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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1889.

[No. 17.]

REX AND HIS FRIEND.

NOT a boy among his playmates was more full of life and fun than Rex Raymond. He wasn't a Christian, though he always expected to be when he had "had his good time out," he said—as if Christians don't have as good good times as any one else, and better too!

One day Rex had a fall in the gymnasium at school, and the doctor said he would never get well, though he might live several months. During the long weeks of pain and suffering God came very close to him, and he learned to say, "My Father, myaviour!" as he never had before.

Rex's schoolmates often came in to see him, and wondered to find him so happy.

One night his special friend Hal came into Rex's room. It was a lovely moonlight evening, and Rex said, "Mother, please don't light the gas, the moon is so bright."

After talking awhile cheerily, he said, "Hal, you know we've always been great chums, hardly apart a whole day; and if I have got to go away and leave you now, won't you promise me that you'll meet me again some of these days?"

Hal broke down at this and covered his



face with his hands. "I don't know," he said. "It seems as if you are going away off, and I can never find you again."
 "O Hal, you can!" cried Rex; "Christ is the Way."
 "He doesn't want me."

"Yes, he does. I'm sure he's close by you now, waiting for you to open the door to him. Just come and tell him you will this very night, Hal, won't you?"

When he was going Hal said, "I guess it'll be all right, Rex. Don't forget me."

"Indeed I won't! Come often and we'll talk it all over."

A GRAIN OF COMFORT.

A GREAT many little girls and boys were in Sunday-school one day, when a great storm came up. The wind blew so hard and the rain made such a big noise that some of the little ones were frightened. Two very small sisters cried as hard as they could cry. They wanted mamma, and she wasn't there. A little girl in the seat just behind them rose up and said,—

"What makes you cry? You musn't sink its going to yain always."

You see this dear little child looked ahead to the good time coming, and would not let herself feel

badly, because she knew the rain would soon be over.

BE deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

BESSIE AND BROWNIE.

BESSIE.

"SELFISH Brownie, don't you see,
You have doggies one, two, three—
One for Jack and one for me?
You will still have one, you know;
Can't we take our choice and go,
Selfish Brownie, growling so?"

BROWNIE.

"You have little brothers three;
Would you give up two to me?
Turn about is fair, you see.
Little doggies love their mothers,
Little sisters love their brothers—
Could not happy be with others."

BESSIE.

"Keep your doggies, Brownie dear;
You have made it very clear;
I'll not touch them; do not fear."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1899.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he cannot lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy in a boy's way, and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a real boy, but in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against big boys who bully. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And, above all things, he

ought now and then to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

FLOSSIE AND HER KITTIE.

FLOSSIE sits on the floor and builds a house of corn-cobs that have been brought to the kitchen to burn in the big open fire-place. She thinks it is quite fine to build a whole row of houses and play that a doll lives in each one. Then she has the dolls go to visit each other in the different homes.

Pussie likes to play, too. He rolls the round cobs along the floor, and runs after them just as if he imagined they were mice that he was trying to catch.

After a while Flossie puts away all her dolls and builds a big, high corn-cob house that she says is for Pussie's home. When it is done, she picks Pussie up in her arms and tries to put him in the house; but Pussie struggles and knocks some of the house down. He thinks it is too small a house for him. I do not think he would stay in it long, even if she succeeded in putting him in, for he would either jump out through the roof, or push the side of his house quite out.

When Flossie became tired of playing this (though I think Pussie was tired of it before Flossie was), she put all the corn-cobs back into the basket, and, taking Pussie up in her arms, she said: "Now I will play Pussie is my baby, and I will rock him to sleep."

I do not think he went to sleep very soon, for he was not at all sleepy just then, but he enjoyed a frolic with Flossie, and that was just as well for both. After awhile she said: "Now I will dress you up." The way she did this was to tie a blue ribbon around his neck. "There, now!" she said. "I think you look very pretty, but you must not be vain if you are pretty. It is only silly people who are vain." I do not think Pussie knew just what she meant, but he seemed very well pleased with his blue ribbon. Flossie was right. It is only silly people who are vain. I have seen some little boys and girls who seemed to think if they wore a prettier ribbon, or nicer dress, or a finer pair of shoes than somebody else, that they were better. God does not look at people that way. He looks

at their hearts. Then Flossie said it was Pussie's dinner-time, and went and got a pan of fresh milk. Pussie seemed to eat it very much, and Flossie sat by and watched her drink it. I hope she will always be kind to Pussie.

THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEAR.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? what would it say!
My heart keeps knocking all the night?
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low,
Hast thou thought what it means by knock-
ing so?

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well,
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung
And by his hand it still is rung:
And he stands without and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be,
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer, "Come in, come in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day;
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at heaven's door,
And stand without and wait and see
Whether within it will welcome be,
And hear him say, "Come, dearest guest,
I found in thy bosom a holy rest:
As thou hast done, be it done to thee:
Come into the joys of eternity!"

EASE IN SOCIETY.

"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day," said Reuben Riley, to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this party, never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlour all evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off and go out and chop wood, on a match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reuben," said sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nowhere, nor see nobody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but the echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, who invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is once put on on rare occasions, it will never come off well and seem comfortable.

A BARN FROLIC.

ISN'T the barn a splendid place,
When the rain falls all the day?
To clamber up in the great high loft,
And cuddle down in the hay.

The hay that seems to keep in itself
The warmth and glow of the sun,
And the fragrant breezes that softly blow,
And mingle them all in one!

Here, in the corner, old Spot has laid
A nest-full of creamy eggs.
Ah, there she goes! Oh, my, what a jump!
I should think she would break her legs!

And overhead, in the rafters snug,
The swallows have built their nests;
And, ruffled over the edge of two,
We can see the mother's breasts;

While in and out the fathers dart,
With steady wing, and strong;
And chipper, and sing to the mother birds,
As if they would help along.

One little fellow loves to light
On the rafters over here,
And look little Dolly full in the face,
With never a thought of fear.

He seems to know that the sunny curls,
And the tender eyes so blue,
Are just outside of a little heart
That is warm, and soft, and true.

And when she twitters away to him,
He twitters back to her;
And when she capers about in the hay,
The dear little thing don't stir.

Oh, poor little boys and girls who live
In the city's pent-up streets—
We wish you could just be here awhile,
And taste of the country's sweets!

And oh, the stories we love to tell,
And the plans we love to lay—
While the rain falls softly, overhead—
And we're cuddled up in the hay!

BRIBES.

"JUMP up, Dickie, do, there's a good boy!"
said poor patient Agnes, as Dickie lay on
the floor and kicked and roared.

"I won't get up! and I ain't a good
boy!" snarled Dickie, and he kicked at the
piano, and roared louder than ever.

"That last is true, anyhow," said his
elder brother, from the sofa where he was
lounging.

Then Agnes said: "Please don't, Henry,
you make me so much worse; and I can't
do anything with him when he gets in one
of these spells, and mamma is away.

Dickie, dear, if you will get up this minute
and be a good boy, I'll give you a great big
orange."

"I want two oranges and a bunch of
grapes," said Dickie, stopping his roaring
long enough to consider.

"Very well; jump up, then, and I'll get
them."

So Dickie jumped up.

"The Empress Agnes," said brother
Henry; "I declare, the name is all right,
too; look out for yourself, my empress;
the story has a bad ending."

"What story?" said the kilt-suited boy
of six.

"The story of the Empress Agnes, and
her son Heinrich. Your sister is the em-
press, and you are Heinrich."

"Tell about them," said this young
"Heinrich."

"Why, when he was five years old his
father died; and his mother, the empress,
had more than she could do to manage him
and the nobles too; she used to hire them
to behave themselves, just as Agnes hires
you with oranges and grapes, only, instead
of those things, she gave them money and
land. They grew worse and worse, just as
people always do who are hired to do right,
and by and by they resolved to take the
little boy away from his mother, and refuse
to obey her any more. So, when he was
about thirteen they invited him and his
mother to a beautiful island to spend some
weeks; then they asked Heinrich to take a
ride in a boat, and he was no sooner in
than they started for the main-land, leaving
his mother and her maids all alone on the
island. Heinrich tried to jump overboard
and swim back to her, but he was caught.
Those were the very people she had coaxed
and hired to do right—doing as wicked a
thing as they could."

"I wouldn't have done it," declared
Dickie.

"I don't know about it; you think you
wouldn't; but, you see, people who are
never good unless they are hired with
oranges and things never amount to much."

"What became of Heinrich?" said
Dickie.

"O, Heinrich grew up to be a bad man;
a very bad man; and he had plenty of
trouble, just as bad men are sure to have."

"He wasn't the one that they coaxed to
be good," said wise-eyed Dickie, who,
though a naughty boy, was a quick-witted
one.

"I'm not sure of that. If he had a
mother who did not know any better than
to try to hire her nobles, don't you believe
she managed her little boy in much the
same way?"

"My mother doesn't," said Dickie, and
he took his grapes and oranges and went
off to the front porch to watch for her
coming.

"Henry," said Agnes, 'do you think I
hurt Dickie by trying to hire him to be
good when mother is away?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you did. The
Empress Agnes certainly injured her boy
in some way. Dickie made mother with-
out bribing."

FLYING FOR REFUGE.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a
hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge
in the bosom of a tender-hearted man.
There it lay, its wings quivering with fear,
and its little heart throbbing against the
bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk
kept hovering overhead, as if saying,
"Deliver up that bird that I may devour
it." Now will that gentle, kind-hearted
man take the poor little creature, that puts
its trust in him, out of his bosom and
deliver it up to the hawk? What think
ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well,
then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom
of Jesus, who came to save the lost, do you
think he will ever deliver you up to your
deadly foe? Never! never! never!—*The
Sunbeam.*

STEALING A WHISTLE.

A GENTLEMAN who has a steam-mill in
Waldo, purchased a large steam-whistle,
which he carried home and placed on his
mill.

A number of boys conceived the idea of
stealing this whistle, and the owner, hearing
of their plan, remained in his mill all night.
Sixty pounds of steam was kept up.
About midnight the boys put in an appear-
ance, and climbed up on the roof of the
building. Just as one applied a wrench to
the whistle, Mr. Sanborn opened the throttle
wide, and there went up into the stillness
of the night such a screech as was never
before heard in Waldo. People jumped
from their beds in a fright, and wondered
what was up. The boys tumbled off the
roof of that mill as though shot, and de-
parted as rapidly as their legs could carry
them, while Mr. Sanborn fired a gun after
them to hasten their retreat. The whistle
is still on the mill, and the boys will prob-
ably think twice before they again under-
take to steal anything as noisy as a steam-
boat whistle.

Boys who are at home and in bed as
they should be, at night, keep out of such
scrapes and other worse ones.



OFF FOR SCHOOL.

"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

TRUDGING along the slippery street
Two childish figures, with aching feet,
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care
For the little ragged or shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas-jet,
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From gay shop-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold.
"Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys,
In homes overflowing with comforts and joys;

See how far you can make them reach--
Your helping deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold,
Let them stretch to households manifold.

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, or 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 a heart and home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.

LITTLE TEACHERS.

MR. DENIS was one of the School Board of the town where he lived. It was his duty to visit all the schools, to hear the boys and girls recite their lessons and to say some good, helpful words to them all.

Every child loved Mr. Denis and was glad to meet him in any place. One day he passed along where a group of little girls were playing school. He stopped to say, "How do you do?" and to smile at their pretty play.

"Little girls," said the good man, "do you know that you are all teachers?"

The children looked at each other and then at him. They shook their heads and said, "No, sir."

"Oh, yes, you all are teachers, and I'll tell you how it is. You all have hands."

Every girl looked at her fingers.

"Your hands are your pupils; you teach

them all the time, and they do just as you tell them to do. You must take care of your hands and not let them tear your books, or strike or take hold of things that are not yours. You must make your hands do right and nice things all the time.

"You all have feet; they too are your pupils. You must look out for your feet and not let them run away from school, walk into bad company, or go anywhere a good teacher would forbid them to go.

"Your eyes too are your pupils; they must look just where you tell them to look. Be careful of your eyes, little girls, that they do not wander round the schoolroom. Never look at things it would be better not to see. They must look on your book and mind what a good teacher bids them.

"Then there is the tongue; and it will need more care than any other pupil. It does not always like to obey, and you must make the rules strict and see that it does not get away from you. Don't let your tongue say careless, or cross, or unkind words. Don't let it say, 'I won't' or 'I don't care,' or anything rude or untrue. Make your tongue say only true and sweet and loving words, and it will be the best pupil you will ever have.

"Don't you see, little girls, how easy one of you is a teacher, and you can make your hands and your feet and your eyes and your tongue do just what you please?"

The children looked at each other again and then at their friend; then they smiled and said, "Yes, sir."

So Mr. Denis smiled back at them in a kind way, said "Good-by," and went on his walk.

THE LITTLE SHUT-IN.

WHAT do I mean by a little shut-in? I mean a little lame child who is obliged to stay all the time in the house, who cannot run out to play as other children do. There are many such sick, lame, suffering little children. Don't you pity them?

Well, this little one I am thinking about now is only seven years-old, and suffers very much. He has a beautiful face, and you would wonder to see how cheerful and patient he is.

And he is very kind-hearted. He heard some one telling his mother one day about a poor woman who had no wood to keep her warm in the winter. What do you think he did? He got a little box and asked every person who came in to put a little money in it to buy wood for this poor woman. He got quite a little sum.

He seems to forget himself in trying to help others, and I think he is happier than many who can run about.