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# Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1892

[No. 21.]

## "TENTING."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE summer air was bright with sunshine and fragrant with blossoms; but Ethel, sitting by her open window with her hands dropped listlessly in her lap, looked out wearily upon all the beauty of earth and sky. Up the street a hand-organ was striding out "Sweet Home!" and the girl's eyes filled with tears as she caught the strains. She was not longing for her home—in other circumstances she would have enjoyed this visit but she was home-sick for her old strong self, for the old free, brave life before she became invalid.

Aunt Jane, Ethel's attendant and censor, was constantly reminding her that she ought to be thankful it was not something likely to last always, after having had such a fall, instead of an injury which the physicians thought a year of rest and quiet would wholly overcome. But a year appeared a great deal to take out of her busy young life just when—so it seemed to Ethel—she needed it most. No school for her in all that time, and the other girls would gain so much! No piano-practice, no wandering through the woods with the eager botanists, no pleasant tramps over the hills with the geology class—no parties, picnics or pleasuring.

"It is so much taken out of my life!" sighed Ethel.

As nearer came the organ, until it stopped before Ethel's window, and began playing "Sweet Home" once more, while its owner—whose coarse red face augured ill of the sweetness of any home with which he was connected—sent a dejected looking monkey round to collect pennies. The little creature ran here and there among the group on the sidewalk, and up the steps, then, espying Ethel at the window, he scrambled up the railing, clung to the shutter, and in a moment dropped

into her lap. So sudden was the movement, such a queer, old little face it was that looked with odd grimaces into hers, that Ethel laughed, though half frightened. But when she would have pushed him aside, the monkey chattered and whined and seemed begging to stay in the comfortable quarters he had so unexpectedly found.

"Many are the voices calling us away—  
Calling to the better land.

"Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears,  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With doubts and griefs and fears."

she hummed, softly, under her breath.

"Fears and griefs not so very unlike mine, either—some of them," she mused. "There were such long waiting places in some of their lives also—Noah in the ark, Elijah alone on the mount, and Moses—those forty years of keeping sheep in the desert must have seemed a dreadful large portion out of his life and after he had been waiting himself for such great things too. But then God was fitting him for still greater things, and by that very means though he could not know it then. It was not long it was gair. And the same was true of Noah and Elijah, and a great many others besides. When the great Captain calls a halt, it must be for some good reason. I wonder—"



TENTING

"Poor fellow. Has the music made you, too, homesick for the old free days?" said Ethel. "Do you wish you were back in the groves where you could swing from the leaves of the cocoanut tree all day, if you liked, and throw cocoanuts in peace?"

The monkey whined and laid his hand on his head as if he were trying to recollect old times, but an impatient twitch of the cord from outside reminded him forcibly of the present, and he departed as he had come.

The incident had aroused Ethel a little, and she leaned forward and looked from the window. The organ had changed its music to "Tenting To-Night," but the girl had heard the tune with the words of an old hymn, and these came back to her now:

The organ grinder had completed his list and moved on, but Ethel still sat busily thinking. She had been mourning over this enforced pause in her active employments as so much taken out of her life, she had never chanced to think of it as something put into her life instead—put into it by God and for a purpose. That was a different matter.

Aunt Jane, coming in a little later found Ethel gathering books and writing-materials about her and cheerily taking up what she could do. "Well!" exclaimed that worthy lady, "If I had known that a monkey and an organ grinder were all you needed to cheer you up, I'd have hired something of the sort long ago."

Ethel only laughed, but years after, in her busy, useful life, she traced her most efficient preparation and drill for her work back to that long season when she was "only encamped and waiting for marching-orders."

## LITTLE THINGS.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give,  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It will help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,  
Some toys—they were not new—  
But they made the sick child happy,  
Which has made me happy too

A wor now and then of comfort,  
That cost me nothing to say,  
But the poor, old man died happy,  
And it helped him on the way

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

## THE BEST GOD COULD DO.

It had been a sad, hard winter for Mrs. Throp and little Benny. Whooping cough and bronchitis had seized the little fellow like two cruel gaolers, and held on to him all winter. These gaolers could not let him rest by day, they would not let him sleep at night, they would not let him eat his breakfast in peace, they often made him lose his dinner; they shook him, they racked him, they made him sad and tired, oh, it was a hard time for Benny, and a harder time for Benny's mother.

One day a postman, in a big overcoat, with a cape to it, came pounding at their little door, and left a letter for "Mrs. Amelia Throp, No 9 East Front Street." What do you suppose that letter held? Bushels and bushels of sunshine, white and yellow daisies, butterflies and birds!

How could one little letter carry so much? Why, there was money in it from Cousin James, to bring mother and Benny down to Georgia, where spring-time had come

already, though we were walking on snow and ice.

When Cousin Susie first carried Benny, in her strong young arms, out to the sunny Georgia field, and he felt the sweet soft air, heard the mocking bird singing like a choir, and saw the yellow jessamine running mad over everything, he laughed aloud with delight, then, drawing his thin white little face into soberness, "Cousin Susie," he said, "I don't believe God can make any place prettier than this, do you?"

But Benny will know some day, when his time comes to cross the river of death, that God has made our heavenly home more sweet and beautiful than we can ever think or imagine here.

## ADELE'S FAIRY.

ONCE upon a time a little French girl, whose name was Adele, sat upon a hassock waiting to put on her shoes, and wishing some one would come and dress her. The breakfast bell had rung, but still she did not move.

Suddenly a funny little woman came along and stopped right before her. She had bright, shining eyes, rosy cheeks and pretty white hair, and carried a basket on her arm.

Adele was afraid of the stranger at first, but the pretty woman smiled and said: "My dear, I am Mrs. Always B. Content, and live in Sunshine Terrace; sometimes I'm called Always Busy, or the good fairy that multiplies things. How can I help you smooth out the frowns and puckers that are spoiling your pretty face?"

The little girl found courage to tell her friend that she was just wishing that she didn't have to go to school and study those tiresome lessons; she wanted to take long walks and play in the fields where the flowers grow.

"I never have anything like other girls; Estelle has a lovely string of beads," she continued. This prompted the fairy to lift the cover of her basket and say.

"You will have six times as many strings as Estelle; so pick them out, my dear."

Oh! how beautiful; there lay on pink cotton ever so many strings of lovely pearl beads, just what she wanted.

The little girl reached out her hand, hesitated and then began to cry because she did not know how many to take. She must take six times as many, no more, no less.

This made the good fairy feel pity for Adele, so she said and closed the lid of the basket: "Since you do not know how many you want, I will go away and come again in Springtime, and perhaps your good friends yonder (pointing to the books in the bag) will help you to become one of my family. Then you will know how to count your trials.

"By forgetting ourselves we increase our own happiness and that of every one around us."

Don't loiter by the way to and from school. Don't dawdle in the morning

when you are dressing. Learn to do everything quickly and well. I know somebody who sits on the floor with a shoe in her hand, dreaming away—consequently has to be called many times for breakfast."

While Mrs. Always Busy talked, Adele's face turned crimson.

"How did this fairy know she did that?"

The truth is there are many little ma like Adele. Are you?

## THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

JANE and Mary started out for a walk one Saturday afternoon. They were schoolmates and were often together, their parents were old friends. The children were very different in disposition in spite of their intimacy, for Jane was inclined to be very haughty, while Mary was sweet and gentle.

The two little girls were walking along wondering what they would buy with their pocket money, of which they had generous allowance, as their fathers could afford to give it to them.

While they were walking they came to a poor little girl sitting upon the curbstone trying to sell dolls. Mary stopped to speak to her, she looked so pale and tired.

"Oh! come on, Mary," said Jane. "Don't waste your time over beggars;" but Mary would not go until she had found out where the little girl lived and something about her. Then she took her allowance from her pocket and gave it to her. The poor child could hardly thank her, she wanted her to take her doll, but Mary said: "No, I do not want the dolls, I want them and buy something for yourself with the money I gave you."

"Well," said Jane, walking haughtily off, "you are very silly, Mary, to believe the story of every beggar you see, besides you needn't have given all your money."

"I couldn't help it, Jane, she is so poor and needy," said Mary.

When Mary went home, she told her parents about the little girl and where she lived. Mamma went to see her and made her more comfortable.

Whom do you think was the happy one, Jane, who bought something to please herself, or Mary?

## GIVE A KIND WORD.

A FRIEND of the Lord Jesus once met a lame man. When he saw the man stretching out his hand to him he said and said, "I have neither gold nor silver, but what I have I give unto thee."

"What did he give him?"

He healed him. No one now can help to a poor person; but there is something which everyone can give.

"What is it?"

A kind word. Even little children can give that. The poor and unhappy are pleased when anyone speaks kindly to them.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

Do you know where the summer blooms  
all the year round,  
Where there never is rain on a picnic  
day,  
Where the thornless rose in its beauty  
grows,  
And little boys never are called from  
play?  
Oh! hoy! it is far away,  
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Could you like to live where nobody  
scolds,  
Where you never are told, "It is time  
for bed;"  
Where you learn without trying, and laugh  
without crying,  
Where snarls never pull when they  
comb your head?  
Then oh! hey! you must hie away  
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

How long you dwell where you never need  
wait,  
Where no one is punished or made to  
cry,  
Where a supper of cakes is not followed  
by aches,  
And little folks thrive on a diet of pic-  
nics,  
Then oh! hey! you must go, I say,  
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

How you must drift down the river of Idle  
Dreams,  
Close to the border of No-man's-Land:  
Within a year and a day you must sail away,  
And then you will come to an unknown  
strand.  
And oh! hey! if you get there—stay  
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

LITTLE LESSON FOR A LITTLE  
GIRL.

BY DOROTHY KEYS PACA.

LITTLE Mabel Owens was sick. And  
what was still worse, she had been sick  
for some time, and was likely to be in  
that same condition for many days to  
come, which was "baddest" of all, Mabel  
thought.

The trouble came about in the autumn  
when Mabel went chestnut hunting and  
fell from that tall tree that looked so  
very easy to climb and wasn't easy at  
all. Just as the daring adventurer reach-  
ed out for a still higher branch, something  
snapped and before she knew what was  
happening she struck the ground with an  
awful bump, and ever since, her knee had  
been done up in a plaster case, and the  
little girl had to lie in bed, with nothing  
to do but amuse herself with her eyes and  
fingers the best she could. Then, too,  
Mabel's mother was poor, and obliged to  
work to help in caring for the little ones,  
so the invalid couldn't have refreshing  
drinks and dainty food to help her on to  
recovery, and many times her throat grew  
pained, and her head feverish and  
how she did long for some good things,

ice-cream, and lemonade, and just then her  
eyes rested on some artificial peaches orna-  
menting a white straw wall basket. "Oh!  
how I would like some peaches!"

Mabel had asked her mother to hang  
the basket in her room, for she thought  
those peaches just the prettiest she had  
ever seen. But now, the sight of them  
only acted as a torment, for the longer  
she looked at them the more she wanted  
some real peaches, and those she knew she  
couldn't have, for they were too poor to  
buy fruit at that season, fruit that came  
all the way from sunny California.

Still the longing was there, and turn her  
eyes where she would, she only saw great  
yellow peaches, and finally a lump seemed to  
rise up in her throat, and two big, salt tears  
splashed down on the pillow. And just  
then a happy thought came to her.

"There," she said, "I'm ashamed of you,  
Mabel Owens! I'll shut my eyes real tight  
and just pray to the Lord to make me not  
want those peaches."

Following that resolve, she held her  
eyes shut with her fingers and said out  
loud: "O Lord, please make me not to want  
those peaches, even when my throat is  
very dry, and please don't let me forget  
that I prayed to you not to want them,"  
which was a very queer prayer indeed; at  
least so thought the doctor, as he stood in  
the door and heard the words.

But, being a wise doctor, he didn't let  
the little girl know he had overheard  
her appeal, for he saw she was too feverish  
and excited then for much talk, so he just  
drew his own conclusions and decided that  
this patient needed something besides  
medicine.

After some cheerful talk and a few jokes  
the doctor left, inwardly talking to him-  
self as he drove off:—

"'Peaches,' she said. She wants peaches.  
Hum! rather expensive desire, that! Well,  
I suppose she ought to have them. The  
Lord wouldn't put it in my heart to send  
them to her if he didn't want her to have  
them;" so, driving straight to a fruit  
store, a basket of the longed-for fruit was  
purchased and sent on its way to give  
happiness to one little soul, while up above  
one more unselfish act was recorded for  
that good old doctor.

At first Mabel couldn't believe her eyes  
when the pretty little basket of real  
peaches was placed on the bed beside her.  
And it was not until one was peeled, and  
her hot throat felt the cooling fruit "just  
sliding down," as she expressed it, that  
the fact was realized,—she actually had  
what she longed for—peaches.

"And to think, mamma," she said, "I  
prayed the Lord not to let me want them,  
because I thought I couldn't get them,  
and here they come, just as though he  
sent them; isn't it funny?"

"Not 'funny,' Mabel, dearie. It only  
shows that we have a very loving Father,  
who always finds a way to help us when  
he sees we are trying to help ourselves."

LEARN to cultivate a cheerful temper.

"FOR ME"

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about  
ten years old, with black eyes, dark skin,  
curly hair, and slight neat form. A little  
while after she began to go to school, the  
teacher noticed one day that little Carrie  
did not look as happy as usual. "My  
dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."  
"What are you thinking about?"  
"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether  
Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little chil-  
dren to come to him?" The little girl  
repeated the verse, "Suffer little children  
to come unto me," which she had recently  
learned at school.

"Well, who is that for!"  
In an instant Carrie clapped her hands  
and said, "It is not for you teacher, is it?  
for you are not a child. No, it is for me'  
for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus  
loved her; and she loved him back with  
all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that  
Jesus loves them and believe his kind  
word as soon as they hear him, ought not  
we, who hear so much about the dear  
Saviour, to believe and love him too?  
Every one of us ought to say, "It is for  
me: it is for me!" and throw ourselves  
into the arms of the loving Saviour.

POLLY'S ANSWER

MOLLY and Polly belonged to the same  
Sunday-school and to the same Sunday-  
school class.

"Do you think, children," asked the  
teacher this morning, "that God has re-  
membered to give us any blessings?"

"Yes'm," said Molly.  
"Yes'm," said Polly.

"Well, when he has given us so many  
nice things, what ought we to do?"

"We ought to be glad about them and  
enjoy them," said Polly.

"We ought to thank him," said Molly,  
giggling a little at Polly's queer answer.

Let me tell you something about Molly  
and Polly. When it rains, Polly remem-  
bers how bright it was last week, and what  
good times they had, but Molly forgets  
that it ever has been a bar weather. When  
the sun shines, Molly thinks "it is so  
awfully hot," but Polly likes to feel every-  
thing grow." Molly does not see why she  
has to study such long lessons. She wishes  
she could play all the time, Polly says that  
working hard beforehand makes recess all  
the more fun when it comes.

Molly wishes she could have as many  
playthings and parties as her next-door  
neighbours; Polly says she wouldn't  
change places with anybody in the world,  
so many nice things are always happening  
to her.

That Sunday morning when Molly  
laughed at Polly's queer answer, the  
teacher said she thought it was a good  
one; she said she thought that being glad  
over our blessings was one very nice way  
to be thankful. What do you think!

### THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

Yes! and the very nicest way, too. for does not Will be get a ride by going this way? and how much nicer the cool, soft

little friends are a long time getting started, he looks back as if to assure Master Will there is not the slightest danger.

little time returns, but not alone. It brings its companions with it, and they in turn bring others, till the box is filled with a swarm of bees. Those who have tasted



THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

water feels to Nell's feet than the dusty bridge would if she went the other way. No need of that anxious look on your face, Master Will; Nell can carry you and her basket, too, if you just hold on tightly. Jip likes this way the best, and thinks his

### THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The bee-hunter in America puts a piece of honey-comb into a box and catches a bee. He then covers the box and very soon the bee fills itself with honey. When let loose he finds his way back, and in a

word which is "sweeter than honey" likewise. They are not content with curing the blessings of salvation to themselves, but each help to spread the news, so that others may by their turn be "made partakers."