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Happy Days

[Vol. VII.]

TORONTO JULY 30, 1892.

[No. 16.]

THE SICK CHILD.

POOR little Carrie
 ck. She came
 e from school
 ay with a dread-
 headache, and
 mother does not
 w exactly what
 e matter. She
 fixed up a bed
 her on two
 s in the kit-
 for they are a
 er poor family
 perhaps Carrie's
 bedroom is
 and cold. A
 lady has called
 is telling Mrs.
 en what to do
 he little sick
 until the doctor
 Look at
 ie there; how
 he looks! We
 like to do
 hing for Carrie
 only knew
 to do. We
 she will be
 soon, and we
 surely she
 with so many
 doing all
 an for her.



THE SICK CHILD.

then, obeying the promptings of his baser part he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an ace of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes.

Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished its merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman, who had been watching the lad, then came to him and asked him "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up, with a face of half shame and half sorrow, as he answered,

WITPLENESS

at a civil an-
 ill save you
 rudeness and

Even rough men are softened by sweet, gentle words of a child, just as we have read that a little boy was saved by the notes of a bird.

The boy was playing in the garden, when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand.

The boy looked at it for a moment, and

couldn't, 'cos he sung so."

And civil words may sometimes save you from damage, just as its sweet song saved the bird.

CHERRY-TIME.

CHERRIES are ripe! Cherries are ripe!

And the robins gay
Busy in the tree-tops,
All the happy day;

Feasting on the juicy fruit,
Carrying the best
To the baby birds at home,
In the downy nest.

Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!
Jolly days are those
For the merry frolickers
Underneath the trees.

There's enough for one and all,
Never, never fear!
Don't you think that cherry-time's
The best of all the year?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1892.

BOYS AND MOTHERS.

OF all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is a pure love and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection; I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of her son to her; and I never yet knew a boy "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and

weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the weary leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring time.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

ONE summer evening, after Harry and his sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder storm came up. Their cribs stood side by side; and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well I think I will too." And they both went to sleep without more words.

GONE!

YES, Baby Rob is gone! We can never look into his honest blue eyes again in this world. Never again shall we hear his merry laugh or his petulant cry. The little toddling feet will never more follow us about the house. The busy little hands will not seek to detain us more.

Rob is gone!

Sometimes we have thought and said that he was a bother. We have wished that he would keep still a minute! We have wondered why he couldn't be satisfied with his pretty playthings, but must drop all to mix himself up with our things.

But what would we not give for our bothering boy to-day! How patient we would be with his many whims! How willingly we would tell "stories," and sing his favourite rhymes over and over again. And what a joy it would be to pick up his toys, and tidy up the room, so sadly put to confusion by our little rogue.

What lesson shall we learn from dear Rob's sudden flight?

For it is a lesson for you, Nellie, and Willie, and Bess, as well as for us older ones.

Shall it not teach an added lesson of love and patience?

These little ones will not be with us

always. Any day the death-angel may come to call youngest or oldest. And what pain there will be in our hearts we have to look back upon impatient, loving words and ways! Little children, "love one another" all the more, that the day is coming when the dear voice will be hushed, and we do not know but it may be to-day!

WHY HE GAVE UP THE BUSINESS.

"I HEAR that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men, who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon the other night.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought it was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then he said: "It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played outdoors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went through the house into the back-yard, and there, under an apple-tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed they were drinking something out of a pail, and they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting drinks pretty free. Smith walked over and looked into the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the tree.

"We's playing s'loon, papa, an' I w-a-sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night, and sold out his business, as he says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke out crying while she told it." This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

LITTLE LOUISE.

BY HELEN L. CHURCHILL.

LITTLE Louise, our three-year-old, with eyes of hazel, and curls of gold, and cheek with a cunning dimple dent, and mouth like a Cupid's bow down bent, from her little cotch at her father's side, rose in the flush of morning-tide; and "Mamma, papa, dood-morning I say. Mamma, I was naughty yesterday and I'll tell you why" (with a positive nod on the curly head); "'Twas 'cause the dood Dod, who helps little children, went away for a dreat long visit yesterday; but now he's come again, and so dood Louise will be dood to-day you know."

Dear little one, in whose innocent heart the demons of doubt and unrest have no part, who looks with unwavering trust above, never questions the truth that "God is love," and by the good Lord never be farther away from little Louise than yesterday!

A CHILD'S FAITH.

IN a town of Holland there once lived a poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, she had none.

The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that he was good; so, with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to him for food. On rising from her knees, her eldest child, a boy about seven years of age, said softly, "Dear father, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophet with food brought by the ravens." "Yes my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time ago." "But, mother, what God has done once may he not do again? I will go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children." "Indeed!" cried the burgomaster, "then, here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly led the boy to his own house,

and sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again, for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

THE GRAVE-BED.

ARTHUR and Ethel came into the house with some late blossoms in their hands.

"See, mamma, this is all we can find in our flower-bed," said Arthur.

"Where do all the flowers go, mamma?" asked blue-eyed Ethel.

"They all lie down and rest," said mamma. "God takes care of them every one."

"Same as the little birds?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, and same as the little children. The flowers are not afraid to lie down in their little grave-bed, nor need a child be. God puts the flowers and the birds and the children to sleep when he is ready, and he takes lovely care of them all." Then mamma made a little verse for Arthur and Ethel to learn:

God each little life doth keep,
When we wake and when we sleep,
He will hold us here or there,
Safely in his loving care.

SARAH'S COMFORT.

"THERE'S one thing for which I am truly glad," she said to the cat, as she lifted her by the fore paws and rocked her back and forth in the library. "Nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries, but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens, and Trudie Burns won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money, and her brother Tom sells all his strawberries, and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with, only my dear cat. I don't know how I am going to make missionary money, I must find some way, but I'm just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you."

Alas for Sarah: The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Col. Bates, and while she sat and waited for Mrs. Bates to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but

the old colonel himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones?—

I declare I would give five dollars for a good mouser: Such times as we have with mice around these premises."

There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and the tears came into her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite and moped around so sadly that her mother feared she was coming down with the measles. One morning Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put into the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates by her sad little self. She hurried now, she wanted no chance to change her mind. Swiftly her little feet flew over the ground, and she was at the colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket and speaking very fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what!" said Colonel Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one? and what am I to give you?"

"The five dollars, if you please you said you would you know, for a good mouser, and Tabby is the best one that ever was; my mamma says so. And the missionaries, you know, need the money, the heathen people do, and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you please be very good to her?" and a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the colonel's hand.

He stood dazed for a moment, then he took out his pocket-book. "So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir. I heard you say it the other day when you talked with a man."

"Just so, my tongue always was getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who keeps his word. Here's five dollars, and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."—*The Missionary World.*



A TIT-BIT FOR WISE OXEN.

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

SHE sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it was laughing at her.

"You needn't look at me, moon," she said, "you don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime; besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know" "You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! You were up stairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't!"

Pretty soon there came a very soft pattering of four little feet, and her pussie jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to pur-r-r. It was very queer but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know, I know." "Yes you do know, kitty," said Minnie; and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly, "And—I—guess—I—want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"I was awful naughty, mamma, but I

did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—oh! I don't want to tell, but s'pect I must, I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then mamma told Minnie she had known all about it, but she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it, herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

PERSEVERANCE.

A LITTLE girl, being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright; yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was, and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little tumbled off. Next it tried to push the crumb over, and the burden tumbled over on it. The insect could have easily gone around the twig, but it did not seem to think of this, and went on

dragging and tumbling in the same way. Finally, it got over, and proceeded on its way.

This set the little girl to thinking, and she wondered what made the ant do as she had done. Something said it was perseverance, and the birds seemed to say over and over again, "Perseverance," and she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterwards, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant, and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.

ONE PENNY.

"ONE!" and the penny dropped into the bank,

The very first penny of all.

"I shall soon be rich," little Johnnie said.

"And my bank will be much too small for all the pennies that I shall save.

Indeed it will be too small!

"A penny is not very much to save.

How it rattles around alone!

It seems to say, 'Please take me out

In a deep and hollow tone.

When I think of all the things I want,

I wish that I could, I own.

"I really believe, if the bank was tipped I could shake that penny out.

Why, sure enough! Well if I made bank

I should know what I was about;

And, whenever a boy put a penny in,

It would stay without a doubt.

"Well, I might as well go and buy that

Or the marbles, or let me see!

I just love taffy. Oh, dear, oh, dear!

I wish this penny was three!

But it isn't and may as well go back

And wait for two more, you see."

"AS BIG AS WE ARE."

ONE day the teacher of the infant class asked them this question: "How must you be to give your heart to Jesus? Must you be as big as I am? All that think so will raise the hand."

Quite a number thought they must be as big as their teacher.

"Well, all who do not think so will raise the hand."

A good many hands were raised in response to the invitation.

"Well, Lizzie, how big do you think you must be to give our hearts to Jesus?"

"Just as big as we are!" answered the little girl.