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Happy Days

[VIL]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

[No. 24

JOSEPH AND JACOB

story of Joseph wonderful one. so long to tell re, but we will out the part rerepresents. had been sold Egypt by his brethren, and er Jacob sup- he was dead. d remembered in Egypt, and he had been him, he raised from being a o a place next king. A great came, and was no bread he country ex- Egypt. All tions came to to buy corn. sent his sons raob, king of to buy corn. id not know eph was there id charge of stores of corn hese brethren o him to buy e knew them, y did not re him. He sold he corn, but o money put mouths of the and his own in the mouth jamin's sack the brethren arted home, had his ser- follow them, earch their When they



JACOB AND HIS SONS.

the cup in Benjamin's sack, they took and Joseph kept him until they return. When they came back, for n, Joseph made himself known to and wept for joy at seeing them.

He then sent them home with plenty of corn, and told them to bring his father Jacob to him, that he might see him once more before he died. He sent waggons and horses to bring Jacob and his family,

and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know that we shall not return the blow but "leave them to God."

and all his household goods and other property

When his sons came to Jacob and told him that Joseph was alive, and had sent for him, he thought it could not be true, for he had thought he was dead, but when he saw the waggons, he believed it must be so, and greatly rejoiced at the prospect of seeing his son once more. He went into Egypt, and Joseph took good care of him until he died. Thus what had been his great sorrow became his greatest joy. The Lord suffers us to be greatly troubled some times, but if we are true to him he will bring good to us out of every trouble

LEFT TO GOD

In Western Africa there is a school for poor native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her schoolmate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck

Did you strike her back again "

"No, ma'am."

What did you do "

"I left her to God "

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties,

THE THING TO KEEP

I'm going to keep my temperance pledge
And come here when I can
Because I want to do some good
When I become a man.

For little boys and girls must learn
To study, and to think:
This meeting is a training-school—
We train to fight strong drink.

We are the hope of this fair land,
And as we live and grow,
True temperance principles you will
Observe in us, I know.

No wicked words shall pass my lips,
No stale tobacco breath;
The triple pledge I mean to keep
Till life shall close in death.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

In this neighbourhood recently, a feeble church has been endeavouring to build a house of worship for itself, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that their more wealthy neighbours have been building it, but the church members have contributed according to their ability. Being anxious to raise more money than the people were able to contribute, one of the officers of the church procured some cards with the name of the church printed on one side, and on the other side these lines:

"If you cannot give your millions,
You can give the widow's mite;
The smallest gift for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight."

These cards were given to some of the children of the church to sell for ten cents each.

A little girl took some of them to a shop in which her father worked, and passed

around from one to another, soliciting purchasers, until she came to a man who was regarded by his fellow-workmen as one who had no interest in religious things, and was not disposed to give money to any object. "Will you buy one of my cards, sir?" said the child. "I don't want any cards, what is it for?" She explained that she was trying to raise some money to help build the church. "What! a little girl like you trying to build a church!" "Yes, sir," was the modest reply. "Read that to me," said he. She read the verse. "Well, here is ten cents for you," and he took the card. Expressing her thanks, the child turned away only to be recalled. "You can take the card," said the man, "and sell it to some one else and get ten cents more." "Thank you, sir," she said, this time looking at him with beaming face. She turned away the second time, but was again recalled. "Little girl," he said, "will you read me that verse again?" She read it, when, much to her surprise, the man took out his pocket-book and handed her a ten dollar bill. With reiterated thanks the child went away rejoicing.—*N. Y. Observer.*

LITTLE ONES' SAYINGS.

"WHAT is pride, my son?" said a gentleman to his little boy.

"Walking with a cane when you ain't lame," he said.

A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "Mamma, I should think that if I was made of dust, I would get muddy inside when I drink."

"Here now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied, "give it to him."

A little boy carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off of some of 'em."

A little girl who was thoroughly up in abbreviations in the spelling book, wrote a letter to her brother, in which she said: "There is Cc in the room while I am writing, and they talk so much that you must excuse all mistakes."

The other morning a little boy who was eating shad for his breakfast, became very much exasperated at the annoyance the bones caused him, when he yelled out. "Mamma, why don't somebody make shads without splinters in 'em?"

Little Freddie, who was writing a composition about hens, said he knew "where hens came from, but didn't know where they got eggs. People says that hens lay eggs, but I know better. My father keeps lots of hens, and when he wants any eggs he always sends me to the store for them."

The other day while visiting at a neighbour's house, a little girl came to me with a piece of bread and butter in her hand. Being afraid she would soil my clothes, I told her if she did not go away I would bite her head off. Whereupon she innocently offered me her piece of bread and butter. "Here, eat this if you are hungry"

Baby has been forgotten at the table. He reflects a moment, and then, turning to his neighbour, says: "Would you kindly give me a little salt?" "Some salt?" said the mother. "What are you going to do with it, my child?" Baby casts down his eyes, and replies timidly, "I am going to put it on my meat—when you give me some."

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

A YOUNG man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit grew too strong.

"O there's no danger," it is a mere nothing I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so," I assure you there is no cause for alarm.

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter; "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But trying to escape a dreadful danger, and fear that I shall be, before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of my appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized that the habit had fastened on me and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squall off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the gain after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."—*Ohio Christian Life.*

WHAT CHAUNCY FORGOT

"MAMMA," called Chauney, running up the steps, "mamma, I forgot something to do."

Mamma was busy putting the dishes away in the room to rights. What could Chauney have forgotten? His lunch? No, for the red lunch-basket was gone off the table. His mittens? No, they were on his hands. His handkerchief? No, that was in his pocket.

Chauney had forgotten to kiss mamma good-by!

"It's such a long time 'fore I've loved you, I couldn't wait," said he, plaintively, "so I told the teacher I forgot something, and she said she'd excuse me if I would be so careless again, and I told her I wouldn't."

It was a very happy little boy who tripped lightly back to school.

"Did you find what you forgot?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, free of 'em," said Chauney.

THE LITTLE SINGER.

BRIGHT-EYED little maiden,
With unaccustomed air;
He wondered at the organ,
And nodded during prayer;
He listened to the reading,
And watched the people, too—
For her first Sunday service
Seemed very strange and new

And when the congregation
Broke forth in sacred song,
She stood upon the footstool
And tried to help along
She did not know their music,
And so she chose her own—
Of "little robin redbreast"
She sang, in cheery tone

All utterly unconscious
Of many a smiling gaze.
The childish voice rang clearly
In this odd hymn of praise:
And when the rest were silent
Still those blithe notes were heard,
Her last long stanza warbling
Like some enraptured bird

And the gracious pastor waited
Till the ling'ring echoes fled,
With a touched and tender spirit,
Ere his loving text he read;
For he knew the listening Father
Would accord the chant sublime
No dearer, worthier welcome
Than the happy nursery rhyme.

A WORD FOR HELP.

"ARCHIE is coming to-night" Brother
Archie's coming to-night!"

Alice skipped about the old house in a
manner very different from her usual sub-
dued movements.

"I guess he'll be likely to wish himself
away again before another night if you
make so much noise," said Susan, the hired
woman. And Alice did not take another
step with a skip in it, but walked out of
doors as gravely as if she had been Susan
or even grandmother herself.

Susan did not mean to be unkind. She
only thought that children should be made
to behave; and her idea of children be-
having was that they should never run,
never jump, never laugh, speak very little,
and that little very quietly.

Grandmother, who always stayed in her
room up stairs, thought very much as
Susan did, but she never said so much
about it, for Alice saw her only in the morn-
ing when she went to read her a chapter
and then learn to darn stockings and hem
travels. She did not like such work, and
never went to it until Susan hunted for
her and told her to go at once.

Out in the open air Alice took a few
skips, for no one was there to tell
her to stop quietly. She could not help
feeling that the sunshine and singing birds
and the soft wind were all gladder and
sweeter than on other days because she
was so glad.

Archie came, and was as loving

poor little orphan sister as she had ex-
pected him to be. He was a very kind
elder brother, and his heart went out in
tender pity for her as he saw the lonely
life she was leading.

"Never mind, little one!" he said as on
the evening of the last day of his visit she
went to his room, when I jam through
college and in business you and I will have
a home together, won't we?"

"Oh, I hope it won't be long, Archie."

"Some time yet, dear."

"But I don't like to stay here."

But here, as in every other place, a
little girl only has to try her best to do
what is right. I have something to give
you which may be a help to you when I
am gone."

He took a little case from his trunk and
showed her a picture:

"That is mother, dear. I had this taken
from the one I have, because I thought
you were old enough now to prize it. You
do not remember her at all, do you?"

"No," said Alice, looking wistfully at
the gentle face.

"No, you could not," he said, taking her
in his arms. "Life would have been a
very different thing to you, little sister,
if she had lived. But we must not forget
that the Lord has ordered your life just as
he sees best for you."

"How could it be best that I should live
in this gloomy place instead of in a nice
house like other little girls?" asked Alice,
with tears in her eyes.

"We cannot know why, but he knows.
Keep this picture where you can see it,
and it will help you to remember how
anxious she was that her little girl should
grow up to be good and lovely."

"I can come to her when I am feeling
badly and tell her about it. I can make
believe she hears me and is sorry for me."

"Dear little girl, you can do better than
that. The Saviour, who loves you far
better than even your mother could have
loved you, is here with you always—not a
poor picture, but his very self—always
with you, always ready to help and guide
and comfort you. When you are feeling
sad and lonely go to him. Take all your
burdens to him, feeling sure that he will
lovingly hear you and give you constant
cheer."

"But I am not good enough for him to
want to be with me. I don't like to mind
grandma and Susan."

"That is one of the troubles you can
take to him. Ask him to give you a heart
more willing to do the duties he has laid
upon you. You will surely find your-
self happier if you do your very best, dear,
and you can make grandma and Susan
happier by doing so."

Alice shook her head very doubtfully,
but promised her brother that she would
try.

We may be very sure she found he was
right. He was a wise brother, for he
touched upon the very things in which any
child, or grown person either, who may
feel that their lives are sad and burdened
will find help—in the striving to do our

best duty to those around us and in carry-
ing all our troubles to the dear Lord, who
waits to help us bear them.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

LITTLE Artie and his brothers, three of
them, and dear little fellows they were, all
were brave and self-reliant, and had been
brought up by their parents in the right
way.

As these children lived some distance
from town, it was found necessary to leave
them at home when father and mother
attended meeting, especially was this the
case in cold weather. Through the sum-
mer months the children were often taken
along, to their great delight. And as their
parents were Methodists of the good old-
fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit
of hearing—at such times—the hearty
"Amen" break forth from their father's
lips when the sermon was particularly en-
joyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children
were left at home, with many cautions to
be very careful, yet hardly had the parents
left ere the woodwork near the stove-pipe
was discovered to be on fire, and out of
the children's reach, but, with wonderful
activity and energy, the eldest climbed
upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned
they shuddered to see the danger to which
their dear ones had been exposed, and with
thankful hearts praised them for their
courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach
the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the
table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help your brother,
Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir, I brought him a pail of water,
and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud
father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was
too small to help put out the fire, and so I
just stood by and hollered 'Amen.'"
Kind Words.

A BRAVE BOY.

ONCE a little boy, nine years of age, who
had been taught to love and honour the
Sunday, was staying at a nobleman's castle
with his parents. A number of gentlemen
were also staying there, and they were
discussing how they should spend the
Sunday. They were bent on spending it
in pleasure, and several amusements were
proposed, but at last it was decided on
having a day's "ferreting." The little
fellow heard it with sorrow and indigna-
tion, and at last he could stand it no longer,
and he stood up before his father and
Lord — and all the company, and said:

"One day belongs to God alone,
He chooses Sunday for his own,
And we must neither work nor play
On God's most holy Sabbath day."

"And that's 'ferreting,' gentlemen."



THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

JESUS illustrated important truths with the everyday occurrences of life. Every person who has been in the country knows what it is to sow seed in the field. Our picture represents the seed sower. Jesus told a parable concerning the sower, which is recorded in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew. As the sower sowed his seed, some fell by the wayside, and the fowls devoured them, some fell upon stony places where there was a thin covering of earth. When the sun came up the earth was made warm, and the seed came up very quickly, but soon dried up, as there was only a few inches of soil. Some seeds fell among thorns; thorns sprung up and choked them. But other seed fell on good ground and brought forth fruit.

Jesus explains the parable by saying that the seed by the wayside represents persons who hear the Gospel preached, and Satan comes and ridicules or reasons them out of it. The seed on stony places represents those who rejoice that they hear the truth and receive it gladly; but when persecution or opposition comes, they give up. The seed among thorns represents those who receive Christ, but do not follow him faithfully; when cares and allurements of the world come, they forsake Christ and follow the world. But the seed on good ground represents those who receive the truth and welcome it. They follow, count the cost, and resolve to leave the world forever, and follow Jesus faithfully as long as they live. They carry out their resolutions by resisting all the temptations

that Satan brings before them, and steadily follow Christ through every obstacle and under all circumstances of life.

"WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?"

MR. STEWART had been preaching on St. Paul's words, "A conscience void of offence." When all his children, on the Sunday evening after service, trooped into his study to say "Good night," he wondered how much of the morning sermon they had understood.

"Jack," he said, to his eldest boy, "what is conscience?"

"I don't rightly know, father," and Jack put his hands into his knickerbocker pockets and tried to whistle.

"Kenneth, can you tell me?"

"It's God's voice, isn't it?" said Kenneth.

"Right my boy! Well, what do you say, Eva?"

Eva came close to her father's knee, and a timid little head was laid on his breast. Mr. Stewart placed an encouraging hand under the drooping little chin.

"Well, childie?"

"Father, isn't it"—a pause,

and then softly and reverently, "I think it is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

Mr. Stewart kissed the sweet upturned face tenderly. His little daughter had put his whole sermon into a few words.

God's voice is so soft and low that we must be careful not to miss it. Elijah heard a "still, small voice," and when he heard it, he wrapped his face in a mantle, to shut out all sights from his eyes. So must we. If we would hear the whisper of our Saviour, we must have his "calm" brooding upon our hearts. Ask him to give you the peaceful soul, and the wakeful ear to hear what the Lord God shall say to his people.

THE BRIDLE.

"DON'T go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favourite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we are all teamsters and horse jockeys? No such thing. If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David; and who can do better than follow his example?

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "Poor fellow!" he would say, "he's left off his

bridle." The appetite needs a rein. Let it loose, and it will run you to tony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorder. Be sure to keep a bridle on your appetite; don't let it be master. Don't neglect to have one on your passions. They go mad if they get unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight, don't let it slip, hold it steady. Never without your bridle.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant—the bridle of self-government. Parents try to restrain and correct their children, and you can generally tell their behaviour what children have for wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers. They must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practice it with a steady and resolute will. It is the foundation of excellence. It is the cutting pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.

PURER IN HEART.

BY MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON.

Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to thee;
Watch thou my wayward feet
Guide me with counsel sweet;
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.
Teach me to do thy will
Most lovingly;
Be thou my friend and guide,
Let me with thee abide,
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I thy holy face
One day may see;
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign thou my soul within,
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

WILLIE is a very small boy, but he is not too young to pray to the dear heavenly Father. His mamma has taught him a sweet little prayer, but one night Willie said, "I want to pray my own little prayer to-night." Then he folded his hands and looked up, and said, softly, "Thou, O God, seeest me." Since then that has been Willie's prayer every night, and I think it is a very good one.