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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1887.

[No. 8.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE CROW.

The mother crow in the picture does not like to have Master Squirrel so near her nest. She is afraid he may break the eggs, or perhaps kill the little fledglings. So with loud scolding and pecking she drives him away.

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

FRANK had a little friend visiting him one day, and as it was raining the boys had to remain in the house. After awhile they grew tired of play, and Frank led Charley to the library to show him some of his pretty books. As they passed the table Frank's arm struck the inkstand and it fell upon the floor. There was the nice floor with a great ink-stain upon it.

"Come," whispered Charley, "let us close the door quietly and run away. No one will know who did it."

"What!" cried Frank, "do you sup-



THE SQUIRREL AND THE CROW.

pose I am afraid of mother? Do you think I would be so mean as to pretend I did not do it? No indeed. Mother will be very sorry, but not half so sorry as if I did not tell her."

Then Frank ran quickly and brought his mother to see what he had done. Mrs. Clarke looked grave, but she was very glad her boy confessed his fault.

Charley began to think that it was the best way to do. And so it is. Always tell mother everything, boys; she is your best friend.

DO GOOD DEEDS.

ONE pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the only bright spot in it.

MY HEAVENLY FATHER.

I CRY: my mother hears my voice
And runs to my relief;
She makes my little heart rejoice
And soothes my childish grief.

I cry: my heavenly Father hears,
So mother-like he is;
He quickly wipes away my tears
And draws my heart to his.

Oh, never, never let me doubt
That he will hear my prayer,
Nor ever try to walk without
His guidance and his care.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1887.

THE WAY TO JESUS.

THERE are some little girls, and boys, too, who go to Sunday-school and Church every week, and yet who do not know the way to Jesus. They say their prayers and study their lessons, but they act all the time as though Christian life belonged to their parents and friends, and the grown people generally, while they had nothing to do with it. Now this is a great mistake. If all the children could learn the way to Jesus, and could become Christians in earnest, what a wonderful thing it would be! We should never hear a cross word, or see an angry face, and all the little folks would do their best to make each other and all the world happy. They would learn their lessons faithfully, and sew their seams, and help their mothers, and in everything they would grow brighter, sweeter, purer day by day. The love of Jesus and the habit of trusting him may be as strong and sincere in a child's heart as in a man's. Learn the way to Jesus. He says, "Come unto me." —*Christian at Work.*

THE DROWNING BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

At a meeting of the Aberdeen Auxiliary Bible Society, some years since, the following pleasing anecdote was related by an eye-witness of the scene. "Last year," said he, "a vessel from Stockholm was driven upon our coast in a tremendous gale, and became a total wreck. Her condition was such that no human aid could possibly preserve the crew. In a short while after the vessel struck she went to pieces. The persons on shore beheld with grief the awful state of those on board, but could render them no aid. They all perished except one lad; and he was driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck, entwined among the ropes attached to the mast. Half naked and half drowned, he reached the shore. As soon as they rescued him, they saw a small parcel tied firmly round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money; others the ship's papers; and others said it was his watch. The handkerchief was unloosed, and to their surprise it was his Bible—a Bible given to the lad's father by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account of how the Bible came into the father's hands, with expressions of gratitude to the society from which he received it.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE girl, six years old, was one evening gently reproved by her pious mother for some of her faults during the day. She seemed very sorry; and shortly afterward, when she was alone, some one passed by and heard her talking, but in too low a tone for any one to understand what she said.

The next evening, after repeating her usual prayer at her mother's knee, the little girl asked earnestly, "Have I behaved better to-day?" Her mother answered that she was much pleased with the day's improvement, and hoped that her little daughter would always behave as well. "Then," replied the child, "I must go and talk with God again. I told him yesterday that I wanted to be good, and I begged him to help me, and he has helped me all day long, so that I could not be naughty, even if I felt it in me."

Yes, dear children, the evil is in us all the time, and it is only by God's grace that we can overcome it. Go and talk to him about it, and he will help you to avoid every evil way, and to obey the precepts of his holy law all the days of your life.



RUM DID IT.

WHAT did rum do? It made that woman a cruel mother. Do you see her big brawn arm uplifted in wrath to strike her little girl? Do you see the angry fires burn in her flashing eyes? She is cruel. Rum made her so.

She was a loving mother once. When Ruth, the little girl she is now striking, was a babe, that woman loved her very fondly. Ruth used to nestle in her arm and look up into her face, and feel very happy. But now the child is afraid of the mother. She sees no love in that angry face. Where is the old love gone, this you? Rum washed it out of her heart. Rum always quenches the fire of love.

GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A NUT once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hidden in the castle through the day. Before going to bed the count drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor which he did not notice. That night the murderer, entering the bed-room, stepped on the nut which in breaking cracked loud enough to awaken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident. In God's providence the nut might have stepped just beside the nut, the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.



THE YOUNG STOREKEEPER.

THE above scene may be witnessed in many a country store. These stores keep almost everything for sale and often a young lad is left to take charge of them. Tom Marigold, in the picture, is selling some sugar sticks to little Minnie Morrison, who is one of his best customers. She is counting out her pennies from her little purse, and looking wistfully at all the treasures in the glass jars. Let us hope that she will not spend all her money on candies, but keep some for the missionary collection, where it will do more good.

GRACE'S CURE.

GRACE CARR had a bad trait. When told that she must not do a thing she would say, "O yes, I want to," or "I will if I want to."

She went out to a farm to see some friends. It was all so new—the trees, green grass, hens and pigs—that she was delighted. For a few days all went well; then one day she went to a barn a long way from the house to see her friend Guy Grayson and set a trap for rats. It was a steel trap, and had sharp teeth.

"Now, Grace," said Guy, "you must not touch this trap; if you should get your hand or foot in it, you would be hurt, O so bad!"

"Let me try and see how it goes—play I had a rat," replied the naughty child.

Guy gave her a push and said, "Stop! you must not."

there she lay while Guy read a long story. Then he went out to look at his trap, and there he found poor Grace. She had such a sore hand! But it was her cure. The lesson was sharp and severe, but effectual. She did not say those wrong words, but would mind at once.—*E. G. Hurd.*

WHAT A LITTLE ONE MAY DO.

THERE was once a little English girl, just three years old, living in India. This little girl used to go out walking with an old Hindoo servant; and one day, as they passed a ruined heathen temple, the old man turned aside to make his "salaam," or bow, to the dumb idol.

"Saamy," asked the child, wondering, "what for you do that?"

"O missy," said he, "that my god."

"Your god?" cried the little girl; "your god, Saamy? Why, your god no can see, no can hear, no can walk, your god stone. My God see everything, my God make you, make me, make everything."

The old man listened, for he loved the child, and, though he still bowed down to the idol, he would often let her talk to him about her God. At last he heard that she was going away from him.

"What will poor Saamy do," he said one day, "when missy go to England? Saamy no father, no mother."

"O Saamy!" said the little one quickly, "if you love my God, he will be your father and mother too."

The old man, with tears in his eyes,

promised to love her God. And so she taught him her prayers, and very soon he learned to read the Bible and become a good Christian man.

So you see even this little bit of a child could be God's messenger. She had the honour of leading a soul to Christ. Try and be like her.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

WHEN little lips are taught to sing
The happy songs of praise,
What sweeter sounds ascend to heaven,
Than infant voices raise?

Long years ago when Christ, the Lord,
Into Jerusalem went,
The little children sang his praise,
And heaven with joy was rent.

To-day we still can sing for him,
As in the days of old,
With loving voice and words he calls
The lambs into his fold.

He suffers them to come, and says—
"My love is freely given,
Of such my kingdom is on earth,
The same it is in heaven."

The more you love him, little ones,
The more he pleads for you,
And showers blessings on your heads,
Like early morning dew.

Then sing the sweetest theme—it is
J-E-S-U-S—you know that name;
To-day and evermore he is,
As yesterday, the same.

CLEAR THROUGH.

A LITTLE boy only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant, Maggie, as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside; but when cut into pieces, it showed itself to be hollow, and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed "Why, Maggie that potato isn't a Christian!" "What do you mean?" asked Maggie. "Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply. It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right—clear through.

A little boy, returning from Sunday school, said to his mother, "This catechism is too hard. Ain't there any kitty-chism for little boys?"

NOTHING.

I ASKED a lad what he was doing.

"Nothing, good sir," said he to me.
"By nothing well and long pursuing
Nothing," said I, "you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking.

"Nothing," quoth he, "I do declare."
"Many," said I, "in taverns drinking,
By idle minds were carried there."

There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,
Which idle hands and minds supply;
Those who all thought and toil despise
Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather
When in a sum they all are brought;
A thousand idle lads together
Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,
And sometimes pompous seem, and
haughty;
But still 'tis ever plain to most
That *nothing boys* are mostly *naughty*.

LITTLE JAKE, THE ELEVATOR BOY.

THAT was what he was always called, for although he was the elevator boy in a big dry goods establishment, he was so small that ladies would look in and inquire:

"Where's the man that runs the elevator?"
Then little Jake would pipe out from his corner: "Here I be."

I do not know anything to compare him to, but a ray of sunshine lighting up a dark place. He was of such lowly stature that when he was in his corner there seemed to be nobody there. But gradually the small, earnest cheerful face grew visible and, as you looked it, brightened into such a happy smile that the little man seemed to fill the whole elevator with sunlight.

I wonder if the ladies who used to give him a nod or a word as they went up and down absorbed in their purchases will miss him now and speculate as to what has become of the quaint little fellow who was always smiling, helping, doing his duty bravely?

He went home sick one night and said "Good night" bravely, swallowed a lump in his throat and ran off. The day after his father came in.

"He was petter, mooch petter," his father said.

Then his mother came: they wanted the place kept for the boy,

"Oh, so sick. He is too much sick here," the mother said, laying her hand on her breast.

"Tell him to get well and he shall have

his place," said his employer. "To-morrow we shall come and see him."

But on the morrow the father came into the store and his eyes were red and swollen.

"Mine leetle Jake," he began, and then broke down and said no more.

It went the rounds of the store like wild-fire, the news that little Jake was dead, and you would have thought at least that he had been the proprietor.

And he was, in his small way, proprietor of the hearts of the people he served; of their esteem, their good will—a dividend that will serve him better than money in the land where he is to-day.

They sent, every one of them, beautiful flowers to little Jake's funeral; he was covered with the last offerings of good-will from those he served.

"We wish we had known that he was so ill. We might have ministered to his wants or perhaps saved him," his employers said with sad regret.

But there's nothing to regret. "It's well with the child." And it is no longer "Guten nacht," with thee, but "Guten morgen," Little Jake.

"TAKE HER."

MISS SHARP, an American missionary working in West Africa, has told the following story about her little scholars:

"A few days ago I said to them, 'A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl.'

"'Take her! take her!' exclaimed the children in chorus.

"'But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I have now,' I said.

"They thought a while, and then the eldest said:

"'If we could work and earn something, we could help buy her *chop*' (they will say *chop*.)

"'Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do,' I said.

"Another pause, and some talk in Kroc, and then one said:

"'Mammy, take her, and we will all give her a part off of each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some, some from all we plate till she have plenty.'

"'Are you all willing to do this?' I asked.

"'Yes,' was the answer. 'And,' continued the one who led off, 'now take her and teach book and teach her about God.'

"What made it touching to me was that they all had their meals measured out, and no more than they wanted for themselves! Never as much meat any one time in their lives as they could eat."

THE LITTLE ONES.

ONLY a little lad

With a morsel of barley bread,
And a few small fishes—'twas all he had
So the disciples said,
Yet they placed his gift before
The blessed Master's feet,
When, lo! from out the wondrous store
Five thousand people eat.

Only a little child,

Obeying the Saviour's call,
Yielding his heart by sin defiled
And his gifts and graces small,
Yet, firm with a purpose true,
And filled with a faith sublime,
The good that little child can do
May last till the end of time.

—Aunt Ad

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

ONE morning an enraged farmer came into Mr. Maris' store with angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a stick in his hand.

"Mr. Maris," said he, "I bought a pair of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts and that's the young villain I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. Maris, "did you buy this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the farmer, still more enraged at the assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir; I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp," said the farmer, grinning, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

GOD'S CHILD.

"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath school scholar. "I don't know," he answered, "I only know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not find him. Now he is near, and I love to do things for his sake, just as I do for my father or mother's sake." Here, indeed, was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.