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Happy Days

OL. VII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

[No. 17.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

If we were to visit Africa we should find along the river banks large, clumsy-looking animals like these in the picture. The name Hippopotamus is taken from two Greek words, meaning horse and river. This animal has a great frame, and when on land is very clumsy, although it is quite at home in water. Its stomach is large enough to hold five or six bushels of vegetable matter. It is usually about fourteen feet long from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, although it has been known to reach seventeen feet long. Its mouth is two feet wide and looks like a cave when its owner opens it at the command of its master. The ears seem to be almost out of proportion, as they are only three or four inches long. The young are born on land, but at once flee to the water when frightened. While very young they cling to the necks of their mothers while in the water.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

THE LITTLE DISCOVERER.

His name was Cecil Carleton, and he was three years old, but young as he was he earned another name for himself. He was always discovering something new. Half a dozen times a day he ran into the house to show his mamma something new,

or strange, or beautiful that he had found. One day, when he was only two years old, his mamma took him with her and some friends to walk.

Some one said that the hill they were climbing had stones upon it that were full of shells, and marks of places where shells had lain upon the soft mud before

the mud had been turned into stone. Every one began to look for these stones. Cecil looked too, but no one thought that he could understand what they had said. He did, though, for soon he came running to his mother with a flat stone in his hands.

"See!" he exclaimed. "Here is a pretty stone with shells in it."

So it was, full of them, and no one else found so pretty a one as little Cecil.

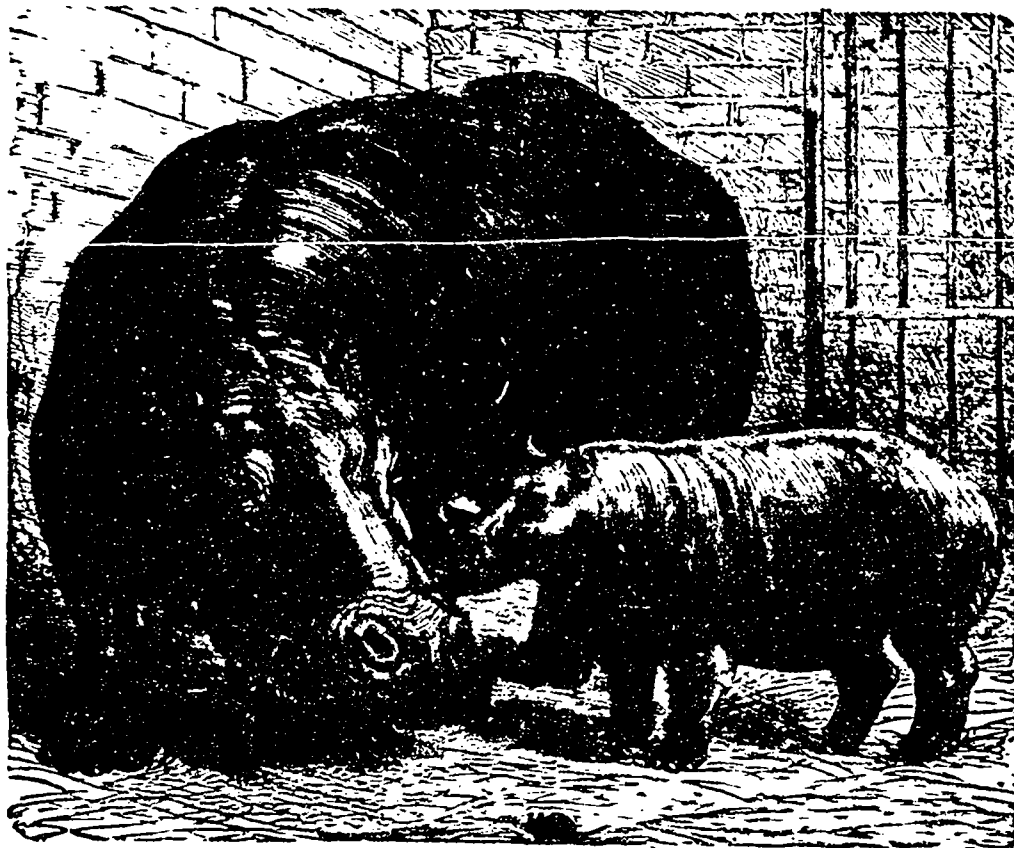
"Oh, mamma, see what I have found," was his common cry.

Mamma made him a set of night dresses, and marked them "C. C." Uncle Henry who was a great tease called out when he saw them, "C. C., Christopher Columbus, the discoverer! So he is, a real little Columbus."

After that, whenever Cecil came running in with some new treasure, Uncle Henry would say, "Here comes our

Christopher Columbus. Well, my little discoverer, what have you found now?"

Mamma and papa, and teasing Uncle Henry were very proud of their "little discoverer," who had learned so early to use his eyes and his brain. They are sure he will become a famous naturalist some day.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

JESUS ONLY

We sing our little song of praise,
To Jesus, Jesus only,
To him both heart and voice we raise
To Jesus, Jesus only.
He loves and leads us every day,
He guides and guards us on our way,
Our debt of love to him we pay,
To Jesus, Jesus only.

Since every little heart may sing
To Jesus, Jesus only,
A gift of love each heart may bring
To Jesus, Jesus only.

O Jesus, for thy love to me,
Thy tender love, so full and free,
My little heart I give to thee,
To Jesus, Jesus only.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

WHO IS JESUS?

DEAR children, have you ever read in the big Bible about a little child that was born in the city of Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, and who, when he was a man, said "Suffer little children to come unto me?" I think you have all read it many times—but do you know who Jesus is? Before asking you to come to him, I wish you to know who he is.

He was the little babe in the manger, the boy of twelve years in the Temple, with the doctors of the law, the grown man who was baptized in the River Jordan, who was transfigured on the mount, who opened the eyes of blind Bartimous, who raised the dead Lazarus, cast a legion of demons out of the man among the tombs, who was taken by wicked hands and nailed to the cross; and who, for three long, faithful

hours, hung upon the cross, and died, was buried, but arose from the grave the third day, and ascended to his Father, in heaven.

But he was more than man; he was the divine Son of God; the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Father of the everlasting ages, the Prince of Peace, and the Word of God. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the mighty God; Jehovah, King of kings, and Lord of lords; and God that hath given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

HOW AGNES TRIED TO HELP HER SAVIOUR.

ONE Sunday Agnes, when she got out of bed, went to the little cradle in which her dollie had lain all night. She took out the pillow and put on it a clean pillow-case. Then all church-time Agnes hugged that pillow close to her breast. When it was time to go to church her papa said: "Come, get ready for church." But for some reason she did not go.

When her papa and mamma and the rest of the family came home the maid said, "Agnes has hugged that pillow to her breast all the morning. I don't know why, but every time I have tried to take it away she has cried." By this time the pillow-case was very dirty. When the dinner-bell rang she came to the table with her pillow. Soon it was time to go to Sunday-school, and Agnes said, "I must have my pillow." Her papa said, "O, you can't take that to Sunday-school. What do you want to take it for?" A heart-broken look came over her face and tears were in her eyes as she burst out that she must "take the pillow to Sunday-school, for my Jesus, he has nowhere to lay down his head at all, at all."

Her father, touched to see her anxious to do something for Jesus, said, "You wouldn't want to take such a crumpled, soiled pillow-case as that to him, would you? Besides that isn't the kind of pillow he needs. Let us go to school and we will try and find out what kind of a pillow he needs."

Agnes, like the dutiful little girl she was, said, "I loves my papa," and went to school.

Was it not beautiful for her to wish to help her Saviour? She is older now, and still loves Jesus, and has found that the kind of pillow he needs is made of loving hearts and willing hands.

PRAYING AND DOING.

"BLESS the poor children who have got any beds to-night," prayed a little just before he lay down in his nice, warm cot on a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees his mother said: "You have just asked God to bless them: what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why I had a hundred cakes, enough for all families, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what then are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy the things I want, and have some over, I will give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I will give them some bread."

"You have no bread; the bread is mine."

"Then I shall earn money and buy bread myself."

"Take things as they now are—know what you have that is your own, what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give thee half my money. I have seven pennies. I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he did not show the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of overholding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how an old repeated act becomes a habit?

The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

When you see men and women persist in doing and saying things that are wrong, and making themselves and others unhappy, remember that when young they never, perhaps, thought of being so wicked, but they said wrong words and did wrong actions and continued so doing until, like the old man's fingers constantly used in driving, they became fixed in the course they had begun.

THE RESTLESS BOY AT CHURCH.

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide-awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some old hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair,
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still each naughty trick flies
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes?
Yes. His finger he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head,
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes.
That I'm bound to confess;
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise—
He surely wants them in church!

Such children, you know,
Long, long years ago
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though disciples were bored,
So we'll still keep them near him in church.

SIMPLE PIETY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY C. R. T.

A Jewish physician in Kischinew, in Southern Russia, during the summer of 1869, was treating a poor Protestant widow. Her sufferings were intense, but the patience and resignation with which she bore them filled the physician with wonder and amazement. As she plainly grew worse, she asked one day, "Doctor how long will this continue, before the end comes?" The physician told her that she had but a few more hours to live. At the words her countenance brightened, as if at the prospect of a joyous feast. The doctor wondered. She said, "My dear doctor, you have been so kind to me that I would like to leave you a small token of gratitude. You are a Jew, you are also

a sinner. You cannot be happy without the sinner's Saviour. O seek him—look for him in this book," and as she spoke, she gave him her Bible. The doctor took the worn volume home, and laid it aside.

The next morning, as he was going his round of professional visits, he called to see the dying woman, and on reaching her door, was stopped outside by the sound of singing within. The foster daughter of the old lady was softly singing, and as the words fell on the physician's ear, they likewise penetrated his heart deeply. He became convinced of his sins, scales fell, as it were, from his eyes. He repeated to himself the words—"You are also a poor sinner; only the Saviour of sinners can save your soul."

Two months afterwards the physician himself lay dying. In the middle of the night he sent for a Protestant clergyman, to whom he expressed his wish to be baptized. Knowing the events of the physician's life, the minister readily granted his request. On the following day, the pardoned sinner fell asleep, peacefully and calmly, and his last words were, "Only the Saviour of sinners can save your soul."

SOLDIER AND THISTLE.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterwards.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie thoughtfully.—*Sel.*

"GOOD ENOUGH" BOYS.

"I MADE a bob sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously. "I do everything just according to the book, but somehow nothing comes out right."

George smiled as he answered quietly, "I can account for it easily, because I saw you make both the sled and the telephone, and you did not make them according to directions."

"What do you mean?" demanded Fred, flushing up. "Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness," replied George, gravely. "Now don't get angry, Fred, and I will tell you what I noticed. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I know that," admitted Fred; "but I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob, and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled."

"And I broke it up," exclaimed Fred, crossly. "It was no good."

"It was a 'good enough' sled," said George, with a smile. "Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed some and made mistakes in others, and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means not good at all."

Fred turred angrily away from his friend, but he knew he was right.

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.

"Good enough" boys rarely attain more than subordinate positions, and if by any chance they get into a position of trust, they can not keep it. It is the thorough boy, the careful boy, the exact boy, who makes his mark in the world.



MOTHER'S DARLING.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

SUNNY head alight with curls,
Rosebud mouth with rows of pearls,
Eyes that rival violets' hue,
Clear and bright as heaven's blue—
That's mother's darling.

Rounded chin where dimples hide,
Cheeks that shame the roses' pride,
Little face all bright with smiles,
Laughter that each heart beguiles—
That's mother's darling.

Little hands that ne'er are quiet,
Curly where sunbeams run wild riot,
Little tongue in motion ever,
Chattering on and tiring never—
That's mother's darling.

Little soul to lead to God,
Feet to guide in duty's road,
Little heart to love his will,
Little duties to fulfil—
That's mother's darling.

May her life be sunshine over,
Shadowed o'er by sorrow never,
May she rest in God's dear love
Till she sings his praise above—
Bless mother's darling

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves greatest.

FAMOUS BOYS.

A SWEDISH boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings with his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will not do. I get too much excited over it; I can study so well after it. So here goes!" he flung the book out into the river.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read books like "Locke on the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balance of the clouds, revelled in the clash of the flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. His name was Jonathan Edwards.

"IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

"IT is not worth while to open a piano for ten minutes' practice, and then all the time I can spare this morning, to hear a little maiden say quite often.

Now, my dear, that ten minutes wasted; and six minutes every morning at the piano would do you more good than a whole hour once a week, while you are a little girl and get so tired at school.

"It is not worth while to change your coat to perform this little work," says a careless boy; that is why he never looks as neat as his brother, who does not take it too much trouble to take care of his clothes.

READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was always finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"O no! I only like to get things ready beforehand, that's all."

And this little thing that had been insisted in by Rose Hammond until it became a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had any idea of more time, too. Ready beforehand—it. As surely as you do faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing things.