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# Happy Days

## THE GUINEA PIGS.

WHAT comical little fellows these guinea pigs are. They are not a bit like common pigs. They are much cleaner and nicer. They are more like rabbits. They make very pretty pets, and are very playful little creatures.

## DOG STORIES.

I KNOW of a dog whose name is "Truth." This is the way he got it: When he was little they called him "Frisk," because he was never still a minute. One day Fred's mamma lost her overshoe, and she said: "I just believe Frisk has carried it off; he ought to be whipped." "You won't whip him if he confesses the truth?" asked Fred. Mamma promised she would not. So Fred showed Frisk the other overshoe, and told him to bring back the one he had carried off. Frisk looked at it wisely, and then ran off and brought the other from the garden, where he had taken it in play. Then mamma called his name "Truth."

I have heard of another dog who was not so truth-

ful. His master used to give him a penny every morning, which he took to the butcher's for a piece of meat for his breakfast. He seemed to enjoy this very much; but after awhile this was not enough to satisfy him. His master kept a confectionery shop. He had a great many pen-



GUINEA PIGS.

nies come in, and he used to put these in a small box under the counter. Master Doggie found where they were; and, as he didn't know anything about the commandments, he helped himself to one each day, and bought an extra cent's worth of meat. Here is a dog from whom we might learn

a lesson: Carlo's master used to try him by putting a piece of meat within his reach, and then telling him not to touch it. Carlo always turned his head the other way, and wouldn't even look at it, until his master said he might have it. It is best not even to look at temptation.—*Our Little Ones.*

## TALKING BACK

"CONTRADICTING" is the Latin of it. Some boys and girls have a bad habit of doing this. The habit grows upon them till they become quite unconscious of it. Whatever is said to them by parent or teacher, in requirement, advice, expostulation or reproof, these boys or girls have some defence or objection to make. What they ought to do is to receive admonition in silence or else with a thoughtful spoken assent. There are children who never seem to regard a direction from father or mother as binding on them if they can only think of something to say against it, and generally they can. The direction must be repeated,

or they consider themselves free because they have talked back. Boys and girls, do not "talk back." it is a miserable habit. Ask your friend if you do it; for if you do, it is probable you are not aware of it. So ask to be reminded when you talk back, then say nothing to the remainder, except "Thank you."

## SUMMER BIRDS.

The lark he loves the early morn,  
The thrush he loves the noon,  
The blackbird at the close of day  
Pours forth his mellow tune.

And when the stars of night peep out,  
And shine on hill and dale,  
Then in the darkness of the grove  
Is heard the nightingale.

All the birds sing in their time and place,  
Yet every note they raise  
Is but to show their gratitude  
And sing their Maker's praise.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thou art my Creator;  
my body, so wonderfully made, is the work  
of thy hand, and my soul, which shall never  
die, comes from thee. I belong to thee, my  
heavenly Father. My spirit must go back  
to thee when my poor body returns to dust.

Oh, let me never forget that I must give  
an account to thee of my life in this world  
—of all my thoughts and words and acts!

I thank thee, O God, for the multitude of  
thy mercies to me here, but above all other  
things, I long to have my name written in  
heaven, in the book of life.

O Lord, thou dost know me by my name;  
I am not too young for thy gracious notice.  
Thou hast known my coming in and going  
out this day, and every moment of my life  
has been spent in thy sight. I pray thee to  
forgive my many sins and to give me grace  
to live to thy praise.

O Lord, may Jesus be my Saviour, and  
may my prayer be accepted for his sake!  
Amen.

## HOW LONG IT TAKES.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" cried Johnny,  
running in from play "Give me some  
bread and butter, quick!"

"The bread is baking; you must be  
patient," said his mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then  
asked if it was done.

"No," answered his mother, "not quite  
yet."

"It seems to take a long while to make a  
slice of bread," said Johnny.

"Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how  
long it does take," said his mother.

"How long?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring,"—  
Johnny opened his eyes wide—"it was  
doing all summer; it could not be finished  
till the autumn."

Johnny was glad if it was autumn, if it  
took all that while, for so long a time to a  
hungry little boy was discouraging.

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said  
mother. "The farmer dropped his seed in  
the ground in April," she went on to say,  
partly to make waiting time shorter, and  
more, perhaps, to drop good seed by the  
wayside; "but the farmer could not make  
them grow. All the men in the world could  
not make a grain of wheat, much less could  
all the men in the world make a stalk of  
wheat grow. An ingenious man could make  
something that looked like wheat. Indeed,  
you often see ladies' bonnets trimmed with  
sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at  
first sight you can hardly tell the difference."

"Put them in the ground and see," said  
Johnny.

"That would certainly decide. The  
make-believe wheat would lie as still as  
bits of iron. The real grain would soon  
make a stir, because the real seeds have life  
within them, and God only gives life. The  
farmer, then, neither makes the corn nor  
the corn grow; but he drops it into the  
ground, and covers it up (that is his part),  
and then leaves it to God. God takes care  
of it. It is He who sets Mother Earth  
nourishing it with her warm juices. He  
sends the rain, He makes the sun to shine,  
He makes it spring up, first the tender  
shoot, and then the blades, and He makes  
May and June and July and August, with  
all their fair and foul weather, to set up  
the stalks, throw out the leaves and ripen  
the ear. If little boys are starving the corn  
grows no faster. God does not hurry His  
work; He does all things well."

By this time Johnny had lost all his im-  
patience. He was thinking.

"Well," he said at last, "that's why we

pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily  
bread.' Before now I thought it was your  
mother, that gave us our daily bread, and  
now I see it was God. We should not have  
a slice if it weren't for God; would your  
mother?"

## "MILKING SONG."

CUSHA! cusha! cusha!—calling—  
For the dews will soon be falling,  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow.

Quit your cowslips—cowslips yellow;  
Come up, Lightfoot; come up Whitefoot;  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow.

Come up, Jetty; rise, and follow;  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come up, Netty; rise, and follow  
Jetty, to the milking-shed.

JEAN INGELON

## WHAT HAPPENED TO BABY-BEAR?

"THIS is very nice," said a baby-bear  
as he floated down the river on a log he had  
found by the water's edge. "What  
mistake my mother made when she told me  
not to get on it! It's the nicest time I ever  
had, and so I shall tell her when I get  
back."

And the log floated down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other  
way?" cried the little bear, after a time  
as the current bore him farther and farther  
from home. "I'm getting hungry." But  
the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little  
bear again; "I've been quite far enough,  
and I'm stiff and cramped." But the log  
floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear; "I  
believe she was right, after all, and when  
I get home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas, the poor little bear never had  
a chance of telling her so, for he never saw  
his mother or his home again. He was  
seen and captured by some fur-traders, and  
many a time in his captivity did he mourn  
over the disobedience that cost him his  
liberty.

## THEY ARE SAFE.

Six little children got into a boat, and  
were swept away to sea. All who could  
put out in search of them. Great anxiety  
filled the place. All night the children  
were drifting on the cruel sea. Next day  
a fisherman discovered and rescued them.  
The cry, "They are safe!" ran through the  
town. The work of the Sunday-school  
to rescue, not six, but millions of children  
who are drifting to ruin.

## GUESS.

LIFE two lilies, white as snow,  
That mother loves and kisses so;  
Dearer they are than gold or lands;  
Guess me the lilies—*baby's hands.*

I know a rosebud fairer far  
Than any buds of flowers are,  
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south;  
Guess me the rosebud—*baby's mouth.*

I've found a place where shines the sun;  
Yes, long, long after day is done;  
Oh, how it loves to linger there!  
Guess me the sunshine—*baby's hair!*

There are two windows, where I see  
My own glad face peep out at me;  
These windows beam like June's own skies,  
Guess me the riddle—*baby's eyes!*

## "MY."

JASPER had no brother and Lucy no sister, so they had to be playmates to each other. They played a great deal together. Lucy loved Jasper, and Jasper loved Lucy. But there was one thing which I am sorry to speak of; they often had a quarrel. Jasper was too fond of the little word "my."

One day Lucy was trundling a hoop in the yard when Jasper opened the gate and came in from school. "That is *my* hoop," he cried, rudely snatching it from her hands. "You sha'n't use my things so."

At another time Lucy stood in the garden-door reading a paper, when Jasper came along and looked over her shoulder. That's *my* paper," he cried, seizing it at once.

"Mother said I might have it," cried Lucy, holding it tightly.

"Give it up!" cried Jasper. "Let go *my* paper, Lucy!" he said in angry, threatening tones.

"Mother let me have it," persisted Lucy. Jasper pulled it out of her hands, and in the pull the beautiful paper was soiled and torn.

You see what the difficulty was. Jasper laid too much stress on "my," and it made him selfish and cross.

Suppose God should say, "It is *my* sun, it shall not shine on you," what should we do? Suppose God should say, "It is *my* rain; it shall not water your field," what would grow? Suppose mother should say, "It is *my* bread; you can't have it," would not the children go hungry? Suppose your father should say, "It is *my* money; I have earned it, you can't have it to buy clothes with," would not the children be ragged?

You see, God means to let us share together his blessings. Parents do not

hoard up things for their own use; they enjoy what they have when their children enjoy it with them, and the moment any one in the family lays too much stress on *his* things or *her* things, as Jasper did, it makes trouble. How many brothers and sisters would be very, very happy if it were not for selfishness coming in, snatching and keeping things!

After awhile their Aunt Jane paid a visit and tried very hard to mend Jasper's ways. She could not bear to see such a fine little fellow spoiled by selfishness.

What do you think Mr. Jones gave Jasper out of his shop? A football. Jasper took it in his arms and ran home. "Lucy! Lucy!" he called as soon as he got into the house. Lucy heard his pleasant voice and ran joyfully to meet him.

"Lucy dear," he said, "see *my* football!—no, not *my* football, but *our* football, Lucy. You shall play with it when you please."

"Footballs are boys' playthings," said Lucy, looking much pleased.

"That's no matter," said Jasper. "My playthings shall be yours, Lucy, and your playthings shall be mine. We shall not say 'my' but 'our,' won't we, Lucy?"

And what answer do you suppose Lucy made? She put her arms around Jasper's neck and hugged and kissed him.—*Children's Paper.*

## OBSERVE THE BIRTHDAYS.

LET the birthdays of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something a little out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table; cookies fashioned as Johnnie likes them best; one of Frank's favourite plum puddings, or Julia's special liking, a loaf of ginger-cake; or a wonderful lemon pie, such as only mamma can make.

Then there must be presents; sometimes people may think they cannot be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons, and many other things.

Purchase one or more for the birthday. It will seem just as much a present to her as though she were not obliged to have it.

Next come school books and story books, a set of furs and a pair of skates (should the birthday occur in the winter), a pretty little dinner basket, or if the parents can afford it, a little gold band for one of the white fingers, a necklace, a watch with a shining chain, or the pony that has been wished for so long.

Encourage the little ones in giving to each other, and remember father's and mother's birthday too, and, believe me, it

will be bread cast on the waters; the days will only be a few ere some returns, and there will be a never failing supply as long as you and your children live.—*Memphis Baptist.*

## FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years;" said a farmer, and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove. But to-day, when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by-and-by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help.—*Pleasant Hours.*

## A HALFPENNY.

"CHARLIE," said the teacher of an infant class to a little English boy who, on account of his poverty, had come many Sundays without a copper for the missionary-box, but who had now eagerly dropped a coin into it—"Charlie, where did you get that halfpenny?" "Please, teacher," said the little fellow, his face all aglow with delight, "I found a ginger-beer bottle and sold it for a halfpenny, and thought I should like to put it into the missionary-box." Little boys, little girls, will you not learn a lesson from Charlie? There are many ways, if you look for them, of helping your little dark brothers and sisters who live far away across the mighty ocean, and who have never heard of the wonderful love of Jesus in dying for them, or of the bright home he has gone to prepare for those who love him.

## JOT OR TITTLE.

"WHAT do *jot* and *tittle* mean?" asked Josie of her mamma, as she was studying her Bible lesson. "They mean something very little, just the least of all," said mamma. "And Jesus meant that all of God's words are true, and that God will keep them all. The very least thing he says in the Bible is all true. Everything God promises to those who love him, he will do for them, and he will punish the wicked and bad, just as he says he will, unless they are sorry, and ask him to forgive them. It is very comforting to think that God will do for us all that he has said he will. So we must love and obey God, and put our trust in him."



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

## LITTLE BOY BLUE.

ON the wild-rose bank little Boy Blue  
Sleeps with his head on his arm,  
While voices of men and voices of maids  
Are calling him over the farm.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,  
His dimples are all at rest,  
The chubby hand, tucked under his head,  
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No. Let down the bars,  
And gather the truant sheep;  
Open the barn-yard and drive in the cows,  
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,  
And corn can always be sown;  
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue  
Will not come when the years have flown.

## WHICH?

Two little boys sat alongside of each other in Infant School. When the collection was taken up, one little boy held up a shiny five-cent piece and dropped it into the basket, so that all could see it. His father had given it to him just as he started, at the same time he gave him four others to buy candy with. The other little boy dropped a penny in the basket. It was the only penny he had, and he had not tasted candy for a very long time. The first one said: "Humph! you only gave a penny—I gave five cents." The other one looked down and flushed, but he prayed that God would bless his penny. When God looked down on those two little boys, with whose gift do you think he was most pleased? God does not judge as man does, because he knows all about every thing. He knows what we have not, as well as what we have.

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.

## TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a secret. Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."

"Well, then I can't hear it; for what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to hear." After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

If you have no mother, do as the disciples did; go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. Psalm i. 1, 2.

## A TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE Lord loves little children. He tells us this in his Holy Word. He proved it by his actions when he dwelt upon earth. He used to put his hands upon them and bless them. Many mothers who had learned to know the blessed Jesus, brought their little ones to him that he might bless them. The disciples thought this was putting Christ to too much trouble, and so they rebuked these mothers. "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And the Lord loves little children now as well as he did then. He still wants parents to bring their little ones to him. Now, boys and girls, your father and mother want to bring you to Jesus. For that reason they had you baptized. For that reason they teach you God's Word. For that reason they want you to go to church and Sunday-school, and to receive instruc-

tion in the catechism. For that reason they tell you what to do and say, and to prove you when you do wrong, or fail to do your duty.

Will you not permit your parents to bring you to the Lord? Will you not heed them, and heed your pastor, and learn to know and love God's Word? If you do this the Lord Jesus will continue to love you. For all such children he has prepared a home above. He will send his angels to each of these children some day, and take them from this world of sin and sorrow to himself in heaven.

## A NOBLE BOY.

HENRY never spent a cent on himself for cakes, candy, or toys. Every penny he received he kept in a savings-bank, that he might have it to give away when he heard of any case of real distress among the poor.

"Auntie," he asked one day, "are there any little children in Africa who have never heard about Jesus?"

"Yes, dear, a great many. There are many tribes there who have never yet heard his name."

"Then, auntie, I should like to give you money that the little children there may hear about Jesus."

"I was at tea, forgetting all about the little man," said his aunt afterward, "when there was a knock at my door, and I went to see who it was. I found a boy walking Henry, holding in both his hands a heavy box. 'This is for the Lord Jesus and the little black children,' he said as he placed the box in my hands. We opened the box and counted the money on the table—on a dollar and forty-eight cents—more than a dollar of which was in coppers. A little while before he had given away three dollars."

## A GOOD WAY.

RIDING in the cars the other day I found a seat with a bright little girl of eleven summers. She was from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and said she attended the Baptist Sunday-school.

"How many girls are there in your class?"

"There are sixteen now."

"What do you mean by sixteen now?"

"O, sir, one year ago there were only three of us."

"How did you grow so fast?"

"We three agreed to keep asking every little girl we saw, who did not go some where else, if she would not come into our class, and now we have sixteen."—*Golden Rule.*