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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1886.

[No. 13.]

GLIMPSSES OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BUTTERFLIES.

"OH, I know what those are, well enough. I've often chased them in the meadows among the daisies and buttercups, when I've been in the country in vacation time. I think they're a great deal prettier, too, than all those other flies in the last picture!"

"Well, yes, my dears. It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful than these dainty creatures; they have well been called 'winged flowers,' for their colouring is as rich, as brilliant, and delicate, as that of the pansy or the rose. Every body who cares for the beautiful in nature is glad to welcome them, when they begin to flutter about the garden-beds, or the clover-fields, in July, and 'Oh, there is a butterfly,' the children cry, just as they say: 'The robins have come!' or, 'See the rainbow!'

"And yet the butterfly, like the bright-winged bee-fly, which we saw in the last picture, is born of a very different looking creature. One never hears the children cry out in delight. 'Oh, here's a caterpillar!' though a lover of entomology is as much interested in ugly



BUTTERFLIES.

insects, as in beautiful ones; and, indeed, he finds something to please his eye in the velvety fur of this boa-like worm!

"However that may be, the caterpillar is the germ of the baby butterfly, and eats its way out of the egg which the parent butterfly deposits upon tender, green leaves, choosing, with the instinct given by God, exactly the plant which is best fitted to nourish her particular species. These eggs are wonderfully beautiful—some round, others oval, oblong, or shaped like a pyramid, colored in delicate shades of green, yellow, or ivory, and their surfaces carved in exquisite designs. It seems a pity that such lovely shells should be destroyed, but the caterpillar not only eats his way out of them, but devours the pieces entirely, before he proceeds to feed upon his fresh green leaf! He is so greedy, and grows so fast, that he has to change his skin five or six times, as he gets too big for it. When he has reached his full growth, he hangs himself by his tail from the twig of a tree, and passes gradually into what is called the chrysalis state.

"This we may think of as a sort of cradle for the

baby butterfly, where it lies so snugly wrapped up, that though it may be overtaken by winter before it is time to come out into the world, and the chrysalis be entirely coated with ice, the little creature will retain its life, and come forth blooming and beautiful, just at the time when its favourite flowers have blossomed out to welcome it!

"The splendid specimen, in the centre of our picture, known as the Swallow-tail, with its brilliant golden wings, richly striped and spotted with black, purple, and white, has been known to spend its winter thus, in an ice-coated cradle.

"The large yellow butterfly, at the left hand, is called, from its colour, the Brimstone, even its eggs being a bright yellow. This is usually the first to greet us, and lingers latest. The smaller varieties above, are known as the Argus, from their spots like eyes, and the handsome fellow, in the right hand corner, is commonly called Silver-spot. All these have very fine classical names, which are rather too hard for childish tongues: but even the smallest may see in the wonderful changes in the life of the butterfly, an emblem of the immortality of the soul."—*Kate Neely Hill.*

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1886.

THANK YOU, LORD JESUS.

HAS your mother taught you how to say "Thank you," whenever any one gives you something good? It is right always to speak your thanks, and to let people see that you enjoy what they give you.

We tell Jesus "Thank you" every day at family prayers. But we ought to do more. We ought to take a whole day to tell him our thanks.

BE thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

EMMA'S PRAYER.

"O PLEASE mend the cup; please mend it. I didn't mean to break it." And poor little Emma on her knees by the sofa poured out her whole soul in this petition. Then she opened her eyes and looked around to see if the cup was mended. No; there it lay all in fragments just where she had dropped it, and she prayed again: "O my Father, I didn't mean to break the cup, and you can mend it if you want to. Amen." And she looked around again, but it still lay there unmended. Then the poor little girl prayed once more. "O please mend it. If you don't, mamma will know I took the sugar after she told me not to. Please make it all whole. Amen." And again she looked, but it was broken as before, and she rose from her knees.

"There! I won't pray any more, never, never, never. You hateful old cup, stay broken if you want to!" And she gave it a spiteful kick.

"What ails my little girl?" said mamma, coming in from her walk. "Why, Emma, how came my sugar-cup here, and broken too? Did you take sugar while I was gone?"

"But I prayed about it," said Emma, sobbing. "I prayed three times. Why didn't God mend it. You said he would answer prayer."

"My dear child," said mamma, "we cannot escape the consequences of our wrong acts by asking God to help us cover them. That would be praying that he would help us deceive, and he cannot do wrong. 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a prayer he delights to answer. Remember that the next time, dear."

Emma has grown to be a woman now, and she always remembered the lesson of that day.—*Child's Paper.*

A GOOD COUNSEL.

A LADY who had charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became on one occasion perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head upon a table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter, seated quietly in a corner. Unable to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole



THE WOODCOCK.

softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own, said:

"Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

"If e'er you meet with trials,
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child by having her become her blessed teacher.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise."

THE WOODCOCK.

THE woodcock has an odd way of rearing her babies. The first nest is made in a very dry spot in the forest, where it is very difficult to get food for the fledglings. The mother, however, will not let her children starve, but soon takes them to moist feeding-grounds. But how do you think she manages that? It was long thought she put them between her feet, and so flew with them from place to place. It is now believed, however, that her claws are not strong enough to bear such a weight, but that she clasps her little one tightly between her legs, and thus the baby-woodcock is carried safe and sound to his new abode. Here, as everywhere in the study of Nature, we are filled with wonder at the instructive wisdom given by God to his creatures. If he cares for birds, will he not care also for us?

KEEPING God's commandments is better and more pleasing to him than building churches.



MISS JONES' PICTURE.

HOW TO DO IT.

THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

MISS JONES' PICTURE.

I HAVE just been looking at Miss Jones' picture. How do you think Miss Jones looks?

She wears a shawl pinned close up to her throat, a cap tied under her chin, and a pair of spectacles over some very wise-looking eyes. What a funny-looking picture! I call it a funny picture, because the clothes are an old lady's clothes; but the face is a little girl's face, round, and plump, and rosy. If I could take off the cap, and the shawl, and the spectacles, I should see a girl of four years, with a white dress, a pink sash, and long curls hanging down over her shoulders.

Her name is Edith May. Her mamma

calls her Edie. Edie likes to fix herself up, and "play people," as she calls it. She takes many different parts.

Sometimes she is an old lady, and sometimes she is a young lady. Sometimes she plays she is mamma, and then she runs round taking care of her dollies, and says she doesn't know what she shall do now that Tilly has the measles, and Hannah has the chicken-pox; and she verily believes that the baby has the measles too.

The other day, she said she was going to be Miss Jones, and go down to the saloon, and have her picture taken.

So she fixed herself up with cap, and spectacles, and shawl, and went down to the photograph-room, and told the artist that she was Miss Jones, and she called to have her picture taken.

Then the artist placed a chair for her, and she sat up as straight as she could. When the pictures were finished, he sent them to her mamma, who has sent one to me; and here you have it in the HAPPY DAYS.

KEEP THE DOOR.

Doors have always been a trouble to me. When a child I was often stopped in my eager, heedless haste, by "My child, shut that door." But harder yet to shut, and still harder to keep shut, was this door of the lips, which leads into the presence of the unruly member. At every jar, almost every sound, this door has been ever flying open, and it has cost me more trouble and time, more anxiety and tears to keep it shut than all those creaking doors in the old house at home. It is not the fault of the door, I must allow. There is a certain something behind the door that seems to act like a spring; at any rate, it is ever ready to spring out and open the door I have closed so securely.

One day, long, long ago, I heard this saying of Solomon, "Keep the door of thy lips;" and I resolved then that I would watch this door very carefully. Sometimes I even kept my hand upon it, determined it should not open. I have bitten the tongue that pushed so hard till the unruly member almost bled; but it was all to no purpose. Then I read this rule of an ancient or modern philosopher: "Count ten, twenty, or even a hundred before you open the door when angry." I tried, but I generally forgot till my door was open, or, if I did keep it closed a little for once, it swung back just as easily the next time.

I resolved and re-resolved. I prayed at least I thought I did—and still I did not, could not succeed.

One happy day I found this prayer: "Keep thou the door of my lips." "Ah, this is just what I want," my heart cried out. "I have tried and failed. I want some one to do it for me. Lord I give up the task to thee. Keep thou the door of my lips, keep thou the heart behind the lips." And now, whenever I trust him, he does what all my trying and counting and resolving could never do. *S S Times.*

A FEW CLEAR THINGS FOR LITTLE READERS.

It is very clear that if I never drink intoxicating liquors, I shall never become a drunkard.

It is very clear that if I never use intoxicating drink, I shall never be guilty of helping to make others drunkards.

It is very clear that if I never go into drinking companies, I shall escape many of the temptations and snares that are laid for the young.

It is very clear that if I drink intoxicating liquor frequently, I may learn to like it, and so become a drunkard.

It is very clear that all drunkards were once moderate drinkers, and only became drunkards by degrees.

It is very clear that moderate drinking is the fountain from which all drunkenness flows, the school in which all drunkards are trained.

It is very clear that if there was no moderate drinking, there would be no drunkenness.

It is very clear that if the drunkard would be reclaimed, he must abstain from that which has made and that which keeps him a drunkard.

KEEP TRYING TO DO RIGHT.

Do not give up trying to be good after one mistake. Begin anew every morning, and see how much better you can do each day. A tree never grew to be a tree in a single day; first it was a seed, then a slender sprout, then a weak sapling, and at last a stout tree. So you will grow if you will keep trying to do right; from a fearful, helpless disciple of Jesus, you will go on till you become a brave and successful soldier in his cause. And yet he loves the little ones who try to serve him just as well as the bearer of the cross; he sees the love in the heart which prompted the action. Remember how he watches your movements! So never give up.

Dr. Waugh tells us of a converted Hindu who, when too weak to kneel to pray, said: "I cannot kneel to pray, but I keep up a sweet talking with Jesus in my heart."

GOD BLESS THEM!

God bless the little girls!
With their sunny, golden curls;
With their many winsome ways
In their pretty childish plays:
God bless the little girls!

God lead the little girls:
Thro' the wintry blast that whirls,
Thro' the clouds that come and go
O'er their checkered path below:
God lead the little girls!

God bless the little boys:
Their hands now full of toys,
Their hearts of merry glee,
How innocent and free!
God bless the little boys!

God lead the little boys:
Through the sorrows and the joys
Of their warfare here below,
May they onward, upward go:
God lead the little boys!

God take the boys and girls
When their sunny, golden curls
In the coffin bed are laid;
To the home no hands have made:
God take the boys and girls!

THE GREAT LAMP.

A VENERABLE minister smiled down on his congregation, composed of Sunday-school boys and girls and said: "Dear children, can you tell me what a lamp is?"

And they looked at him and at one another, and murmured, some of them, confused answers, and hung their heads shyly.

"What! Does nobody know what a lamp is?" he exclaimed with surprise.

All at once he heard a voice: "Something to hold a light, sir."

"That's just right," was the minister's glad reply. An empty lamp is of no use in the dark. Can you repeat a text which mentions the Bible as being like a lamp?"

Without waiting a moment the same young voice rang out again. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

"Ah, yes," said the aged minister. "The Bible is a lamp giving light to the whole earth. And how about the light of children—where shall we find that?"

"In the Lord Jesus. He says 'I am the Light of the world.'" And again it was the same voice.

"One child answers well," said the minister, and he scanned the sea of faces to discover who it was.

A little girl told him it was blind Arthur. Yes, it was blind Arthur Beatty who

answered so correctly about God's glorious light. The minister told his little hearers never to try to go, even a few steps, on life's journey without their precious lamp, or they would stumble into trouble and sin. He asked them, as I also ask you, dear children, to learn all they possibly could of God's word, so that they might not at another time be so unready with their answers, and more than all, because the light shines brightest on the path of those who study the Lamp, and know it best.

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

A POOR woman lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool depths of London life. The girl left a pure home, to be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery and abandonment. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Bernardo, and, telling him the story, asked if he could do anything to help find the lost one.

He answered: "Yes, I can; get your photograph taken, frame a goodly number of copies, write under the picture, 'Come home,' and send them to me."

The doctor sent the photographs to the gin-palaces, dance halls and other places, which wretched outcasts are in the habit of frequenting, and got them hung in conspicuous places.

One night the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these dens of iniquity, saw her mother's picture. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it, and saw the invitation, "Come home," written underneath in her own mother's hand. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token that she would be forgiven, and that very night she returned to her mother's arms just as she was.

This is God's loving cry to every wanderer—"Come home!"—and there is a loving welcome, full of sweetest forgiveness, for all who cheerfully respond to it. Erring child, come home! Think of your sins, ask forgiveness in the name of Jesus, and you will be at once welcomed and pardoned. Will you come home?

HOW TO GO TO JESUS.

ONE evening, after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins, but could not feel that she was pardoned.

"Suppose," said he, "that Jesus was in this room, what would you do?"

"I would go to him at once," she replied.

"And what would you tell him?"

"That I was a lost sinner."

"And what would you ask him?"

"O I would ask him if he would forgive me."

"And what would Jesus answer?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all. "Why," she said, "he would answer, 'Yes.'"

And, simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to him there and then, and Jesus said, "Yes."

BEING WATCHED.

"I WON'T be watched all the time," said one boy to another.

"I won't either," said his companion, with a laugh.

These two boys meant different things by the same expression. One could not be trusted away from his father. He needed a watchful eye to guard him constantly and keep him in the right course. He rebelled at this, and wanted to be free to do as he pleased. The other boy was honourable; he did not need watching; his father was confident that he would not wilfully do a wrong thing, and he trusted him. His manliness scorned the idea of having some one compel him to do right.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

HAS he come to you, and to you, and to you, dear little one? If he has, how glad you must be! For the holy Child could not enter your heart without making it light and clean and sweet, could he?

If he has not come, why is it? Be sure he wants to come and live in your little heart. Open the door, this very hour, and let him in. Remember it is your enemy, Satan, that wants you to keep him out, and do not listen to him any longer. Will you not say to him now:

"Jesus, thou art great and high,
Just a little child am I;
But I come at thy dear call,
Give to thee my little all."

THE NEW KEY.

"AUNT," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and to make them so willing"

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only a little word; guess what."

But her aunt was no guesser.

"It is please," said the child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, 'Please do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, Puss, if I can.' And then if I say, 'Please aunt—'"

"What does aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"Oh, you look and smile, just like mother, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.—*Selected.*