

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

[No. 9.

NELSIE'S MESSAGE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

NELSIE wanted to look across to the "Point," and that was an all-sufficient reason why Grandfather Burton should patiently hold the glass on his chin, and Grandfather Stone should assist him by steadying the little maiden. She was a fainter bit of childhood—this little one at whom the two old men looked so lovingly—than is usually seen in a fishing village. Miriam thought of it as with basket under her arm, she paused to look at the group. She had taken good care of her motherless little sister, the child had lacked nothing.

"If one grandad can't make quite a fool of her t'other one can finish it," said the mocking voice of some one passing along the path.

Miriam turned quickly and saw the torn hat and weatherbeaten face of old Ben. He did not look particularly pleasant, he seldom did.

"Love never hurt anybody yet," answered Miriam.

"Don't know—never had no chance to try it," he retorted, stalking on.

"What did old Ben want to try? Didn't he ever look through a glass as big as grandpa's?" asked Nelsie, catching part of a sentence as she joined her sister.

"He said he'd never tried being loved, if that was what he meant," said Miriam, doubtfully. "I think it's likely he hasn't such a man as he is!"



NELSIE'S MESSAGE

But the idea seemed dreadful to tender little Nelsie.

"Doesn't anybody love him? Not anybody?" she asked.

She questioned one grandpa, and learned that old Ben lived for years as he did now—all alone. She questioned the other grandpa, and was told that Ben was

Ben "'Cause I've got something to tell you—something so good! There is somebody loves you, and he's been loving all this long, long time, only I s'pose you didn't know it—the Lord Jesus!"

"How d'ye know?" asked Ben after staring at her a moment in blank astonished silence.

always a surly fellow, caring for nobody but himself.

"But maybe that's because there isn't anybody to care for him," insisted Nelsie. "He said he'd never had a chance to try being loved, and he never can, because he don't belong to anybody."

All day the troubling thought ran through her play, and came back more persistently still when her head was on its pillow for the night. She pictured the lonely little cabin, "dark and dirty," Miriam had called it—where there was nobody to welcome him home at night. Nobody to watch him coming or going. But with the morning a happy thought came to Nelsie—a thought a full of comfort that she could not rest until she had carried it to Ben himself. The moment she was free from the light tasks Miriam imposed, she hurried away and found the old boatman in his boat.

"Jes' goin' down the cove for some drift wood," he said, surprised by her eager call.

"May I go too?" she asked, clambering into the boat too intent upon her message to wait for reply or to think of fearing surly

"Why he says so, and he died for you. He wouldn't die for folks if he didn't love 'em, and you're one of 'em. It doesn't make so much difference if there isn't anybody to wait for you in your home down here, you know, 'cause that home up there is a great deal better, and they're waiting for you there."

Old Ben could not have told why he let the childish voice run on as he did that day. Something of the story it told he had doubtless heard before, but it had not wounded quite as it did now. The child was so sure she was telling what was meant for him, and then, though he would not have acknowledged it for the world, her faith in him touched and pleased him. His voice was almost pleasant, when on their return, he said to her: "There, sis, ye can run home now an' I'll think about it."

Did he really mean what he said? Not at all; he meant to forget it as soon as possible. Yet, however unwillingly, it was a promise he was forced to keep. On his second trip he met with an accident. He slipped and fell, and some of the driftwood rolled upon him, crushing one leg. Those who released him found him unconscious and carried him over to the hospital at the Point. There, lying in his white bed he had long days for thinking—days when he could not stop thinking if he would. On the wall where his eyes constantly rested upon it, hung a text, "God is love." He might have bestowed little attention upon it but for Nelsie's words, but the text constantly recalled her and her story. More and more clear it grew as earth and life ebbed away. And when he lay at rest at last, with such a smile upon his face that no one would have thought of calling him "surly Ben," his few effects—a trifle in money, an old silver watch, and his boat—were left "to the little girl who told of One who loved old Ben."

I WAS SO AFRAID.

ONE morning last winter we were summoned to the bedside of a dear young girl, who had been for some time sick.

"Last night," she said, "I was so sick, that I thought I was going to die, and I was so afraid."

"Why were you so afraid?" we asked. "You are trusting in the Lord Jesus, are you not? Why, then, should the thought of being called into his presence terrify you so?"

"Oh," she replied, "because I have not been living as near Jesus as I ought to have been living. I have been careless and forgetful. Oh, if he only spares me this time I will try to do better."

Then we told her how ready and willing Jesus was to forgive and help her. Nor did we leave her until her fears were gone, and she felt that her heart was at peace once more.

"I am so afraid!" Alas, how many there are who must use these words when death comes near, or when thoughts of dying come near to them! And yet it is

not at all necessary that we should be afraid. If we put our trust in Him who said, "Let not your hearts be troubled," it is our privilege to look even death calmly in the face. Oh, young people, accept this blessed One before it is too late!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	72 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	7 00
Guardian and Magazine together	7 50
Methodist Guardian and Onward together	7 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	3 50
Onward 8 pp. 4to weekly under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 50
Less than 25 copies	0 25
Over 25 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Heran Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21 cents a dozen, \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS,
Meth. Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

FORGIVE THOSE WHO HAVE OFFENDED OR INJURED YOU.

"I'LL pay him back, see if I don't!" exclaimed Tommy as he came running into the house with a flushed and angry face.

"Who are you going to pay back?" asked his mother.

"Walter Jones. He took my marbles and ran away," said Tommy.

"I hope you'll pay him in a good way," said his mother.

Tommy hung his head and said nothing; for he was ashamed to tell just how mean he was going to treat Walter.

"I'm afraid you intend to act just as badly as Walter has done. Think better of it, my son, and return good for evil. If you do not forgive you cannot ask to be forgiven."

That night, when Tommy came to the place where it says, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," he stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his mother.

"I can't, I haven't forgiven Walter," said Tommy.

"Then you had better to ask Jesus to help you forgive him right now."

Tommy did so, and when he had finished his prayer, he went to bed with a happy heart.

Dear children, how can you ask God to forgive you, while you carry a bitter and unforgiving spirit within you. Forgive, return good for evil, and then when you pray to be forgiven, you can feel that God hears and answers your prayer.

GOD'S CARE.

THERE is no mousey quite so small
But mother mouse comes at his call,
And brings him many crumbs of bread,
With which the little one is fed.

There are no birdies quick and bright,
Who through the garden take their flight,
But have their thick warm feather clothes,
To shelter them from rains and snow.

There is no flitting butterfly,
No little worm so soon to die,
But finds a bud or finds a leaf,
And eats of it and knows no grief.

No creature is there on the earth,
But has its chimney-place and hearth,
With food and bed within its house,
From highest man to tiny mouse.

And who has thought of all of this?
The loving God! The work is His!
He lives o'er all with gentle sway,
And makes for us both night and day.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

LONG ago at the end of the twelfth century was the period of the Crusades. There was a great uprising of children in different parts of Europe; they gathered together from far and near to march to Palestine and take possession of the holy sepulchre. They were drawn together by songs and banners and it is said that no less than one hundred thousand boys and girls left their parents and their homes to go forth on this fruitless errand, believing that they were following God's commands.

Thousands of these children perished from cold and hunger, and many of them dropped out of the ranks, and after many a weary day found their way back to their homes, or were never heard of again; but the greater number of them pushed on, and finally reached the border of the Mediterranean Sea. They expected the sea to open before them and allow them to march through. They waited in vain, however, for the water continued to flow on, and at last they embarked on seven ships. It was a terrible voyage. A storm arose, and two of the ships were dashed to pieces; and so we read that "in 1212 two ships laden with fair and hopeful youths who had taken the cross under the guidance of one Stephen of France, were wrecked in a storm at the foot of the Hermit's Rock."

Years afterward, on the island of San Pietro, a church was built as a memorial of the lost children, and was called the "Church of the Innocents." The bones of the children that were scattered along the shore were gathered and buried inside the church. To-day the ruins of that old church may be seen looking out over the blue sea in which so many young children perished.

In these days the boys and girls are not called upon to go away from their homes on a hard and fruitless journey, but they are called to enlist in the army of the King and serve him just where each one is

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

THERE never was a grandma half so good!
He whispered while beside the chair he stood,

And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood

"There never was a nicer grandma born;
I know some little boys must be forlorn,
Because they've none like you,
I wonder what I'd do
Without my grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma, there!"
He kissed her, and he smoothed her snow white hair:
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap.
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old armchair.

"When I'm a man, what things to you I'll bring!
A horse and carriage, and a watch and ring.
All grandmas are so nice,
[Just here he kissed her twice.]
And grandmas give a good boy every-thing."

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up and with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear
That nobody might hear:
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

BAD DUNE DANE.

THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL WHO
CRIED FOR THE MOON.

I AM very sorry to have to tell you about this bad little girl; but I think I ought to, because there might be some little girl among you to whom it would serve as a kind of lesson.

Now I don't mean to say that there are any of you who have really cried for the moon, but then I wouldn't be at all surprised to find out that a great many of you, a very great many indeed, have cried for something equally as hard to get, and then became mad, and pouted and made ugly faces because you couldn't get it.

But I started out to tell you about bad little Dune. She lived with her mamma and papa, and Aunt Kate and the nurse in a big white house on a hill, with ever so many pretty flowers in the yard, and a great orchard just covered with fruit-trees, and grape-vines behind it.

Now Dune had everything she really needed, and a great many other things she didn't need; but still she was always wanting something. The very worst of it all was, that when she didn't get it she would cry and kick and act so very ugly, that mamma, and even good-natured Aunt Kate, would quite get out of patience.

Of course she ought to have been punished, but then mamma and papa couldn't bear to think of such a thing, because she was the only little one they had, and oh, how dreadfully spoiled she was!

One day when her papa had bought her a big box crammed full of toys and other pretty things, mamma said she guessed Miss Dune had about all she could wish for, awhile at least.

But Aunt Kate said she guessed not. She knew Dune too well for that. By the next day, she was sure, she would be wishing for something else.

And sure enough the very next day Dune was whining and pouting and fussing because her papa would not get her the thing she wanted, and what do you think it was? Why, Dune was actually crying for the moon! yes, sitting on the back door steps, and crying with all her might because her papa had said she could not have the moon.

"Me get it me's self!" cried this naughty little Dune; and with this she got up, and toddling across the yard, with her fat little legs going as fast as ever they could, she commenced to climb up the tall ladder that was resting against the mulberry-tree.

"Now, the reason of this was she saw the moon shining up there among the branches, and so Dune thought all she would have to do would be to climb up and get it.

Oh, silly, silly little Dune! and sillier, sillier the little girl who, reading this, will still persist in crying for something she cannot get!

Well, when Dune was a little way up the ladder down she fell. She tore her pretty muslin frock, and skinned her knee, and hurt her arm so badly she had to stay in bed one whole week.

But think Dune must have learned a lesson. At any rate she never cried for the moon again.

UNDER A ROCK.

"I'm going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray, and his eyes twinkled. Grandpa Gray's eyes were always twinkling.

He meant three small grandsons, Hal, Herbie, and Had.

So, at dinner, grandpa said to grandma "I wish I had the time to take that rock out of the garden there.

"Can't we, grandpa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you want to," said he, "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So, directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was really a good deal larger than it looked.

"Pooh!" said Herbie, "I'll take it out in no time!" And he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke, and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up red and angry.

"Mean old thing!" said he, and he put his hands in his pockets and watched Hal and Had tug at it until their faces were red too.

Then the three of them lifted together, but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal

"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hecd around it, and Herbie shovelled, and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little, scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced that the work was done; and there—there where the rock had lain were four silver shillings, one apiece and one for luck!

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys, and at that very moment grandpa walked out of the house.

A JOLLY GAME.

THERE were six little folks at a party. It was Bertie's party and he had it because it was his birthday. He was four years old.

Cousin Kate could play almost every game you ever heard of.

By-and-bye she said, "Who wants to play going to Jerusalem?" Nobody knew the game, so Cousin Kate explained: "We take five chairs, so, we put them in a row, but two of them face this way, and three face the other way. Now I go to the piano and play. While I am playing, you all march one after the other, round and round the chairs. When I stop playing, everybody must sit down in a chair, but not two on one chair. There are five chairs and six children, so one will get left out. All the rest reach Jerusalem, but one does not.

Then Cousin Kate began to play and the children to march. She stopped so suddenly that all the children stood still and looked at her.

"Sit down! Sit down! Hurry!" she cried. Then came a rush and scramble. All had seats except Bertie. The next time Cousin Kate stopped playing, everybody sat down very quickly, except Bertie, who stood again staring at cousin Kate. He could not get over his surprise at the sudden stopping of the music. All thought "Going to Jerusalem" was a jolly game.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MAY 13.

LESSON TOPIC.—Israel in Egypt.—Exod. 1. 1-14.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 1. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Psalm 124. 8.

MAY 20.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Childhood of Moses.—Exod. 2. 1-10.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 2. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will deliver him, and honour him.—Psalm 91. 15.



THE HOUSEHOLD KING.

No letter does he know in all
The lengthy alphabet;
The simplest word one ever heard
Remains a mystery yet.
One single step he cannot take,
Nor can he even stand;
He cannot write, the dainty mite,
Or use his dainty hand.

His daily round of baby life
Is made of curious things—
To laugh, and creep and play bo-peep
Untiring pleasure brings,
Until with unrelenting hand
The sand-man claims his eyes,
And then to sing this baby king
Asleep with lullabies.

WHAT THEY DID ABOUT IT.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

"SHE seemed to think everybody could do something, Minna; don't you know she kept talkin' and talkin' 'bout the 'little ones,' like she 'spected them to do a heap?"

"Yes, I know, Lily," answered the eldest sister disconsolately, "but she didn't know mother was sick and father out of work, or she would have counted us out."

"She didn't talk as if anybody was counted out," insisted Lily; and then the sisters sat gazing into the fire. They had been to the Forbes Street Sunday-school as usual that Sunday afternoon, but instead of saying their verses and hymns, a lady had talked to them a whole hour about Africa, and all the little dark-skinned children there who had never heard of Jesus.

She had been living over there a long time, teaching them that Jesus died for them, and now her friends in this country had sent for her to come home and rest

awhile. But the way she rested was to go about, up and down the land, trying to persuade Christians to send more teachers to Africa.

"I tell you what we'll do, Minna," said Lily, after a long silence: "we'll ask the lady what she thinks we can do. She must know what other little girls do who have sick mothers and fathers out of work."

So the next day Lily left Minna to take care of mother, and she tripped up to the manse to ask for Miss Hanna, the missionary. "She will sail day after to-morrow for Africa, my dear," said the preacher's wife; then, seeing how disappointed Lily

looked, she added, "But what do you want with her."

Lily told what her errand was.

"Suppose you write to her?" said Mrs. Page; and then she gave the little girl Miss Hanna's address in Africa and sent her back to write the letter. But the preacher's wife sat about answering Lily's question right away.

"There came a small preacher to my house to-day, Mr. Page," she said when her husband came in, "and set three doors open for you and me."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Page. "What did the preacher look like?"

"She wore a gingham apron and long curls," answered Mrs. Page.

"And what doors did she open?"

Then the lady told him about Lily's visit.

"Yes, I see," said the preacher. You must see that poor, sick Mrs. Landor gets some attention, and I must help Jim to get some work, and we must start a mission-band among the children right away."

It took the letter a long time to go to Africa, and another long time for an answer to get back, and before the pleased little girls got it out of the office the mother was well, the father had a place and Minna and Lily were working like beavers in the mission-band.

WHAT CURIOSITY DID

SIX mice lived in the attic of a house, and what a happy time they did have! All night they raced and scampered over the rafters, playing hide and seek; and when morning came they crept into their warm beds between the outer and inner walls of the house, and took a long nap. When they were hungry they could slip down and help themselves to the chickens' food

[But somehow the man who owned the house did not like mice. They kept him awake, playing all night over his head. "Wife," said he, "we must catch those mice, somehow. A cat is of no use, for they run down between the walls where no cat can follow them, and they won't go into traps.

"Leave it to me," said the woman.

"The next day she opened the door that led up into the attic, and set on the floor a box with a door and a string, and then went out.

That night in their play the mice saw the open door. "We've never seen that room," said one. "Let's go down," said another. "Oh, what a dear little house," said one. "What's in it?" "Let's go in and see." And all six whisked in at the little door. Snap! went the door.

"There, puss, kill every one," said the woman, as she came in with a cat. She opened the little door, but forgot to shut the one leading to the attic. Puss killed four mice, but two escaped. It was so lonely for them now, and they moved into another house, where their cousins lived.

"It was curiosity did it," they always said when they told of the sad end of their brothers.

HEAPING COALS.

"MAMMA," said Willie, "Harry has stolen my marbles, and the next time I see him won't I give him a pounding?"

"Willie, in the Bible we read: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in doing so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"What is an enemy, mamma?"

"A little boy who steals your marbles."

"And what is heaping coals on his head?"

"That is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get."

"I believe I'll do it, mamma."

Not many days after, Willie came running in to his mother and exclaimed: "Get me a penny out of my box! Harry's mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and he's crying; and I want to heap coals."

His mother gave him the penny, and he ran to Harry with it.

Then Harry and Willie were friends again.

Don't you think heaping coals was much better than for Willie to pound Harry?

ON STILTS.

DID you ever see a boy walking on stilts? I think if any boy had legs as long as the stilts he walks on, he would be glad to have them shorter, like other people's legs. But here is a bird that could not live any other way. His food is down in the water. If his legs were short, like those of a quail, or chicken, he could not wade where the water is deep. The Lord has made his legs just right, so that he may wade in the water and find his food.