

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Happy Days

STUB.

BY A. V. M.

WE have a funny little shaggy dog at our house. He has little round black eyes, a little black stub nose, a stub tail, and his name is Stub. He was born on the ocean coming from the Isle of Skye, and came to us when only six weeks old. No doubt at first sight my little readers would all say, "O, what a homely dog!" But I think on a close acquaintance with him you would change your minds. The children all know and love him. When they see him coming they cry, "Here comes Stub!" and then begins a frolic. He is never cross, never bites or snarls, but is always a jolly, rollicking, happy little fellow. He is intelligent, too, and knows each member of the family. If the children are in another part of the house, and we say to him, "Stub, go find Mary or Will," as the case may be, he will run and look until he finds them, and then come back wagging his tail, as much as to say, "I found them."



RIVAL GRANDFAPAS.

One day one of the family carried the mop part of the way toward a room where

she was in the habit of using it and set it down. Stub always had great fun chasing the mop, and that day he watched very intently to see when the fun would begin. Finally, getting impatient, he took the mop

found humility, for we can not move a step without learning and feeling the awkwardness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.

in his mouth and dragged it to the room where it was to be used and laid it down, and then stood wagging his tail all ready for a frolic. There are many handsomer dogs than Stub, but not many with as good a disposition. How many little boys and girls there are who have pretty faces and forms and might be very lovable and attractive if they would. But they are cross and selfish, and think because they are pretty-looking that they need not be pleasant. On the other hand, take a plain, homely child, and although she may not be as pleasant to look at, if she has a sunny, happy temper and winning ways, we soon forget her plain looks and think her almost handsome, for as the old saying is, "Handsome is that handsome does."

EVERY real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility, for we can not move a step without learning and feeling the awkwardness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

WEARY now I go to rest,
Fold my hands upon my breast
Father, let thy loving eyes
Look upon me from the skies

Have I not been good to-day?
Lord forgive me now I pray!
Jesus' blood and thy rich grace
Cleanse from me each sinful trace.

Every near and absent friend
To thy care I now commend;
May all people, great and small,
Follow thee, O Lord of all!

Show the sick and sad thy love;
Send them comfort from above
Take us all at last to thee,
Happy angels then to be.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	75 0
Methodist Magazine, 16 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 0
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Watchman, 16 pp., weekly	1 6
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Canadian Leaf, Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 60
Quarter's Review Service. By the year, 21c. a dozen, \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	
Horns and School, 8 pp., 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 31
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 31
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sundays, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 60

Address:

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 8 King St. East, Toronto.C. W. COATES,
3 Beary Street,
Montreal.S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1888.

CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

EVERY missionary and every Bible you help to send makes joy in Heaven and on earth over such wicked boys and men who are saved from sin and sorrow.

Perhaps some of you will go to far-off lands as missionaries by and by. but even now you can send missionaries. I have some missionaries hidden under this handkerchief. You know Chinamen are yellow, and Malays are brown, and we are white. Some of these missionaries are yellow, and some are brown, and some are white. You see I am holding up yellow gold-pieces, white silver money, and brown pennies. Every one of us can send some of these missionaries to carry Bibles and tracts and preachers to heathen lands. Let me tell you how much good was done by even one of these little brown missionaries. It is said that a lady was filling a box for India, when a child

brought her a cent, with which she bought a tract and put it in the box. It was at length given to a Burman chief, and led him to Christ. The chief told the story of his new God and great happiness to his friends. They also believed and cast away their idols. A church was built there, a missionary was sent; and fifteen hundred converted from heathenism was the result of that child sending that little brown missionary.

"Who will send or go,
To teach the heathen
Jesus' love to know."

STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

MAMMA was having her afternoon chat with the little ones, and each one was telling what they were going to be when they grew up. Charley said he was going to be a farmer, and have fine horses and cattle, and a plough that he could drive.

John said he would be a lawyer. He didn't want the sweat to be running down his back, and the dirt to be getting into his boots; he would have nice rooms and sit in the shade.

"Well, May?" said mamma, as the sweet blue eyes sought hers. "I will be a teacher, mamma, and I won't never, never, pull little girls' ears. I'll help them to get the multiplication table, and let them make pictures on their slates."

"And what will Bertie be?" said mamma. Now Bertie was the four-year old boy, and that very morning he had walked down town with papa, and stood awhile in front of the blacksmith's shop. He had seen the flaming forge, and the big bellows, and the red-hot iron beat into many shapes. So, walking up to his mother, and looking rather down on the farmer, the lawyer, and the school-teacher, he said, "I'se a-goin to be a blacksmith shop."—*Evangelist.*

JEWELS GIVEN TO CHRIST.

CHRIST suffered for us. He laid aside the glory of heaven, and assumed the difficulties and privations of a servant of our race. He did more. He gave himself a sacrifice for our sins. He, the Just One, died for the unjust. His blood became the emancipation price of our souls; for through his blood we have redemption; even the forgiveness of all our sins. Such a salvation, purchased at such a price, is not only worthy our admiration, but demands the fullest and most hearty reciprocation of which we are capable.

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands our souls, our lives, our all."

And yet how reluctant we are to give to Christ the homage of our hearts, and the service of our hands. Do not our lives often indicate that the feeling of our minds, that we are afraid that Christ will receive too much from us? When we profess to love him, we are not as much interested in the support of his cause, and extension of his kingdom, as we ought to be. His self denial on our behalf should stimulate us to the exemplification of the same virtue. Indeed, Christ has said the without it we cannot be his disciples.

The Bible and the history of the church afford many beautiful illustrations of self denial for the sake of Christ. But many of such noble acts are never recorded by any earthly historian, but their record is high. We have the pleasure of presenting to our young readers, one manifestation of love to Christ which is worthy of their remembrance and imitation:

"At an out-station connected with the Arabkir station in Turkey, at a missionary meeting, one of the female members of the church took off her silver ornaments, such as are sometimes worn around the neck and gave them as her offering. It was a contribution of more than twice the value of that of the rest of the congregation. Three others, though poor, encouraged her what she had done, brought each one a small gold piece, to cast into the Lord's treasury. How powerful is example!"—*Ensign.*

THE RUNAWAY KNOCK.

"TEACHER," said a bright earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted."

"Did you ever sit by your cheerful parlour fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a knocking at the door. Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out in the darkness seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering feet of some mischievous boy, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but we do not really expect them; we knock, but we do not wish to enter, we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with the new light dawning in his soul, "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep knocking until he cannot help opening the door."—*Exchange.*

YOUNG HEEDLESS.

YOUNG HEEDLESS is a boy
Who lives in every town.
His name? 'Tis sometimes Johnnie Smith,
And sometimes Tommy Brown.

Young Heedless goes to school
When he can find his hat,
At home he loves to play at ball
When he can find his bat.

Of mittens, one is gone,
Of rubbers, two or more;
And on the very coldest day
He never shuts the door.

The hammer's always lost,
The saw left on the ground;
And when he wants the button-hook
It never can be found.

To buy a piece of beef
You send him to the shop;
He loses all the change he had,
And brings you mutton chop.

For all these careless things,
And more than I could name,
Young Heedless always feels quite sure
He never is to blame.

His father would despair,
But that this thing is true:
That forty years or so ago
He was Young Heedless too.

—Ad. Vance.

NOBLE AND TRICKSY.

BY FANSY.

Two dogs they were, and I will tell you a true story concerning them. Tricksy belonged to little Robbie Parker, and was one of the nicest dogs I ever knew.

"It is a pity he has such a dishonourable name," the mother said. "I don't like tricky people."

"O mamma," Robbie would say, "he is only a dog; but then I know he wouldn't do any thing mean."

In the course of time, Robbie's older brother, Nelson, became the owner of the wickedest looking little dog that ever yelped.

What Nelson saw in the little wretch to please him, it would be hard to say; and of all queer things he was named "Noble!"

If the names could have been turned about, and "Tricksy" given to him, I think it would have suited every one but Nelson.

He was a queer fellow, and certainly had many tricks. Brave old Tricksy took kindly to him, and used to frolic with him in a dignified way, and whether it was that being with the little scamp so much he learned

some of his ways or not, I do not know, but certain it is that the funny thing I am going to tell you actually happened. There was nothing that the little scamp named "Noble" liked better than to have a race with old "Tricksy" around the great trees on the lawn. Yes, perhaps there was one thing that he liked almost as well, and that was to curl himself on a certain cushion that, before he came, had been the large dog's special property.

So sure as the old dog left it for a minute to do an errand, or to attend to any of his duties, up the little scamp would jump and be in possession. Good old "Tricksy" stood it patiently a good many times, but at last one day he thought out a way to manage the little new comer. It was just after a hearty dinner, and a chilly day, and a cozy nap on the warm cushion, I suppose, looked inviting to both dogs. The little dog was ahead, as usual, and the old dog sat down by the stove to think about it. At last he got up, moved gravely toward the door leading to the lawn, then turned around to the little dog, and said as plainly as dog language would admit:

"Come on, then, if you want a race"

Down jumped the little dog in a perfect flutter of delight, and wagged his tail, and barked his short, sharp barks that said, "O good, good!" and ran to the door.

What did our grave old dog do but turn around very quickly, spring to the bench behind the stove, curl himself on the cushion and go to sleep, leaving the disappointed younger one to bear the loss of his frolic and his cushion as best he might.

"He has earned his name," somebody said, laughing. "O, Tricksy, Tricksy! we can never say you ought to be called 'Noble' any more."

But what do you think Robbie did? Instead of being delighted with the sharpness of his dear old dog, he burst into tears.

"Why, Robbie," mamma said, "what is the matter?"

"Was it wicked, mamma?" Robbie asked. "Tricksy didn't know any better—he's only a dog."

"Of course it was wicked," Nelson declared.

Whether mamma wanted to comfort Robbie, or whether she thought Nelson needed the lesson, or whether it was a little or both reasons that made her speak just then, I will not stop to tell you, but what she said was:

"He may have been led astray by bad example. I wonder if it can be possible that he saw a boy take his slate and book under his arm yesterday, and walk toward the stairs as if going to the library to study, then dodge out at the side door, hide his

books under a rose-bush, and run off to play marbles with the boys?"

Not a word said Nelson, his cheeks grew red, and he looked down and fumbled with his watch-chain. Do you think his mother could have meant him?

THE FIRE-FLY'S LIGHT

A few evenings ago as the twilight was deepening into darkness, we looked over a broad meadow bordering upon a river. The conditions of marsh and thickets of low trees were favourable to the production of fire-flies, and many thousands of these creatures were rising into the air flashing forth their phosphorescent light. Such were their numbers and activity as to make a brilliant and exceedingly interesting scene. All my readers have seen these tiny creatures, and have watched with pleasure the effects of their luminous displays. But have you ever thought that the power to indulge in these gay pyrotechnics depend upon their activity? As soon as they become quiet, or settle down in the grass, they become a dull and comparatively uninteresting bug.

Now the fire-fly may be taken as a symbol of the Christian, and virtues and graces he ought to possess. He may have ever so much power for good, but the brightness and beauty of his graces appear only as they are in exercise. The Christian is commanded to let his light shine; but the glory of his light must appear in active, good works for Christ.

THE WISE GOATS.

On the trunk of a tree thrown over a rushing stream, that foamed as it dashed among the rocks below, two goats once met, each wanting to go his own way.

But how were they to manage? for, if they tried to pass each other, one, if not both, must fall and be killed. Now these two goats were wiser than many bearded men.

Putting their heads together, they stood still a short time, as if thinking what was the best thing they could do. They soon made up their minds what to do. One goat lay down, and let the other leap over him, which he did quite safely, and then each went on his way in peace.

Was not this much better than fighting? Was it not even better than the hard words which passed between two men who once met on a narrow walk, where one had to turn out for the other? "I never turn out for a rascal," said one. "I always do," said the other, giving way.



LOT'S WIFE

'AND when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. . . . Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.' Gen. xix. 15 17; 24 26

A QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

"I THINK," said Aunt Mary, "that to-day will be a good time to get those flower-pots in and paint them, ready to put my slips in."

Maidie heard. "Oh, can't I help?" cried she.

"You may try," laughed Aunt Mary. "Put on your long-sleeved tier."

Aunt Mary herself tied on a big kitchen apron that came to the bottom of her dress. "We'll bring the pots into the shed out of the sun first," said she. "You can't help about that, dear."

That wasn't really what Maidie had hoped

to help about. She wanted to paint. But she put on her sunbonnet, and went out with Aunt Mary to where the flower-pots were piled in one corner of the garden. Aunt Mary had left them there when she set out her plants in the spring.

One little stack had tipped over on its side. Aunt Mary stooped to straighten it up.

"Why-ee!" she cried. "Maidie, Maidie, come here and see what this is!"

Maidie came in a hurry. She peeped into the flower-pot lying there with the others in the grass.

"Oh, o-oh!" she cried. "Oh, Auntie May!"

For there was the cosiest little bird's nest with three speckled eggs in it. The little mother-bird was chip-chip-chipping among the plum trees.

"I s'pose she's 'fraid we'll touch 'em," said Maidie, "but we won't for any-

thing."

"I guess we won't," laughed Aunt Mary. "The flower-pots shall wait for their new coats, dear, until Madame Sparrow gets done with her house." And so they did.

A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

BE kind, gentle, and true, and always do to others as you would have them do to you. Have you never noticed how much happier and beloved some children are than others? There are some people you always like to be with, because they are happy themselves and you share their spirit. There are others whom you always prefer to avoid. They seem to have no friends, and you know no person can be happy without friends. But you cannot expect to receive affection unless you also give it. Others are not likely to love you if you do not love them. If your companions do not love you it is most certainly your own fault. They cannot help loving you if you are kind and friendly. It is not beauty, it is not wealth that secures true friends. Your own heart must glow with kindness. For example, you go to school on a cold, winter morning, and find the stove surrounded with boys. One of them steps back, and says pleasantly, "Why, John, old fellow, you look cold; here, take my place." Will you not think more kindly of him? Begin to act upon this principle when a child, continue it through life, and you will never lack for friends. Which of your companions have the most friends? I'll venture they are the ones that are kind-hearted and true. The Bible says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

A QUESTION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LITTLE children, happy children,
With your bright and winsome ways,
Faces glowing with the radiance
Of your happy early days;
Little tender-hearted maidens,
Merry boys with sunny brow,
I would ask you one short question
Answer me, I pray you, now.

Life is lying all before you,
With its pathways yet untrod;
One that leadeth to destruction,
One that leadeth up to God:
Each of you must choose a pathway
For your little feet to go:
Upward to a home in glory,
Downward to a death of woe.

Little children have you chosen
What your future life shall be?
Have you tried to look beyond it,
Or its far-off end to see?
Jesus Christ the children's Shepherd,
Waiteth long to know your choice.
He alone can safely guide you;
Listen to his warning voice.

"JESUS HAS FOUND ME."

A CITY missionary was one day talking with a number of little girls on the love of Jesus until the group seemed affected. The youngest of the number led him to the door. Her little hand trembled, and her whole frame shook with emotion. At parting he said, "Mary, do you love the Lord Jesus?" Bursting into tears, she cried, "No, no; my heart is so hard it won't love him at all. Do pray for me."

A few days after he called again. Mary was calm, and her little hand rested peacefully in his. "Well, Mary, have you found Jesus yet?" "I think Jesus has found me," she replied.—*Selected.*

LOOK OUT FOR THE VOICE.

You often hear boys and girls say words when they are vexed that sound as if made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often expresses more than the heart feels. Often, even in mirth, one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life. Such persons get a sharp voice for home use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest-voice at home." Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to the hearth and home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.