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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1886.

[No. 11.

THE LION.

THERE was never a creature more fitted for its own place than the lion. Its colour is a tawny yellow, so much the shade of the desert sand around it, that as it steals along it is not seen from a distance. Its movements had need be stealthy, lest it should alarm its prey, and so, its feet being softly padded, it can come upon it unawares. There is also another reason for the make of its huge paws; it springs upon its victim when it is thirty or forty yards from it. Suppose it should miss—why, the force of its fall would be enough to shatter even the iron frame of a lion; but on those velvet cushions it would alight with no more injury than you would get if you were to tumble into a feather-bed. And then, when the lioness has her babies to fondle, it would never do if she could not sheathe her murderous claws, and encircle them in those soft arms, just as if there were nothing sharp inside! You have often seen your cat fling out her claws in a moment when anything offended her; well, you know she is a beast of prey, though a small one, and the lion is nothing more than a monster cat; they have each the same nature, and are made after the same fashion. But when the lion's claws are put out, frightful indeed they are. Its tongue is hardly less so, being set with sharp points or bristles, which can tear the



THE LION.

teeth from the bones even without any help from the claws. The teeth are so strong they can break the hardest bone.

A LITTLE child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, 'Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box.'

FROM APRIL TO MAY.

"BESSY is my sunshine, and Margaret is my April day," said mamma, as the two little figures stood at her knee.

A smile of the veriest sunshine spread itself all over little Bessy's face, as she went back to her play in another part of the room. The mother drew her closer and whispered, "I wish the showers and storms could stay away, and both my little girls be sunny all the time.

"Mamma, do you mean because I cry and get mad?"
"Yes."

The little face dropped, and a finger went up to the corner of her mouth. Mrs. Marsham said.

"April comes first in the spring, little girl, with sometimes rain and sometimes sunshine, and such beautiful, beautiful flowers. And so, my darling, if you try very hard, and ask God to help you, you may yet turn to a May day.

By this time, the little face was wholly hidden against mother's breast and remained there for a good while; and then she, too,

stayed off to her play, but the earnest look did not pass away. And many a time, when a storm or shower seemed brewing, a determined little smile would come first as a rainbow, in answer to the mother's anxious look, and then, like the sun breaking through the clouds, it would flood her whole face with real May sunshine, and the

mother would whisper encouragingly, "Ah, my Margaret, what a happy time it will be when my little April day changes to a beautiful May day!"—*Presbyterian Banner*.

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

HEAR the pennies dropping,
Listen as they fall—
Every one for Jesus,
He will get them all.

Dropping, dropping ever,
From each little hand:
'Tis our gift to Jesus
From his little band.

Now, while we are little,
Pennies are our store;
But, when we are older,
Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money,
We can give him love.
He will own our offering,
Smiling from above.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1886.

NOT OUR OWN.

DEAR little one, to whom do you belong, besides to dear mamma and those about you whom you love so much? You belong to the blessed Saviour who bought us with his own precious blood. You know that the blood in our bodies is our life. If the blood were lost, we could not live a moment. So when our dear Saviour gave his blood for us, he gave his very life. And why did he give his life? why did he leave his happy home in heaven to come and die for us? Because he loved us so much that he wanted us to be happy forever in heaven with him.

Satan tempts us so as to make us wicked like himself; but Jesus bought us for himself with his own precious blood, and he will keep us from sin and Satan, if we ask him.

Well, if we are not our own, but belong to Jesus, we must use every part of our bodies for him. We cannot do for him as Mary and Martha did; but for others we can do acts of kindness, and give little words of love, because we love Jesus, and so it will all be for him.

Did you ever think that your little hands could do something for Jesus, by working for others; and your little feet, by running readily on some message for one you love; and your tongue, by speaking kindly and gently, even when others speak unkindly to you? Your thoughts also, you can, by his help, keep pure and good for him. Whatever we do for Jesus, whose eye is always upon us, he will see and love. How sweet it is to think that we belong to such a loving Saviour!

NEVER HUNCH WHEN OTHERS CROWD.

ONE very warm afternoon in July, I visited a school in Boston. There were about sixty children from four to eight years old. The school-room was small, and the children looked much oppressed by the heat, especially the youngest.

I stood up before them and asked, "Children, can you tell me what peace children will do?"

One said, "Love your enemies;" another, "Forgive your enemies;" another, "When others strike one cheek, turn the other;" another, "Overcome evil with good."

All these were good answers. At length a little girl whom I had observed on the middle of a seat directly before me, looking very uncomfortable (being so crowded that she could not move her elbows,) looked up, and in a most piteous and plaintive tone, said—"Peace children don't hunch when others crowd."

That was the very thing! The little crowded, suffering child, gave the best definition to peace I ever heard. She gave a sure and certain antidote to all anger and fighting. "Never hunch when others crowd." And she drew it directly from her own personal experience. She said what she felt. That makes it all the better. There the little girl was crowded up—her arms squeezed down to her side—she could hardly move or breathe; yet there was no anger, no quarrelling, simply because she did not "hunch."



OUR PET IN A PET.

Is this not a sad sight? See little Annie King sulking and crying because her mamma will not let her go out to play in the damp. She is naughty, and will not play with the baby, or even with her lovely dollie. Because Annie is so bad, her mother will not give her any jam for tea. She is generally a very good little girl, and it grieves her mamma to see her in such a pet, and to have to punish her. Thus, children often—yes, and grown people, too—make not only themselves miserable, but also all who are around them.

WHAT RELIGION DID FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

RELIGION helps children to study better and do more faithful work. 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 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 in work. Now it is a real joy for me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

A LITTLE girl under five, looking at an ugly face in a book, said, "I think the features are good if he was not making up a face."



SUMMER IS COMING.

"NO SWEETER STORY."

THERE is no sweeter story told,
In all the blessed book,
Than how the Lord within his arms
The little children took.

We love him for the tender touch
That made the leper whole,
And for the wondrous words that healed
The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to his loving self
Our human hearts are brought,
When for the little children's sake
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes his sorrowing face
A smile of gladness wore—
A smile that for his little ones
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,
For them grew low and sweet;
And still for them his gentle lips
The loving words repeat:

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Christ!
We bring them unto Thee,
And pray that on their heads may rest
Thy benedicite!

SUMMER IS COMING.

AS soon as we hear the birds sing, we know that summer is coming. All winter long we cannot hear them, unless we have them in cages; but when summer comes, the air is just full of their songs.

There is a tree just by my window, and early in the morning I hear quite a concert, for a whole tribe of birds sit on its branches. If one flies away to a neighbouring tree, all the rest follow. One day I put some bread-crumbs on my eave-trough, and next morning they were all gone, so I supposed my friends the birds had eaten them up. About the first birds that appear in the spring are, I think, the robins. We see them sometimes hopping about on the snow, looking for crumbs, or something to eat. The other day, as I was walking up the street, there sat a robin on a gate-post, and a boy was standing by the post, and suddenly I thought I heard the robin sing, but it turned out to be only the boy whistling.

MIND your feet! Don't let them walk
in the steps of the wicked.

SCHOOL.

HERBERT looks small for his age, for he is six years old, and goes to school. He used to think it was only boys and girls who learned lessons, but he knows better now. Shall I tell you how? There was a lazy dunce at Herbert's school (perhaps there is one at yours,) and one day this dunce said he should be glad when his school-days were over and he had 'done with lessons.' The master overheard him, and he told the whole school something which Herbert never forgot.

"Children," said the master very solemnly, "so long as you are in this world your lessons will never be over. I, though I am old, am learning still. As you get older your school-masters will change, but you will still be at school. Do you understand me? Who is the Master of us all?"

The boys knew that, and many voices answered reverently, "God."

"Yes, God," replied the teacher; "and he has many under-masters, who try to teach his people the lessons he would have them learn. Sometimes poverty is the school-master, sometimes wealth, sometimes sorrow or happiness. All these things are sent to teach us something. There are dunces in God's school as in our schools here below—idle, selfish people, who do not care to please the great Master, they will be very sorry one day—that great day of account, when every man's work will be judged. Learn all you can, boys," he concluded, "for all must learn, even the youngest of you; and those who will not learn in God's school, learn lessons all the same—sad lessons, wicked lessons, of a hard, bad master, whose wages is death."

Herbert went home, and thought a great deal of these words; he quite made up his mind to learn in God's school; and Dolly, his little sister, she must learn too. None were too small, and he looked at little year-old Dolly sucking her thumb on the nursery floor.

"What could Dolly learn?" Suddenly he sprang up.

"Dolly must learn to walk;" she was too young to learn anything else yet, and very patiently and kindly did the little fellow support Dolly's trembling, tottering feet. Dolly was pleased to learn; perhaps when she gets older Herbert may guide her feet into God's paths, as now he leads her across the nursery floor. *Selected.*

WHILE seated on the hill-side,
The hungry ones were fed,
By him who said most truly,
"I am the living bread."
'Tis he, the heavenly manna,
Who doth our souls restore;
By faith, of him partaking,
We live for evermore.

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

"WHAT a friend we have in Jesus"—
Sung a little child one day,
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe,
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear,
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And he blessed the weary woman
When she came to him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing,
Peace unto a troubled heart.

— Christian Observer.

STARTING RIGHT.

Now I do want that these lads should get started right. You understand I am not asking you to give up the fun and frivolity of life, but there are a great many earnest things in life as well, and you want to begin to be getting on the manly side of them. You cannot afford to live only on the surface of things. On the surface you will get what is sunny, and you want that; but you want not only what is sunny and funny. If your life is to grow strong and manly, you have got to have it fed also out of things that lie down a little deeper. A plant needs sunshine, but you know it won't live on sunshine. If you have seen an acorn sprout after it is planted, you have noticed that when the sprout has grown a little way it divides, and a part of it grows up into the air and sunshine, and becomes the tree, and the other half grows down into the ground and becomes root. Now it is that down there that I want for you, you may call it a root, or call it strength, or call it manliness, or call it Christian character, or any other name you like, it is what is

going to make a success of you if you succeed; it is what is going to build you up into handsome manhood little by little, as the root builds up the tree; it is what is going to keep you from being toppled over by temptation, just as the root keeps the tree from being blown down by the wind.—
C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

BILLY BRAY, the Cornish miner whose rugged piety and real consistent consecration to Christ's service have been made a blessing to so many hundreds of God's children, gives much instruction in his quaint way as to how to treat the temptations of Satan. He says of himself that one day when he was a little down-hearted he stood upon the brink of a coal-pit, and some one seemed to say,

"Now, Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble."

He knew in a minute who it was, and, drawing back, said,

"Oh no, Satan; you can just throw yourself down there. That is your way home, but I am going to my home in a different direction."

Another time he tells us that his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall Satan was at his elbow and said,

"There, Bill! isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes."

He stopped his hoeing and replied,

"Ah! Satan at it again, talking against my Father, bless his name!—Why, when I served you, I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" and he went on hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes.

A TESTIMONY.

I LOVE Jesus to-day with all my heart. I gave my heart to Jesus when I was nine years old, and he did bless and keep me. About a year after Jesus forgave my sins, he showed me that my heart was not pure in his sight, and I just gave myself all to him, and asked him to take all the anger and pride and selfishness and everything that was wrong out of my heart, and to wash it clean and white in his own precious blood, and he did it.

Jesus has been with me ever since. He does help me to love and serve him every day. I want to be a bright light for Jesus in this dark world of sin. I want to lead others to him and then I know he will take me to live with him forever.—*Edith C. Bolton.*

FIRE CRACKERS.

NINE-TENTHS of them come from Canton, China, where they are made by convicts hired by Fat-sing and Chow Hing from the government at the rate of three cents per day. All the work is done inside of the prisons, which consist of a reservation 400 feet square, staked off and surrounded by high bamboo palings. The paper employed in the manufacture of fire crackers is made of bamboo film, and is without doubt the strongest paper made. Each cracker is filled, rolled and pasted by hand, and the nimble fingers of the convicts finish them with astonishing rapidity. The powder is different from any other made, and despite the fineness of it, it is nevertheless equally as powerful as our best blasting powder. When ready for the market they are sent to Hong Kong, whence they are distributed all over the world. In the year 1884 500 000 boxes of fire crackers were entered in this country. Each box contained forty packages, and each package from sixty-four to eighty crackers. From this, some idea of the number of fire crackers exploded on Independence day may be gained.

LUCK OR PLUCK.

A GREAT deal that is called luck in this world is only the result of patient industry. A rich merchant of Liverpool, Sir Joseph Walmisley, began life as a clerk on about a hundred dollars a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man determined to learn all there was to know about grain. The man who had charge of the warehouse, "Old Peter," as he was called, saw that the boy was anxious to learn; so twice a week, in the morning before breakfast, the two would go together to the stores and ships, examining the different kinds of grain. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and spreading them on a table, would ask the boy to tell the characteristics of each sample. The pupil was bewildered at first, but he persevered until he became an expert in the business. Very likely the people who knew nothing of those early morning lessons called the youth lucky, as he began to amass wealth; but it is a kind of luck within the reach of every young person who is willing to work for it.

IN heaven God's will is done instantly, submissively, rejoicingly, unquestionably. The angels are ministers of his that do his pleasure! What a good definition that would be of Christian workers!