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Happy Days

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

THIS little girl is trying to make a picture of someone, but I don't think it will be very much like him. However, the way to succeed is to try. I hope all our young readers will remember this in everything they do.

THE TRAINED KITTIES.

FRANK and Essie Burchard had a large family of cats and kittens. They had seven the last time I was at their home, and sometimes they have more. And every puss must have its own name. There were Bell, Rose and Daz Jones and Whiteie and Blackie and Pinkie and Samantha.

And they taught their cats to behave well. Essie had a pet chicken, Bantie, which she carried about with her almost all the time, letting it pick out of her plate and sleep with her on the lounge when she took her nap.

Now cats and chickens are not always good friends, but those lived always in peace.

Essie could not have trained the cats to do the many funny things they did but for Frankie, who was the older and wiser. He



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

was quite pleased when he succeeded in making Whiteie sit still in the doll's carriage while Rose pushed it. She couldn't push it very far, to be sure, but she stood up on her hind feet and tried to

Now, how did Frank and Essie manage to teach their kitties so much? By being very kind. They are never rough, never pinched or pulled their pussies. They coaxed and rewarded them with little bits of meat or cake. Their pussies all loved cake, I think it was because Frank and Essie loved it so well.

Be kind to your kitties, little ones—just as kind to them as you would like every one to be to you. Then they will love and mind you, and you can teach them many cunning little tricks.

THE "TRY COMPANY."

A GENTLEMAN was travelling in the cars. In the next seat he saw a little boy trying to untie a string that was tied around a bundle in a hard knot. The gentleman said, "I guess you cannot untie that. I will cut it for you." So he took out his knife, and was going to cut it. "Thank you, sir," said

the little boy, "but my father never allows me to say I cannot. I belong to the 'Try Company.' I will try it again." He did, and soon had the string unfastened. That boy will make a bright, useful man, and so will any boy who joins the "Try Company."

OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door for the children.
Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children;
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children;
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs!
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Send them to Canaan's land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children;
Gather them into the fold.

—Moravian.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1888.

A MEDITATION.

Do I take delight in the study of God's Word? Am I fond of searching out the fulfilment of prophecy? Let me see that my life tallies with these holy employments. I may be anxious out of curiosity to watch God's ways and judgments on the nations of the earth. I may even be far-seeing and taught by the Spirit of God in this matter; but what will the fate of kings and empires avail to me if I leave my own garden untilled, my own heart unwatched, my own conduct open to rebuke? It will

be of little use if I can repeat every prophecy concerning our lord, unless I conform my life to his life and dwell with his people. I may know the Bible by heart from beginning to end, and yet my heart and affections may be far away from God.

O God, I entreat thee to give me thy gift of holy strength that I may not only know Thy will but may be able to do it! Give me truth and earnestness, and with every fresh advance in knowledge give me a fresh advance in godliness, and a more thorough control over my passions and imagination!

GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, she made a pause to put a few questions. "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did?" "Because God says we mustn't." "Right, love," said his mother; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands, we are bound to do; and what he forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his own words. If ever you are asked by any one you know, why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as you have given me—'because God says we mustn't.'"

THE BOAT RACE.

"MINE'S the biggest; mine will sail the best; now see!" said Henry Burt. "See, her sails fill with wind;" and Henry gave his pretty little boat a push which nearly capsized her. Annie, watching from the sand, sprang forward as if to catch it.

"Don't worry, Sis; it won't upset. Mind you don't tumble in yourself and get a ducking."

"I don't care, said Charley Dunn; "mine sails real nice. I tried it yesterday; there's no breeze to-day."

"Put them down side by side," said Paul, Henry's big brother, "and have a race."

"Oh, yes! a race! a race!" cried both the boys, and little Annie clapped her tiny hands.

The boys put their boats side by side, and gave them a chance. The wind was not very brisk, but they kept moving. As Henry's would go the fastest, Charles began to feel badly.

"Give her a push," said Henry.

"That would not be fair."

"Yes, 'twill, if I tell you to. I don't want to beat you, Charley," said Henry in a low voice.

Paul told the folks at home that evening about the race. "It was unlike any other I ever heard of," said he; "Henry didn't want to beat; in fact he tried not to."

"That's like Henry, he's so generous," said mamma; "I'm so glad of it."

When she went up to bed with her little boy she asked him about it.

"Why, you see, mother, Charley would have felt so bad if I had gone ahead! He'd have cried, I know, for he was almost crying once or twice. So I let him give his boat a push. You know he's ever so much younger than I am; and don't you think we ought to give the littlest ones the best chance?"

Mamma kissed her boy and thanked God in her heart that Henry was so generous and noble.

"Yes, dear," she said, "always give the littlest ones the best chance. You'll be all the happier for it."

WHY SHE WAS DISSATISFIED.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking," said Bessie, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home, and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "The rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had a blue sky inside, you would never mind the rain outside."

"PART OF THE CONCERN."

A MINISTER on his way to a missionary meeting, overtook a boy, and asked him about the road and where he was going.

"Oh," he said, "I am going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister; "what do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of anyone else. Can you say, "I always go to the missionary meeting, I'm part of the concern."—Ez.

I HAVE always noticed that those who know the most are the best listeners, and the most anxious to know more.

MAMMA!

It's "Mamma!" here and "Mamma" there,
Till I am like to drop;
It's "Mamma! Mamma!" all the time,
Oh, will it ever stop.

"Its 'Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!' till
It would wear out a saint!"
Ah, poor, tired mother! thus I hear
You oftentimes make complaint.

But when the quiet night descends,
And every voice is still,
Oh, does no vague but haunting fear,
Your gentle bosom fill?

Oh, does no sudden heart-throb make
You seek the children's beds,
And call heaven's blessings down upon
Their precious curly heads?

Their little hands make mischief, and
Their little feet make noise;
But oh, what could you do without
Those naughty girls and boys?

WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the ground for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on a make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but, after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, D., how silly you are! how can I have two masters? The one would say, 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your master. Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

—Scattered Seeds.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

MR BROWS wanted a boy—Charlie Jones wanted the place. He was told to put a screw in the gate-hinge.

"Oh, yes, I can do that!" And he seized a hammer and gave the screw two or three hard whacks.

"Stop! stop! that is not the way!"

"That is the quickest way."

"But the quickest way is not always the right way. I want no boy who puts in screws with a hammer."

There are a great many boys who drive screws with a hammer, and a great many places that do not want them for that reason. There are Charlies and Marys who will learn their lesson the "quickest way" instead of the right way. And in everything, whether it is running an errand, sewing a seam, or, as they become older, doing more important things, they are not content with the slower but surer way of one patient turn after another. They skim over the lesson, and try to make brilliant answers in class, or double the thread and take one stitch where there should be three, or dash off before they half understand what it is about or how or what they say is going to sound. No boy or girl who drives screws with a hammer can succeed.—*Selected.*

ANNA CLARK.

THE Clark family was thrifty and well-to-do; indeed they were termed wealthy in the place in which they lived. Only one daughter blessed their household—a proud and worldly-minded daughter, though born of noble Christian parents. Every day these good people prayed for their daughter's deliverance from the bondage of sin, but it all seemed to be to no avail. But the Lord is never deaf to the prayers of those who love and fear him; and he takes his own and the best way of answering them.

One Sunday evening while sitting in their room praying and reading words of blessed comfort, the intelligence that their daughter was hurt reached them. It was a sad hour to the parents of the injured girl when she was brought home from Sunday pleasure excursion, having been thrown from a carriage. The doctor pronounced her a cripple for life, if she ever lived over her injury. For a long time her recovery seemed doubtful, but God in his infinite mercy remembered the parents, and did not cut down the stalk that had never borne one blossom to his glory. She lived, but it was a changed life—a noble and a grand life, as free from sin and error as an earthly life can be. And Anna Clark's name is the household treasure of a hundred families.—*Exchange.*

LITTLE JOHNNIE TWOBOYS

WHEN Johnnie's mother dressed him in the morning she always buttoned up two boys inside of his jacket. One was named Good, the other Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one and sometimes the other. When his face was being washed, Bad would call out, "You don't want to be washed, it's clean enough." And then Johnnie would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble.

Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnnie all day long, but at night, when he was going to bed, Good would say, "Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty?" And Johnnie would promise to try to do better just before he said his prayer.

One day Johnnie had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it too," said Johnnie's baby sister.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it too!" cried baby again.

"Well I won't give it to you—it's mine," answered Johnnie, giving it a toss. Baby cried, "Its mine, I tell you!" shouted Johnnie stamping his feet.

"That's right," said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came, and Johnnie was sent out of the room.

"It's your little baby sister," said Good.

"I don't care," said Johnnie.

"She put her two little arms around your neck and hugged you just now," said Good. Johnnie felt rather ashamed, so he didn't say anything more.

Pretty soon Johnnie's round face peeped in the nursery, and two little rows of teeth showed themselves while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had his way that time.—*The Mayflower.*

"HOW LONG?"

How long does it take to be converted? said a young man to his father.

"How long," asked his father, "does it take a judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have declared him 'not guilty'?"

"Only one minute."

When a sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and is sorry for it, when he desires forgiveness and deliverance from sin, and believes that Christ is willing and able to save him, he can be converted as speedily as a prisoner can be discharged by the judge. It does not take God a long time to discharge a penitent soul from the condemnation and power of sin."



A GOOD BOOK.

A good book is one of the best of companions. One can never be lonesome while he has a good book to read. James has a nice book sent him by his Aunt Julia. It has pretty pictures and pretty stories. One of the nicest of the stories is about Jesus blessing little children. James says he wants such a friend as Jesus.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

THE number of waifs in a large city is much greater than we have any idea of. Left to grow up amid scenes of poverty and crime, these little ones would find their way to the prisons and often to the gallows. In London, active measures are taken to rescue the poor neglected ones from their wretched surroundings. They are gathered into various institutions, fed, clothed, and taught, and, when sufficient progress has been made, sent away to homes in Canada and other countries where they are assured of kind treatment. They often take a blessing with them to these homes. Dr. Barnardo, the manager of the various institutions, relates this instance. "I sent a little girl out some time ago to Canada from our Village Home, a little thing eight years of age. You may say, 'What good was she?' The Canadians will tell you. The eight-year-old mites get into the hearts quicker than the fifteen-year-olds do. Well, when I sent this little girl out she was met by a farmer at the nearest station—a big fellow, about six feet two inches in his stockings. The child, timorous but trustful, went away with him, and when they arrived at home they were about to have their midday meal. There sat his wife, as big as the father almost; and there were sons also, all young giants: they all sat around the table. The meal was just being brought in, and my little Jessie was put in a chair. Presently the dinner was on the table. One son helped himself to a piece, and another son took hold of his share and began to eat, but the little girl sat still and quietly covered her face with her hands, while with bowed head she said her simple grace. The farmer rose up—he told me

this himself—and wiping away his tears, said, 'Wife, we have never had anything like that in our house before.' While he was speaking, the wife, as much and as deeply moved herself, had gone round and taken the child in her arms and embraced her. 'God bless you, my dear!' she said. And what do you think followed? They said to my little maid, 'Say your prayer out loud, my dear, and we shall say it with you.' Yes, 'a little child was leading them.' There was the little London child saying aloud her simple prayer, inviting the Lord Jesus to be at their meal and bless them; while the others with bowed heads and closed eyes, were repeating it after her, the tears coursing down their faces."

YOUR GARDEN.

WHO has a garden to plant? I know—
Each little boy and girl: and so
Each little boy and girl must get
Good seeds to sow, good grafts to set,
And when they have set and sowed, take
care,
To trim them and weed them till they shall
bear
Such good and beautiful fruit, that they
Will be glad for all they have done some
day.
Each little garden is each little heart,
Where the good deeds with the bad will
start.

LEANING ON JESUS.

A LITTLE girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at one time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death.

PATIENT WILL.

DEAR little patient Will was only ten years old, but he knew a great deal about pain and suffering. He had been sick many months, and often could not sleep at night, but he was always quiet and cheerful. How could he be? I will tell you.

One day he looked up very sweetly and said, "Mother, I can say 'Thy will be done to God.'"

"Could you, my dear boy, if he should send you more suffering?"

"Yes," he replied.

His father one day told him in a bright way, "Willie, when spring comes maybe you will be able to go out."

"Papa," he replied, "I would much rather talk about dying."

To-day mother has left him alone for a few minutes, and he has climbed into a chair by the window to look out. It is winter-time and the snow is falling. Everything is covered with a pure white mantle and he can hear the merry shouts of the boys at play.

"Do you wish you were skating and coasting with the boys, dear?" asked mother when she returned and saw his wistful look.

"No, mamma. I was thinking how white the snow is, and of something that whiter; you know Jesus makes us 'whiter than snow.'"

"No, mamma," he said afterward, "I don't want to play any more. I'm going to heaven and there we shall be so happy we shall need play. I'm satisfied!"

He only lingered a few days after this. When he was dying he asked his mother to sing. She tried to sing one of the hymns he loved so much, and got as far as the second verse.

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive."

Willie looked up and smiled. "But Jesus will forgive," he repeated. A beautiful light fell over his face, and his mother asked, "Can you see Jesus, Willie?"

"Yes," he said with a smile. Then lifting his hands he cried out, "He's coming! he's coming!" and in a few moments he had gone to live with the dear Saviour forever.

Dear children, do not be afraid of this of dying. Dying is but going home to be with Jesus. He has said, "I will come again, and receive you to myself." In that happy home we shall never sin or suffer. If you are sick, we hope you too will try to say, "Thy will be done," and be a patient little sufferer like Willie.