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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

[No. 21.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

LAST year a clergyman of Norfolk, in England, missed his pet dog, and there was much grief in the family, for Rough, the lost collie, was a favourite with the grown folks as well as with the children. Some nine months later the clergyman happening to go to "Cattle hill," where the drovers were, saw Rough, and joyously laid claim on him. But Rough's new master, a drover, refused to give the dog up, and there was a dispute. Of course the drovers were in sympathy with their fellow, and the clergyman found odds against him. The drover said that he had owned Rough for years, the minister held to it that Rough was the very Rough he had raised. Two policemen came running up, and the case was stated. "But how can you prove your ownership?" asked one of the officers. That put the minister in mind of something. He thrust his hand into a pocket, pulled out a penny, and gave it to the dog with the command, "Rough, fetch a loaf."

Rough, with the penny in his mouth, went to the nearest bakery, made it clear that he wanted some bread, and soon came trotting back to the crowd. The clergyman broke off a morsel, gave it to Rough, and stood by while Rough munched it. Suddenly the clergyman exclaimed, "Rough, I believe that bread is poisoned."



GOOD MORNING.

Out the dog spat the piece of bread, and the crowd cried "Bravo." There was no longer doubt as to the true ownership, and, to the shame of the drover, the dog trotted off at the minister's heels.—S. S. Visitor.

A WHITE lie often makes a black story.

A MOMENT OF INTEREST.

FARMER HAYNES found that mice were eating his grain, so he set a trap for them. One morning the children came to the barn, and the trap was sprung, and Mr Mouse was caged in it. "Where's Puss? Quick! let us get Puss," cried Nell. And off she ran for the cat. She has just come back, and already Puss sees his dinner.

Gertie says "Poor little Mousie! Don't let's kill him. Don't let Kittie have him to eat." "Well, if Kittie don't eat him, he'll eat Barnie's dinner, and I don't see that we can do without Barnie," said George. "That's so," said Belle. "And I heard papa say once it was the little mice-holes that kept people poor. I wonder if they do really eat so very much?" "I think they eat and waste a great deal, but that was not what papa meant. He meant that people were kept poor because of little wastes, and little faults and little neglects. I am going to try to kill all the little mice in my character," said

George. "Well, we'll begin by letting Puss catch this mouse that has been eating Barnie's dinner," said Nell, as Puss jumped out of her arms.

Ask mamma or papa what Georgie meant by killing the mice in his character. They will, I know, very cheerfully tell you, and thus teach you useful lessons.

ONLY.

ONLY's a little word,
So is a tiny seed,
Resulting in a blessing,
Or growing up a weed.

Only to work for gain,
Children, cannot be right;
Only to work for Christ
Is to be in the "Light."

Only try, dear children,
To do your little best,
And, however weary,
Your efforts will be blest.

Only to follow Christ,
Though rough the road may be,
Is to be safely guided
Over the shoreless sea.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

GOD IS THERE.

GEORGE would like to go with the fishermen who go far out on the bay; and, perhaps, when he is older, he will do so. He says when he is a man he is going to be the captain of a great ocean steamer, and go to all parts of the world. If he does, I hope he will be a good captain, and kind to his men.

It looks to be very dangerous out in the ocean, with only the waves and the clouds and the winds, but God can take care of his children wherever they are. If George loves Jesus, he will not be afraid on the ocean; for he will know that God is there.

A little boy was once asked if he would be afraid in a storm at sea. He said: "No; for 'God holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand,' and if I should sink, I would only fall into God's hand." Is not that a beautiful faith? We are safe anywhere if we love God; for God loves and cares for us very much.

WILL'S CHOICE.

LITTLE Will had had the hardest kind of a day. When he first made his appearance in the morning, Auntie Nan insisted that he had gotten out of bed wrong, and had better go back and see if he couldn't make a new start in the right way.

But Will didn't care to get right, so he kept on fretting and scolding about everything, till everybody but his mother grew tired of him, and her patience was sorely tried.

When papa came home to dinner, it was with a grand announcement that he had hired Captain Gray's horse and carriage, and that at five o'clock four people could go to drive. "But they must be a pleasant set," he said, looking at Will, who still was far enough from being the good-tempered boy he had a right to expect.

Will started up at once. "Can I go, papa?"

"If you choose to be pleasant, which means from now till five o'clock."

"I choose to go," said Will; "course I do."

"All right," said papa, "only don't forget the conditions."

But Will did forget. He had let his ill temper get such control of him that it was not easy to conquer it. So when five o'clock came there was an empty seat in the carriage, because Master Will had to stay at home.

When Will's mamma put him to bed that night, he said, while the big tears rolled down his face: "I've been just naughty and hateful all day, mamma, and I don't think I shall stand it unless I get 'scused."

You may imagine his mamma quickly forgave him, teaching him as well to pray for pardon from the Father above.

LOST TIME.

"O, MISS JENNIE," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher, "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning?" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face. "How was that Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love oo' C'ara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness."

Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear that she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent making others happy.

SUN ON THE NORTH SIDE.

WE went, one cold, windy day last spring, to see a poor, young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within.

"Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it," I thought, as we went to see how she was situated; what a pity it was that her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "nor a ray comes in at these windows. That call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks. I am sure I looked surprised."

"The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than anyone I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the windows can make any spot beautiful and every home happy.—*Guide to Holiness.*

WHAT A LITTLE WORM DID.

"PAPA," said a six-year-old boy one morning, as he and his papa walked through an orchard, "what made the leaves of that tree all turn yellow?" "True enough," said papa, "they are turning very fast; there must be a worm at work somewhere." So he went and examined about the roots, and he found that one worm had dug its way into the heart of the tree and had killed it. "See," he said, after he found it out, "what one worm in the heart will do. How much we need the Holy Spirit to take away all sin from the soul!"

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE chick, one day,

Asked leave to go on the water.

Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,

Swimming and splashing about her.

"Indeed," she began to peep and cry,

When her mother wouldn't let her,

"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?"

Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered: "Listen to me,

And hush your foolish talking;

Just look at your feet, and you will see

They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,

And didn't half believe her;

For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,

Such stories couldn't deceive her.

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,

And saw too late her blunder;

For she hadn't hardly time to peep,

When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show

The child my story reading,

That those who are older sometimes know,

What you will do well for heeding.

HOW FRED HELPED.

THEY were having a missionary-meeting on Saturday afternoon, and they all wanted to be missionaries—every one of them.

Their teacher had been talking to them about the heathen in far-away lands—how some of them did not know anything at all about God and were worshipping images made by men's hands, and how, in their idol-worship, they sometimes made horrible sacrifices of themselves.

Then she told them about the children in their own land, where they thought every one served God, who were almost as bad off as these far-away pagans—children living in the streets of great cities neglected and homeless; who, almost from the time they could walk, had been accustomed to tell untruths and swear and steal; who did not know or care about the difference between right and wrong. Some of them had never even been taught.

They all pitied these neglected boys and girls, and wanted to help them. Their teacher told them if they were willing to earn and give only five cents a month they would be doing something to help others to become better. Fred had listened to all the teacher said, and made up his mind to do what he could to help. He was sure he could earn ever so much in a month—may be

a quarter—for he knew his mother would pay him for weeding the garden whenever he was willing to do it. He thought he would always be as willing to work as he was now. While he was hurrying home as fast as he could he met Tom Byrnes. He was almost afraid of Tom, but he was getting to be such a big boy now—nine on his next birthday—that he was ashamed to run; so he thought he would walk quickly past him on the other side. Nearly all the boys teased Tom. He was a poor, half-simple fellow, who lived by himself in an old log hut down in the hollow. He dug gardens, sawed wood and did odd jobs for the farmers. When he could not get any work he begged.

Tom never seemed half as big as he did just now, and Fred almost made up his mind to go back the other way, but he saw that poor Tom looked very tired, and, in spite of the grime and dust on his face, was pale; so, instead of running, Fred thought he would ask him what was the matter.

There was a little quaver in his voice as he said, "What's the matter, Tom? you look tired." But he soon forgot his fear when Tom told him he had been digging all the morning in Rathburn's garden, and Mr. Rathburn had given him some meal and milk for pay. When he was on his way home some of the village boys had tied a tin can to his dog's tail, and when he tried to stop them had upset his milk and bag of meal, and then stoned him out of the village.

Fred thought this was mean. There was a great black-and-blue bruise on Tom's forehead, and he had nothing to eat after working hard all the morning. So he told Tom to come home with him and he would see what his mother could do for him.

Tom did not seem quite willing at first. The boys had treated him so badly that afternoon that he was almost afraid to trust any one. But after Fred had talked to him a few minutes he was ready to go with him. On the way Fred told him about their missionary society; and then, when Tom began asking questions, Fred found out—would you believe it?—that Tom Byrnes really did not know anything about God; he had taken his name in vain often enough, but he had never prayed to him once. He said he did not know any better; nobody ever told him. Fred told him just as plainly as he could about the Lord Jesus; and then, when they came to a quiet part of the road, they knelt down and said "Our Father" together. Tom promised to come to learn all he could if Fred would only teach him. There was no need to go to China or Japan now for work for Christ.

When they reached Fred's home, and his mother had given Tom his supper and sent him off with food enough for the next day, Fred told her about it. She kissed him, and gave him for his text that evening.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And when Fred did earn a quarter for the missionary society, do you not think the work seemed easier and more real when he remembered poor Tom Byrnes?—*Jessie.*

BITTER FRUIT

"This is very pleasant!" cried a young bear, as he floated down the river on a log he had found by the water's edge. "What a mistake my mother made when she told me not to get on it. It's the nicest time I ever had, and so I shall tell her when I get back."

And the log floated on down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other way!" cried the little bear, after a time, as the current bore him farther and farther from home; "I'm getting hungry."

But the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little bear again; "I've been quite far enough, and I'm getting stiff and cramped."

Still the log floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear; "I wish I'd listened to my mother; I believe she was right, after all, and when I get home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas, the poor little bear never had a chance of telling her so, for he never saw his mother or his home again. He was seen and captured by some fur traders, and many a time in his captivity did he mourn over the disobedience that cost him his liberty.

A BRAVE BOY.

WHY do I call Charlie a brave boy?

I will tell you. First, he always obeys his mother. When something says to him, "Don't mind about always doing just what your mother says," Charlie answers, "I am going to do just exactly what my mother says."

Next, Charlie is always prompt at Sunday-school. School begins a quarter before nine, but Charlie is in his seat before the bell rings. When something says, "It will not make any difference, if you are just a little late," Charlie says, "Don't say that to me; I am going to be on time." I can see in Charlie's fine face that he loves his mother and his teacher. He loves Jesus, too. Some time Charlie will become a good and useful man.



THE HEAVY BUCKET.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"MAMMA, is there too many of we!"

The little girl asked with a sigh.

"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your child's could die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her
stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's
face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not
share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clair,
In her tiny white trundle-bed,

Lay with her blue eyes closed, and the
sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were
low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary
day,
What a place she had always filled.

ONE OF THOSE LITTLE ONES.

A FEW weeks ago, in a Western city, a poor
widow had died, leaving one child, a little
lame boy, to the cold charities of the world.
After his mother's funeral, the little fellow
was ill from the combined results of grief
and neglect, and it was then evident that he
would soon be united to his only friend.

He was left alone much of the day, there
being no one who could spare the time to
stay with him. It was often noticed that
the voices of two persons could be heard in
his little room. But when those in charge
entered, he would be alone and apparently
asleep.

One day they listened, being quite
that no one was with the child, and
overheard this strange monologue:—

"Is you right there, mamma?"

"Yes, my little boy, I is right here."

"Was you went away yet?"

"I wented back to heaven to tell
about my little boy."

"Did you was afraid, mamma?"

"No, my own little boy, 'cause God
nicer'n peoples."

"Did you told him about me, mamma?"

"I tolded him I had a little boy nam
Harry,—an'—an'—"

There was a loud noise of sobbing th
and the listener without cried too. Present
the child's voice resumed:—

"Did you told God to let me come
there, mamma?"

"Yes, my boy; an' he said: 'Bime
bimeby.'"

"Mamma, I'se—so—tired—an'—an'
sleepy—an' I want to come an' stay with
you—and—God."

There was a long silence then, broken
sobs. The listeners went in, after resolving
their hearts to be thereafter very pain
with the motherless one.

But the next day he went home to
mother. "Bimeby" had come.—*Selected*

BESSIE SPARROW'S LETTER.

BESSIE SPARROW is a very little thi
But she goes to school, and she learns
lessons very well. One day her teach
said she must write a composition. Bes
thought about it until her little head
tired, and she fell sound asleep. Then
dreamed that she was sitting in a gr
lady's library, with ever so many big bo
all around her. And the beetles and a
came in and looked at her, and a butter
with wings like velvet and gold, came
alighted on her pen. When Bessie aw
she said, "What a beautiful dream I ha
had. I will write down all I have dream
It shall be my composition." When
had written it, her teacher said it was ve
beautiful. And Bessie sent it as a letter
her mamma.

SAYING GRACE.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl who vol
teered to say grace at the table, did so
follows: "O Lord, bress the things
eat, bress mamma and papa, and gany
and ganpa"—and here, casting up her ey
to her grandfather in the next seat, s
discovering that he was smiling, the lit
one closed her prayer by saying: "Beha
yourself, ganpa—for Christ's sake. Amen