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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1888.

[No. 12

IS SHE SICK OR ONLY PLAYING.

I CAN'T make out whether this girl is an invalid propped up in a cushioned chair, or whether she is only playing the part of grandmother with her glasses. She looks almost too grave to be playing. Yet she does not look very sick, and such young girls do not often wear pinch-nose glasses.

CONQUERING BY POLITENESS.

THE Bible says "A soft answer turneth away wrath." The *Irish Times* tells of a case in which a gentle action served the same purpose:

"A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey, belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him.

The monkey, who was attired in a jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet

of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture, the



IS SHE SICK OR ONLY PLAYING.

monkey, who remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to his house, refusing to

the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily, "I will pass it on, sir." So that act of thoughtful love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay until its ripples have belted the globe and met again.

leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

There are times when some animals act more sensible than some people, and this poor organ-grinder's monkey preached an excellent sermon to all who are too ready with fists or angry words. It takes two to quarrel always, and if one can't the other can't.

PASS ON THE COMFORT YOU RECEIVE.

At a railway-station a benevolent man found a school-boy crying because he had not quite enough to pay his fare, and he remembered suddenly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been helped by an unknown friend, and had been enjoined that some day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw that the long expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy aside, told him his story, paid his fare, and asked him in his turn to pass the kindness on. And as

WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

Who should work for missions,
God's kingdom to advance?
Each and all, both great and small,
Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because he bids it—
Because so great the need,
If one wants bread he must be fed,
Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?
How soon may labour cease?
We must keep on till all are won
Who'll serve the Prince of Peace.

And so here, from year to year,
Keep up our mission band:
We must not pause, for still the cause
Needs every heart and hand.

—Children's Work for Children

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1888.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."—
1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

DIED for us? who else ever did as much for you? who else ever loved you as much? Only think, now, what it really means, because it is really true, and surely it is most horribly ungrateful when one for whom such a great thing has been done does not even think about it.

You would think it hard to be punished for some one else's fault, but this is just exactly what your dear Saviour did—let himself be punished for your fault instead of you.

Suppose some cruel men were going to cut off your leg, what would you think if your brother came and said, "No; chop mine off instead?" But that would not be dying for you. And "our Lord Jesus Christ died" for you.

It was the very most he could do to show his exceeding great love to you. He was not obliged to go through it. He might have come down from the cross at any moment. The nails could not have kept him there an instant longer than he chose; his love and pity were the real nails that nailed him fast to the cross till the very end, till he could say, "It is finished," till he "died" for us.

It was not only because he loved his Father that he did it, but because he loved us; for the text goes on, "Who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with him." So he loved us so much that he wanted us to live together with him; and as no sin can enter his holy and beautiful home, he knew our sins must be taken away before we could go there. And only blood could take away sin, only death could atone for it; and so he bled that we might be washed in his most precious blood, he died, "that whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with him."

"There is a word I fain would speak,
Jesus died!
O eyes that weep and hearts that break,
Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string
Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring;
Oh, may I always love to sing,
'Jesus died! Jesus died!'"
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

BLIND TOM IN INDIA.

Is there one who has not heard of Blind Tom? No one ever listened to his playing without being lost in wonder. But there is another blind Tom. I heard of him for the first time last evening. A native of India, who speaks the English language as well as you or I can, told us about the wonderful continent he lived in.

I was deeply touched when he told us about his blind Tom. Tom is a man who has been blind for many years. He learned to speak English without much trouble, for he had nothing else to do. The teacher who told us his touching history said that Tom heard from him the wonderful story of Jesus and his love, and believed it. He came one day to his teacher and said to him: "Teacher, I want something."

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"Why, teacher, I want to learn to read."

"But, Tom," said the teacher, "I can't help you."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't see, and we have no books for the blind."

"But, teacher, can't we pray to God to

put it into the heart of some one in your country to send us a book in raised print?"

"We can try it," said the teacher.

But that teacher did not really expect such a book. Tom did. He prayed in earnest.

Two or three months after this interview a ship came in from America. She brought supplies for the missionaries. But what is that package? It looked like a large book. When opened it proved to be the Gospel according to St. John in raised print for the blind. No one in America had ever heard of blind Tom in India.

The good teacher sent for him at once "Tom," said he, "what do you think of this?"

"Think of it!" said Tom; "why, I knew it was coming."

Then Tom began to learn a letter at a time in raised print. Of course he soon learned to read, for his heart was in it. But that was not enough. He had an object in view. He must tell others the wonderful truth he had found in his precious book. He went from village to village, and crowds came to hear him.

It was a strange sight to those heathens when they saw a blind man reading English words with his fingers translating them into their language.

God blessed his labours among his ignorant countrymen. They sometimes gave him money. Every little while he comes in and says: "Teacher, here is something for Jesus; take it and use it for him." And then lays down a rupee. The coin is worth about fifty cents.

To-day, blind Tom in India is giving more money for missionary purposes than many rich men in this country are giving.—
Selected.

A LESSON FROM BABY'S STOCKING.

LITTLE GRACIE was one day washing baby's stockings, when she let one fall and got a spot on it.

She first tried to scrape it off with her fingers; then finding she could not succeed in that, she ran to her mother, saying:

"Mamma, I can't get this spot off; will you please try?"

Her mother then took it and began washing it, and it soon came off.

This is the way with our hearts. First they are all clean; then we do a little wrong thing, and that makes a spot. We think little of it at the time—only try to scrape it off by excusing ourselves, which makes it worse. Then we ought to run to Jesus and ask him to wash it off in his blood, which was shed for sinners. And, if we ask sincerely, he is sure to grant our wish.

JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With the touch of the finger, they say.
And now I will carry the children—
Little Rachel, Samuel and John;
I will carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled.
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan—
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills to Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,
Among the people who hung on his teaching
Or waited his touch or the word,
Thro' the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest thou how from morning till evening
He teacheth, and healeth disease."
But Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me."
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he sat on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers
And blessed them with tenderest love—
As he said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

BEFORE Jesus was crucified, he was very cruelly treated. His enemies beat him, and spit upon him, and said many insulting things to him. And they plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and mocked him, calling him a king. Jesus suffered all this, and death on the cross for us. If we love him, and take up our cross, and follow him, as he bids us, he will some day place on our heads a crown of glory.

SOMETHING ABOUT INDIA.

FAR away over the ocean is a great country called India. Its people are called Hindoos. It is a very hot country, so that people build their houses with large open porches or verandas.

India is governed by the Queen of England. A great many English people go to India to rule over the Hindoos. And yet we are told that India is about eighty times as large as England. Can you guess why so small a country can rule such a large one?

It is because its people are Christians, and because they are educated. As you grow older and read more, you will learn that people who enjoy the blessed religion of Jesus Christ are far wiser in other ways and fitted to govern. The poor Hindoos are heathen. Millions and millions of them have never heard the glad story of the Saviour's love, and of the home he has prepared for those who love him.

There is a beautiful little story of life in India written by Mrs. Sherwood, which tells of a little boy who by his sweetness and kindness and by his faithful love of the Master led his poor heathen bearer to become a Christian. Perhaps some one of your friends can find you the story of *Little Henry and his Bearer*.

Whether you ever read it or not, I hope you will remember the poor Hindoos. The very youngest child can pray for them, that the Lord will send his word to lighten their dark minds, and many can help by giving a little to send missionaries to them. God has said to those who deny themselves for the sake of others, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye did it unto me."

DOG STORIES.

I KNOW a dog whose name was "Truth." This is the way he got it: When he was little they called him "Frisk," because he was never still a minute. One day Fred's mamma missed her overshoe, and said: "I just believe Frisk has carried it off; he ought to be whipped." "You won't whip him if he confesses the truth?" asked Fred. Mamma promised she would not. So Fred showed Frisk the other overshoe, and told him to bring back the one he had carried off. Frisk looked at it wisely, and then ran off and brought the other from the garden, where he had taken it in play. Then Fred called his name "Truth."

I have heard of another dog who was not so truthful. His master used to give him a penny every morning, which he took to the butcher's for a piece of meat for his breakfast. He seemed to enjoy this very much;

but after awhile this was not enough to satisfy him. His master kept a confectionery shop. He had a great many pennies come in, and he used to put these in a small box under the counter. Master Doggie found where they were; and, as he didn't know anything about the commandments, he helped himself to one each day, and bought an extra cent's worth of meat.

Here is a dog from whom we might learn a lesson. Carlo's master used to try him by putting a piece of meat within his reach, and then telling him not to touch it. Carlo always turned his head the other way, and wouldn't even look at it, until his master said he might have it. It is best not even to look at temptation.—*Our Little Ones*

DONT JEST WITH THE BIBLE

A GENTLEMAN of keen wit used often to point out his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with great sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church-roll. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it? Lay it to heart.

A BRIGHT BOY.

"SEE the moon!" said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out of the window the other day.

"The moon!" said the little man. "You can't see the moon in the day time." "Yes, you can," continued his aunt. "There it is over the trees."

The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, "Taint lighted anyway"

TIME FOR SCHOOL.

I AM sorry to see James standing by the wall. The school-bell has rung, and he should hasten along. If he lingers one minute more he will be late. James does not know how important it is to be on time. Better five minutes too early than one minute too late. I like to see a boy promptly on hand for his breakfast, his dinner, or his supper, and I like to see him on time for play, or work or study. Always on time, and never behind time.



GOING TO BED.

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

Is there anything sweeter than a mother's good-night kiss and cradle hymn before a child goes to sleep? How they drive away all the cares and little troubles of the day, and bring sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

WHAT TRUE RELIGION DID.

A LITTLE girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian; "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

LOST TREASURES

"Come, Mamie darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly towards her mother and said, "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you've been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him, when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, my dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are

sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong; but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day?"

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against him again."—*The Mistle.*

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MADE
A TABLE.

"Who comes here?" asked Uncle Edward, looking up from his carpenter's bench and plane, as he heard somebody pushing at the door, and when, an instant after, a little head with short brown hair showed itself, he said, "Oh, it's my little boy, Nan!"

"I ain't a boy!" said Nannie, coming quite in then, and moving her feet restlessly in the sawdust.

"Oh, ho!" said Uncle Edward. "Then what makes you slide down hill, and beg for skates, and fly kites, and have a bag of marbles, and ride the old horseback, and borrow my tools?"

"I don't care; I ain't a boy. I'd despise to be!" replied Miss Nannie, hanging a long, curly shaving over each ear as she spoke. "Say, Uncle Edward, I want to make a little table. May I have that little square piece of board?"

"Yes, yes," said the uncle, and he handed it to her.

"Now, may I take your big gimlet? I want to bore some holes for the legs."

Uncle Edward passed down the gimlet, and Nannie bored a hole in each of the four corners of the square board. Then she borrowed a knife to whittle out some legs with, and when they were done she hammered them stoutly in. Now the table was done, and it stood as level and firm as anybody's table.

"I'm going now," said Nannie, taking it up. "I'm going to give a tea party, and I had my little set of dishes already; and Aunt Lizzie let me make some tiny pies and cookies when she was baking this morning, but I didn't have any tables to set the things out on, so I thought I would come in here and make one. You may come to my party, if you want to, Uncle Edward."

And off went the little girl, with great satisfaction, to set her table.

"That's a smart one!" said Uncle Edward, looking after her as the door shut. "I'd like to see the thing she can't do! I'll warrant her pies and cookies are done to a



SOUND ASLEEP.

turn. It's a thrifty little housewife that can cook a meal, and make a table to put it on!"

Then he went back to his planing, while Nannie set her table out on the flat rock under the apple-tree, where the birds sang, and no one in all the world, whether boy or girl, was happier than she.

SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

THE witches get in my boots, I know,

Or else it's fairy elves;

For when I study they plague me so

I feel like one of themselves.

Often they whisper, "Come and play,

The sun is shining bright!"

And when I fling the book away

They flutter with delight.

They dance among the stupid words,

And twist the "rules" awry;

And fly across the page like birds,

Though I can't see them fly.

They twitch my feet and blur my eyes,

They make me drowsy, too;

In fact, the more a fellow tries

To study, the worse they do.

They can't be heard, they can't be seen—

I know not how they look—

And yet they always lurk between

The leaves of a lesson-book.

Whatever they are I cannot tell,

But this is plain as day;

I never'll be able to study well,

As long as the book-elves stay.

—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good that I have to do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can help others in trouble. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can trust him for strength to do it. I can listen to the voice of conscience.