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# Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 8, 1887.

[No. 1.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

## JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

SINCE I'm Jesus' little lamb,  
Happy in my soul I am;  
He will teach me, he will guide me,  
And will walk so close beside me;  
He will always love the same,  
And he knows my real name.

Going out and coming in,  
He will keep my heart from sin;  
To his pleasant pastures lead me,  
With his gentle precepts feed me;  
Keep my feet from straying far,  
Show me where sweet waters are.

Ah, how sweet it is for me  
Jesus' little lamb to be!  
In his bosom safe he folds me,  
With his strong arm he upholds me;  
If he leads me every day,  
Never shall I go astray.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 8, 1887.

MR. 1887.

BEFORE this reaches many of you, children, "there will be a new face at the door and a strange foot on the floor." It makes us just a little sad to say good-bye to the old year. It is like parting with an old and tried friend. But we have a cordial welcome for this new friend, who will stand before us ready to make our acquaintance in a day or two. We have had a very happy year together, my dears, and I hope Mr. 1887 will make himself as pleasant and agreeable as his predecessor.

I found this little poem among some old papers in my desk a day or two ago, and as it voices for me just the counsel I would give you for making the New Year a happy one, I will print it for you.

The book of the new year is open,  
Its pages are spotless and new;

And so, as each leaflet is turning,  
Dear children, beware what you do.

Let never a bad thought be cherished;  
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile;  
And see that your faces are windows  
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And now, with the new book, endeavour  
To write its white pages with care;  
Each day is a leaflet, remember,  
That is written, then turned—beware!

And if on a page you discover  
At evening a blot or a scrawl,  
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour  
In mercy to cover it all.

## YOUTH AND AGE

"WHY do you always make such a fuss over your grandmother?" asked Lily of her favourite friend, Nelly Fordyce.

"I don't fuss over her, I only take care of her," said Nelly, brightly.

"But I should think you would rather be playing with us than looking after that old lady."

"I like play well enough," confessed Nelly; "but when father died he said I was to be sure and look after his mother, because he couldn't live to do it. He was going home to my mother, he said; and he told me to give all the love and reverence to grandmother that I should have given to him and mother. And he said I should have the blessing promised to obedient children."

"Blessing promised?" asked Lily, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes; don't you know God says that we are to honour our parents, and then it shall go well with us?"

But Lily liked her own way best, and laughed at the earnestness of her young companion. Yet Nelly kept faithfully to God's word, and reaped many a rich blessing. Even when she was quite grown up she still gave loving devotion to her grandmother; and it was a pretty sight to see her going down the village street with the old lady on her arm, tenderly caring for her every step, while grandmother thought there was no one in the world like Nelly. Can you wonder?"—*Our Darlings*.

## THE MEASURE OF LOVE.

A LITTLE boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey: "Good-by, papa; I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added: "Good-by, dear papa; you will never ride to the end of my love!" This is what Jesus means to say: "My love has no limit; it passeth knowledge."

## PATTY'S LITTLE PRAYER.

PATTY was ready for bed and came to mamma to say her little prayer. Mamma was washing her hands, and said, "Yes, dear, in a minute."

"Jesus will have to wait a minute or two, won't he?" said the little girl. "No, I dess I will say it alone."

She began to repeat her little prayer, and said a line or two, when she stopped and said:

"I dess you will have to wait a minute or two, dear Jesus, for I've forgot."

She spoke just as she believed, and felt that Jesus was right there and heard what she said.

And the dear Saviour is always so near that he hears the simplest words a child speaks; and he loves to have the little ones speak to him, and tell him all their wants, just as they do their parents.

When you kneel down to pray at night, I want you to feel that Jesus is standing close by, ready to hear you, and ready to bless you, although he is far away up in heaven also.—*The Little Ones*.

## A CHILD'S EXPLANATION.

A LITTLE girl was wearying over her spelling-book. At last, in a distressful tone, she said to her brother, a few years older than herself: "O Paul, where do all these lots of miserable words come from?"

"Why, Gracie, you duncie, don't you know? It is because people quarrel so much. Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another, and that's the reason we have such a long string of them."

"I wish they'd stop it," sighed Gracie.

"then the spelling book wouldn't be so big." Paul's explanation was funny, if not quite correct. One part of it, however, hit the mark: "Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another"—that is, another angry word. So better not quarrel.

## JESUS A LAMB.

"I do wonder why Jesus is so often called a Lamb in our lessons?" said little May. "I will tell you," said her teacher. "It is because he was so gentle and kind and because he died to save us from our sins." A long time ago the Jews offered lambs on their altars, putting them to death, and burning a part of their bodies. The priests sprinkled some of their blood on the people, and the people confessed their sins, and God forgave them. Jesus called "the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world." The blood of Jesus washes away our sins.



THE SECRET.

## THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

RING, ring, ye gladsome bells,  
From yonder belfries high!  
Ring out your joyful strains  
From earth to sky!

For, lo, a stranger comes  
Kingly and proud.

Upon the blast  
He rideth fast.

Peal out your welcome loud!

Ring merrily,  
Ring cheerily,

To the great, the coming year,  
The glad New Year.

We'll lift with braver heart

Life's burden once again,

We'll act a nobler part

Among our fellow-men;

Hope's flowers again shall bloom,

Along life's dusty ways,

And murmurings and sighs

Shall change to prayer and praise;

And God's blest benediction

Rest on our smiling land!

Ring, ring, ye bells!

Ring loud, ring high!

Peal out your merry cheer

From earth to sky,

To greet the glad New Year,

That ever glad New Year!

## THE SECRET.

"You poor child, that is too heavy for you to carry," said a lady as she met a little girl not more than eight years old tugging at a pail of coal. "Couldn't your mother send one else for this?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; she hasn't nobody only me, and I can carry it as well as not. I often do, and I like to. I rest when I am tired."

The child looked up and spoke with such a cheerful air that Mrs. Hale was greatly interested in her. She had just been visiting the Industrial School where such poor children were taught daily, and her heart went out in great pity for them all.

"You say mamma has nobody but you?"

"No, ma'am; papa's dead, and my big brother's gone to sea, and baby is gone to heaven. Mamma and I live all alone, and I do everything I can to help her."

"Couldn't she carry the coal better than you?"

"No, ma'am, she's weak-like, but she can sew."

"You seem happy, my dear."

"Yes, ma'am, I am happy, and so is mamma. She says God orders all things, and it's all right."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, ma'am, I can't. I must take care of mamma, but she keeps school for me at

home. I read and spell and write and sew."

"You're a good little girl; I must come and see you and your mamma," said Mrs. Hale.

She went one day, and she told me she had hardly ever seen so happy a home, rich or poor. And she took her children there. "There is a secret there that I want my daughters to learn," she said.

The secret of a happy life—what is it, dear children? It is the love of God in the heart, and Maggie and her mother had it.

## THE NAME IN THE BOOK.

ARTHUR WILLS has received at Christmas-time a new book as a gift from his mother. There it lay, when its wrappers were removed, in its pretty binding of gray and gold, with beautiful coloured pictures. He turned to the fly-leaf, and his countenance fell.

"There is no name in it," he said.

"But it is yours," returned his mother. "Why do you want your name in it?"

"To show other people I have a right to it; to show them who gave it to me. Mother, it is nothing without your writing."

Mrs. Wills smiled affectionately upon her boy, and, taking a pen and ink, wrote his name upon her gift. Then she asked: "My son, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

The boy hesitated.

"I don't know, I am sure," he said.

"Then you may know it, dear, if you will but obey our blessed Saviour's call. The Apostle Paul speaks of some whose names are in the Book of Life. They knew it, and he knew it, and told it to others. God offers us salvation as a free gift. If we take it he will inscribe our names in his great record of the saved. I read a beautiful story of a soldier, who, when he was dying, opened his eyes, and looking up brightly, exclaimed, 'Here!' On being asked what he wanted, he said: 'They are calling the roll-call in heaven, and I was answering to my name!' Dear Arthur, will you pass muster there?"

I think it was not long before Arthur sought by faith to have his name written in heaven.—*Selected.*

## WHAT IS HOPE?

A LITTLE girl was once asked: "What is hope?" She smiled, and answered: "Hope is like a butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought, that keeps flying after to-morrow." "No," said another little girl, "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places." Which was right?

## THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

SAW the child to the youthful year:  
 "What hast thou in store for me,  
 O giver of beautiful gifts? What cheer.  
 What joy, dost thou bring with thee?"

My seasons four shall bring  
 Their treasures: the winter's snow,  
 The autumn's store, and the flowers of  
 spring,  
 And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these, and more, shall be thine,  
 Dear child; but the last, and best  
 Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
 If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last best gift?  
 'Tis a conscience clear and bright—  
 A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
 To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love  
 If thou unto me can'st bring—  
 I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
 O child, and crown thee a king!"  
 —*Celia Thaxter.*

## "SAVE HIM FIRST."

IN one of the great tornados in a Western town last spring, a school-house was blown down, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Kind, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl who was pinned down by heavy beams begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "'cause he's only five years old!" The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal-mine near Bitton in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine when the handle of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened, they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging on to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be

rescued, and then they would be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried,

"Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little, but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted; save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.—*S. S. Advocate.*

## NAN'S GIFT TO LITTLE GIRLS.

THE next time you put on a pretty new winter dress think of the little creature who used to wear it.

"I never wear cast-off clothes," says one little maiden with a proud toss of her head.

Do not be too sure of that. Let me tell you something about the one who used to wear your dress.

"What was her name?" you say.

Well, we will call her Nan. She was a gay little thing, full of fun and frolic. She used to scamper about the fields and frisk and play without a thought of soiling her dress. In those days it was pure white and very pretty, though it had no tucks and ruffles. But I am sure Nan never thought of being proud because it was soft and fine.

Of course it got quite dirty after a while, and one day your Nan was driven down to the brook and given a good washing, dress and all. She didn't like this at all; but something worse happened when she came out of the water. A man caught her and held her fast while he cut off her pretty dress with great sharp shears.

Oh, how queer and uncomfortable poor Nan felt! It was ever so much worse than when the barber clipped off your long hair last summer.

I fancy she must have run to her mamma and asked her what it all meant. Perhaps in her queer sheep-talk her mamma said, "Why, they have cut off our coats to make clothes for some poor little boys and girls who have no wool."

"No wool! Why, how do they keep warm?" asks Nan.

"They could not keep warm in winter if we did not send them our coats every spring. It is growing warm now, and we can do without them very well. Now go and play, and you will soon get used to going without your coat, and a new one will grow before winter comes again."

Nan only said, "Ba-a-a!" But that meant, "I am so glad that God made me a

little lamb, so that I can send my coat to the poor little things that have no wool to keep them warm in winter!"

When you feel a little vain because your dress is prettier than that of some other child, remember how many of God's creatures have helped to give you comfortable clothes.

## THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;  
 As white as the snow or the lilies is she,  
 She wakes up with a purr  
 When I stroke her soft fur;  
 Was there ever another white kitten like  
 her?

My little white kitten now wants to go out  
 And frolic, with no one to watch her about,  
 "Little kitten," I say,  
 "Just an hour you may stay  
 And be careful in choosing your places to  
 play."

But night has come down when I hear a  
 loud "mew,"  
 I open the door and my kitten comes  
 through—  
 My white kitten! Ah me!  
 Can it really be she—  
 This ill-looking and beggar-like cat that I  
 see?

What ugly grey streaks on her side and  
 her back,  
 Her face, once as pink as a rosebud, is  
 black!  
 Oh, I very well know,  
 Though she does not say so,  
 She has been where white kittens ought  
 never to go.

If little good children intend to do right,  
 If little white kittens would keep them-  
 selves white,  
 It is needful that they  
 Should this counsel obey,  
 And be careful in choosing their places to  
 play.

## THE NEW SOCIETY.

"LET us form a new Society!"

"All right! What shall it be?"

"The 'Be Kind Club.' Don't you think  
 that would be a good club to belong to?"  
 "Indeed I do; and let us get all our  
 friends to join it."

"All right; and anybody who is no  
 kind will have to pay a fine into the  
 treasury."

Dear little people, how would you like to  
 form a "Be Kind Club?" Ask mamma  
 what she thinks about it too. I think she  
 would like you all to join it.