

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 1.

A MERRY TRIO.

How gaily we glide
With our skates on the ice,
With Bobby and Spot!
O but isn't it nice?
Spot pulls us along,
While he joins in the fun;
With barks of delight,
How he nimbly does run!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway
clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New
Year.

to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly.

It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens.

"Go and see if it hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly.



A MERRY TRIO.

See, Bobby drives Spot;
Yes, and Bobby pulls me!
A gay, happy group
You, of course, will agree,
Bobby is driver;
But he needs not the whip,
For onward we go
With a scurry and skip.

THE MOON'S CHILDREN.

A little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly.

"But the moon hasn't sent her children

"Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," said the little girl, after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music box."