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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1894.

[No. 10.]

THE REINDEER.

Is not this a fine way of travelling? What magnificent branching horns the reindeer has! and what a cosy, comfortable-looking sleigh! Wrapped in his warm furs, Mr. Laplander skims over the frozen snow. The reindeer has been known to travel nineteen miles in a single hour, and a hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours, drawing 250 or 300 pounds weight.

A PEEP INSIDE A HINDU TEMPLE.

BY AN INDIA MISSIONARY.

One day, when I was walking through a Hindu village, suddenly a number of bells began to ring most vigorously, and on looking round I saw, to the left, a Hindu temple, and then I knew the ringing of the bells was to wake up the gods, who were supposed to have gone to sleep, to

tone, verses from their sacred books. Before the gods were large brass plates on which were placed offerings, consisting of rice, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. On the goddess Durga were several costly ornaments of gold and silver, which had been presented by someone who hoped by this means to obtain her favour and blessing.

As I left the temple I could not help



THE REINDEER.

During the long Arctic night, by the light of the full moon or of the Northern Lights, the Laps make long journeys and really enjoy life far better than we would think it possible in their severe climate. Under the preaching and teaching of Moravian missionaries, who have shared their humble lodges, many of the Laps have been converted to Christianity.

KEEP innocent if you would be happy.

come to their evening worship. Seeing no one outside, and prompted by curiosity, I ventured to enter. I found it to be dismal enough inside, almost dark, except where here and there a small iron grating let in a gleam of light.

My entrance had been unobserved by a Brahman priest who was kneeling devoutly before a large, hideous-looking image of Durga and several other gods, repeating, or rather muttering, in a low, monotonous

feeling that if costly gifts were thus offered to idols of clay, wood, and stone which can neither see, hear, nor understand, surely we should be willing to give ourselves and the best of everything we possess to Him who has given himself for us.

Do not pull that pretty flower to pieces. Carry it to somebody who is shut up in a sick-room.

SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

BY HARRY W. BENTON,

Aged Ten Years.

JESUS died: he is the way
Now for you to life so bright;
Come, accept his love to-day,
Let him lead you into light.

Come to-day and be made whole,
Cast yourself at Jesus' feet;
You shall rise a ransom'd soul,
Satisfied with him,—complete.

Satisfied with him,—I dare
All, to follow in his track:
Satisfied with him,—no care,
Doubt, or fear can hold me back.

Satisfied with him,—my strength
Every day the Saviour gives;
Satisfied with him,—at length
I shall be where Jesus lives.
Durham, Ont., Methodist S.S.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1894.

OPENING THE HEART.

I KNEW a little boy, whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious: "Robert, what would you say to anyone who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered: "I'd say, 'Come in!'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in!'"

The next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face, that made my father ask: "Robert, what makes you so glad and joyful to-day?" He replied, joyfully: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance into it. I said to him: 'Lord

Jesus, come in!' I think he has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep him outside so long!"

LITTLE CORNERS

GEORGIA WILLIS, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might, rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives for-
ever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "'You in your little corner, and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice." "Jesus will," said Georgia. And then she sang again, "You in your little corner, And I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If he knows about knives, it's likely he does about steak." And she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was cooked very nicely to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing the collars: she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are done nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over." But after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done!" Helen said, and Emma, laughing, answered: "That is owing to Georgia." Then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend, who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will with you." And they went to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That was what the minister said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there 'was no

use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him, but to-night he said "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes, and said: "I'll find my corner too. I'll try to shine for Him." And the sick man was Georgia's father. Jesus looking down at her that day, said: "She hath done what she could." And he gave the blessing.

LITTLE SOBER-FACE.

MAMMA put me in the corner this morning.

What do you guess it was for?

Aunt Lucy came with her sleigh, and the horses, and the bells, and I wanted to go and take a ride with her. But mamma said I couldn't, because I had a cold.

What do you think I did then? I lay down on the floor and screamed and kicked. Mamma looked sorry. She took me up and put me in the corner, and said, "You must stay there for fifteen minutes, and if you are not good then, you must stay still longer."

You don't know how dreadfully long fifteen minutes are. They are as long as 'most all day, I think. I was good very soon, 'cause I was ashamed of being so naughty.

When I came out mamma told me to go and look in the glass.

I did. You don't know how queer I looked. My eyes were all red, and my lips were pouty.

Mamma says God makes little faces to be bright and sweet, instead of looking so. She says little mouths are for pleasant words and smiles, and little cheeks for dimples.

She says that when a little face gets cross, it makes everyone in the house feel unpleasant, but that when it is bright, it is just like sunshine.

I'm going to try to keep my face bright. Don't you think you had better try it too!

RED HOT.

It was a very hot day. The dust arose in clouds with every breath of air, yet that was better than the intense heat when the wind did not blow.

Georgie sat by the window, holding a great, palm-leaf fan, and trying to keep his temper as well as his body cool.

A great fly came buzzing in at the door that Katie had left open, and Georgie knew that mamma did not allow flies in the house.

So he watched him cautiously until he was still for a moment, then grasped him quickly.

"Oh! oh!" he gasped, letting him go again, "That fly is red hot, mamma. Oh, how he burned!"

That fly was a bee!—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TWO SLEDS

BY E. H. HILL.

THE snow comes down so white,
The flakes light as a feather;
It must have snowed all night;
How fine! What splendid weather

'Come, brother, up, get dressed
Thou out we'll all go coasting;
We'll see which sled is best;
Till then we'll have no boasting

"Come, Susie, have a ride,
The nicest kind of sleighing."
Far down the steep hillside
Their pretty sleds go swaying.

She tries them both, to test
Which one she thinks the better.
Each boy thinks his the best;
"She shall decide—we'll let her."

Now their two sleds they've tied
Securely both together.
"We'll have the grandest ride!
What fun in snowy weather!"

Swift, swifter still they go,
They bound right o'er a jumper.
Soft in the drift of snow
The careless brothers dump her

"O Susie! don't you cry;
We did not mean to strike it."
"Who's crying? No, not I;
I am not hurt; I like it."

"Tell now which sled is best,
Tell us, dear little sister."
"Why, both!" "I know! I guessed—"
The brothers laughing kissed her.

TRIP, JACK, AND PET.

I THINK our little friends would like to hear about these three nice dogs, who have passed the summer together in a beautiful home in the West; and perhaps they can learn from them.

Trip is about fifteen years old, and has passed many of these years at this beautiful home, where he has been treated always with great kindness and respect; and although the "only dog" for so long, yet he has not become selfish, like many an "only child," as you will see.

Two years ago, Trip's master came home with a large, handsome shepherd dog. His beautiful coat was in the height of style, being the two shades of brown, like the ladies' dresses. Jack (for that was the name they gave him) had large, expressive eyes, and his gentle, affectionate ways, won the hearts of all. Trip looked at the new comer, and listened to all these expressions of admiration: "How beautiful he is!" "What bright eyes he has!" "What a handsome form!"

Now Trip might have been made very jealous by all this, for he is a small, homely black dog, with weak eyes, but he wagged at Jack, and ruffled around him as if he

wished to do his part to give him a welcome

Last June, a lady from London took her little, frisky Skye terrier, that she calls "Pet," and went to the West to pass the summer at the home of Trip and Jack. The first thing Pet did, when he entered, was to rush through the house, chasing the nice cat out into the yard. Now pussy couldn't understand this, for Trip and Jack never molest her, and she lives in peace. Pet at once made friends with the dogs, for they gave him a kind welcome, and when he saw how kind they both were to Kitty, he followed their example, and never troubled her again. It was really a pretty sight to see the four eat together, and appear so friendly and happy.

Poor Trip has become blind in one eye, and a few weeks ago he met with a sad accident. While running to make acquaintance with a stranger dog, a carriage ran over him, and broke his leg. Trip's cry brought his faithful friends to his side. A kind lady took him in her arms, and carried him to a comfortable lounge, while Jack and Pet followed, watching every movement.

Poor Trip suffered intensely, and soon fainted away, but as water was thrown in his face he revived, and his young master came in with a kind doctor, who examined his leg, and putting the bones in place, he put the leg in splints, and soon a long white bandage was bound around it, and securely fastened. Trip moaned and cried while the doctor performed this painful operation, but he submitted to it, as he knew it was all for his good, and behaved like a wise man; but Jack and Pet thought the doctor was very unkind to make poor old Trip suffer; so they resolved to prevent it, and rushed up to him, barking furiously, when the mistress was obliged to drive them from the room, lest they should hurt the kind doctor. Trip's young master carried him three or four times each day, from his bed to the yard, where he could inhale the fresh air, and there he ate his tender little pieces of beef, while Jack and Pet would watch him. Then they followed close by his side, as he hobbled about the yard, as if they would like to lend him one of their well legs, if possible.

Trip is now nearly well. The splints are taken off, and his leg has become nearly as strong as ever. Pet has returned to his city home, more patient and quiet than ever before, having learned a lesson from Trip and Jack which he will never forget. I hope the little readers will always be very kind to the dumb animals, and try to make them comfortable and happy.

MAUDIE'S CART.

MAUDIE had a cart. It was red, and it had two wheels and a handle.

Maudie took her cart out with her everywhere she went except to church, and once she took it there.

The Sunday before the good pastor had asked his people to give money to send to some poor little children whose fathers

and mothers had been drowned, and whose homes had been swept away by a great flood. He asked them to bring anything they could spare, for, he said, those little folks had nothing at all left. The cruel waters had taken away everything.

Maudie heard every word he said, and she felt very sorry for those little children.

The next day the church was open for folks to bring their things to send to the poor children.

Maudie filled her little cart with toys, and drew it down to the church.

"Here are some things for the children," she said.

"They don't want such rubbish," crossly said a woman.

"I thought they'd like something to play with," said Maudie, with tears in her soft, brown eyes.

"So they do, darling," said the pastor, "and your toys shall go."

"The child is giving her dearest treasure," said he, holding up the cart. "How many of you can say the same?"

Maudie did not know it, but the people of that church gave more things than they had meant to give, after Maudie had given her red cart.

WRITING LETTERS.

"I WISH mamma would not go away," said Ethel. "I want to ask her what I had better have for my doll's sash."

"I've got a headache," sighed Bessie, "and I want mamma."

"When will she come back, nurse?—to night?" asked Willie.

"Not yet," said nurse, "why she only went this morning. Suppose you all write letters to her, and we will send them by the post."

The children were delighted, and when they were provided with pencils and paper, they set to work.

Ethel wrote: "My dear mamma, I hope you are quite well. It is a wet day. I hope you will come home soon.—Your loving Ethel."

Bessie wrote. "My darling mamma, I send my love.—Bessie."

Willie and Kate could only make strokes and o's; and the twins scribbled all over the paper, but when mamma got the six letters next morning, there was one word she could read quite plainly in them all, and that word was—LOVE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MAY 27.

LESSON TOPIC.—Moses sent as a Deliverer.—Exod. 3. 10-20.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 8. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

JUNE 3.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Passover Instituted.—Exod. 12. 1-14.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 12. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5. 7.



GOOD DOG ROVER.

GOOD DOG ROVER.

OUR Eddie has a fine large pot,
Who loves his little master;
His hair in spots is black as jet,
In others white as plaster.

And many a happy hour they pass
In dull or shiny weather,
Romping upon the floor or grass,
Or rambling out together.

It's fun alive to see them race
Through fields of bright red clover,
And roll and tumble, jump and chase:
Ed and his good dog Rover.

With Ed to market Rover goes,
If he perchance should ask it,
And in his mouth—as I suppose—
He carries home the basket

Sometimes when Ed is hard at play,
And wants to be the winner,
He'll send old Rover all the way
Alone to bring his dinner.

Though not amphibious at all,
Like beaver, mink or otter,

Yet, like a duck, if duty call,
He'll take unto the water.

Of pets should you go forth in quest,
And search the wide world over,
You'd find the handsomest and best
Is Eddie's good dog Rover.

GODS KITTEN.

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten.
His little sister, with her eyes full of tears,
said to him:

"Oh, Philip, don't do that, it is God's kitten."

That word of the little girl was not lost.
It was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister had said. "God's kitten, God's creature—for he made it," he said to himself, "I never thought of that before." The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor, half-starved looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it, was using his sister's words, saying:

"Don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature."

HOW JANIE SETTLED IT.

"HERE comes mamma," said Janie. "O mamma, must I save some of my candy for Graco?"

"I think a good little sister would."

"But Graco didn't give me any of hers."

"Didn't she? How did you like that?"

"I don't like it at all; and I want to make her not like it, too, because I think she was real mean."

"Dear, dear! And is mamma to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother and was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck and said; "No, no, mamma dear, you shall not have any mean little girls at all. I guess Graco forgot, and I'll go and give her some of my candy now, so she won't ever forget again?"

Her mother smiled. "I think that is the way to make her remember," she said; "and I am so glad I am to have two kind little girls."

THE REWARD OF DUTY.

THERE is a legend of a monk to whom the Lord appeared in a vision, bringing him great peace and joy. Scarcely had he been thus favoured for a few moments when the bell summoned him to the duty of distributing bread to the poor. For a moment he hesitated, but he went to his work. Oh, what a sacrifice to leave this glorious vision for the dull routine of duty! Returning to his cell, what was his joy to find the vision of the Lord as before, and to be met with the greeting. "Hadst thou tarried, I had departed."

BUNNY'S BLUNDER.

BUNNY is the 'cutest little snow white rabbit you ever saw. He is quite tame, and he blinks at you very wisely with his queer pink eyes. He is very fond of his little mistress; she is so good to him. He always wants to be with her, and he will follow her every opportunity he gets.

One morning little Mistress Mary and her mamma were going to ride to town in the street-cars to do some shopping.

Mary said good-bye to Bunny, and left him, as she thought, securely shut up in little house; but just as she and her mamma were seated in the car, who do you suppose jumped in after them? Why, Mr. Bunny, to be sure!

And he was as alarmed as his mistress was surprised, for when the car began to move, Mr. Bunny wanted to get off. He had never been in a car before, and the motion frightened him. He ran up and down the car, and no one could catch him.

There was a great deal of laughing and talking at the sight of him, and the conductor had to stop the car and let Mistress Mary and her mother get off and take their mischievous pet home.

This they did, and I can assure you that when they left the house again, Mr. Bunny was shut up so securely that he had no chance of getting out and trying to steal a ride to town.