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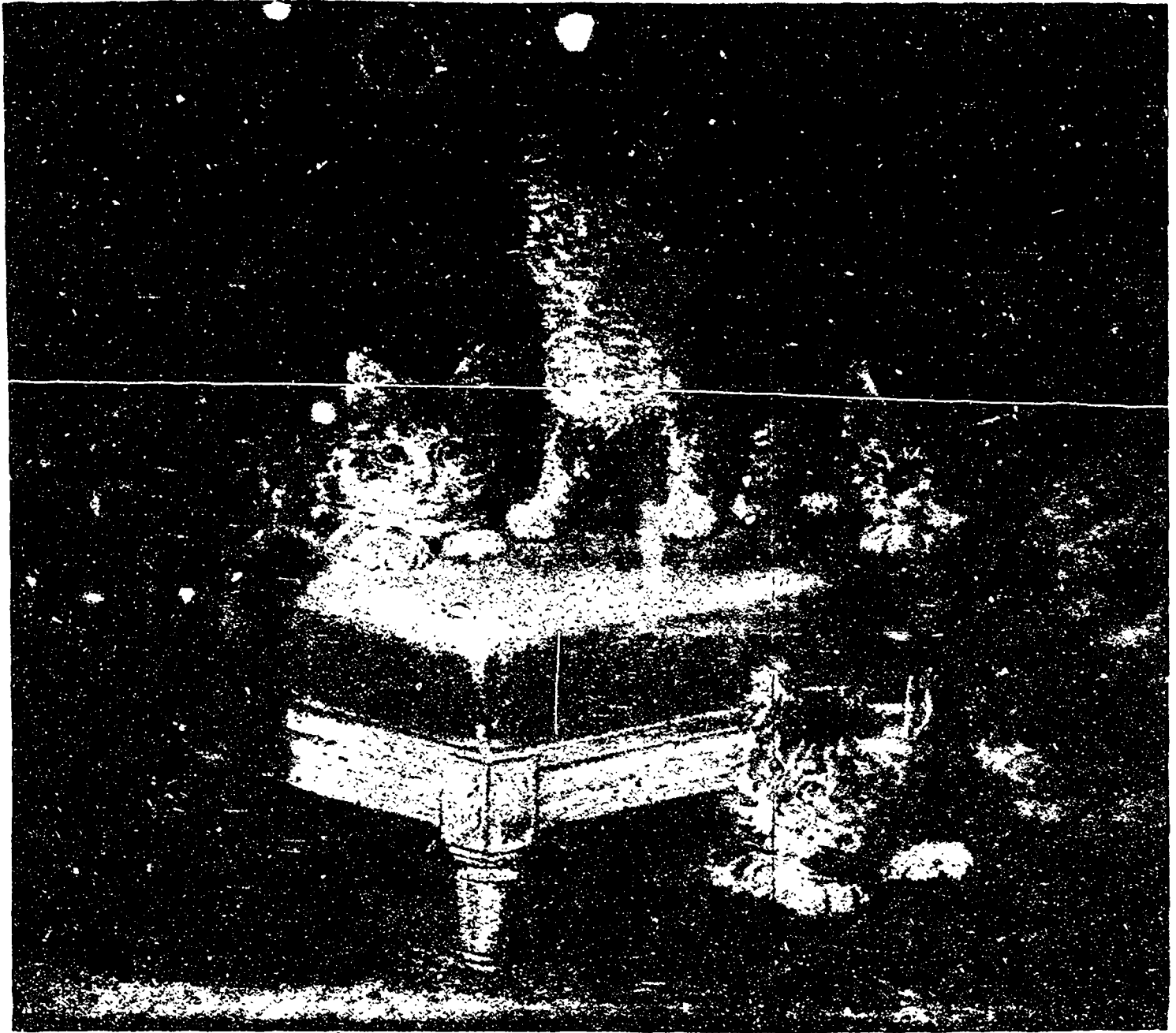
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# Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1894.

[No. 13



FOUR LITTLE KITTENS.

## FOUR LITTLE KITTENS.

WHAT fine, sleek, well-cared-for kittens these are! We are quite sure they never fall to get their dally supply of milk, their

coats are so soft and fluffy. Would you like to know how the cat has come by her name of "Pass?" Well, it was in this way. In Egypt, many hundreds of years ago

they worshipped the cat. They thought cats were affected by the moon because they are so wide awake at night and because their eyes change just like the moon

## HOW THEY RIDE

BRAVELY comes the gentleman,  
Trotting nimbly as he can,  
Lifts his hat to Meg and Dot  
As he passes—trot, trot, trot.

Now the postman follows fast,  
Gallop, gallop—ah, ho's past,  
Sparos not spur, but shakes the rein,  
Gallops on with might and main.

Next there comes the country boy,  
Many a jump, and hobbledyhoj.  
Bumpety-bump!—if he fall down,  
Ten to one he cracks his crown!

Pace, and gallop, and trot, my dear,  
So they've travelled for many a year;  
But none of them all can happier be  
Than Goldilocks on her father's knee!

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## HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1884.

## WHAT CAN ONE DO?

ONCE upon a time, there was a beautiful garden full of lovely flowers. All who passed that way stopped to admire it. Tired men, hopeless women, and discouraged children came with frowning brows and sad faces, paused to drink in the beauty of the scene, and went away with smoothed brows, peaceful smiles, and shining eyes, better and happier for the lovely sight.

But by-and-bye there came a sad change over the beautiful garden. The sun shone fiercely upon it, day after day. The flowers hung their heads, the green leaves drooped and turned brown under the scorching heat that was drying up their juices; and upon the hot wind came the sound of faint means: "Water, water; give us water, or we die!"

Up in the sky a little cloud paused just over the dying flowers, and looked down. "What a pity," it sighed; "but I can do no good, I am too small," and so it passed on. Soon another cloud came, and another,

and another, but they too shook their heads and passed by. After a while, another paused and looked down.

"Ah! poor blossoms; they are dying for want of water. I am only one little cloud. I am too small to do much good. But perhaps the few drops I carry may save one flower. I can but try. All I have I will give gladly, only I wish there were more." So down she fell.

Now there were ever so many more tiny clouds coming that way, and one said to the other:

"We have not much water, but we too can give what we have."

"So we can," answered the rest. "Let us hurry down and help our sister. She cannot do much alone."

Down they scurried, and so many more clouds came running up to see what the first were doing, that soon there was a dense mass of them. All grew eager to help, and every one dropped down and poured its few drops upon the thirsty garden, as if in real sympathy.

"Dear me!" said the very first cloud that fell; "I'm so glad I gave my little store of rain, for all my brothers and sisters have followed me; the garden has had a regular soaking, and the lives of all these lovely flowers have been saved."

And as she tripped back to heaven on the rainbow's arch, she sang softly and sweetly, "I'm only a little cloud, but I have helped; I have helped."

## "I AM COMING."

A LITTLE girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice suddenly felt the ground give way under her feet, and, before she time to spring back to a place of safety, had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, and with that love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone: "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed: she never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice, this time nearer, spoke hopefully: "I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.

WHEN Robert Hall was a boy, he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try to conquer it; so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer: "O Lamb of God, calm my mind." So completely was he enabled, by the help of God, to overcome this sin that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper.

## WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a rose  
On the garden wall,  
I'd look so fair,  
And grow so tall  
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,  
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you,  
O little rose.

Fair little maid,  
If I were you,  
I should always try  
To be good and true;  
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child  
On whom the sunshine ever smiled,  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you,  
Dear little maid!

## CHINESE PETS.

Boys and girls in China are just as fond of pets as American boys and girls. But the Chinese are a queer people, and they have a queer way of caring for their pets. Besides cats and dogs, the chickens, and often the pigs, live under the same roof with the family.

No animal is more common in China than the dog. Every country cottage has one, and he always makes sure to bark furiously when strangers come near. These dogs are never tied up and never have a kennel. They are not well fed, and so are lean and hungry-looking.

Cats are not allowed to run about like our pussies, but are always tied up; sometimes to the table-legs. This is because if they were let run about they might be stolen for their fur.

The Chinese never build any chicken houses, and the chickens run about the streets and in the stores. At night they do not go to roost; they settle down anywhere on the floor. Sometimes a large bamboo basket is turned over them, and then in the morning you can hear the muffled tones of these early singers.

## STRAIGHT LINES.

A COMMERCIAL traveller entered the office of a hotel, as reported by one of our exchanges, and picking up a pen, proceeded to make several perpendicular lines upon the register.

When he had made half-a-dozen, more or less, he threw down the pen, with some exclamation about its being unfit to write with. Then he took up another, and making more straight marks like capital I's with the shoulders cut off.

By this the clerk was angry, and informed the "drummer" that the register was intended for signature, and must not be defaced in that manner.

"Oh, don't get mad about it," said the man with the pen.

"He made a few horizontal dashes, and giving the register a swirl, showed the angry clerk that he had only been writing his name, which was H. H. HILL.

## STUDYING THE STARS.

THERE lay in the Scottish meadows,  
A wondrous clear-eyed lad,  
Wrapped in midnight shadows,  
And the folds of a shepherd's plaid;  
Lay long, and eagerly gazing  
With wonder-straining eyes  
At God's own jewellery, blazing  
Upon the stately skies;  
He looked in the stars' sweet faces,  
They fed his nature's needs—  
He marked their glowing places  
With strings of glistening beads  
To the fame his soul ne'er doubted  
His quick brain drove him on,  
Till the world with honour shouted  
The name of Ferguson.

But now when youth's mind-vision  
Would range the mystery-sky,  
Pale Science's strange precision  
Has mapped it for his eye;  
And captured the stars in cages,  
And mocked their flickering flame;  
Subdued these kings of the ages,  
And made them come by name;  
On earth the stars are brightening,  
Brought down from clouds of space,  
As Franklin drew the lightning,  
And gave it useful place;  
And the Scotch boy's spirit, turning  
From new-found stars above,  
Looks down on this glow of learning,  
With smiles of pride and love

—N. E. Journal of Ed

## THE TALISMAN.

EDGAR is a very little boy to have united with the Church, and I fear he may dishonour Christ in some way; a schoolboy has so many temptations." The mother said this to Aunt Judith.

"You needn't fear at present," she replied, "I often see Edgar when he comes out of his little room, and I notice he has a talisman to keep him from evil."

"A talisman!"

"Yes, the Lord's seal in his forehead. He won't fall while that is there."

"Aunt Judith, what can you mean? Edgar's forehead has no mark, and nobody knows just what that passage in Revelation means which speaks of God's servants being sealed in their foreheads."

"It means the Lord will take care of his own. Nobody'll deny that. Don't fret about your boy, but pray for him. If he loses his talisman I mean to know the reason why."

"Edgar does give good evidence that he loves Christ and means to serve him," admitted the anxious mother.

"Yes, and while he's young is just the right time for him to love Christ; and to confess him before men is just as much his duty as it is his father's or yours or mine."

The mother was cheered by these words, but she still wondered what Aunt Judith meant about the talisman. At noon she gave her boy's forehead a critical look, but only saw that it was frank, open and happy.

"That wasn't all Aunt Judith meant, I'm quite sure," thought the mother.

A few days after this Edgar asked leave to go skating, and his mother refused his request, because she knew there were holes cut in the ice for fishing, and feared he might get into them.

"It's too bad, mother!" cried Edgar, "all the boys are going. I know all the holes, and shouldn't go near them;" and he turned and left the room hastily. His mother bent sadly over her sewing, much troubled by her son's rebellious spirit.

In about fifteen minutes Edgar came back and said, "I'm sorry I spoke so, mother. I won't ask to go on that pond again;" and he held up his lips for a kiss. As his mother gave it she saw on his forehead the marks of the back of the little little cane rocking chair in Edgar's room, and in an instant she knew what Aunt Judith meant about "the seal" and the "talisman."

"I'm glad you feel right about it, sonny-boy," she said. "The holes are soon to be properly guarded; then you may go skating."

"May I? I thought I must give up skating perhaps all winter. If it hadn't been for doing just one thing, mother, I don't know when I should have stopped feeling angry about it."

"What did you do?"

"I prayed."

"A wonderful talisman!" said the mother

Not knowing exactly what she meant, Edgar looked out "talisman" in the big dictionary, and found that it means "something which preserves one from evil by secret influence."

"I'll pray oftener than ever," he resolved

So the "sign in his forehead" was often seen by his mother and aunt, though Edgar did not know it was there. And he never dishonoured the name of the dear Saviour he truly loved and frankly owned.

## A LOST LIFE.

A YOUNG man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, thought this was not apprehended when he seemed to give his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation, and, among other requests, asked his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room he was heard to say, "Lost, lost, lost!" This surprised his mother, and caused the immediate inquiry: "My son are your hopes feeble?"

"No, mother; but oh, my lost lifetime! I am twenty-four; and until a few weeks since nothing has been done for Christ, and everything for myself and my pleasure. My companions will think I've made a profession in view of death. Oh, that I could live to meet this remark, and do something to show my sincerity, and to redeem my lost, lost, lost life."

## LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

[Composed by Martin Luther for his children, and still sung by German mothers to their little ones.]

AWAY in a manger,  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down his sweet head.  
The stars in the sky  
Looked down where he lay—  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
The poor Babe awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus  
No crying he makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus,  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle  
To watch lullaby.

## BELIEF IN GOD.

"Do you believe in God, and that he sends his angels to watch over and guard us?" said a little girl, aged eight, to her eight-year-old playmate.

"Yes; do you?"

"No," answered the girl, "I don't believe that, because I can't see them."

Drawing himself up, the little fellow faced her squarely, and blew his breath in her face. "Did you see that?" he asked, referring to the air he had exhaled from his lungs.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, it was there, wasn't it?" was the convincing and emphatic reply.—*Our Little People.*

A GENTLEMAN said that he once saw in an out-of-the-way place in China about twenty Chinese babies tied to stakes on a patch of green grass. The length of each baby's rope was about ten feet, and the stakes were far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get all tangled up. They seemed very happy, and while he stood watching them he did not hear one of them cry. The mothers were at work in a rice-field a little way off.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JULY 8.

LESSON TOPIC.—Presentation in the Temple.—Luke 2. 25-38.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 27-32

GOLDEN TEXT.—A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—Luke 2. 32.

JULY 15

LESSON TOPIC.—Visit of the Wise Men.—Matt 2. 1-12.

MEMORY VERSES, Matt 2. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him.—Matt 2. 11.



THE PRESENTATION.

## PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

THIS picture illustrates the Sunday-school lesson for July 5th. Mary and Joseph are bringing the Babe to the good old man Simeon. He walks down the steps from the altar to take the Child in his arms. The words of the lesson tell us how happy this poor old man was to look upon Christ, for he knew that this little Child was to be the Saviour of the world. With glad heart he exclaims, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

## "I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I've got orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted by some of his wayward companions to enter a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish; come along like a man!" shouted the others, thinking to shame him into doing that which he knew was wrong.

"No, I must not go; I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can, show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a nicely folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys.

They looked, and read aloud. "Enter not into the path of the wicked. . . . Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and by his help I don't mean to break them."

## STRETCH YOUR COMFORTS.

A LITTLE girl and her brother were on their way to school one morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They wore poorly dressed, but the little girl had a

cloak over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew the little boy closer to her and said "Come under my cloak, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," he replied.

"Then I will try and stretch it a little," said she. And they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

There are many shivering bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not try to stretch their comforts beyond themselves. We can make a little go a great way with Jesus' blessing. We need not be troubled by our small talents, or meagre means, or few opportunities if we consecrate them to him and his service.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS I KNOW.

I KNOW a little girl

(You? Oh, no!)

Who, when she's asked to go to bed, Does just so:

She brings a dozen wrinkles out,

And takes the dimples in;

She puckers up her pretty lips,

And then she does begin:

"Oh, dear me! I don't see why!

All the others sit up late,

And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,

With curly pate,

Who says, "When I am a great big girl,

I'll sit up late.

But mamma says, 'I will make me grow

To be an early bird."

So she and dolly trot away

Without another word.

Oh, the sunny smile, and the eyes so blue,

And—why, yes, now I think of it,

She looks like you.

A LADY who teaches the little Indian boys, says it is funny to see them modelling in mud. She says they take a lump of mud, and with a few pinches here and there, they will transform it into a pig, buffalo, horse, man, chicken, or anything they have seen. She says she thinks few white children could do so well.

LITTLE Elvira went to visit at her grandmother's. The country was a revelation to the child. Among other things that excited her wonder was a lamb that came bleating at the door the evening of her arrival. "O Aunt Hattie," she cried, running down, "there's a sheep here that can talk as plain as anything, do come and hear it say 'Ma.'"

## FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, 'And they brought him to Jesus.' As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said, "I like that sermon so much." "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

"What are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so always finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"Oh, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself ever had any idea of; more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it.

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod, time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.—*Young Christian.*

Some bad boys tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant.

"No, no, I cannot," said he.

"Why? now why?" they asked.

"Why," answered the boy, "because I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

"Oh, well," they said, "in that case you had better not go."

Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practise. But you see what a bride the habit of prayer puts on a little child.—*Child's Delight.*

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without anyone to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for many hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force habit. And the boy who forms bad good habits in his youth will be led them when he becomes old, and will miserable or happy accordingly.