you any more. I was as bad as you to plague you so. Really I didn't mean to break your doll. I was sorry for that right away. Since I've been sick I've had lots of time to think. I don't see why boys should like to make girls cry. I'm not going to do it any more, see if I do."

Harry made the right decision when he said to Gracie that he would not make her cry any more.

Do right, and fear not.

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason little friends,
Why cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat as children do
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat
The pang of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:

All ~~gontel~~ folks their faces wash,
Before they think of eating!"
And wishing to be thought well bred,
Puss heeded his entreating

But when she raised her paws to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A fohine council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbididin' any cat
To wash till after eating.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY SUCCEED.

BY D. WISE.

Is Miss Mary discouraged because she makes so little progress with her music or her composition? Is Master George in despair because he finds it difficult to solve his problems in algebra, or to commit his recitation to memory? If so, let me assure both Mary and George that they may succeed if they will take for their motto this short sentence, "Be in earnest and you are sure to succeed!"

A very uncouth minister, whom very few people cared to hear, and who was very desirous of being a successful speaker, asked a teacher of elocution one day what he must do to become such. The teacher

gave him the above motto. He put it into practice by striving with all his might to conquer his awkwardness, to be graceful in manner and correct in speech. It was hard work at first, but he kept on trying, and succeeded at last in becoming one of the most popular speakers in the land.

Thus you see that our motto is a sure guide to success. Let Mary, George, and all the disheartened readers of *Happy Days* try it, not by a short-lived spurt, but by steady, every-day, patient endeavour to make their very best efforts to do whatever is given them to do 'as well as they can. The result will be that their difficulties will soon vanish away, and they will pluck that success which is the fruit of all truly earnest work.

LOST SPECIMENS.

THE man who said jestingly that the chief use of going to school and college was to get stories to tell for the rest of one's life was not without a certain foundation for his words; since no anecdotes are more constantly repeated than those which belong to this part of life.

Graduates who left the Boston Latin School half a dozen years ago, for instance, are always pleased to tell what happened to a preceptor there who had awakened much interest in natural history among his pupils by the use of the microscope. He was in the habit of bringing specimens to school, and one morning an assistant found him grovelling about the floor, an empty box in his hand and an expression of the deepest consternation on his face.

"Oh, I've done the most dreadful thing!" he exclaimed. "I've dropped my box and spilled all my specimens."

"Can't you pick them up?" asked the other.

"Oh no," replied the naturalist, with a groan. "I haven't made out to catch a single one."

"What were they?" asked the assistant, obligingly stooping down to assist in the search.

"Forty live fleas," was the startling answer.

The assistant sprang up like a flash. "Don't you think," he said, laughing, "that the pupils may be trusted to pick up the whole forty, if you give them time enough?"—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW TALL?

LILIAN GRAY lived in a very beautiful house. Around the house was a large lawn, with lovely flowers, fine trees, and all sorts of shrubs. There was a great conservatory too, where flowers grew and blossomed all winter. An old Scotch gardener took care of the flowers. He was very a good and kind old man, who loved children, and children always loved him. Lilian used to like to slip away from her nurse sometimes, and talk with Macdonald.

One day she went into the conservatory to find him. He had a foot rule in his

hand, with which he was measuring stakes for the rose arbour.

"Oh, Macdonald, measure me!" demanded Lilian.

"And where's my little lassie's golden key?" asked the old man, smiling at her.

"Oh, please. I forgot," added Lilian.

"Surely! the weans forget easily. So I am to measure ye, am I? Well, stand up there. So! Shall I tell ye how tall ye are, or how wee?"

"What do you mean? I am not big, like you, but I am some tall. Tell me how much it is, please."

"Your body is four feet two inches tall. You're well grown, lassie. But your soul is that fine and big too, or is it wee and wizened?"

"What funny questions you do ask, Macdonald. How can I tell how big my soul is!"

"By the thoughts of your heart, lassie. If they are good, and pure, and bonny, your soul is grand; but if you're cross and proud, and think too much of your fine clothes, and if you're selfish and disobedient, your soul grows wee and dwarfed and withered."

Lilian stood still for a moment, with a very red face.

"I guess it's pretty small, Macdonald; but I'll try to make it grow."

"God bless ye, lassie. I believe ye will," said the old gardener, laying his hand gently on the child's head.

COMPOSITION ON HEAVEN.

THE following is a composition on 'e Christian heaven, or Heavenly Temple, as the Chinese call it, written by a Chinese girl of fourteen years of age, who is attending a mission-school in China.

"The heavenly temple is extremely brilliant, extremely holy; it is an illuminated city. It is also the heavenly Father's house; there there are many, many angels and former days' prophets, always singing and praising God. If we walk holily in this world, follow the Lord Jesus' example, do our duty in serving God, obey Jesus' commands then afterward the Lord will acknowledge us to be his children, and in heaven we receive happiness without end. There is no sorrow, also no tears, no hatred, but peace and love only, always with ten thousand angels praising God. Telling this happiness I can't finish it."

A MOSQUITO WITH A LANTERN.

MANY are the stories told on the Irish, illustrative of their wit. It is said that two once put up at a hotel where they were much annoyed by mosquitos. A ring of the bell brought a servant, who told them to put out the light and go to bed. Once in bed Patrick peeped from under the cover, and seeing a flash now and then from a lightning bug, said to his comrade, "Oh, Mike, it is no use! There is wan of them skaters a-hunting us with a lantern."

THE HOOK AND LADDER.

THE frosts in the door-yard maple
Had lighted a fine red blaze,
And one of the golden twilights
That come September days,
The neighbourhood lads had gathered
To play their usual plays.

Frankie was good at planning,
And seeing the glowing tree,
"Let have a fire department
And play 'tis a house," said he.
"Oh, yes, a hook and ladder,"
Cried all; "what fun 'twill be!"

So they put the hose on the hydrant,
Searched everywhere about
Until they found a ladder,
And then, with yell and shout
Of "fire" and clang of "ding-dong,"
They rushed to put it out.

The hosemen pulled their jackets
Hastily from their backs;
One climbed the tree like a squirrel
With a ball bat for an axe,
And he hewed at the beautiful branches
With frantic hacks and whacks.

Someone turned on the water,
And the boy in the foremost place
Got the full force from the nozzle
Square in his little face;
And he cried for half a minute
With the funniest grimace.

The stream flew this way, that way,
And up to the tree's bright top,
And back came the water splashing
With reckless slosh and slop,
And with it showers of red leaves
And twigs began to drop.

BOYS, DO NOT SMOKE.

(A SHORT TALK IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.)

SOME of you think it a grand thing to have a pipe in your mouth; you think that when you grow old you will be quite a man if you can smoke. I want to warn you not to start this deed, for if you do you may be sad by-and-bye. I can hear some of you say: "My friends smoke, why should not I do the same?" Let me tell you.

FIRST—Boys who smoke do not grow well. I know you want to grow to be big, fine men; of course you would like to have strong arms and big legs; now, if you smoke, your arms and legs will not grow so strong as they will if you do not.

It may be you do not know that when men smoke they take in the blood a juice which has been known to kill a dog when a small lot has been put in the mouth. A boy one day took an old pipe to make soap balls; this juice was in the pipe, it came in the boy's mouth; in a short time he died.

You see men spit on the ground; what is thrown on the ground is good to help to change food to blood; and it is good blood

which makes good bones and flesh. You want this, so do not smoke, and then you will not throw on the ground what is good to make blood.

SECOND—If you smoke you will spend much cash which you might spend in books or give to the poor. We laugh when we read of the folks in the East when they spend pence or gold to buy gilt things to burn on the graves of their friends. We say: "How sad, and what a waste of good gold!" Well, now, is it not just as much a waste when we spend pence and gold in a thing which is soon smoke, and that is all?

I read once of two boys who had six-pence each week to spend; one bought books, and his friend bought smoke, or what was soon smoke when he put it in his pipe and lit it.

The last one went to see his friend one day, and saw his shelves with good books. "Where did you get all those books from? I have no cash to buy books."

"No, you buy smoke and I buy books; now, which is the better?"

"I think you are right, and I have been a fool; I will not buy smoke any more, I will buy books.

THIRD—Boys who smoke may wish to drink.

I know you do not want to drink beer or wine or gin. I know you want to take all care to keep your pledge not to drink. Be sure of this: if you smoke you will find it more hard to keep your pledge than if you do not.

You can soon see how this may be. If you smoke, your friends who do the same will ask you to go to those rooms where smoke and drink go hand in hand. If you say you do not smoke or drink, you will not be asked to go at all.

Some men find they must drink when they smoke; they feel that smoke and drink are friends, and they do not want to part them. You have said that you will not drink, and I think you will be a wise boy if you make up your mind not to smoke.

There are men who will tell you they wish they did not smoke; they wish they could give it up, but they find they are so used to it they must keep on. Now, you do not want to be a slave to smoke, so do not put your first pipe in your mouth, and you will be glad when you are old.

EXPENSIVE.

AN Illinois senator unintentionally enabled his jeweller to earn two dollars very easily, not long ago, besides affording his friends some innocent amusement.

He left his watch with a jeweller whom he had been accustomed to employ when it needed cleaning. Several days later he called for it, was told that it had been put in order, paid the bill of five dollars, and took it away.

A few weeks afterward there was again something the matter with the watch. He took it to the jeweller, and when he called

for it the next week was told that the charge was two dollars.

"That last time I had it put in order the expense was five dollars. You asked me three dollars too much that time, didn't you?" said the senator.

"Oh no," replied the mender of watches, "there was a difference in the jobs, this time your watch only needed winding."

HOW THE MARTINS SERVED AN OWL.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

THE martin birds are great fighters, and build their nests in boxes if they can find them.

No other bird dares trouble them. But one day a stupid screech owl took possession of the box of two birds who had gone in pursuit of material to build their nest.

When the martins came home at night, the owl would not let them in. Owls are brighter at night, you know, and the birds were so small they flew away, as if afraid to fight with so large a bird.

But this was not so. They had only gone to bring a whole army of birds, and together they set to work. What do you think they did? Ousted him out! No! They brought pecks of mud, and just plastered him in the box. Then they flew away and waited. When they thought he was dead, they came back and carried off the plastering, and went on with their nest. Was not that very bright! This instinct which God gives to the birds of the air should teach us to love and worship him.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

THERE are few children who do not, at times, tell falsehoods. It is wrong and very sinful to tell a lie. But the worst of it is that those who tell lies also do other bad things. It is a desire to conceal a wrong usually, that leads children into falsehood. It is much better to have courage and manliness enough to frankly confess a wrong and honestly promise to turn away from it, than to try to conceal it by a lie.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 2.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus Cleansing the Temple.—John 2. 13-25.

MEMORY VERSES, John 2. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.—John 2. 16.

SEPTEMBER 9.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-16.

MEMORY VERSES, John 3. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.



GANA OF GALILEE.

TYRELL'S PIGEON.

TYRELL MOORE thought the nicest thing among all his Christmas presents was a beautiful white carrier pigeon that his Uncle Henry sent him. It had been taught to carry letters around its neck.

The day after Christmas, Tyrell went over to his grandmother's house and took his pigeon over with him. He wrote a

note to his mother and tied it around the bird's neck, and away it flew toward home.

Every day for a long time Tyrell used to take it out and send notes home. One day he went over to see Grandmother Moore, and after the pigeon had started for home it began to rain. The wind blew hard, and when Tyrell saw the lightning he began to wish he had not sent the poor bird.

learned, a journey to be taken, or a piece of work to be done, don't grumble, but do it bravely. "Don't you dread to do it?" said one boy to another in our hearing recently. "If I have a duty, I go ahead and never stop to think about it," was the reply. The boy or girl who cannot overcome obstacles does not deserve success. Easy pathways make very weak persons usually.

As soon as he got home the next day he cried,

"Oh, mother, mother, where's my pigeon? Didn't it come?"

Mother shook her head. She was very sorry; but she told Tyrell that she was afraid a poor pigeon was lost.

In the afternoon Tyrell saw a bird at the window; but his eyes were so red with crying that he could not tell whether it was his bird or not, until he saw it had something tied around its neck.

"It's mine," he said. "It's my lost pigeon;" and he opened the window and it nestled on his arm.

It had been lost in the storm, it was all wet and tired; and Tyrell says he will look at the sky before he sends it out again.

DON'T BE BABYISH.

If you have a backache or a headache, don't often complain about it. If a lesson is to be

