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# Happy Days



AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

## AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

HERE is a pretty picture of one of the little villages that are scattered all through the counties of our "mother land" across the water. There is the little inn, with its old weather-worn sign hanging out across the road, probably with some such name as the "White Horse," the "Red Lion," or the "Goat and Compasses." This last, which sounds so curious, is really a corruption of the words "God encompasseth us," and by long use has been worn down into so fantastic a name.

There also is the little stream running through the orchard, both of which are sure to be found in eight out of ten English villages. On the apple tree we can even see bunches of mistletoe which is so much used at Christmas time for hanging in the houses.

The quaint, old wooden houses look very different to our bright stone or brick ones over here, but they were built long ago, and the villagers as a rule do not like to change their ways of living, but go on in the same old-fashioned way that their fathers and grandfathers did before them.

## PRAYING FISH.

A MISSIONARY writes from India: "To-day one of my companions was visiting a house when he

saw a girl rolling up little bits of paper and dough together into pills. So she said, 'What are you doing?' The girl showed her a large piece of paper which was covered with the word 'Allah,' or God. Each piece on which 'Allah' was written was separately cut out, and put into a dough pill, until three hundred pills were made, and then the fishes of the Ganges were fed with them. 'You see,' said the girl, 'when the pill goes into the stomach of the fish, it has the name of God in its stomach, and then the fish will pray for us, and that will bring us a blessing.'

## NOTES ABOUT MEXICO.

THERE are nearly twelve million people in Mexico, one-half of whom are Indians. Six-sevenths of the people can neither read nor write.

The homes of the poor people are generally built of dried mud or of pine slabs, and are hovels frequently without doors or windows.

The houses of the better classes are built of brick or stone or timber, and generally are two stories high and with flat roofs, on which the people sit in pleasant weather.

The principal food of the poor people is corn and beans, the corn made into cakes of crushed corn and water, baked hard. Mexico grows a great variety of fruits.

The people are nearly all Roman Catholics. The Virgin Mary is the tutelary deity of Mexico, and more than two-thirds of the people worship her in the form of an Indian maiden.

The most costly church building in America is the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Mexico city. It cost two millions of dollars to build, and its decorations nearly as much more. It was begun in 1575 by order of Philip II. of Spain, and was finished in about one hundred years. It is about 500 feet long and 420 feet wide.

We send missionaries to Mexico, not because the people have never heard of Jesus, but because they have been taught wrong doctrines and have become superstitious and idolaters. They need to have the pure truth that they may believe and be saved.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where a hearth-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministry to and fro  
Down lowliest ways if God wills so

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1894.

A MISSIONARY SERMON BY A  
LITTLE BOY.

Who would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions? To be sure, Kathie and Bettie talked a great deal about their "Whatsoever Band." The little pink mite-box that stood on the mantel-shelf beside the old clock was always preaching a missionary sermon. Fritz often saw the pennies and dimes dropped into the box, and was sometimes held up to add his mite to the family gifts. But he was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls went to their mission-band meeting, to hear her little boy giving a missionary sermon to old Whiskers, the family cat.

"Whiskers, 'tain't bein' a miss'nary boy dust to put money in 'e pink botst. It's

thinkin' 'bout 'e peoples 'at doesn't know 'ere is a happy land. It's bein' sorry for 'em, and lovin' 'e mans and ladies 'at tells 'em 'bout it. It's puttin' 'em yight netst to papa and mamma when you say your payers. My Bettie says some fotst sink it's on'y puttin' pennies in 'e botst. When I see a mission-band boy I'll know better."

## THE NEW YEAR'S CALL.

RAP, rap, rap! Rap, rap, rap! It was not a very loud rapping, but grandma heard it, and opened the door.

There stood her own little granddaughter, Ethel, dressed in a beautiful new red coat trimmed with black fur, a big black muff, red gaiters on her little legs, and a beautiful hat with a feather on her head.

"My!" exclaimed grandma, "who is this little lady?"

"Why, grandma, don't you know me? I'm Ethel."

"Sure enough! so you are. But I never saw all these fine clothes before," answered grandma.

"Cause it's New Year's Day, grandma. It's a new year, and new coat and muff, and a new hat, and a new dress—see?—and new shoes, and new leggin's, and I'm new all over."

"Is it a new Ethel, too?" asked grandma.

"Why, grandma! how funny! I couldn't be new. If I was new I'd be put in the rag bag last night, and 'stead of me there'd be another little girl in the bed this morning, and—and—that wouldn't be me at all," said Ethel, with a puzzled look in her eyes.

"See here, Ethel, every day you are having new thoughts, and doing new things. When anyone has been naughty, and stops doing bad things, and does only good things, we say he has become a new man. If a naughty little girl went to bed last night, and waked up this morning, thinking 'I will be a good girl to-day,' then she is a new little girl."

"Grandma," Ethel said, after thinking very hard, "I'm never going to slap baby again when he gets my toys, then it'll be a new year, new clothes, and a new Ethel."

## THE "S'POSE" THAT CAME TRUE.

"AIN'T you glad mother made us bring this big umbrella!" exclaimed Tom, pushing with all his might to make the rib-ends go into the sand.

"I wish she had given us one that would not wobble so," objected Jenny, getting red in the face with the contest over her side, that wouldn't stay where she put it.

"Hold on there," said Cecil, from the under side; "you two let go of him awhile."

The builders of this palace by the sea let go reluctantly; but Cecil was big, and big-gness counts for a great deal. They let go, and presently the bad-tempered umbrella gave up the fight, and allowed itself to be made a tent of, though, I must say, you had

to treat it very carefully if you didn't want it to flop down about your ears.

"Now, what shall we play?" asked builder Cecil.

"Indians," promptly answered Tom.

"Oh no," said the little maid, "Indians are horrid. Let's play kings and queens."

"Kings and queens don't live in tents," objected Cecil.

"They can if they choose, though," answered the quick-tongued little woman "kings and queens can do anything." In which she was much mistaken, you know, but a six-year-old always thinks that of kings and queens.

So Cecil lay out on the sand, because there wasn't room for him in the palace he had built out of the umbrella, and he said he would be the king's army and do the fighting."

"Well, now," began Jenny, "s'pose we were the king's boy and girl, you know, and the king always takes care of us, and never lets anything hurt us, and gives us lots to eat, and beautiful things for clothes, and a fine house to live in, and lots of pictures, and a band to play music, and—"

Alas! the wind had been getting stronger every minute, the palace "wobbled" more and more, and before Jenny got half through her "s'poses," up flew the umbrella, away and away; the king's army had to run after it, and the little prince and princess were left homeless and tentless.

But don't you know that "s'pose" all came true? Tom and Jenny were indeed the children of the King of kings, who always took care of them, and gave them enough to eat and to wear, with this beautiful world to live in, and a more beautiful world when they should be done with this.

Even Cecil's "s'pose" came true; for dear Cecil is a man now, and a brave soldier of the cross.

## THE BROKEN DOLL.

SOME little children have great faith in God. Nellie's doll had been broken, but Harry and Alice wouldn't admit having done the mischief. Harry said, "I didn't do it;" and Alice said, "Well, I am very sure I didn't do it." So Harry said: "Be right still now; I am going to ask God. Now listen. O God, did I break Nellie's doll? Didn't Alice break it?" They listened a few minutes, and then Alice said: "Now, I'll ask him. God did I break Nellie's doll?" Just then little Ernest came in, and hearing the doll mentioned, said: "Baby break Nennie's dolly." "You broke it, did you, little rogue?" said mamma, who had been listening. "So, children, God sent baby to tell you who did the mischief."

THE babies in Greenland are dressed in fur, and are carried in a pocket on the back of their mother's gown. When the mother is too busy to carry baby about, she digs a hole in the snow, covers him up all but his face, and leaves him there until her work is done. These babies are sober, black-eyed little things, and seldom cry or make a fuss of any kind.

## THE NEW WORLD.

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

New Year's morning bright and fair,  
Clear and crisp, the frosty air;  
Over all the earth below  
Rests, like down, the pure white snow.  
That throughout the starless night  
Fell so silently and light.

O'er each leafless twig and tree  
Rim'y frostwork beauteously  
Sparkles,—workmanship most rare,—  
Powdered diamonds everywhere!  
While upon each cedar bough  
Clustering snow-flowers seem to grow.

Charlie 'gainst the window pane  
Presses close his face to scan  
This,—the new-created world,—  
Sudden into being hurled.  
New to him stern winter's powers,—  
Child from sunny land of flowers.

"Mamma, what makes people call  
This a happy New Year, all?"  
Then, as if a sudden light  
Dawned upon his mental sight,—  
"Oh, I know! I know for true,—  
'Cause the world's made over new!"

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S  
A WAY.

MARTHA MOORE was left motherless at a very early age, with no dependence except a worthless father, who worked steadily through the week, but spent his earnings every Saturday night at his master's house—the gin-shop.

Little Martha longed to go to school like other little girls, but her father said no, he couldn't get her the clothes she ought to have, and no child of his should be seen on the streets in rags. Why didn't she earn the money herself? Then he laughed a very disagreeable "Ha! ha!"

Martha thought and thought how she could earn some money, until her little brain was on fire. The long winter had ripened into spring, and summer was fast hastening on its heel; the birds and flowers came forth in beauty, and every day Martha's little steps found pleasure in gathering the flowers from out the woods which God had so abundantly scattered for his poor, who love the beautiful. Then the blackberries came, and Martha gathered them for her father who was very fond of them.

One day the thought came to her, "Why not carry some of my berries to the great big house where they take summer boarders, and ask them to buy them?"

In her eagerness she almost upset her little bucketful, but hastily catching it up she started for Mrs. Filmore's ("the lady at the big house," as she was called by the children). She found ready sale for them, and more were engaged, and Martha felt that she had suddenly come into a life of activity, and that a way was opened up for her to look like other children and go to school. Her little brain was puzzled where

best to hide her money from her father, and she put it in an old stocking which she tied under the bed.

Her father coming home one day very drunk, threw himself on the floor. After lying there awhile he became a little sobered, but in trying to get up he slipped and fell back with his head under the bed. He then discovered something dangling from the slats and becoming interested, investigated and found an old stocking with silver in it.

"Ha! ha!" he said. "A silver mine! Where did it come from? I don't know that, but I know where it's going to;" so he pulled it from its weak hold, and, emptying it in his pocket, staggered to the door in a glee of pleasure for the gin-shop.

Martha, coming in just then, passed her father and found the stocking on the floor. Her grief was great, and she sobbed and mingled her tears with words of condemnation of her father. But she knew she could not reproach him with this theft; so she gradually dried her tears, and once again put on her thinking-cap.

"What shall I do? It's no good to save money in this house. I'll—I'll—whew! but I know a way! I'll keep on picking berries, but I won't take the money. I'll get them to get me some clothes with it. They know better about such things than I do anyway.

So Martha jumped up brighter in spirits, and soon poured her troubles into the ears of kind Mrs. Filmore, who readily agreed to the child's plan, and it seemed to Martha that clothes must be awfully cheap, or that blackberries were high, for Mrs. Filmore so soon had her looking like other girls.

Her father noticed her "spruced-up" appearance one morning, when she announced that now she was going to school. He asked her where she got those clothes, and she explained the whole story.

Instead of showing anger, as she expected, he said: "Martha, you're a brave, good girl; you've got ahead of me, and you shall go to school. I'm really proud of my little Martha."

Her father grew very fond of her, and began to show signs of improvement too, from shame at his contrast with his neat and industrious daughter. The gin-shop didn't see his besotted face so often. His conscience began to master him, and he meditated often upon little Martha's thrift and plucky perseverance, and gentle devotion to her father. They helped to sow good seed in his heart, and it bore good fruit for both. For now her father is a good, sober Christian, and a respectable neighbour and citizen, and Martha is proud of him.

Truly, "Where there's a Will there's a Way." God wants his children to work, and he will open a way to those who will.

## ANOTHER NAME FOR LAFINESS.

A STOUT and exceedingly ro ast-looking

coloured woman went to the office of a physician to ask him if he could give her something that would "kind o' build her up."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked the physician, failing to see any indication of weakness.

"Well, doctah," was the reply, "I's jes' natchelly delikit."

"Delicate?"

"Yes, doctah; Its allus been delikit, en it 'peaks like I'm gittin' delikiter all de time."

"You look very strong."

"Dat's hit, doctah. I don't look delikit, but I am. I cayn't b'ar to get up in de mawnin', en I don't wanto do anything after I am up; en I'm so nervous hit puts me all out ter be asked to wuk."

"Is your appetite good?"

"Va'y good, doctah, va'y good. Nothin' I eat seems ter hu't me, en I kin eat all I wanto of it, but when it comes ter doin' anything, I'm that delikit I jess cayn't do hit. Hit's tur'ible to be so delikit."

The doctor had similar cases of delicate constitution before—and as usual prescribed a trip to Europe.

## RINGING THE BELL FOR JESUS.

ONE Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A boy, half clad, came in and said, "May I do something for Jesus?" "And what can you do?" asked the missionary. Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied, "I will be always there, I will do it loud—please let me ring the bell!"

While he was a boy he rang the bell which invited the people to church, and when he became a man he preached to his people the same news that he had commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell

HARRY was ready to go out and play one day, when a slight rain began to fall "I think you had better not go out," said mamma: "you will get wet." "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "it won't hurt me. It is a real dry rain."—*Youth's Companion*.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

AUGUST 19.

LESSON TOPIC.—First Disciples of Jesus.—John 1. 35-49.

MEMORY VERSES, John 1. 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT. We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ—John 1:41

AUGUST 26.

LESSON TOPIC.—First Miracle of Jesus.—John 2. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, John 2. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.—John 2. 11.



A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

## A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

BURMAH is not inhabited by the Burmese only. Beyond the Burmese cities, among the beautiful mountains and in jungle villages, dwell tribes of people called Karens. They were subdued long ago by the Burmese, and they have always been oppressed and ill-treated by their conquerors. Their religion is different from that of the Burmese, they speak a different language, and wear a different dress. The light bamboo hut and plaited-grass cradle and broad palm-leaf fan will be observed in the picture, also the pointed shoes and armlets of the mother. Much more than the proud Burmans, they have been willing to receive the Gospel of Christ, and many thousands of them are now followers of the Lord Jesus.

## BETH IN THE TRUNK.

BETH wanted six warm doughnuts to have a tea-party with her dolls, and mamma thought one was enough.

"You don't understand, mamma," she said. "I wasn't wanting 'em for me, but five for the dollies and one for me."

"Ah! but I know how the dollies eat theirs, dear, and it won't do," answered mamma.

So Beth stuck her lips out and walked upstairs to the attic, where, in one corner, was a great trunk with big hole in one end. A few old, thin comforters were in the bottom, and five dollies were sitting on them in a row. Beth had put them there to punish them. "They fit so, I had to," she told mamma, but now she took them out.

"I think it's a great deal better for little children to have their own way," she said. "And as my mamma thinks different from that, I'll get in here my own self."

She climbed in, and in some way, bang! came down the heavy cover. Still, after a little, she decided it was not so bad, for she could breathe nicely through the hole in the end.

Mamma rang the lunch bell, but as no Beth came, she climbed the stairs to see what had become of her. All around the room she looked, and then she saw an apron string sticking out of the old trunk, so she opened it quickly.

"Well, well, dear little Lady Geneva, here you are," she said.

Beth opened her eyes, put up her arms to be taken out, and said: "No, I wasn't a lady, mamma, I was just a bad girl. And, mamma, one doughnut most made me sick, and just exposing I had eaten six!" "You said

some were for the dollies," said mamma.

"Well, I did try to purtend so, 'cause I was so greedy, but I thought it all straight in the trunk, 'fore I went to sleep, and—I'm sorry, mamma, real."—*Youth's Companion*.

## NOT AFRAID OF THE SNOW.

"I'm not afraid of the snow, ho, ho!  
I'm not afraid of the snow,"

sang Jimmie as he raced out of doors, making deep tracks with his new fleeced-lined rubber boots in the pure, white snow.

"Well, I am," said a voice near by.

Jimmy turned quickly, and there, leaning over the gate, stood a boy about Jimmie's own age, shivering with cold. His feet were almost bare, so full of holes were the old, cut-down boots he wore; his thin, ragged jacket was pinned close up around the neck, because there were no buttons, and his breeches—no wonder the poor boy was afraid of the snow.

Jimmie's bright face was full of pity after that first look. "I say," he said, "you come into the house with me."

A half-hour later, the poor boy came out dressed in a full suit of Jimmie's clothes. He wasn't afraid of the snow any more, either.

## A CLOSE OBSERVER.

RUFIE is five years old and has lately begun to go to school. One day his teacher was trying to teach the children the idea of self-reliance. "Your fathers and mothers work for you now," she said, "but what will you do after you are grown? Who will work for you then?" Rufie's hand was up instantly. "Wives o' course," he shouted.

## THE FAIREST CHILD.

"In the green fields of Palestine,  
By its fountains and its rills,  
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,  
And o'er the vine-clad hills.

"Once lived and roved the fairest child  
That ever blessed the earth  
The happiest, the holiest  
That e'er had human birth.

"How beautiful his childhood was!  
Harmless and undefiled;  
Oh, dear to his young mother's heart  
Was this pure, sinless child.

"Oh, is it not a blessed thought,  
Children of earthly birth,  
That once the Saviour was a child,  
And dwelt upon the earth?"

## ALICE'S RABBITS.

ONE day, Alice came running into the house, and said: "Mother, Jimmie Brown says I may have one of his rabbits, if you will let me. May I?"

Alice had no brother and no sister, and she was often a very lonely little girl. Her mother thought of that, so she decided to let Alice have her pet.

"You may have it if you can get a place to keep it."

"Jimmie says he can make a hutch out of those old boards, if we may have them."

"He is a very kind neighbour," answered mother, smiling. "He may have the boards if he is willing to take so much trouble for my little girl's pleasure."

After two hours' work, the little house was finished and the rabbit inside in her new home.

About three weeks afterward Alice came into the house with shining eyes. "Mother dear," she said, "there are five of the teentiest, little, funny baby bunnies you ever saw, out in the rabbit hutch. I'm so happy."

How those bunnies did grow! And how happy Alice was with them. She almost forgot to be lonely. Then too, Jimmie came over to see the bunnies every day, and he was almost as nice as a brother of her own.

## COMING TO JESUS.

"MAMMA, our teacher said to us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved; but how can I come to him when I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew you would hear me, and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us, and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."