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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889

[No. 12.

BEGINNING AND END.

THE progress of dishonesty is not hard to trace. The only safety of character is in resisting the beginning of evil. There are three hundred and sixty degrees in the circle of a cent as well as in the circle of the equator—and so is there as much dishonesty in a boy's theft of a cent as in a man's theft of a thousand dollars. Two pictures below will illustrate this. Here is the beginning:

A schoolboy, an years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the labourers in the wheat fields—had been sent to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again." He never gave back the money.



LOITERING.

The ending. Ten years went by, he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is

then, with child-like simplicity, he added Lord, make ma's temper better, too."

God's mercy works sweetly, it allures and conquers.

now in a prison cell, but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.

"MAKE MA'S TEMPER BETTER."

A VERY little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after paternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. His offence was passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better; never to be angry again; and

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

In Israel's fans by silent night
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke:
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke,
He rose; he asked, Whence came the word?
From Eli? No; it was the Lord!

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889.

HE REBUKED THEM.

THERE lives in Pennsylvania a little boy who has been a regular attendant of the Band of Hope. He went on an excursion not long since down the river, and was shocked to see sitting at a table near him a party of men drinking beer. The little fellow thought it was very wrong, and wondered that no one spoke to them about it. He is not five years old, but he did a very brave thing for a little boy. He left his mother's side, went up to the men, and said, in a very sweet tone, though wearing a very serious face: "You ought not to drink that beer; you had better join our Band of Hope." The men looked at him in surprise, but he was too serious for them to laugh. They did not know what to say to him, but finally one of the number, who had been very dissipated, arose and said: "I think, fellows, when a little chap like that sees we are on the wrong road, and is brave enough

to tell us of it, it is high time that we quit." The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he evidently was deeply moved. I do not know whether they quit drinking from that day or not, but it is certain that they drank no more beer on that excursion. Ah! little folks, you don't know how much good a kind word does. Try it, and leave results with God.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"MOTHER, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me,' and do you know, mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant, until Fanny Gray died. I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said, 'Yes.' She went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all. Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"O! that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep until morning."

"Well, then as you lie down to sleep, what prayer do you offer to God?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' I want the Lord to take care of me while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"O no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take;' so you see God took little Fanny's soul to himself, and when she awoke she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus. Now, Rena, when you say, 'Now I lay me,' I want you to think in this way: 'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child and do not pray to God, ought I to ask him or expect him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling I am in the Lord's care; and if I should die before I wake, that I am still the Lord's child: and I pray that he may take my soul to dwell with him.'"

"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it. Thank you, mother dear. Please hear me to-night when I go to say my prayers."

Ah, little children are there not a great many who, like Rena say their prayer without thinking what they mean—men words, with no meaning in them? God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for him "unto whom all hearts are open all desires known, and from whom no secret are hid."

Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say, "Now I lay me," to night; and pray that God will watch over you, waking and sleeping.

THE BAREFOOTED GIRL.

THERE are many woes which sin has brought into the world; and those who have sinned least, sometimes suffer most. Especially is this the case with little children who often are doomed to suffer the sorest affliction through the faults and sins of their parents.

A man passing up State street, one chilly day, saw a little barefooted girl trothing along on the cold pavement.

"Where are your shoes, little girl?" said the gentleman.

"Don't dot any," said she.

"Don't dot any? Why not?" said he
"My papa dets drunk," said the poor little waif.

That tells the whole story. Bare feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want, poverty, and misery, all come when "papa dets drunk." And tens of thousands are beginning to taste the deadly cup that brings all this misery at the end; and others are dealing out this dreadful, deadly poison to poor degraded men. How wonderful that God bears with such iniquities and crimes, which cause suffering to the young, the poor, and the helpless. But yet, though he suffers long, he does not forget the little ones. He who, long ago, took them in his arms to bless them, looks with pitying eye upon each poor drunkard's child, and hears the sighs and sobs of the suffering little ones. May we not hope that he will speedily arise and bring them deliverance?

GOD HAS NOT GONE AWAY.

ANNIE and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her.

"But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily.

"Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away for a little while," naughty Annie said.

"But God has not gone away; he would know," Lily replied; as she ran home fast.

FAR ABOVE, IN HIGHEST HEAVEN.

FAR above, in highest heaven,
 Jesus reigns, our Lord and King;
 He his life for us has given,
 He did life eternal bring.
 Sing, then, children, sing with gladness,
 Loud let grateful anthems ring!
 Jesus is the children's Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King.

Once on earth the children praised him,
 And "Hosanna" was their cry:
 Now that God to heaven has raised him,
 Loud they praise him in the sky;
 Shout, then, children, shout your praises,
 Loud let grateful anthems ring!
 Jesus is the children's Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King.

Come, then, early, come to Jesus,
 As the children did of old;
 He from sin and sorrow frees us,
 Never will his love grow cold.
 Daily let us learn to love him,
 Daily let us join to sing
 Praises to our Lord and Saviour,
 Praises to the children's King.

Then, when life's short days are ended,
 If we've served our Saviour well,
 By his angels gently tended,
 In his kingdom we shall dwell;
 There we'll shout our joyous praises,
 There the song of victory sing:
 Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.

A LITTLE girl, six years old, was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself?"

"How can I grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

DIDN'T MEAN TO.

"I DIDN'T mean to," said Benny, the other day when he left his sled lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over it and broke his leg. The dear old clergyman will never walk without a crutch again.

We shall miss his gray head and wise counsel and solemn prayer in our sick rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step, and all because Benny "didn't mean to."

The careless nurse that held little Gracie, when she was a lively, strong, rosy baby, six months old, jumping and throwing herself about in all directions, tried to read a story book and tend baby at one time. Gracie gave a jump, and fell back over the arm of the sofa, and injured her spine, so that from being the pride and joy of the house, she became a puny, wailing, deformed child, whom no doctor could cure. It was little comfort, as her mother sat up at night and soothed her distress, and her father tried all that wealth could do to make her straight and strong, to hear the nurse say, "I didn't mean to."

When little Johnny shocks his mother by saying bad words and using coarse slang phrases, it does not make the matter much better to have his big brother, from whom he learned it all, say, "I didn't mean to say such things before the children."

Some young girls were working in a powder factory one day, full of life and happiness. They all expected to lie down in their homes as usual that night. Death seemed as far off to them as it does to you. One of them carelessly threw a pair of scissors to a friend sitting near. They hit a cartridge, and caused a terrific explosion, which sent a large number of young girls and men into eternity in an instant of time. When the relatives were weeping and wailing, and trying to find the dead bodies of their dear children among the charred remains of the victims of the accident, how little consolation was it to hear one say, "She didn't mean to."

I heard a father tell his son one day, "My boy, that's no excuse; don't let me hear that again; mean not to."

Very few mean to scatter sorrow and distress and woe in the path of others. None mean to lose their own souls, and few wish to ruin those about them. When the mischief is done, how poor the excuse, "I didn't mean to!" How much better to mean not to!—*Southwestern Methodist.*

To pity distress is human; to relieve is God-like.

TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children you must seek
 Rather to be good than wise;
 For the thoughts you do not speak
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
 Cross and cruel, and look fair,
 Let me tell you how to see,
 You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
 And some ugly thoughts contrive,
 And my word will come to pass,
 Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have, and what you lack,
 All the same as what you wear,
 You will see reflected back;
 So my little folks take care!

And not only in the glass,
 Will your secrets come to view;
 All beholders as they pass,
 Will perceive and know them, too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
 Or in eyelids drooping down,
 Like a violet from the light;
 Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
 Evil thoughts and feelings far;
 For, as sure as you're alive,
 You will show for what you are.

THE DISOWNED LAMB.

AT Uncle Norris' farm they have a great many sheep. They have a pleasant pasture to be in during the day, and a nice warm house for the night, where they are safe from all danger. Some of the sheep had names which little Nellie Norris had given them. There was one big old sheep, that Nellie named Whiteface, and of which the girl was very fond.

One time Whiteface had two little lambs. How pleased Nellie was when she knew that! But then Whiteface did a very strange thing. She loved and cared for one, but she would not pay any attention to the other. Nellie came out to see them. "Why, Whiteface, it's your own little lambie. You ought to love it; it is naughty for you not to love it," said Nellie. I don't think Whiteface understood. At any rate, she would not care for the other lamb at all. Nellie felt very bad, and cried a good deal when she told her mamma. "Now I can't love Whiteface any more, because she did not love her very own little lambie. I didn't think she could be so naughty."

We ought to love our own. We ought to love Jesus when he is willing to be called a man with us.



SAMSON AND THE LION.

THE LAZY BOY.

SAY, what will you come to,
 Lazy boy, lazy boy,
 If your bright, golden moments
 In play you employ?
 You'll come first and surely
 To hunger and rags
 The life of the idler
 In poverty drags.
 You'll come next to mischief,
 For Satan, 'tis true,
 Finds sin always plenty
 For idlers to do.
 You'll come then to sorrow,
 No home and no friends,
 No blessing from heaven
 On idlers descends.
 And—last woful misery—
 Death at the end;
 The steps of the idler
 To soul-ruin tend.
 I warn you and urge you,
 Lazy boy, lazy boy,
 Leave the bees and the flies
 To their work and their joy,
 Run quick to the school-room,
 Your books and your slate,
 If you would be saved from
 So dreadful a fate.

THEY DON'T TRY.

A LITTLE girl four years old was playing busily with her numerous family of dolls. At length she said: "Auntie, my children are coming to see you. They are very full of mischief, and will spill water on your floor, and do lots of things. I try to make

them do better, but I don't seem to succeed. They say their prayers too, but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and so her auntie helped her along by saying: "Do they leave out that part of the prayer asking Jesus to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they are that; they ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some little girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly, and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I do try, don't I?"

WHO ARE THE HAPPY CHILDREN?

CHILDREN'S Day calls out crowds of bright-faced, happy little people. Birds and flowers and sunshine and children ought to make bright faces. Don't you think so? But some faces are brighter and some hearts happier than others. The boys and girls who have been saving and sacrificing and denying self, so that somebody might be helped—these are the happiest of all.

Here is Willie Jones. How his eyes do shine! He has been saving his pennies a good while for this Children's Day collection. He has had to shut his eyes sometimes when he went past a candy-store, but he will forget all that in the joy that will fill his heart when he drops his shining fifty-cent piece into the basket, and listens to the pastor as he tells how this money will help poor boys and girls to do earnest work for God and humanity.

Now look at pretty Ruth Brown. She

does not look sad, does she? And yet she gave up a great pleasure so that she might help on in this grand work.

"Which will you have, Ruth's," said papa "the pleasure trip, or the money for Children's Day?" And Ruthie made her choice.

Ah! dear children, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

May this be the very best and brightest of all the Children's Days we have yet known!

THE CAPTIVE AFRICAN BOY.

FIFTY years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. Poor fellow! First he was sold for a horse. Then his buyer thought him a bad exchange for the horse, and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for so much rum. This was called another bad bargain by the man who had bought him, and again he was returned, to be sold for tobacco, with the same result.

Nobody wanted the poor miserable slave boy, who was on the point of committing suicide when he was bought by a Portuguese trader, and carried away in a slave-ship. Ah, how little that wretched boy, as he lay chained in the hold of that crowded slave-ship thought what the future had in store for him, or what great things God would yet do for him. One day an English war-ship that was clearing the high seas of the slavers, bore down upon the Portuguese vessel, and rescued the captives. The African boy was placed under Christian influences, baptized, and educated, and today he is Bishop Crowther, England's black Bishop in Africa, where he has founded a successful mission.

It would be a long story to tell all he has done for his poor people in Africa, how he has fought the slave trade, preached to cannibals, been taken prisoner again and again, and how the Lord has kept him safe in every danger. Twenty-five years after he was made a slave he found his old mother, and she became a Christian, and died under the hospitable roof of her son's episcopal residence.

A NAUGHTY HABIT.

ANNA JANE has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in the next room she thinks they are saying something that she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. Persons who do this are called eave-droppers. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice.