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Happy Days

DONALD AND ROVER.

THIS is little Donald and his dog Rover. They are very fond of each other, and are seldom seen apart. You know, or, perhaps you don't know, but I'll tell you, Rover saved Donald's life once, so of course it isn't any wonder that the little boy loves him, is it? It was a long time ago, when Donald was just a wee toddler and had run away from the house and got nearly drowned. You may imagine that not only the little boy himself, but the whole family, think there is no dog like their Rover.

Now we may well believe that it is a struggle for these little girls to give up their dolls. But they think the god will bless them if they thus give him their dearest treasure. Even in this Christian land little girls may learn a lesson from

THE BOY WITH A STRAW HAT.

A CRIPPLE beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor cripple man to pick up his gift and place them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up!" A lady leaning from an upper window said, earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that!" As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the old lady's smile and her approval, and last, and better than all, he thought of his heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." He was a noble boy, and had true courage.



DONALD AND ROVER.

LITTLE HINDU GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLS.

ONCE a year regularly the little Hindu girls are expected to destroy their dolls. It is on a festival day when a great feast is made to one of the gods. Early in the morning the little girls dress themselves in their brightest colours. They then carry offerings of rice to the god. Coming back from the temple, they get their dolls and go marching through the streets in procession till they come to some one of the many country roads.

There, under the overhanging mango-trees, is a fountain which has generally been erected by some pious Hindu. Around the fountain is a great, deep tank in which are feathery bamboos, beautiful, swaying ferns, and tall, white lilies. Marble steps lead down to the water. Down the steps the little Hindu girls go, and, clasping their precious dolls to their hearts with a last good-bye, toss them, with misty eyes, into the water.

these poor heathen children. How many of you, here in the midst of the bright light of the Gospel, have the spirit of these little Hindu girls to give to God the best you have?—*Little Worker.*

BE sure you are right, then stand firmly upon the right.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

"THERE, dear little kitten, you look so hungry; you shall have a part of my breakfast. I have enough for two. The bowl is too deep for you to put your mouth in. I will pour it out for you. Now you can eat all you want." That is what Jennie said to her little white pet. But what do you think mamma said when she saw what Jennie had done?

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE MAN.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER

YES, I'm a little temperance man,
Not very big or old,
But mamma says she wouldn't sell
Me for Australia's gold.

Yet dear and precious though I am,
I might be ruined quite,
If I should let old Satan tempt
Me from the path of right.

If I should smell, or touch, or taste
His wicked, sinful bowl,
Which spoils the body we can see,
And God's word says the soul!

Then help, ye voters: shut saloons,
Close up the wretched devil's den
Which ruins now so many boys
That would grow temperance men.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1892.

MARY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Mary's mother had occasion to correct her one night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said "God bless papa, and don't bless mamma" Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By and by she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Do you think you shall?" "I cannot tell." "Do many mothers die and leave their children?" "A great many." "Mamma" said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to

say another prayer," and clasping her little hands, she cried: "God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had." That's the way, children. If you know your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But be they long or short-lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother" Every wrong committed against loving parents will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

WHAT WILL YOU ANSWER?

ALL of the boys and girls I have ever seen think a deal about how they are going to look and what they are going to do when they are grown men and women. Do you? If I could show you pictures of how you will look then, how many of you would like to see them? How many of you have seen pictures of yourselves when you were very little children? Do you think that pretty little children always grow up to be either lovely women or noble-looking men?

There are drunkards in nearly every community. Do you think they were ever some mother's darling—bright-eyed, sweet-faced, innocent? How do their eyes look now? King Solomon, in the Bible, asks, "Who had redness of eyes?" What will you answer? Instead of being sweet-faced and innocent, what do drunkards often have upon their faces? Cuts and bruises. If they had done right would those wounds be there? King Solomon asks, "Who hath wounds without cause?" What will you answer? How many of you have ever heard the foolish talk of drunkards? Do any of you know what King Solomon called it?

He asks, "Who hath babbling?" What will you answer?

Are all drunkards usually kind and gentle, or are they "full of fight?" King Solomon asks, "Who hath contentions?" What will you answer? Do you think a drunkard is happy-hearted or full of sorrow? I want to tell you a story of one drunkard's sorrow, and perhaps you will know of others that you can tell afterwards.

Once a man killed his wife. He was so drunk he did not know anything about it. The police shut him up in prison. He was so drunk he did not know anything about that either. After a while his drunken fit went off, and he looked about him, wondering where he was, the place looked so

strange. He asked the jailer, "Where am I?" He was answered, "In prison." "What for?" "For murder." "Does a wife know anything about it?" asked the terror-stricken man. "You have murdered her." Hearing this, the man became maniac.

King Solomon asked, "Who hath sorrow?" What will you answer?

Can you think of anything that would be worse for the drunkard than of the things we have named? Not to get heaven!

Listen to what the Bible says about this: "Neither thieves nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God." King Solomon asks, "Who hath woe?" What will you answer?—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A BEDTIME STORY.

I ONCE heard a German mother telling her little one a bedtime story. It was only a simple little bit of what some would call a fairy tale, but it meant more than that to me. What does it mean to you, ye young folks with the quick ears and the far-seeing eyes?

When the sleep angel has made his rounds, and the day is closed, the great white angel who keeps the records of a day comes down to earth to gather the days of the little children and take them to the heavenly Father.

When the angel takes a day that has been full of loving, good deeds and of kind words, and unselfish thoughts and actions, that day turns into a ball of gold, pure and shining, to put into the Father's treasure-house among his precious things. But when the day has been full of selfish, unloving thoughts and unkind words and deeds that hurt others and make them sad, then those days break like a bubble in the angel's hand, and there is no treasure to bear to the Father in place of the day that has given to his little child.

WORK FOR CHILDREN TO DO

"MAMMA," said a little child to his mother one day, "I can't tell which I will be when I grow up, a jewellery shop or a minister." But little children do not need to wait till they grow up before they can begin to be ministers. When Christ was on earth he took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples to teach them a lesson. He does that often now. And every child can teach other children a lesson, and sometimes older people too, not by talking about religion, but living religion.

A QUEER HIDING-PLACE.

LITTLE Miss Mousie walked out one day,
To view the world in her own small way,
She peeped in the granary, and there she
spied

Dear grandpa's saddle, and slipped inside.
Oh! this lovely padding," she cried in
glee;

I really think it was put here for me.
I will line my nest so nice and warm,
And keep my little ones safe from harm."

So to work she went with claws and teeth,
And pulled the padding from underneath;
But as it scattered upon the floor

A sudden step was heard at the door.
Poor mousie quaked in dreadful fear

When she saw grandpa coming near.
"What's this—a mouse!" soon grandpa
cries,

And to catch poor mousie tries.

All round and round they scampered fast,
Till mousie disappears at last.

All searching proves of no avail—

She's safely hid from nose to tail.

He thinks she can't be found to-day,

And to his business turns away;

And where was her hiding-place secure?

You never will guess, I am very sure.

When grandpa was looking the other way,
She slipped in his pocket and there she
lay.

He searched and searched, but could not
see

Where that naughty mouse could possibly
be;

But as at his work he trudged about,

Miss Mousie soon from his mind slipped
out,

Till his hand in his pocket for gloves he
sent,

When—out jumped Miss Mousie and away
she went.

THE MORNING SONG.

BY E. W. BUCKINGHAM.

VERY few children, probably, ever
waken early enough to hear the birds'
"Hallelujah Chorus," as the sun takes his
first peep at the earth, sweet and fresh
from her bath of midnight dew, and bids
her "Good-morning."

What is it like about three o'clock on a
summer morning? Would you like to
know?

Suppose I should call you at that hour.
What should we hear and see?

Let us try it. Here I am. Wake up,
little sleepyhead.

How dark it is! What fol' waken

one at the dead of night! There is not a
sound to break the deep silence.

Come! don't go to sleep again. Have
you never heard

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn-
ing"?

See! already it is not so dark as it was
five minutes ago.

Hark! there is a faint twitter out in the
vines by your window.

All is still again. That was some bird
dreaming. But no! there it comes again,
that tender, sleepy sound from the birds
in their nests and tucked under the leaves.

Now you can see dim outlines of the
furniture in your room.

Suddenly, out in the barnyard, chan-
ticleer crows out his morning challenge.
Instantly there is a rustling of wings, and
a robin springs out from his leafy covert,

and, wide awake and alert, answers him
with a few loud calls, the prelude to a
burst of ecstatic song. The sparrows in

the vines nudge and scold their sleepy
neighbours until every one is awake and
adding his feeble notes to swell the grow-
ing chorus. Barnyard after barnyard

sends out its clarion notes. The thrush
shakes down its liquid melody from the
topmost bough of every tall tree. The
catbird forgets his disagreeable "meiow,"
and trills and quavers a gracious, pretty
song. The flicker drums and calls aloud
to his mate. The song sparrow adds its
silvery sweet music.

Now it is all light, gray and pale, with
a dawning blush stealing over the sky.
Not all the birds are awake as yet. Now
and then is heard a soft, sleepy, cooing cry;
but no bird could sleep through such a
concert as this, and the laziest shakes out
his ruffled feathers, throws off his sleep-
iness, and hurries to join the glad chorus
that welcomes the coming day.

The rosy flush spreads and deepens,
until the whole sky is crimsoned, and the
very grass and leaves reflect the glowing
hue. Up, up, leaps the sun, and at his
coming every tuneful throat pours
out its joyous lay. What a mad burst of
music! Now the sun shows his full broad
disc, and swiftly mounts above the horizon.
Every tree, every bush, and every dewy
vine is trembling with the waves of song.
Every bird in all the region round seems
filled with rapture.

The rosy flush fades away in the clear
golden light, the leaves and grass lose
their tint of red, and sparkle with myriads
of diamonds and silver sheen. The air is
sweet, fresh, and clear, the flowers unclose

their folded petals, and shake out their
sweet perfumes. All the while the jubilate
increases in volume and richness.

You may go back to bed and to sleep if
you like; the hour is yet too early for you,
but you must draw the shutters, for the
sun streams in at the window as if to shame
lazy creatures into enjoyment of the day.

Have you learned nothing from this
morning concert of song? If the birds
lift up their voices in glad, jubilant songs
of praise at the return of day, surely you
ought to lift your heart and voice in grati-
fied praise to your heavenly Father for
his loving care of you through the night.
Do you thank him and praise him every
morning? If you have not done so hereto-
fore, do it ever after this.

BEING POLITE TO CARLO.

"COME and see Captain Carlo!" shouted
Albert, as he spied Henry and George
down the street a little way.

"O how did you teach him to hold his
head still? Shake, Captain," said Harry,
offering the dog his hand, into which the
good fellow put his right paw with all the
dignity of a soldier.

"How did I teach him?" said Albert.
"Why, by being polite to him."

"Being polite to him? O, who ever
heard of being polite to a dog!" shouted
George.

"Well, now, I guess Carlo knows when
you are polite as well as anybody. Just
you speak roughly to him, and you'll see
how soon he'll drop his head and tail and
try to move off. But if you say, 'Come,
Carlo—nice fellow,' he looks as pleased as
can be. He was just as proud as could be
when he learned to keep his hat on, be-
cause we all praised and complimented
him so."

"Well, if you don't talk the funniest of
anybody I ever saw. I thought people
only had to be polite to company," said
George.

"I don't know, only what mamma says,
and she told me that true Christian people
were polite to everybody."

"Dogs and all?" said Henry.

"Yes; to your own people and dogs
more than to other people and dogs, be-
cause you ought to love them best."

"Well, I never!" said Henry; "but I
think it's a pretty good way."

It is said that "brains will tell." Some-
times they will, and sometimes they
will not. Sometimes the more brains a
man has the less he tells. Children, this
means not to talk too much.



HELPING SISTER.

HELPING SISTER.

THIS is just what an older brother ought to do. Yet sometimes brothers are selfish and unwilling to take the trouble to help their sisters. But if they will only

do so, they will find that it will be its own reward, as doing right always is, and that they will so win the affections of their sisters and all whom they oblige that they will do most anything for them in return.

THRIFT.

THRIFT is the result of a habit of self-denial; like other habits, it is to remember, it has to be taught early in life.