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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

[No. 26.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

OUR picture shows the merry Christmas sports, both out of doors and in the house, which will require no explanation from us. Coasting and bob-sleighing seem the favourites. It makes your editor wish he were a boy again to share this exhilarating sport. But his life is too full of duties and cares; and the world's work must be done by the older heads and hands. Yet we try to keep a young heart, and to enjoy these pleasures by proxy, that is, by seeing others enjoy them. It is a great pleasure to prepare these Christmas papers, and indeed all the year, in the hope that they may add to the happiness and mutual and moral welfare of the many thousands of happy, hearty Canadian boys and girls who read them, and above all, to lead the dear boys and girls to the Saviour. Thank God for the happy Christmas-tide, when even the busiest of us can share the holiday fun of the boys and girls, like the big-bearded man who is playing blind man's buff with the young folk.



CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

a moment, while the colour rose to her forehead, then softly whispered, "Because he told my heart so."

She had heard no voice, she had seen no shape, she was only beginning to read the Bible for herself, and as yet it was a difficult task, but she had been told of the Lord Jesus, who when he was on earth took little children to his arms, and she asked him to receive her. Into her heart the answer came, she knew not how, but she felt Christ loved her, yes, her in particular—not as one in a great crowd, but as if there was no one else to be loved in the whole world. She was a lamb of Jesus, she belonged to him; he was her Saviour. He had told her heart so.

LITTLE MARY'S FAITH.

ONE day, in a school in one of our large cities, a cry of fire sounded, and the teachers and children rushed toward the door and crowded the passage till there was danger of trampling some of the smaller children under the larger ones' feet. During the panic one dear little girl sat still in her place, tranquil and quiet.

Presently the alarm was found to be false, and the pupils again took their seats. Then the girl seated next to Mary, said to her: "Mary, how was it that you could sit so quiet when we were all so frightened?"

"My father told me," said Mary, "if there

"HE TOLD MY HEART SO."

"How do you know that Jesus saves people now?" asked a lady of her Sunday-school class.

One answered, "Because he cannot deceive, and is still inviting sinners to come

to him." another, "Because he never changes." Another quoted the text, "Himself God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins." The question came to a little girl at the end of the class. She hung her head

was an alarm of fire, it was best for us to sit still in our seats and wait for the teachers to tell us what to do. My father is a fireman, and he knows best."

Ah, here was faith—faith in the father, and by this faith Mary was enabled to remain tranquil while others were dismayed. Just so, children, faith in God will enable us to face danger without fear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 25, 1888.

A MISSIONARY CHICKEN.

AN old colored woman once wanted to help send the gospel to the heathen, to tell them of the dear Saviour who had died for sinners. But she was very, very poor.

"What can me do?" she said to herself as she hobbled along to her old cabin. Just as she was going in at the door, she happened to see the chickens scratching around for their living. "Why, them's my chicks," said she; "they'll do."

She took one of the fattest of them and tied a red string around its leg, and gave it to the Lord.

"Now, sissy," she said to the chicken, "dis is de missionary mark; you're de missionary chick; 'member dat. All of your eggs, dey's missionary; all of your pullets, dey's missionary too. Now, go 'bout your business."

Have any of our little boys and girls that live in the country a chicken to give to the Lord? Once there was a little boy who gave a lamb to the Lord; and another gave a current-bush; and another a patch of potatoes. What have you to give?

WHETHER the memory shall be a beautiful chamber of peace or a torture-chamber of despair will depend upon the soul's obedience or disobedience to the admonition, "Remember thy Creator."



CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"COME, join our game of blind-man's buff!!
Come, girls and boys: we'll not be rough.
The bandage round my eyes tie tight,
Be sure the blind man has no sight:
Now turn him with a one, two, three!"—
"Ah, blind man, now you try to see!"

"Indeed I cannot see at all:
Don't let me run against the wall.
Who's this I've caught here by the shoulder?"

"Tell truly, or you must not hold her."
"Tis Amy Summer."—"There you're wrong:
So let her go; 'tis Lucy Long."

"Who's this I have here by the arm?—
Keep still, sir, or you'll come to harm,—
'Tis Charley Bateman."—"Yes 'tis he.
Now, Charley you must blinded be.
The bandage round your head we tie:
We're ready, sir! now mind your eye."

"Oh, ho, what curly head is this?
Do I not know the little miss?
Why, I could tell her 'mid a dozen:
'Tis Daisy Dale, my little cousin.
These hands, this ribbon, tell the tale:
Yes, I am sure 'tis Daisy Dale."

So little Daisy has to yield,
And, as the blind man, take the field.
Whom does she catch? Now guess your best:

'Tis one much taller than the rest,
Taller and fairer too, by far,—
So Daisy thinks,—'tis dear mamma!

TEACH me to do thy will, O Lord;
Help me to love thy holy word,
All thy commandments to obey,
That I may please thee every day.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

BY REV. DR. NEWTON.

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs and in a timid voice cried out:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs to the right hand of God to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But, to keep us from being worried by fear or care, he speaks to us from his word as that mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee." "Jehovah-jireh—the Lord will provide."

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things,



COASTING.

COASTING.

WHAT rare fun it is coasting! Little Harry on his new sleigh is having a grand time of it. He seems fairly to fly down the hill side, and his dog seems to enjoy it as much as himself. See how cleverly he steers with his foot. It may be cold, but he doesn't mind that a bit. The brisk exercise makes the blood tingle in his veins, and brings the rosy glow to his healthy cheeks. Little folk must be careful that the hill isn't too long, nor too steep, and that there is nothing in the way; then there is not much danger about coasting. Very little ones should never go down alone, but always on the same sleigh as their older brother or sister.

MUSICAL FISHES.

THE fishes are supposed to have no voice at all; and indeed, this is the case with most of them. But there are exceptions to every rule; and so it is with the fish. One fish utters a cry when it is seized. There is another which wails, like a child, when it is taken from the water. Another fish makes a sound as it swims—that is, at one season of the year; all the rest of the year it is silent. But what do you think of a fish that sings?

There is a little white fish, with blue spots on its back, which lives in America, and which can actually make a sound like music. A traveller was one day lying on the beach resting himself, when suddenly he heard a sound; it was like music in the distance. He got up and looked about him; but nothing was to be seen. A boatman was close by, and he asked him if he had heard anything. "Yes," said the boatman; "I heard a fish singing." The fish was called by some people the "siren;" by others "music," or "musician." The traveler

pushed off in a boat, to hear the music better. He heard a number of voices singing together. It was like a concert in the water. The sound was a little like an organ playing in the distance.

These musical fishes are said to begin to sing at sunset, and keep on singing during the night. They are not very timid, and will continue their music even if people are standing by to listen.—*The Sea and its Wonders.*

TEACHING DOLLY TABLE-MANNERS.

TILLIE'S Aunt Jane gave her a nice set of dishes on her last birthday, and now she often has "tea" for her friends. Often those "friends" are not real persons, but are Dolly and the chairs.

One evening her mamma was in the next room and heard her talking to Dolly. When everything was ready, Tillie said: "Now, Dolly, you must keep very still while I say, 'We thank thee, heavenly Father, for this food.'" And Tillie folded her hands and said this in a very quiet, earnest way, and asked God to bless the good things he had given them.

Do you always remember to sit still while papa asks the blessing, and do you thank God in your heart for your daily bread? Or are you like those people the Bible tells about? God says that the very oxen are more thankful than they are. Would you like God to say that you are less thankful than the ox?

"O but dinners and breakfasts and suppers come so often! they are such common things! What is the use of thanking God every time for them?"

Yes, but who makes them such common things? What would come to you if God should take away his hand, and not feed you any more? *Hunger and starvation,*

Let us not forget to thank him for every-day good things, and to thank him because he thinks of us every day.—*Olive Plant.*

THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM

WHAT little child can tell the story
Of Bethlehem and its great glory!

How Christ the Lord left heaven above
To come and show his Father's love.

How he, a little babe was found,
By shepherds wise to Salem bound,

How, in his mother's arms he lay,
Upon an humble bed of hay,

How the bright shining of a star
Led the wise men from East afar,

How the glad men poured at his feet
Most precious gifts, their Lord to greet,

And Joseph at the oxen stall
Blessed the dear Lord who loves us all.

O children, 'tis a wondrous story
Of Bethlehem and its great glory!

—*Exchange.*

HAVING CHRIST.

I HAVE read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted, and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death-bed a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered in a faint whisper,

"Happy! Happy!"

Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying, "I have Christ here," then touching her heart, "And I have Christ here," and lastly, pointing upwards, "I have Christ there!"

Dear children, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask, "Is this true of you?"

It is in the first instance, for you have Christ in the Bible as she had. But have you got him in your heart? Oh, stop and think before you answer this question, because, if you have not, you cannot have him in heaven.

Is there any real love to the Lord Jesus in your heart? Are you trying every day to please him in all you say and in all you do? Are you trusting in him as your own Saviour?

If you feel you cannot say "Yes" to these questions now, do not rest until you can. Then you too will be able to point up and say, "I have Christ there."—*Selected.*

GIFT TO A KING.

CHILDREN, what have you to bring
Unto Christ the new-born King?
Though so lowly is his birth
He is Lord of all the earth!

Myrrh and frankincense and gold
Wise men brought in days of old;
Would you bring a gift to please
Richer must it be than these:

'Tis a loving heart he seeks,
Such the gift that he bespeaks,
Less than this, ah, who would bring?
Small the gift for such a King.

While on others you bestow,
Think how much to him you owe;
Wondrous gift to you he gave,
Gave himself your soul to save.

Blessings choice will he impart
Unto all who yield the heart;
Will you thankless say him Nay?
Why not yield your heart to-day?

THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID.

A TRUE STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was on the ground, and in some places it had drifted in great heaps against the stone walls and the houses. The wind howled and shrieked madly through the village. From every window gleamed a bright light; even the poorest, meanest cottage looked cosy and warm.

On the steps of one of the prettiest cottages stood two dark forms. Their ragged coats were sprinkled with snow, their hats were drawn down over their eyes. They stood still for a moment, as if hesitating to get up courage to do that which they had started to do. Then, after muttering a few words to each other, one of them knocked loudly at the door. A voice within bade them come in. They opened the door and there in a cosy, well-lighted room, sat an old couple. The tramps (for such they were) stood awkwardly looking at the well-filled table. "We have come a long journey, and have no home, and we are very hungry," said the tall one, who seemed to be most forward. "Can you give us shelter for the night and a little food?"

The old man laid down his spectacles, looked at them, and said: "You may sit down and warm yourselves," but the tone implied "no more." "Father," said the old lady, "it is Christmas Eve; we must remember the poor and needy," at the same time motioning them to sit down, and, placing father's chair in its place, took the opposite seat. Then, bowing her head reverently, prayed for all outcasts without homes and

God, that he would turn them from the path of wickedness and cleanse them from all sin through his precious blood. She prayed for the poor and hungry, everywhere; that he would care for them, give them bodily comforts and let his peace rest upon them all, for his dear name's sake who was born that night. The tramps seemed strangely touched by this simple and earnest prayer, and ate their portion in silence.

Supper over, the old man, pushing his plate slowly from him, said: "I have a good barn with plenty of hay, and you can stay there to-night."

"Father," said his wife, gently, "It is a holy night, and a bitter cold one; we have room in the house, let them stay." He said nothing. Then, taking one of the wax candles, the lady bade them follow her. She took them to a dainty, warm room, and giving them the light, bade them good night. Early next morning the maid-servant came down to her mistress and gave her a note, saying: "This morning I found both the door and the window of the spare room opened. I went in and found this; the bed was not touched.

The note read: "Kind mistress of this house. We came here last night intending to rob you; but your kindness to us and your prayers for all, saved both you and us as well."

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a girl standing by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the girl throw the seeds into the water?"

"Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "she is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow out of such little things."

"You are sowing such tiny seed every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants, after a while," said her father.

"O no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, seeds, and weeds, to-day."

"Now, papa, you are joking, for I would not plant weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing the seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

—*Irish Evangelist.*

ON THE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CHILDREN, can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Ev'ry girl and ev'ry boy,
Why the angels sing for joy,
On the Christmas morning?

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen, now, and hear us tell,
Ev'ry girl and ev'ry boy,
Why the angels sing for joy,
On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round,
When the brightness fill'd the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

"Joy and peace" the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On the Christmas morning.

"Peace" our every heart shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."
Hear us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On the Christmas morning.

FOR THE GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls, says the *Home Visitor*. "One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, and the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. To which of these classes do you belong."