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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

[No. 23.]

THE KING OF SIAM.

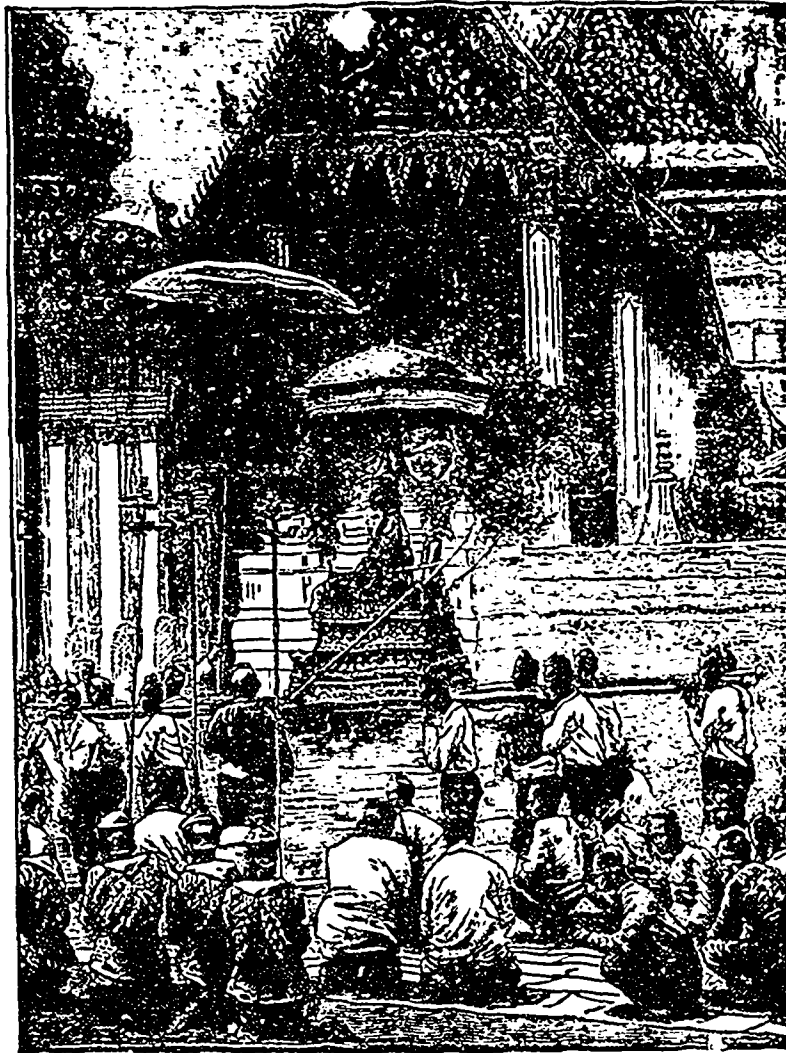
This picture shows the people of Siam carrying their king to a temple to worship idols. Do you not wish he knew and worshipped the true God? The idols cannot hear him pray, but God could hear and help him. Some of his people have learned to love God, but there are not enough missionaries to teach them all. Let us give our pennies to help pay others to teach them.

THE CHILD AND THE PRINCE.

ONCE upon a time a certain prince paid a visit to an English town. He was to have a royal welcome. Flags were flying from every window, triumphal arches were set up in some of the principal streets. After dark the whole town was to be ablaze with illuminations.

Now there was a little servant maid—quite a child she was—who lived at a humble shop in one of the streets through which the procession was to pass. She loved the prince with all her heart; in all the town there was nobody more loyal than she.

What could she do? Other people were doing so much. At first she could think of nothing at all; and this so troubled her that she sat down, and had a thorough good cry. At last, however, a brilliant idea occurred to her. She could clean the step. When the prince passed, he should see at her house the whitest step in all the street.



THE KING OF SIAM.

So she set to work, and scrubbed and polished till you might have been looking at marble, instead of very common stone. And the prince bowed and smiled very graciously as the procession went by, and the little maid clapped her hands in delight, and cried, "He sees it! he sees it! he's delighted with my step!"

Now, my dear little friends, I dare not say that the prince really noticed the poor

child's loving labour, though had he heard her little story I am sure that he would have praised her handiwork. But how was he to know about it? But there is a Prince who knows and sees every thing. Every little labour of love for him is quite certain to gain his blessed praise and his most tender smile.

We will all try and win this, won't we?

CHINESE PILLARS.

WHEN our friends die we put a stone or a monument by their graves to show that we love them, and care for the place where they are buried. The Chinese build monuments or pillars by the graves of their parents, but they do it to keep evil spirits away. They think the evil spirits will come and make them sick if they do not guard the graves. They cannot stand by the graves all the time, and make the sign that the evil spirits are afraid of, so they build these pillars, and mark the signs on the pillars, and think the evil spirits will not dare come

where those signs are marked.

The Chinese are heathen. They do not know about God, and about Jesus, the Saviour. If they loved God they would not worship evil spirits. Missionaries have gone and told a few of the people about the true God, but let us pray that God will put it in the hearts of many more to go and tell about him. And let us give our pennies to buy Bibles for them, that they may read and give their hearts to him and be saved.

MOTHER'S FACE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THREE little boys talked together

One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"

One of the little boys said,

"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"

Said the second little lad,

"Was a pony at my uncle's—
I wanted him very bad."

"I think," said the the third little fellow,

With a grave and gentle grace,

"That the prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother's face."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1886.

THE SAFE GUIDE.

PERHAPS some of our little readers sometimes say, "What is the good of always telling us we must start on the road to heaven, we must follow the path to the kingdom. How can we find the way?" Well, I am come to tell you now of a Guide for the journey. You know when people travel up the Swiss mountains, or through the deserts in the East, they need a guide; they do not know the way or the dangers, so they hire a man who does, to show them the way; and the more they trust him, the more fully they follow him. He has been over the whole way before, and so he knows how to guide the people through. Now the Lord Jesus is a Guide. He says, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye." Follow him in the way.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

AN intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten years sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished but pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father, approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow looked up with a confused air, and promptly gave the name of the author. The father gently remonstrated, and pointing out to him the danger of reading such books, and left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments his father discovered a light, and on enquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

"But would it not have been better to have kept the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here is a "threefold act"—a trust in his father's word, evincing "love," and "obedience," and care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in God, whose word is always to be confided in.

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said, "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them, instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me.'" So remember, children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth and you were doing it for him.—*The Illustrator.*



A THIEF CAUGHT.

THE boy in the picture was engaged by some sportsmen to go with them and help run after the partridges and quail that they shot. I am sorry to say he was not an honest boy, and when one of the men, while at dinner, hung his coat on a tree, the boy snatched his purse out of the pocket and made off with it. He was rather a foolish boy, for he thought if he climbed into a tree he would not be seen; but he was soon found and the sportsmen determined to teach him a good lesson. Holding out a blanket by the four corners they told him he must drop into it, and when he refused one of them took an axe and began to cut down the tree. This soon made him fall, when the men caught him in the blanket and tossed him up in the air several times. He promised faithfully that he would never steal again, when they let him off. Boys, never touch what does not belong to you, no matter how small. Remember, "Honesty is the best policy" both for this world and for the world to come.

IS GOD HERE?

ONCE when a man was shaving, his razor slipped and made a slight wound on his face. He was an old swearer, and at once he pronounced the word "God," taking that holy name in vain.

His little daughter, who was watching him, said, "Is God here?"

"Why do you ask that?" said the man, much ashamed.

"'Cause I heard you speak to him."

O that every swearer would have some one to put him in mind that God is here, and hears every word!



ON THE WRECK.

TROTTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

So TROTTY is three years old to-day,
And what of a birthday gift, I pray?
Come tell me, darling, which it shall be,
A sparkling crest from the foaming sea,
Or a shiny chain of the twinkling stars,
Or one of Aurora's silver bars?

No, no! Then what shall it be, my sweet,
A slice of the big, round moon, to eat?
Or from fairy land some flowers and fruit?
Dear me! You're certainly hard to suit.
Would you like a sword from the lightning's
flash,

Or a beautiful rainbow for a sash?
Shall I catch a beam of the sunset bright
For reins, that you guide your pony right?
But what are you gazing at so wise?
You'd like—why you fill me with surprise—
The little live dolls in mamma's eyes!

ON THE WRECK.

Two boys are on a wrecked ship. One has fainted through fear, the other is praying to the God of the seas for deliverance. Do any of you feel like laughing at that praying boy?

No. The question shocks you. I am glad it does. And yet, if I mistake not, there is a boy in our HAPPY DAYS family who does laugh at his brother when he prays. He did so the other night, and the praying brother was so troubled about it that he almost made up his mind never to

pray openly again before that laughing brother.

A Sunday scholar laugh at his praying brother! The idea shocks me. That laughing boy had better get on his knees and pray too.

Why should he laugh? Is it not right to pray? Do not all the good, noble, lovable people in the world pray? Is it not wicked to neglect prayer? Only bad people neglect to pray. And they pray, too, when trouble comes. I was once in a ship which struck an iceberg in the night, and we all expected to go to the bottom of the sea. Then I heard the worst men in the ship crying to God for mercy! Mark that, O wicked boy, when next you think of laughing at your praying brother.

Children, prayer is a very pleasant duty. I hope you will all pray. Pray daily. Pray even if others laugh. They won't laugh when they see you crowned with glory and clothed in white walking the golden streets of the celestial city, and they are shut out. No, no! they will

then wish they had prayed too. I trust, however, they never will be shut out of that beautiful city, but that they will themselves begin to pray right off.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

MR. BROWN wanted a boy. Charlie Jones wanted the place. He was told to put a screw in the gate-hinge. "Oh, yes, I can do that!" And he seized a hammer and gave the screw two or three hard whacks.

"Stop! stop! that is not the way."

"That is the quickest way." "But the quickest way is not always the right way. I want no boy who puts in screws with a hammer."

There are a great many boys who drive screws with a hammer, and a great many places that do not want them for that reason. There are Charlies and Marys who will learn their lessons the "quickest way" instead of the right way. And in everything, whether it is running an errand, sewing a seam, or as they become older, doing more important things, they are not content with the slower but surer way of one patient turn after another. They skim over the lesson, and then try to make up brilliant answers in class, or double the thread and take one stitch where there should be three, or dash off before they half understand what it is about or how what they say is going to sound. No boy or girl who drives screws with a hammer can succeed.

"SAVE HIM FIRST."

IS one of the great tornados in a western town last spring, a school-house was blown, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Kind, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl who was pinned down by heavy beams begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "cause he's only five years old!" urged the brave, loving little heart! The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal-mine near Bitton in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine, when the handle of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened, they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be rescued, and then they would both be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried,

"Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little, but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted; save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.

"BEGIN AT ONCE."

"MAMMA, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavoured many times to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety, but hitherto all her persuasions seemed in vain.

When the child uttered these words, his mother said; "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man!"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky:
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye.
With a fearless pride that has naught to
hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonnaire, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite, or ball,
Or the prettiest game, can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say:
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks
earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong and the whole day
long,
As merry as boy can be;
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

—Harper's Young People.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

A CITY missionary, one Saturday night,
was going home with a basket of provisions
on his arm. Meeting a policeman, he asked
him if there had any families moved in the
bounds of his beat during the week. He
answered, "Yes;" and pointing to a build-
ing up an alley said, "A woman and some
children are living there now."

The missionary went to the house, rapped
at the door, and was admitted. The woman
was sitting by a small light, sewing. In the
corner of the room were two little girls,
apparently from nine to twelve years of
age, playing.

The missionary said, "I am here to see if
you will allow your girls to attend Sunday-
school to-morrow morning."

"I would; but what you see on them is
all the clothing they have, and you would
not wish them to go as they are now."

"The Lord will provide. Have you no
money?"

"Not yet, but I have committed my case
into the hands of the Lord."

"Have you anything to eat?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"What will you do for breakfast?"

"Oh, sir, I once had a husband; he pro-
vided when he could. These children had a

father; he supplied their wants; but he is
dead now. Yet my Maker, even God, is my
husband, and he has promised to be a
father to the fatherless. We have com-
mitted all to him, have called upon him in
this our day of trouble. I am trusting in
God to take care of a poor widow and her
children in a strange place, and I know he
will provide."

"Thank God for such faith!" said the
missionary; and handing her the basket,
said, "Here is your breakfast, and you shall
have the clothing for your children."

With tears streaming down her face she
replied:

"Oh, thank God for his faithfulness! He
heareth and answereth prayer. May he
bless you!" And, said our dear brother to
us, "I felt the promise was sure, for if she
was blessed in receiving, I was more so in
giving."

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHAIN IS
IN ITS WEAKEST LINK.

A DOG was barking furiously at a stranger
and making frightful tugs upon the chain
which enabled the visitor to elude him.

"No danger, honey," said the old negro
at work in the inclosure. "Dat chain's a
very strong bit of iron."

The visitor trusted him, the chain
yielded; there was a fearful experience for
a few minutes. When at length order was
restored, an investigation showed that there
was one weak link.

"No matter how strong might have been
the rest of the chain, its real power lay in
that link," said the visitor, who had been so
startled. "And we all know that a chain
can be no stronger than its weakest link."

Let our readers take this thought and
apply it to the chains they may be forming.
Here is one boy who has determined to be
an obedient scholar in future. "I will,"
says he, "obey every rule the teacher re-
quires except one. He has utterly for-
bidden the use of translations in the school.
Now, I cannot see how I can do without
these helps. I will obey in all other
matters."

Look at the weak link in your chain of
obedience, and remember its power decides
the strength of the chain:

"I have fully resolved," says another,
"to obey my father except in that one pro-
hibition about the ice."

Another weak link!

How few of us determine to be Christians
without making some exception, never
realizing that this one exception tests the
strength of the chain which binds us to the
Saviour!

WHO WAS MOST FRIGHTENED.

"WHAT shall we play at?"

"Oh, I know," said Reginald, thinking of
his last present, a fine drum, which made a
great noise, when well beaten with both
sticks, "we will play at soldiers."

"So we will!" exclaimed Arthur, and
little Katie, eager to begin.

"First of all we must practice in the
garden, to get into good order, and then we
will go into the stable, and let Skye hear
the music."

Skye was a very favourite donkey, who
was the children's playmate, and quite one
of the family.

After a few minutes' drill, Reginald led
the way to the stable. "I hope we shall
not frighten Skye," he said.

On they marched, Reginald looking round
to see how his followers were behaving,
when Skye's head suddenly appeared at the
door, making Reginald jump so that both
his sticks fell to the ground!

"Ha! ha!" laughed Arthur, "instead of
frightening Skye, the old fellow has fright-
ened you!"—*Our Darlings.*

WHAT A CHURCH MEANS.

A CREW of sailors who, to use their own
phrase, "did not take any stock in missions
to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough
experience changed their minds. Cruising
among one of these Pacific groups, their
vessel struck a reef and foundered. There
was no alternative but to take to the boats
and row ashore, although, according to their
information, it was a choice between the
sharks and the natives. That part of the
coast where they landed happening to be
uninhabited, they hid themselves in a hol-
low until it became necessary to procure
something to eat, even at the risk of being
eaten themselves. At length one of the
boldest ventured to climb to the top of a
hill, where he could look over into the
populous valley beyond. All at once his
fear-stricken companions saw him spring to
his feet and swing his hat, shouting, "Come
on, boys! I see a church!"

"DID HE GET IN?"

LITTLE Charlie listened eagerly to his
father read the third chapter of Revelation;
but when he came to the twentieth verse—
"behold I stand at the door and knock"—
he could not wait, but ran up to his father,
eagerly asking, "Father, did he get in?"
I ask this question now: Has Christ got
into your heart? Let him in now, and this
will be the happiest day of your life.