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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1888.

[No. 9.

THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

BRAVE John Johnson was a bold fisherman who lived upon the rocky coast of Nova Scotia. He used to go out, even in stormy weather, in his boat to catch fish to support his wife and family. Sometimes he was out all night, and when the storm howled above the roof his wife used to watch and pray to God to bring her husband safe to land. Little Jonas Johnson was the fisherman's son, and used to be very fond of going out with his father in his boat. In the picture he is asking to go again. But his father says, "No, my son, not to-day. The weather looks too squally. When you get to be a big boy, then you may go. But now you must stay ashore and be mother's little man." And with a loving kiss he bids his little boy good-bye, and little Jonas watches him wistfully as long as his boat keeps in sight.



THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

THE BOY AND THE MASON

THE still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's help I never will."

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"FEAR not, little flock,"
Says the Saviour divine,
"The Father has willed
That the kingdom be thine.

Oh! soil not thy garments
With sin while below,
My sheep and my lambs
Must be whiter than snow."

Far whiter than snow,
And as fair as the day,
For Christ is the fountain
To wash sin-stains away.

Oh! give him, poor sinner,
That burden of thine,
And enter the fold
With the ninety and nine.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1888.

CHRIST WELCOMING SINNERS.

WE are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out from land on to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering far over the mast on weary wings, as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled through sheer weariness to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warm hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it and buried his little cold feet in his feathers, and looked about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he had been cast amongst good, kind people whom he had no occasion to be backward in trusting. A touching picture of the soul who is aroused

by the Spirit of God, and blown out of its reckoning by the winds of conviction, and the warm reception which the little bird received at the hands of passengers conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will always greet the worn-out sin-sick souls who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.—C. H. Spurgeon.

MOTHER'S EARS.

"I've had the beautifullest time!" said Tommy Downs to his mamma, coming in at bed-time from spending the evening with his playmate Phil Porter.

"What have you been doing?" asked Mrs. Downs, smiling on her noisy, stirring boy.

"Oh, we've made all the noise we wanted to, I and Phil, and the girls. We marched for soldiers, and I whistled while Phil beat his drum, and we played 'I spy' and 'Stage Coach' and 'Puss-in-the-Corner.' Then we each took a comb and some tissue paper, and played on them as loud as we could—had a regular comb concert."

"And it didn't disturb Mrs. Potter at all?"

"Not a bit. She just sat and read all the evening, and paid no attention to us. I wish you was as deaf as she is!"

"Why, Tommy?"

"Well, I do," persisted Tommy. "It would save you so much trouble with your headaches and my noise, for I know I'm a noisy boy. I believe you'd take lots more comfort than you do now."

"Don't you think I like to hear the music of my little boy's voice?"

"The trouble is you hear it too much and too loud," laughed Tommy.

A few days after he went to see Phil again. It was fine sliding, so he and Phil and a dozen other boys were sliding down the hill back of Mrs. Potter's house.

"I'm dreadful thirsty," said Tommy to Phil. "I'll run down to your house for a drink of water."

"You won't need to go in," said Phil. "You can get it from the cistern in the back room." The cistern was under the floor, the water low down and Tommy's arm short. It was icy, too, around the trap-door, and it was no wonder that Tommy slipped in.

He caught the edge of the board and held on with all his might, screaming for help. Through the open outside door he could see Mrs. Potter sitting by the back parlour window, sewing, and she could easily have heard him scream, if she only hadn't been deaf.

The boys on the hill made too much

noise to hear him. He was hanging in the ice-cold water almost to his waist, and his hands and arms were so tired that he thought he must let go and drop in, when little Nell came and stood by the window where her mother sat, and she caught sight of Tommy.

He saw her pull her mother's sleeve, and point to him, and then it was no time at all before Mrs. Potter had him out of his cold bath and into the house in hot blankets.

"Mother," said Tommy that night, "I can't be glad enough that you are not deaf. I don't wonder that Jesus said, 'Blessed are your ears, for they hear!'"

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room, talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself too."

"Books, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One little girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds; and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice, and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a door-way. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and guided by Dick's chirps would leap to the perch and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.—Selected.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

LITTLE Alice and May
Are in Sunday-school ;
The lesson to-day
Is the Golden Rule :
To do unto others—
You know it runs thus—
As we would desire
They should do unto us.

They have come very early,
And no one is in ;
I'm afraid they'll be tired
Before we begin.
But no : Alice thinks,
"I'll try to please May
And keep her contented,
So she will stay.

"I have some sweet pictures,"
She says with a smile ;
"Will you look at them, dear,
For a little while ?"
So page after page
She patiently turned
Explaining each one
As at home she had learned.

When the teacher came in
They were happy as birds,
And she was so pleased
With dear Alice's words,
"I've tried to amuse
Little May," said she,
"Cause I'd like to be pleased
Were I little, you see."

H. K. B.

THROUGH THE HEMLOCKS.

MANY years ago there was a mission among the Chippewa Indians at Sault Ste. Marie in Michigan. A yearly camp-meeting was held, and the Indians used to come to it from a considerable distance. Many of them had embraced Christianity, but there were some who clung obstinately to their old pagan belief in the happy hunting-grounds as the Indians' heaven.

There was a little Chippewa girl, about eight years old, who had been converted, and who was deeply anxious for the conversion of her father, whom she could not persuade to attend any of the meetings.

The camp was in the midst of a dense growth of young hemlocks. The tents were pitched in a circle round the speaker's stand. The wigwam of the little girl's father was at some distance outside of this circle, and between it and the camp the young hemlocks grew so thick that it was almost impossible to force a passage through them. But the little girl found a hatchet

in her father's wigwam. While he slept, she worked.

The sun shone down through the hemlocks and lighted up with wonderful beauty a long, straight, narrow path that she had cut very neatly all the way from her father's wigwam to the camp where the meetings were held. The pagan father was astonished. "Daughter," said he, "what does this mean ?"

"My father," said she, "I have chosen the strait and narrow way that leads to eternal life. I have made this path for you. Won't you come to the camp-meeting and hear about Jesus ?"

Then she took him gently by the hand. The path was too narrow for two to walk in side by side. So they went in Indian file. The little girl led the way. Slowly and reluctantly her father followed. He listened to the simple story of the Lord Jesus Christ, and went back through the hemlocks to his wigwam. But he came again and again, and the path cut with his own hatchet proved at last a path to the Saviour, for the pagan Indian became one of his humble followers.—*Selected.*

UNWILLING.

A WHITE and blue sky reflected in clear, still waters ; a soft breeze, rocks, grasses, trees ; a hill-side. What more did Mr. Artist want ? But he looked about uneasily until the spectre of a minute little pink sunbonnet appeared and disappeared like the noon-day will-with-the-wisp. "Just the thing!" said Mr. Artist. "Hello!" The sunbounet came nearer, and two blue eyes and an open mouth revealed themselves from underneath.

"What are you doing, little girl ?"

"Gettin' thweet flag," she answered.

Mr. Artist sketched rapidly.

"Where do you live ?"

"There," pointing to a tiny brown house close by the bank.

"What's your name ?"

"Thity."

"Sissy ? Well, Sissy, will you stand on that stone for me a minute ?" still making quick strokes.

"No, I muth go home."

"But I'll—I'll give you five cents."

"Don't want five thenth."

"But, let's see"—(if she would only stand still !) "I'll tell you a story."

"'Bout a little girl and a cow and a pig ?"

"Once there was a little pig."
(Lightning strokes of the pencil.)

"No, a little girl."

"Oh, yes ! Once—stand a little more this way."

"I don't want to thtand."

"But wait—Once there was a little girl and she had a black pig with red spots, and—and—the cow jumped over the moon, and—just one minute longer—Ah, I have you now !"

Which was fortunate, as Sissy's small patience had quite disappeared.

A wail brought her mother.

But Sissy attracts many an eye in her well-lighted corner of the city art-museum. Some day she will herself see the little grief-stricken figure. Then wistful memories of God's sweet wonderland and her childhood will follow her through long years of city cares.

CAT AND PARROT.

GAUTIER, the French writer, had a cat which slept on his bed nights, on the arm of his chair daytimes, followed him when he walked, and always kept him company at meals. One day a friend left his parrot in Gautier's charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight. Gautier followed her thought, and read there clearly : "It must be a green chicken."

Thereupon she jumped from his writing-table, crouched flat, with head low, back stretched out at full length, and eyes fixed immovable on the bird. The parrot followed all the movements, raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war. The cat lay still, but Gautier again read in her eyes : "No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat."

Suddenly her back was arched, and with one superb bound she was on the perch, when the parrot screamed out, "Have your breakfast, Jack ?"

Pussy was almost frightened out of her wits. She cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down and hid under the bed, from which no threat or caress could bring her out for the day.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

"POOR PAPA :"

THE other evening the little daughter of a rich man was paying a visit at a neighbour's and the respective mothers were talking of physical ailments and their remedies. After awhile the little girl saw an opportunity to make a remark.

"My papa," she said, "always drinks whiskey when he is sick."

Then she stopped for a minute, her eyes softened and saddened, and she continued slowly :

"And poor papa is sick nearly all the time."—*Banner.*



ELIJAH.

ELIJAH at proud Ahab's court
No longer may abide,
But refuge in the desert seeks,
At lonely Cherith's side.

But though we wander far from men,
The mighty God is nigh,
And even there our prayers can hear,
And there our wants supply.

And so the faithful prophet found
In his lone desert home,
For lo, with ample bread and flesh,
The ravens daily come.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Is no vain fruitless prayer,
And, if we trust, we shall be fed,
However poor we are.

"IS GOD HERE?"

A YOUNG man, Lester M—, a graduate of a military school, had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago did he become victor, when the growing evil was set before him by a little incident in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as laying her doll hastily down, she sprung from her seat to the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said "Why?" to the eager little questioner.

"'Cause I thought he was when I heard you speak to him." Then, noticing the sober look on his face and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the head, exclaiming, assuringly, "Call him again, papa, and I dess he'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still small voice was heard at last, though it sounded now in his ears like a voice of thunder. His mind was tempest-tossed, waves of humiliation and contrition swept through his soul. Catching the wonderful child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for the past offences and guidance for all future life, thanking him in fervent spirit that he had not surely come before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."—*Christian Advocate.*

IS THERE ANY MOTHER THERE?

A LITTLE girl once followed the workmen from her father's grounds where they went home to their dinner, because she was fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door he saw her sitting on a log waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table, and hesitated. When he urged her, she raised her sweet little face and inquired—

"Is there any mother in there?"

"Yes, my dear, there is a mother in here," he answered.

"Oh, then, I'll go in; for I'm not afraid if there's a mother there."

Her child experience had told her she could place confidence in a mother's sympathies. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love, it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

Do you know why Jennie Ray does not come to Sunday-school, and why her mamma does not go to church? It is because Mrs. Ray cannot clothe herself and Jennie suitably for Sunday-school or church. Once Mrs. Ray had all the money and food and clothing she needed. Now she often has not enough for her table, and in winter her house is cold. Once she lived in plenty; now, though she works hard, she is poor. And why is all this? It is because Mrs.

Ray's husband has become a drunkard. He does not work now as he once did. When he does work, he spends most of his money for drink, and brings home but little for Mrs. Ray and Jennie.

"How good it would be," Mrs. Ray often says, "if there were no saloons." I quite agree with her. If there were no drinking-places, the young men would not learn to drink, and then there would be no drunkards. Then mothers and children would not live in poverty, and there would be plenty and comfort in every home. There are always sad hearts in the drunkard's home. If there were no saloons and no drunkards, there would be gladness and joy in every home. I want all the boys and girls to become strong temperance friends. They must never touch or taste any kind of liquors, and help all they can to put down the saloons and all places where drink is sold.

TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care.

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them, too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.
—ALICE CARY.

THE mother had cut her little daughter's hair to make "bangs." Surveying her own work, she said, "Bessie, yesterday you looked as if you had no sense; to-day you look as if your mother had none."