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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1888.

[No. 5.



THE MISSIONARY DOLL.—(SEE NEXT PAGE).

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
 "So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
 I'll tarry in the sky."
 What if the shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its single light alone
 Cannot create a day.
 Does not each rain-drop help to form
 The cool, refreshing shower?
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?
 Then let each child its influence give,
 O Lord! to truth and thee;
 So shall its power by all be felt,
 However small it be.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1888.

CONSCIENCE.

A LITTLE girl once went into a room intending to speak to her mamma, but found no one there. She looked around. She spied a large basket of cakes standing on the table. "O!" she exclaimed to herself, "I must just have one piece."

Now, what was it that kept saying to her, "Don't touch it?" It was *conscience*. Again; after Helen had eaten the tempting cake, who was it that kept accusing her? Not her mother, for her mother had not seen her do it. It was *conscience*.

What was it that made Helen look so guilty at the tea-table that her mother had to ask her, "Helen, are you ill?" It was the whisper of conscience.

Now what is conscience? It is that within us which judges of right or wrong; that voice within which accuses or excuses an action; the voice which approves or disapproves of the conduct of ourselves or of others.

THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY HANNAH SHEPPARD.

Now, mamma, take me on your lap, and hold me tight, just so,
 And I'll tell you all about it—how I let my darling go,
 For I didn't know 'twas naughty until you said to-day
 That I must not give my playthings, without your leave, away.
 Oh, but it was so dressful hard to let Angelina go!
 For she is my oldest child, and my dearest one, you know.
 "Why didn't I send Nellie, or my new wax doll so tall?"
 Because I loved my precious one the very best of all!

Don't you 'member all about it—how papa said that night,
 That when we gave to Jesus it must be our dearest quite?
 And I saw the mission boxes being packed so full downstairs,
 For the little heathen children who've not been taught their prayers.

So I hugged and kissed my Angelina—now, mamma, don't you cry—
 I'd have let you say good-bye to her, but I knew you'd ask me why;
 And papa in his sermon said, "Don't tell 'bout what you do,
 But help a little if you can," so I thought that meant me too.

And I hope that ragged, heathen girl 'way out in Timbuctoo
 Will love my sweetest Angelina, and treat her well, don't you?
 Though I'm afraid she'll be so lonely, just at first, you see,
 For she is not used to strangers, 'cause she's always been with me.

So please don't tell the boys, they'd tease me 'bout my "missionary child!"
 And I couldn't bear it very well if even papa smiled—
 For I tucked her softly in the box when no one saw, you know,
 Though it broke my heart in pieces to let my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very Tuesday night,
 That when we gave with all our hearts it must be a hard fight,
 But that Jesus knew about it all, and would help us to be glad,
 If we only gave, for love of him, the dearest that we had.

PRAYING INSTEAD OF STEALING.

SOME poor families lived near a wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober, took pretty good care of his family; but the public house would get his earnings, and then they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic, he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick of wood was left in the cellar.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, to the bedside, and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, father," spoke John, aloud.
 "Can't? Why not?" said his father, angrily.

"Because I learned at Sabbath-school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents, too?'"

"Yes, father," replied the boy.

"Well, then, mind you do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood-wharf; so John said to his father:

"I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing, I know."

And when he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God in prayer. He prayed the Lord's Prayer, which his Sabbath-school teacher had taught him, only putting in something about the wood, for he knew God would give wood as well as "daily bread."

The next noon, when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of, the first thing after turning the corner? A load of wood before the door—his door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor had sent it; but he believed it was God, and so it was.

"MAKE MY HEART WELL."

NOT long since I was watching a group of little boys holding a prayer-meeting; and while they were on their knees engaged in prayer, one of the little ones was leading, I observed one of the larger ones laughing. I called him away and asked him why he laughed while the others were praying. "O!" said he, "he prayed so strange: he said, 'Lord, make my heart well.'" I thought how appropriate is that prayer for all, for those of maturer age as well as for the young. How much do many poor hearts, faint and sick, need the healing balm of the Great Physician, who is abundantly able and perfectly willing to heal. Oh, the dreadful condition and fearful consequences of a diseased heart!

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

LET the little children come
To a Saviour's breast:
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Perhaps amid the crowding throng,
No one else might see
That some little faces asked,
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

—Selected.

STORY OF A CHILD'S SOUL.

THE child's soul was very happy when he knew that his sins were all washed away. He felt clean and bright in his soul. He loved to listen to the pleasant voice of Conscience. When he looked through the windows of his soul at the blue sky and the white clouds, he had happy thoughts of his mamma, and God, and the angels. When he lay down to sleep at night, he always folded his hands and prayed the prayer that his mamma taught him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then he slept with a happy heart, while his Guardian Angel watched him all through the night.

It seemed to him that the birds sang more sweetly, the sun shone more brightly, and his friends were more pleasant. Do you know why? Because his own heart was happy. He began to wish to know more about God's book, so papa would often take him in his arms and read to him about Jesus and the angels and heaven and the people who loved God.

He learned many new things in those days.

The evil spirit was very angry, and said, "I must not let this child leave me so. I must try to get him to listen to me. Can I not appear like his Guardian Angel?"

As long as the child kept the Spirit of

God in his heart, the evil one could not harm him, for he was

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

One day the child's papa came in and said, "My little son, if you finish your lesson in half an hour, I will take you to ride."

"All right; thank you, papa," said the boy, and he worked very busily at his lesson. He was performing some tiny questions in the first part of his little arithmetic. There were six in all. He performed four of them without any trouble, for his kind teacher had explained them to him; but when he came to the fifth, he could not remember how it was done. He tried once or twice, but the answer would not come right. He left that and performed the last question, and just then his papa called to know if he were ready.

Now the evil spirit had been watching for this very moment; so had Conscience. She said, "You are not ready, for there is the other question to perform."

"No matter," said the evil one, close to his ear, "you can finish it when you come back and no one will ever know about it."

The child listened to the evil spirit and said, "I have just finished, papa; I will wash my hands and get my hat."

The ride was over a pleasant road and in a pleasant country. There were beautiful trees and flowers, the sun shone brightly, and the sky was clear; but why did every thing look so dark and unhappy to the little one? Why was he so silent? Why did he wish that Conscience would stop speaking to him in her soft voice? Because there was sin in his soul which came because he listened to *sudden temptation*.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

A LITTLE German girl, about twelve years of age, became a Christian. Full of joy and wonder, she ran home to tell her father. But, to her surprise, he became very angry, and beat her cruelly. She asked that she might join the Church. Her father said that if she did, he would beat her to death. But she felt that she ought to do what Jesus commanded, even if her father was not willing. She "obeyed God rather than man," and joined the Church, trusting in the Lord's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When she told her father what she had done, he beat her very cruelly and put her out of the house, telling her never to come back, unless she would give up being a Christian. Christians, however, took her to their homes, and she often came to her father to ask him to be a Christian, only to

be answered with blows. She said, "I do not care for the blows—my poor father's soul is all I care for." After eighteen months of praying for him and pleading with him, he was at last converted and became an earnest Christian.

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

WHERE have they gone—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Once in the beautiful long ago,
Some beautiful children I used to know—
(Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not much of the style of their
clothes;

They never imagined the boys were "beaux,"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were
they—

Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not of the meaning of "flirt"
or "style."

GOD'S HEARING.

"How do you think God can hear, so far off?" asked a child of his mother.

"O, my darling, God can hear, not only the words that rise from your lips, but the thoughts that rise in our heart. He has not ears such as we have, but the ears of feeling and sympathy. He is not far from any of us. He is everywhere, and fills all space; and he wants to fill your heart. If you only let him in, don't you think he will be near enough to know all that goes on there, and to guide you, and to hear your prayer before they are spoken?"

"But, mamma, he does not always do what I ask him."

"Perhaps not. I do not always do what you ask me. But it is because I know better than you do what is good for you, and I sometimes say no. When God does not do what you ask him, never think he does not hear. He says: 'No, you do not ask the thing that is good for you, or go the right way to attain it. What I will do for you is to open the right way to reach the right thing. But trust me; I hear all that call on me in spirit and in truth. I hear, and I love to hear, the cry of my children.' In all difficulty and perplexity, call on him."



THE ENTRY TO JERUSALEM.

THE ENTRY TO JERUSALEM.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

WORKING DOGS.

I ONCE heard a gentleman say, that during a long stay in Holland he never saw a single dog idle, that was old enough and big enough to do any work.

All sorts of barrows and carts are built on purpose for them, and they gallop along at a great pace.

They are used to carry the fish, wood, vegetables, and anything else which their owner wishes, and when it is all sold, and

you think the poor dogs might reasonably expect to go home with an empty cart behind them, the master jumps in, and rides back in state.

But this is not the worst part of the story, for a certain amount of work never hurts any animal, any more than it does boys and girls; but it makes us sad to know that as a rule, the poor dogs are miserably fed, and are often driven till they drop down from exhaustion. Still they are wonderfully patient and persevering, and will lick their master's hands gratefully if he treats them kindly.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"DEAR me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that made all the rest go wrong;" and Janet tugged away, and fretted as if the poor buttons were quite at fault for her trouble. "Patience! patience!" said mamma, smiling at the fretful face, "and next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth once more, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby!

PRAYING IN A HALF ROOM.

Is a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys, from different States, and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room, and getting better acquainted. When night came, the younger of the two boys asked the other if he did not think that it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible and a prayer. The request was modestly made without whining or cant. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray myself, I suppose," said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it," retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equal, said quietly: "Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other; and I will pray in that or get another room. But pray I must, and I will, whether you consent or refuse."

The elder boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is any thing to be admired it is the manliness that knows the right, and dares to do it without asking one's permission.—*Youth's Companion*.

A GOOD SIGN.

A BOY and girl, who played a good deal together, both learned to love the Saviour. One day the boy said to his mother, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian," said the mother, to whom this sounded very odd. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You see," said the child, "she used to be selfish and get angry at any little thing; but now she is not selfish any more, and don't get angry if you take everything she's got."

You see that dear child has become a little bud or branch in the true Vine, and this was making her fruitful in doing good.