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# Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1887

[No 12

## WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL.

I SAID to Etta, who is my eldest daughter, "Etta, dear, I want you to help me sew an hour before you go out to trundle your hoop this afternoon."

"I don't want to. I want to join Fanny and Jennie and Nelly. We are going to have a nice time," my child replied.

"No, you must sew an hour first," I said firmly.

Then with much frowning and pouting my child threw her hoop into a corner, and taking her needle and her work, sewed in silence for an hour. Was that a nice way, think you, for Etta to treat her mother who had done so much for her? I hope, my dear children, you promptly and cheerfully do what mother asks, for you can never repay the debt of love you owe.

## DANGER.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked my ears and listened. Presently an elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll trouble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking and the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a

beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "O that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you." "But," said the rose, "look at his brown-and-

fully, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me"

One sin indulged has ruined many.

## NOTHING FINISHED.

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—", but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot, but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other partly finished, was marked, "To my dear—".

I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels in that work-box, I found not a single thing complete, and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great thing we



NAUGHTY ETTA.

crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only time enough to weep over her

merely undertake. Our glory is not in that, but what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by and by to see what we have done.—*Children's Friend.*

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1887.

### REBUKING A KING.

THE timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked:

"I am sorry to hear young gentlemen swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said:

"I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently, the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked:

"There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin

of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it!"—*E. Coventry.*

### A GOOD CHILD.

"A GOOD child! a good child!" said Mr. Edgar, as he left the room. "What should I do with her?"

Mary Edgar was a gay, careless, fun-loving little girl. She did not like school and lessons, and when she was required to study at home she groaned over her hard lot not a little.

Mary loved her father very tenderly. He was a kind gentleman, who often suffered from severe pain in his head. One night, when he was suffering in this way, Mary saw him trying to straighten out his account-book.

It was hard work to sum up the long lines of figures with the blood throbbing in his head, and Mary said: "Please, papa, don't try to do it when you are in such pain."

"But it must be done to-night, little daughter," said Mr. Edgar.

"How I wish I could do it!" said the little girl; and just then a good angel put a thought into her pretty head.

From that day Mary began to study. "To help papa" became her great ambition, and as she worked with a purpose she improved very fast. It was not long before she was able to help him with the long lines of figures, and now that she is no longer a child, and her father has grown more and more feeble as age comes on, she is his trusted helper in all the details of his business. She is very happy in this work, for love moves her hand and heart, and makes the labour light, and, as you know, her father is happy in having so good a child.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

### TOO MUCH TOP.

A FARMER once planted some potatoes on a piece of ground not properly prepared. The tops grew thickly, with branches long and green, spreading around and covering the ground. But when one of the farmer's sons went one day with his hoe to dig potatoes for dinner, he found that the plants had "run to top." The potatoes were about the size of marbles, and "few in a hill."

When we see a young person making a great outward show and conceited exhibition of himself, smoking, talking largely, dressing vulgarly, reading trash, working little, and trifling much, we may be quite sure that such a person is "running to top," and will not be apt to add much to the world's store of goodness, wealth, wit, or wisdom. He will ever remain a "small potato."

### "SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading  
The Scripture's sacred page,  
Think, once the blessed Jesus  
Was just a child, your ago;  
And in the home with Mary,  
His mother sweet and fair,  
He did her bidding gladly,  
And lighten'd all her care.

I'm sure he never loitered,  
But at her softest word  
He heeded and he hastened—  
No errand was deterred.  
And in the little household  
The sunbeams used to shine  
So merrily and blithely  
Around the Child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble  
Your patient mother's heart,  
Forgetful that in home-life,  
The children's happy part  
Is but, like little soldiers,  
Their duty quick to do;  
To mind commands when given,  
What easy work for you.

Within St. Luke's evangel  
This gleams, a precious gem,  
That Christ when with his parents  
Was "subject unto them."  
Consider, little children;  
Be like him day by day,  
So gentle, meek and loving,  
And ready to obey.

### ALWAYS WITH GOD.

AN old man was passing along the road one day where some children were playing. He stopped and called them to him. They came running, for they knew him to be their friend. Mary said to him:

"Grandpa are you tired?"

"No," answered the old man. "Christ is to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"You always seem to think of God," said little Joe.

"My thoughts upon my bed are sweet, and when I wake I am still with him."

"Grandpa," said Robert, "when did you begin to love Christ?"

"He said to me in my youth, 'Remember thy Creator.' I heeded his command, and now that I am old he does not forsake me."

Ah! children, if you would have a golden sunset in life, look well to the morning. Begin life with God, and each day will be brighter than the last, until finally God calls us into the perfect light of heaven.



## MILLY AND HER DOVES.

ONE afternoon Milly's father called to her from the garden, "Milly, little daughter, come here!"

Milly ran fast, as she always did when she heard her father's voice, and found him standing beside a long box.

"O my!" said Milly, as peeping through the box she counted one, two, three, four, pretty doves.

"They are for you, my little daughter."

"For me!" said Milly, and for joy she climbed up into her father's arms and to kissed him.

"Be dove-like, my daughter, gentle, harmless, undefiled," said her father, "and your life will be happy, and will make others in happy too"

## THE LOST PAPA.

THE following true story is sent to *Babyhood* by a correspondent in Rhode Island. Three little children rode down to the station with papa, who was going "to town" for family supplies. Papa had always worn heavy whiskers and a moustache. He visited the barber, and came home with closely cropped locks and close-trimmed moustache only. The loss of his luxuriant beard actually transformed him, so that his "best friend" would have scarcely known him. The children, being accustomed to strangers, chatted with him on his return, and nothing strange was noticed until they

began to worry lest papa was not coming home that night.

"Why, papa has come home," said mamma, in wondering tones.

"Why don't he come in the house?"

"Why, he has been in. Don't you remember he brought you some peanuts?"

"That gentleman? That's company!"

In vain mamma explained, and, when papa came into the house again, he was told the children's grief at his non-return. He tried to convince them, but it was not possible. The positive temperament they had inherited from him was not to be argued with successfully. Gravely they noticed that he received all papa's privileges, and seemed scandalized that he put them to bed, and occupied papa's room, and waited on them just as papa used to do! Gradually, they fell in the habit of calling him papa, but to them he was the "new papa;" and they

sadly wondered for months if the "old papa" who "went to town" would never, never come home any more.

## PROMPTNESS AND ENERGY.

THERE was once a young man who was beginning life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was an industrious young man, of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the superintendence of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock the master came in, and seeing the young man sitting in the counting-house, looked very angry at him, supposing the commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

This one act made the young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken. He found him to be a man

of industry, a man of promptness, and he very soon found that he was one that could not be spared, he was necessary to the concerns of that establishment. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death bed was able to leave his children an ample fortune.—*Selected.*

## THE SAND-MAN.

BY GEORGE COOPER

He peeps in through the key-hole,  
And he bobs up at the pane,  
When scarlet firelight dances  
On the wall and floor again.  
Hush! here he comes—the Sand-man  
With his dream-cap he is crowned,  
And grains of sleep he scatters,  
Going round and round and round—  
While the little ones are nodding, going  
round.

He whispers quaintest fancies,  
With a tiny silver thread  
He sews up silken eyelids  
That ought to be in bed  
Each wee head nods acquaintance,  
He's known wherever found;  
All stay-up-lates he catches,  
Going round and round and round—  
With a pack of dreams forever, going  
round.

I see two eyes the brightest;  
But I'll not tell whose they are;  
They shut up like a lily—  
That Sand-man can't be far!  
Somebody grows so quiet—  
Who comes, without a sound?  
He leads one more to dream-land,  
Going round and round and round—  
And a good-night to the Sand-man, going  
round.

## TEMPERANCE.

A SMALL boy, being delicate, was ordered, much against his will, a dose of brandy each day. He took it a few times, but stuck to his temperance convictions, and pleaded so hard that his mother waived the physician's orders to allow her boy to "stand for the night."

Another boy, not so very small, was sent to the barber's to have his hair cut. This being done the hair-dresser proceeded to apply whiskey to keep him from taking cold. To this Charley refused to submit.

"Did he think," said he, indignantly, "I was going to let him put that stuff on my head."—*H. E. G.*

FEAR God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,  
 And his face is as 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 debonair 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 slay  
 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 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.

## DID SUSIE UNDERSTAND?

A TEMPERANCE lesson was given in the Sunday-school, to which Mattie and Susie Spencer went, and at the close the teachers and scholars were invited to sign the pledge.

"The pledge," said Miss Ward, the infant-class teacher, "is a promise never to drink, or give away, or buy, or sell any intoxicating drink—not even wine, beer, or cider."

Mattie put her name down without any hesitation. She knew her father and mother would not object, and for herself she meant, "as true as anything," never to "taste or touch the poison."

Susie wanted to put her name down, too, but she couldn't write. "Please write it for me; do Mattie," she pleaded.

"May I?" Mattie asked her teacher.

"I think you may," said Miss Ward. "She wishes it so much."

But when the children came home and told what they had done, mother shook her head and said, "I'm afraid Susie didn't understand, she is so little."

"I'm 'most five," said Susie almost crying, "and I do understand."

Her mother didn't say anything more, for she didn't want to hurt little Susie's feelings. She only said to papa afterwards, "We'll teach her so she will understand,

for we want her to be a true temperance child."

The next day the little girls and mamma were in the sitting-room together, and hearing a loud noise, the children ran to the window. A carriage was passing along the road with three men in it. They were laughing and singing, and whipping up the horse at a terrible rate.

"Drunk," said Mattie. "How I do wish there never was any drinking in the whole world."

"So do I," echoed little Susie.

"Well, Susie Spencer, then you look out you never drink," said the older sister with a very important air.

"Why, Mattie Spencer! how could I?" returned Susie. "I've signed the pledge—yes, the cider pledge."

Mother did not doubt any more after hearing that little speech that her little five-year-old understood what she had done when she signed the temperance pledge, and that she meant to keep it.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

## JUST AS FOOLISH.

THERE was a ridiculous story in the paper the other day, which I should hardly think could be true. It said that a man was walking along the street not very far from the place where a great building was burning, and a big cinder fell on his hat. Another man just behind him saw it fall, and hastened to knock it off. I suppose you think the man whose hat was in danger of burning up turned around and thanked the one who took the cinder off. But no! Here is the ridiculous part of the story. He turned around angrily and spoke very severely to the man, who, he said, had no business to touch his hat. Now, I should not have been able to believe that story if I had not seen people quite as foolish. Young people upon whom a disagreeable little habit has fallen which will make them appear more absurd than a man with a burned hat, or no hat at all, will sometimes be very much vexed with one who tries by a kind word of admonition to brush the habit off. Some of you bite your fingernails, make unnecessary and offensive noises with your mouth or your nose—never mind mentioning them now—but most of you do something which is an offence to those about you. When someone speaks to you about it, are you ready with some vexed reply? or can you pleasantly say, "Thank you; I will try and improve in that direction." To be sure, the cinder may be knocked off with needless roughness, and you may find the word of rebuke not

altogether agreeable, yet you can make it so by your gracious way of receiving it, and your cheerful determination to get rid of the cinder.—*Christian Union*

## WORKING FOR JESUS.

WILLIE was a poor little boy who worked in a machine-shop. When he was four years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he commenced to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak, but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farm-house and wanted to sell the farmer a Bible. The man refused to buy, and then Willie asked permission to leave one there.

"You can't leave one in my house; you leave it at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Willie off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Willie cheerily, thank to be allowed to leave it within reach of the household, for in some places the farmer refused it outright and drove him away. "Our Saviour once lay in a manger, and that will be a very good place." So he carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read, went on his way.

The farmer, impressed by Willie's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Christ in the manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion, and his conversion led his family to see and find Jesus.

Was Willie wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No, it was Jesus who makes us wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always in the right way.

## CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after, one of the boys in the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me. Now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers were love, faith, and obedience. He said, "Ye love me, keep my commandments."