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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1889.

[No. 7.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

BROTHERS, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favours ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair and get slippers for father; to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother; to help brother; even to leave an exciting game of ball to show your sister how to get over a hard place in her lesson—how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can learn it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up—

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister! help your little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum; but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."



THE PLAYMATES.

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the lost stitch.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

what is going on in the house as a little four-year-old ought to know.

She believes that God takes care of her, but seems to think she is needed too as well as the Heavenly Father, to make everything go right.

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't be so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely, it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "Oh, go away, and don't trouble me!" or to scold the little ones all the time you are performing the little favor.

BROTHERS, sisters, love one another—bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that in the sight of God we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.

THE LITTLE CARE-TAKER.

RACHEL is a busy little body, and very observing and thoughtful. Nothing escapes her bright eyes, and she knows as much of

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, Nay.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed and brake.

'Twas night: the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The token in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1889.

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

THE following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes: "A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy? No one absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter away. In the world they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand-in-hand, and as a family they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. Their hereafter is to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain; no one to sink into the arms of death.

Never, in heaven, is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that, in his infinite mercy, every family may be thus united!"

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 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 to weave sunshine every day."

"Mother," concluded Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful poetry, 'Four little sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If those sunbeams could do so much good, I think we all ought 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 Sabbath-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 weaving sunshine."

It is a good plan. Sunshine weavers will be kindly remembered long after cross, hateful people have been forgotten.

LET THE LITTLE GIRLS ROMP.

MOST mothers have a dread of romps; so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic to which they are entitled. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery with calisthenics or gymnastics will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly,

make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl than the pale, lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tries her mother's patience, as the former does; but, after all, what does the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as they can. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please. By all means, give us hearty, healthy, romping girls, rather than the pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradles to nervousness, headache, and similar ailments.

DID FRANKIE REALLY WANT IT?

FRANKIE was playing with his new drum. He went up and down the room beating it with both sticks, and making enough noise for half a dozen little boys. Then he stopped and asked: "Mamma, may I have a cookie?" Mamma would have said: "Yes, go and ask Jane for one," but that he went straight on with his drumming. After a while he asked again: "May I have a cookie?" But he went right on with his play, as before, so mamma did not trouble herself to answer. After a long time he said: "Why, mamma, I asked you ever so long ago if I could have a cookie." "But you didn't really want it, or you would have stopped your drumming to see if I would give it to you," she said.

That is the way it is with our prayers sometimes. We ask God for things, and then, without waiting to see if he is going to give them to us, we go on with what we were doing. That is not the way the men who brought their friend to Jesus did. They wanted something very much, and they worked and waited till they obtained it.

WHY WAS IT?

"I'm going to let Tom Brown ride on me," said Willie. "He and I will take turns, and we'll have real fun," said Willie.

"I'm not going to let anybody ride on me. If any of the other fellows want to coast, why don't they get sleds of their own?" I say. You're a goose for sharing yours," answered his brother Charlie.

So Willie and Tom "took turns," and Charlie coasted by himself all the time. When they went home, Willie said he had had a splendid time, and didn't know why Charlie was so cross and unhappy. Can any of my little readers tell why it was?

MY FIRST LETTER.

"Did you ever get a letter?

I did the other day.

It was in a *real* envelope,

And it came a long, long way.

"A stamp was in the corner

And some printing, when it came,

And the one that wrote the letter

Put 'Mr.' before my name.

"Then there came a lot more writin',

I forget now what it read,

But it told the office people

Where I lived, my mamma said.

"Don't you s'pose those letter-persons,

If they hadn't just been told,

Would have thought 'twas for a person

Who was awful, *awful* old?

"For it looked real big and heavy,

The outside was stuck with glue;

So they couldn't know I'm little,

I don't think they could. Do you?"

A LITTLE BURDEN-BEARER.

MAMMA had said "Good-night," and Ned and Joe were left alone in their little white beds.

"Joe," whispered Ned, "wasn't that a first-rate sermon the new minister preached this morning!"

"Yes, I guess so," Joe responded, sleepily.

"'Bear ye one another's burdens.' I'm glad I can remember the text, 'cause he said he hoped we would. I mean to try and live by it, too, just as he told us; don't you, Joe?"

But this time Joe was fast asleep, and only answered by a snore; so Ned lay thinking a few minutes longer, and then dropped asleep himself.

The next morning he woke bright and early. He had not forgotten his good resolution, and when he said his morning prayer he asked God to help him to be one of his little burden-bearers that day. Then he went to work with willing feet and eager hands. He brought mamma a pail of water from the well, and coal and wood from the cellar. He fed the chickens, and when baby Kate began to cry he put her into her carriage and rolled her about in the sunshine till breakfast was ready.

It was washing day, and mamma was so busy that when school-time came she said she could not spare both the boys, and asked which of them would stay home and take care of baby. Joe looked at Ned and Ned looked at Joe. Both loved their lessons, and were proud of the good reports they brought home.

"I don't want to stay," said Joe. "Baby is awful cross."

But Ned remembered his text, and looked up with a bright smile in his blue eyes.

"I'll stay and help you, mamma," he said, bravely.

It was not easy work, for Katie was teething, and the day was very warm; but Ned did his best, and succeeded pretty well on the whole.

At last mamma finished her work, and took the baby from his aching arms.

"Have I been a real burden-bearer to-day, mamma?" he asked, wistfully.

Mamma looked puzzled. "What do you mean, dear?" she asked.

"Why, mamma, the minister said that everybody ought to carry their own burdens—troubles, you know—and then they ought to help other people bear their burdens, too. He said even boys could do it; but I haven't any burdens of my own to carry, not one, so I'm trying to help other people."

Tears came into mamma's tired eyes, and she said: "Yes, Neddie, you have been mamma's little burden-bearer to-day."

Ned didn't see the tears, and he felt so very happy that he forgot how tired he was. By this time school was over, and he went with an approving conscience for an hour's play with the other boys.—*Selected.*

FAIR AND HONEST.

IDA and Susy were swinging.

"We'll take forty swings apiece," said Ida.

"Yes," said Susy.

"Now—one, two, three," said Ida as Susy got into the swing.

"One, two, three, up goes she," sang Susy.

"Oh, that isn't the way to count," said Ida. "You must count straight."

But Susy kept up such a merry little chirp with her laugh and song that Ida soon saw that she would do very little counting.

"Now it's forty, as nearly as I can count with the chattering you make," said Ida.

So Susy slipped out and Ida took her place in the swing.

Susy was the youngest, and I dare say she could not count forty very easily. Ida counted for herself as Susy swung her.

"It's more than forty, but Susy doesn't know it," said Ida to herself. "I'll let her keep on."

But better thoughts soon came to the little girl.

"It is cheating," she said. "Susy can't count, but God can; he knows it is cheating." She sprang from the swing.

"Get in, you dear little thing," she said to Susy. "You've swung me more than forty, and now I'll give you a good long swing."

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

"It is baby's birthday," I said, this morning, and the elder children remembered that the year he was born they were out in the garden gathering late flowers, when the news came of the new brother. How they hurried in and looked with awe on his pink face, and wondering at the old Canadian woman who had presumably brought him! Then they counted up the days of the week, and found it was Saturday, and a wave of pity went through their hearts, for didn't the old couplet say,

"Saturday's bairn works hard for its living?"

"Poor wee fellow!" said Mary, touching his cheek, "I won't let him work too hard," and with confidence of five years old she wanted to take him in her arms then and there.

And yet it seems strange to call him "baby;" yet we all do, for his life did not meet the year—he spent his first birthday in heaven. But when the day comes round in chilly November, I sometimes wonder if he knows. Has he grown to be a fair ethereal boy without spot or blemish, and waits to welcome us on the other shore? He had only learned to call my name when he was taken away—surely among the blessed, the sacred name of mother is never forgotten.

Others grow up and grow old; the children have other loves, and form ties that give a stab to a jealous mother's heart, for who likes to be supplanted? Changes come, and our dear ones go out to battle with the world, meeting with dangers and temptations that we shrink from having them encounter, but the baby that died sixteen years ago is a baby still, and we say again as the year rolls around and brings its anniversaries, "This is baby's birthday."—*Christian at Work.*

ANGRY WORDS.

WE hear them sometimes, as we go along the streets, among the children on their way to school. How they grate upon our ear! They tell of angry feelings in the young hearts, where nothing but love and kindness ought to have a home. How quickly they are spoken! How sharply they sometimes sting! In a moment they may make a wound that years cannot heal. Another sad thing about them is, that when they have once been spoken they can never be called back. Like an arrow sent from the bow tightly strung, they go swiftly and straight to their target; or, if unaimed, they go all the same, sure to hit somewhere. We cannot be too careful about speaking angry words.



JAPANESE LADY.

WHAT a remarkable dress this is, with its many folds and clumsy-looking skirts and queer shoes. The paper sunshade is quite common here, but the rest of the dress would make a great sensation in Toronto or Montreal. Many of the Japanese have been converted to the religion of Jesus, and they live and die very happy, just as true Christians do everywhere.

NEDDIE AND HIS PETS.

NEDDIE Burnhouse lives in the country with his aunt and cousins. He is very fond of pets of any kind. The chickens gather round him whenever he comes to their yard, and he often shares his lunch with them. The old barn cat runs to meet him as soon as it hears his step, and if Neddie has a piece of biscuit left, puss is very sure to get a bit of it.

One day he and his two cousins set a trap

for birds. They propped a wire sieve up on a stick, to which a string had been tied, and scattered corn under the sieve. Then they watched back of a tree, and when the birds came to eat it, they pulled the string, and one of the birds found himself caught in the trap. But Neddie was very kind to it. He never hurt it, and after awhile he let it go again.

He used often to watch the pretty squirrels as they flitted about in the trees in the woods, and one day he set a trap and caught one of them. It was a pretty little creature, with bright eyes and soft fur, and a long bushy tail. It became very tame, so that it would sit on Neddie's shoulder and eat from his hand.

GOD ALWAYS NEAR.

GOD is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

God is always near me;
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

BELL'S STAR.

CLARISSA POTTER.

IN the middle of one night, five-year-old Bell suddenly awoke as wide-awake as though it had been morning.

She slept with Aunt Sue in a chamber that was made dark with drawn curtains.

On the ceiling, right over Bell's head, was a bright round spot of light.

The door that opened from Aunt Sue's chamber into the front hall was ajar, and the moonlight shining into a hand mirror that lay in a chair in the hall, flashed a disc of reflected light on the wall over Aunt Sue's and Bell's bed.

It shone down on them like a bright star.

When Belle saw it, at first, she was afraid and pulled the blankets over her eyes; then she thought: "It's only God's bright eye keeping watch over me. Mamma told me I need never be afraid, for God would always keep loving watch of me, and that is his bright eye shining down, watching his little girl through this long night. How good God is to love me so much as that!" and nestling her head on her pillow little Bell soon fell asleep, glad and happy in her trust in her heavenly Father's care and love.

Dear little boys and girls, God's eye is upon us all the time. He sees all that we do and think. Are you one of his dear little children trusting his love, so, like Bell, you need not be afraid if some dark night you thought you saw his bright watchful eye shining down on you?

A NOISY HOSPITAL.

THERE is a sect in India called the Jain who could teach us a useful lesson. They are very fond of animals, and believe that it is man's duty not only to do no harm to living creatures, but also to do his very utmost to protect and help them.

Good thoughts are of little use unless they become good deeds, so the Jains have built a hospital for animals at Bombay. It is the largest building of that kind in India, and certainly it must be about the noisiest hospital that ever was built.

All sick and deformed creatures are received there; and they are carefully treated until they are cured, or they are kept till they die.

There are of course several different wards, if we may use the word. The first is a large court surrounded by sheds, inhabited by sick oxen. Some are lame, some are blind, some are suffering from disease, but all are well rubbed down daily and carefully fed. There must, certainly, be a spice of fun in seeing a cow walk about with a bandage over one eye, and yet, poor thing, she probably feels pain quite as acutely as we do.

The next ward contains cats and dogs, and suffering from some ailment, and a little farther on is an enclosure kept entirely for birds. Here may be seen aged crows, bald vultures, and half-naked hawks, who are spending their last days in peace and plenty while some gaunt bird strutting about on a wooden leg reminds one that the establishment is a hospital, as well as a home for incurables.

It is not, however, the nobler animals alone who are admitted to this happy place. Rats, mice, jackals, sparrows, all find a refuge within its walls, provided that they have something the matter with them.

Perhaps, if the inmates of the Jain institution could take a peep at some of the poor brothers in the zoological gardens, or in our private houses, they would say, "I'm quite sure you are not well; come over to our hospital as soon as ever you can."

WHEN you are tempted to do wrong, and look all around and find that nobody is near, just look up toward heaven and remember that "Thou, God, seest me."