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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

[No. 4.]

MABEL'S BIRTHDAY.

LITTLE Mabel is sitting by the parlour fire on her birthday eve, waiting for her papa to come home. How contented she looks with her pussy in her lap. I expect she is thinking of the nice presents she will have in the morning. How happy children ought to be—just like little birds in their nests, without any care for food or raiment. Yet all their wants supplied by the kind love of their parents and of God. Ought they not to love their parents and to love God very much in return? I hope, my dear children, you will all do this. It is the only way to be happy here and to be happy hereafter.

—:—

THE LITTLE MAN.

THERE is a story in the New Testament about the little man Zaccheus. He was so little that he could not see Jesus in the great crowd. So he climbed into a tree.

From the tree he looked down. He saw the children waving branches, and the men crowding as close as they could to hear Jesus' words, and to see what he did. He saw him touch a lame man here, and a sick woman there, and make them well and strong in a moment. There was a blind man too who had just been healed following close.



MABEL'S BIRTHDAY.

thought the little man, as he scrambled down from the tree. "But I am sure he won't do me any harm. I'll be a good man after this. I'll do right and be honest. A man can't be wicked when Jesus comes into his house."

Yes, Zaccheus, that is so. When Jesus speaks to us, he says. "Let me come and stay with you," and it isn't any longer an easy thing to commit sin.

—:—

NOT LONELY.

A good minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there that nobody seemed to know about; he went on climbing up until he found his way into that garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around, there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it; a very little fire on the

hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament in her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading. "Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked. "Na, na," was her reply. "What do you do here all these long winter nights?"

Then Jesus looked up and called, "Zaccheus!" as if he had always known him. "Why, how could he know my name?" thought he. "Make haste and come down," said Jesus. "To-day I must abide at thy house." "Coming to see me? such a sinner!"

"O," she said, "I just sit here, wi' my light and wi' my New Testament on my knees, talking wi' Jesus!"

JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

WHEN we play or study,
When we wake or sleep,
He delights to bless us,
And his children keep.

He will always guide us,
Listen to our prayers;
For the loving Saviour,
For his children cares.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good things I have or do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can help others in trouble. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can trust him for strength to do it. I can listen to the voice of conscience.

IF SHE HAD THOUGHT.

ONE day a lady heard of a poor woman who was in much distress, she was so very poor. So the lady took her a well-worn quilt, and two loaves of bread, a little stale. When she came home she opened her Bible to read, and these were the first words she saw: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." "Oh," she said, "if I had thought it was Jesus I was helping, I would have taken a new quilt and fresh bread." Children, think about this.



THE MISSIONARY DOG.

THE MISSIONARY DOG.

CHARLEY Williams belongs to "The Little Workers." Not that Charley is an unusually industrious boy—for, to tell the truth, like most youngsters, he prefers to play. Still, when he undertakes a job of any kind he puts it through in a vigorous way that promises well for the future. What we mean is, that Charley belongs to a missionary society called "The Little Workers," and he never fails to do well any part assigned him by the president. Some time ago the society decided to raise twenty-five dollars to be sent as a missionary Christmas-gift. For this purpose little articles of various kinds were made by the members for sale. Mrs. Williams, to encourage Charley, and to help in the good work, made out of plush goods a cute figure that afforded much amusement and brought a handsome price. Mr. Williams paid for it with the understanding that his wife and Charley would never tell the neighbors how he tried to drive it out of the room the first time he discovered it. As the picture indicates, Charley was the author of the harmless joke; but whether he told just how he "earned" the money he paid into the society's treasury is not quite certain.

WEAVING SUNSHINE.

"YOU can't guess, mamma, what Grandma Davis said to me this morning, when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples!" exclaimed little Mary Price, as she came running into the house, her cheeks red as twin roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope that it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary.

"She said, 'Good morning, dear: you are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try and weave sunshine every day."

"Mother," concluded Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful story, 'Helpful Little Sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If that sunbeam could do so much good, I think we all ought to try to be little sunbeams!"

After a few moments' pause a new thought seemed to pop into Mary's little head, and she said: "O mamma, I have just thought. When Lizzie Patton was here, she told me that her Sunday-school class was named 'Little Gleaners,' and I know another class called 'Busy Bees.' Now, next Sunday I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go to weaving sunshine."

GOD HAS BEEN HERE.

"GOD has been here to-day, mamma! He's been down our lane," said a sweet little boy we call Bertie, one day last Spring. "What makes you think so, dear?" asked mamma. "Because yesterday there was not a single pussy willow, and now there are lots of them! Nobody could do that so quick but God, mamma." "No Bertie, all the great men in the world could not make a branch of pussy willow in a life-time—not make it if they lived a hundred years. And yet the great God in heaven brings the dead branch to life with his rain and sunshine in a few hours. While we are sleeping he brings out those lovely, furzy little buds, and covers the ground with violets and May-flowers. You are right, my dear; God has been here, making the world beautiful."



OUR CHARLIE.

LOOK in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be—
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter and
speak.

Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss,
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet,
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for the spool which is out of its
place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he
can,
That is why she is proud of her little man.

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning an enraged countryman
came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry
looks. He left a team in the street, and
had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M." said the angry countryman,
"I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your
store, and when I got home they were more
than half walnuts; and that's the young
villain that I bought 'em off," pointing to
John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this
man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you young villain!" said the
countryman, still more enraged at this
assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had
taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs,
you would have found that I put in the
walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I threw in a handful for the
children to crack," said John, laughing at
the same time.

"Well, now, if you ain't a young scamp,"
said the countryman, his features relaxing
into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be
saved if people would stop to weigh things
before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is
an excellent motto.

THE FOUR MOTTOES.

BELLE MAYNARD is a Christian girl, but
like many others she is easily fretted by
trifles. One warm morning she over-slept,
and then tried to dress in a great hurry.
Everything went wrong. Strings broke
and buttons came off under her impatient
fingers; the bell rung once, twice, and still
she was not ready. She was flushed and
cross, when her eye fell upon the pledge card,
stuck in one corner of her looking glass—
"Look up and not down." "That is just
where I made a mistake," said Belle, "I
haven't looked up to God to control my
fretful temper, but have just looked down
at all these little fretting things," and
straightway Belle looked up, and found the
help she needed.

Teddy Armstrong has a pledge card, too.
He learned the four mottoes by heart the
very day he received it. Now, Teddy is an
only child, and has a great many books and
playthings, and, to tell the truth, he is very
selfish about them. The next day after the
card came, a lady came to see Teddy's
mamma, and told her all about the box of
books and papers, and toys the Sunday-
school children were making up to send to
a poor little mission school, and mamma
said, "Teddy, haven't you something to
give?" "No, ma'am," answered Teddy
promptly, "my things are all very nice, you
know." The lady laughed and said, "That
is just the kind of things we want," and
Mrs. Armstrong said a little anxiously, "I
wish Teddy looked out more at the wants
of others."

"Look out, and not in," said a little voice
right in Teddy's ear, as it seemed, and like
a flash he saw that to "look out" is to be

unselfish; to "look in" is to be selfish and
unloving.

You may be sure that some of Teddy's
nice books and toys went into that box.

"Yes, the four mottoes mean real, prac-
tical, unselfish deeds. They do their work
quietly, and we can never know in this
world all the sweet, ripe fruit they bear.
You see the very spirit of the Gospel in
them:

"Look up and not down,
Look out, and not in;
Look forward and not back,
And lend a hand."

—S. S. Advocate.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a naughty girl. I hate you!"
"And I hate you! There! take that!"
And Jane struck the girl who had spoken
to her.

Then they both began to strike and beat
each other, until both began to cry and
went home to tell their mothers how they
had been abused.

Is that the way Christ taught us? Ought
we to behave so?

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-
hearted, forgiving one another, even as God
for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

What a beautiful verse that is! What a
happy world this would be if we obeyed
this Bible precept?

Dear children, be kind to each other and
tender-hearted, and your friends will love
you.—*Exchange*.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

KATIE climbed up into the broad window
seat, to have a nice time with her new pic-
ture-book. And just as she was beginning
to dream a lovely dream about two little
girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted
to get up there too. Now Katie wanted to
be alone very much, and when she saw
Robbie coming, she felt just like saying,
"Go away." Shall I tell you what she did?
She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like
this: "Dear Jesus, make me a good little
sister to Robbie." And then she put out
her hand and helped him up, and they had
a happy time together. I think Jesus
answered Katie's prayer, don't you?

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

A YOUNG princess was once put in prison
by some wicked people who wanted her
crown and throne. While there she wrote
on the window, "Keep me pure; make
others great." Was not that a beautiful
prayer? There is nothing so good as a
pure, loving heart.

BABY THANKFUL.

ROAMING in the meadow,
Little four-year old
Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold;

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

"Who made flowers so pitty—
Put 'em here? Did God?"
I, half heeding, answer
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Fervent face turned skyward,
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining,
(Though no word I spake),
"Always mus' say 'thank you'
For the things I take."

MY SAVIOUR.

THE sun's rays stole through the windows of the school-house, gently lighting on many a fair face. It was Sunday, and the children were listening again to the old story of the Saviour's love. With tears in eye and voice, a lady was picturing something of what our dear Lord suffered and bore for us.

The lesson had been brought to a close, school was dismissed, teacher and taught passed forth into the scented June air, when the lady caught sight of one little loiterer, all alone and silently weeping.

"Jessie, what is the matter?" she asked.

"O ma'am, I never felt before what my Saviour went through for me! O what can I do for him?"

There was a moment's silence. The lady knew the wayward heart to which she spoke.

"Jessie, darling," she said, "you can try to be the very best girl in all the class and school, for his sake."

That week the lady was called for some months to a distant country. On her return she was speaking with the school-mistress, when the latter, knowing nothing of that Sunday afternoon's talk with the child, said suddenly: "I can't think what has come over Jessie Brown. She used to be so troublesome; now she is the best child in all the school."

Little reader, this is true. Resting on and trusting in Jesus' love did indeed work this great change in Jessie's life. Has it

done the same in yours? Have you ever said, like her, "What can I do for my Saviour who did so much for me? Ah! perhaps not; perhaps the reason is you do not yet know or love him, though he loves you and is calling you to himself. Will you obey his call? "Hear, and your soul shall live!"

THE PRECIOUS HERB.

TWO little German girls, Brigitte and Wallburg, were on their way to the town and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head.

Brigitte murmured and sighed constantly; Wallburg only laughed and joked.

Brigitte said: "What makes you laugh so? Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I am."

Wallburg answered: "I have a precious little herb on my load which makes me hardly feel it at all. Put some of it on your load as well."

"O," cried Brigitte, "it must be a precious herb! I should like to lighten my load with it; so tell me at once what it is called."

Wallburg replied, "The precious little herb that makes all burdens light is called patience."

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

IN a school a big boy was so abusive to the little ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old, yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him.

"Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because if he is expelled perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still."

"Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong, God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

Jenny sang loud and clear, and Cousin Ray, who sat sewing on the piazza, looked up, smiling as she said: "Then, Jenny, dear, if you truly want to wear a crown among the angels, you must begin to make it while you live on earth."

Can any of our little folks guess what Cousin Ray meant?

OPENING PRAYER FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

DEAR Father in heaven, on this thine own day,

We little ones meet here to praise and to pray;

O help us to please thee in all that we do,
And worship aright, with hearts loving and true.

God bless our dear teachers, and help them to be

Both patient with us and obedient to thee;
And in thine own time may we all, young and old,

Be gathered above in the heavenly fold!

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A LITTLE boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of the sins God forgives, mother?"

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are the figures you wrote on your slate, yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins—they are gone; blotted out; "remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

COME TO JESUS.

TWO little girls came home from Sunday-school, saying: "Mamma, our teacher said to us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved; but how can I come to him when I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew that you would hear me, and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."

A HEART OF PRAISE.

WHEN Charlie was four years old his mamma took him to church one day. The minister prayed a long time—too long, Charlie thought, for he stood up and said out so loud that all could hear, "Now let's stop and sing 'Beulah Land.'"

Charlie wanted to praise more and pray less, but he ought not to have talked in prayer-time.