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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

[No. 21.

THE SIASIN, OR ANTELOPE OF INDIA.

THE siasin, or antelope of India, roams over the open and rocky plains of that immense country. It is distinguished from the rest of its family by the beauty and singular shape of its horns, which are annulated or ringed, and spirally convoluted or curved together, making two or more turns, according to the age of the animal.

The fakirs and dervishes of India, who are enjoined by their religion from carrying swords, frequently wear at their girdles the polished horns of the siasin instead of the usual military arm. This antelope is one of the fleetest-footed of its family, and its leap is something wonderful. It is not uncommon for it to vault to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, passing over ten or twelve yards at a single bound. In colour it is almost black on the upper part of the body, and light coloured beneath. When full grown it is about the size of our common deer.



THE SIASIN, OR ANTELOPE OF INDIA.

I CAN LET IT ALONE.

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion. "I can chew tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now, that is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the "backbone" to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing is the one we are proud of. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind or float with the tide, and it is easy enough to form bad habits, so no one can boast over the power to do that. It is one who can let

them alone that is worthy of the praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing moving about it then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best. Be man enough to let it alone. Hold your head up proudly and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave."—C. L. Hill.

SENSIBLE.

Do not force children to wear odd, unsuitable clothing, which will call out ridicule from their little associates, when it can possibly be avoided. If it is the only way possible, then lovingly say so, and endeavour to fortify the spirit bravely to accept the situation. Sacrifice a little yourself before you bring them to the necessity. Do not compel your little girls to wear their sun-bonnets to a picnic when all the other children have on their pretty hats. Try going out shopping an afternoon in town in your sun-bonnet first, and see how you like

the stare of the other ladies, and the suppressed smirk on the lips of the clerks who serve you, and remember that your feelings are, in a measure, "iron-clad" in comparison with those of the little ones.

THOUGH I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.

THE LITTLE ONES AT CHURCH.

"In the morn of the Holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshipping there with me.

"Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.

And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

LOST HIMSELF.

"WHAT is the matter, Johnnie? You haven't broken your wagon, have you, or lost your ball?"

"No—o; but I've lost myself!"

"Lost yourself? Well, that is very bad indeed; for you are worth far more than horse and wagon—yes, and Tip, too. Come, then, and I will help you find yourself. You are not very badly lost, but I will show you the way home."

Johnnie had gone a little farther than mamma allowed him, and this was the cause of all his tears. I think he will stay in his own play-yard after this.

There are a great many people who, like Johnnie, have lost themselves. And the worst of it is, they do not know that they are lost, as he did. We have all strayed away from our Father's so far that we could never find the way back ourselves.

If sinners will stay away from Jesus, and not come back home when he asks them, they will one day find themselves out in the great storm of God's wrath. Then they will want to go home to him and find a shelter in his love. But it will be too late. The door will be shut,—*Olive Plants.*

"DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY."

As I was recently strolling through a cemetery I came across a grave-stone on which were the words quoted above. Here slept a soldier who had given his life in battle for the land of his birth. And then I thought of those infinitely greater sacrifices that had been made, and of those infinitely greater sufferings that had been endured, for our sin-ruined race. I thought of the great love that God had shown in giving for us his Son, and of the great love that the Son had shown in giving himself. Were that pierced body, which was crucified for us, buried in some earthly cemetery, and were some stone erected to mark the spot, upon it might appropriately be inscribed the words,

"DIED FOR THE WORLD."

And as the writer and reader of these lines might stand by and read the inscription, we might each of us make the matter personal, and with the great apostle say, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."

It is an affecting thought that the Son of God "tasted death," and the death of the cross, "for every man," and so for you and for me. And for such love, who can measure the depth of gratitude that we owe him? Well may we each and all of us say:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

FRANK'S LITTLE THOUGHT.

"I've a little thought, papa," said Frank Warren the other day.

"Well, my son, tell it to me," said his father.

"It is this, papa:

"Troubles come to women,
Troubles come to men,
Troubles come to children.
Amen."

Frank's papa smiled; but he told the little boy that his thought was good and true. "But," said he, "now let me give you another to go with it:"

"Whenever you have troubles
Or trials by the way,
Go tell them to Jesus,
And don't forget to pray."



TELLING STORIES.

HERE are Alice and Lou and Maud, sitting on the door-step, telling stories. Lou is telling the story that her mamma read to her from her Sunday-school library. Mamma read the story to Lou, because there were so many hard words in it that Lou could not read it herself. And whenever mamma came to a hard word Lou would say, "What does it mean, mamma?" and her mamma would tell her, and she remembered, and thus she learnt a great many words. She was not like some children, who read and pass over the words they do not know without finding out the meaning of them.

"MAKING TRACKS FOR SISTER."

JANUARY sent "all sorts of weather," of the severe kind, to our states. Even the sunny South was frozen up. A missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in North Carolina, on his way to an afternoon meeting, came up to a small boy who was working his way through a snow drift on a mountain side. The heroism of this little fellow warmed up the zeal of the missionary as the boy waved his hand down the rugged slope towards a little girl, saying, "I'm making tracks for sister to step in, so she can get to the school-house. Yonder she comes singing. Don't you hear her?"

Yes, indeed! the sweet Sabbath song could be distinctly heard, and on reaching the school-house the missionary joined with Susie, Sammy and others in singing, "Nearer, my God, to thee."



GREEDY TOMMY.

GREEDY little Tommy,
Sitting on the floor,
With a piece of pound-cake,
Nicely frosted o'er;
With both hands he grabs it,
Eats it all alone,
Like a little puppy
Gnawing at a bone.

Fatty little Carlo,
Sitting by his side,
Wondering if Tommy
Is going to divide:
No! you see there might not
Be enough for two,
So little dogs must watch and wait
Till little boys get through.

DO JUST AS MOTHER SAYS.

WILL did love to help his mamma dearly. When she was cleaning house, he said to her, one morning, "Now, mamma, I want to help you all day. I can do a great many things."

"You will help mamma very much," said Mrs. Lee, "by minding little sister this morning."

So Willie took Mabel out on the grass and played with her awhile. Then he went and got a scrub-broom and brush and a pail of water, and began to clean the front walk. While he was busy, Mabel came and pulled the pail of water over her clean dress, and mamma had to stop and dress her all over again. Little boys help mamma most by doing just what she tells them to do,

MIND AT ONCE

"COME, Annie," said Mrs. Smith, "button your shoes at once and be ready for breakfast," but Annie paid no attention to what her mother said, and continued looking out of the window.

I am sorry to say that this bad habit of not minding at once when spoken to was becoming very noticeable in little Annie, and her mother resolved that it should be overcome. Consequently she said no more, but went on with preparations for breakfast. Soon the meal was ready, and the family commenced taking their places. Annie noticed this and started for her place also, but her mother quietly told her that as she had not obeyed her and buttoned her shoes at once, she might take the time to do so while

the others were eating.

Annie felt very bad, for she dearly loved to eat with her papa; but she soon found that crying did no good, and concluded next time it would be better to mind her mamma at once.

This lesson lasted for some time, but finally the old habit got the better of her again. She was playing in the yard with Rover when her mother called her to come and have her hair combed and her clothes changed.

"Well!" responded Annie, but she was having such a good time she did not want to stop until she had one more race with Rover to the gate across the field.

When she entered the house she was surprised to find her mother dressed for a visit to her aunt, which they were to take that afternoon, but which in the excitement of play she had forgotten about.

Of course she wanted to go, too, but there was only just time to meet the train, so she had all the afternoon to repent her folly, and I am glad to say that she asked God to help her leave off that naughty habit, and that afterwards her mother seldom had occasion to punish her for it.—

Child's Paper.

SAID one little child to another. "Don't ever tell a lie, because God will know it, and he will write it down in his book, and then he will read it out before everybody." But I think we ought to feel sorriest of all because God himself will know it—don't you?

GIVING FLOWERS

A LADY went into a hospital one day to carry flowers, and with each little nosegay she gave a text from the Bible, printed on a pretty card or written on a slip of paper.

One little boy, who could just sit up in bed, clapped his hands as he saw the lady come in. "I have been watching for you," he said, and oh! how glad he was to get the flowers!

There was a young woman in that same hospital who was blind and deaf and dumb. "How can I reach her?" thought the lady, "eye-gate closed, ear-gate closed. Oh! there is one gate left" So, looking through her basket for the most fragrant bunch of roses she could find, she held it close to the sick girl's face. A smile of pleasure and surprise lighted up the poor creature's face.

"How can I make her understand the text?" was the next thought of the lady. And how do you think she did? She took the sick girl's hand, and on the back of it, with her own fingers, she slowly wrote the words, "Looking unto Jesus."

The pale face again lighted up with one of the sweetest smiles; and she pressed the lady's hand to show that she understood and was made very happy by the flower and the verse.—*Morning Light.*

WHAT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL DID FOR HIM.

A LITTLE boy was hurt at a spinning-mill in Dundee, and after being taken home he lingered for some time and then died.

I was in the mill when his mother came to tell that her little boy was gone. I asked her how he died. "He was singing all the time," she said.

"Tell me what he was singing," I asked. "He was singing:

'Oh the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain has ris'n again,
And intercedes for me.'

"You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said with tears in her eyes.

"Had you a minister to see him?" I asked.

"No."

"Had you no one to pray with him?"

"No."

"Why was that?" I inquired.

"Oh, we have not gone to any church for several years," she replied, holding down her head. "But you know he attended the Sunday-school and learned hymns there and he sang them to the last."

Poor little fellow! he could believe in Jesus, and love him through these precious hymns, and die resting "safe on his gently breast," forever.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things,
They are sweet, like the bee's fresh honey,
Like the bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sun-
shine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchal-
lenged,
If their errand is true and kind,
If they come to support the weak,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter revengeful spirit
Prompt the words let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like
lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal:
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—Baptist Weekly.

TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MARY HAY EARLE.

"Oh! oh! look at that spot!" exclaimed
papa.

"Just where it can be seen most dis-
tinctly!" cried Alice.

"It is too bad!" scolded Jack.

"I am very sorry," said mamma.

"How did it get there!" asked Aunt
Emily.

It was a great grease-spot on the parlour
paper that had called forth all these ex-
clamations; and this is the way it got
there.

A few young folks had been spending the
evening with the children. Bob Grant had
his hair cut just before coming, and,
without thinking, he had carelessly leaned
his head against the wall as he sat upon the
sofa.

Bob was a real little gentleman, and
would have been mortified had he known
what an unsightly mark his shining locks
had made, besides, too, the trouble he had
caused his friends in trying to clean it.

Benzine removed the grease, after re-
peated rubbing with a soft cloth, but left a
light mark of its own, which would not
come off.

And here let me whisper to the little

folks a few things to remember when they
visit their young friends:

First—If your shoes are muddy clean
them before going into the house.

When you are seated, do not scratch on
the furniture with your finger-nails, or a
pin, or rest your knees on the chairs, or two
of you crowd into the rocking-chair.

Do not pull at the tassels or fringes of the
furniture or curtains.

If cushions are on the sofas, do not make
foot-balls of them.

Never tip back your chair, or put your
feet on the rounds.

Don't handle the cards in the basket,
unless you are asked to look at them.

Do not throw anything on the floor, and
—never lean your head against the wall.—

The Lutheran Observer.

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

WHEREVER you go in China little children
swarm about you like bees. Many of them
are very pretty. They are peculiarly timid,
because they are trained to believe in
ghosts and spirits, which they feed some-
times, and at other times frighten away by
letting off crackers. They are very curious
to see foreigners, and yet run to hide from
them. They suffer, some more and some
less, from the heat and from the bites
of mosquitoes. Some, too, have very painful
diseases—their heads covered over with
boils, which show the more when their
heads are shaven. The filth and dirt in
which they are often left is very distressing.
They have not much to cheer them; so they
get some little toys, made of paper and
mud, to imitate lions, tigers, cats, cocks and
hens, with nodding heads and tails. They
easily break. But God has not forsaken
these poor little children. Through you he
sends to some of them the Gospel, and they
are learning of Jesus, who loves little
children, and who says, "I love them that
love me, and those that seek me early shall
find me."

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE other day I saw a little girl, not
grandly dressed, with a very old, worn-out
dolly, walking along a dirty road, and I
heard the child say, "No! dolly mustn't
walk, she'll get her feet so wet." And I
once saw a well-dressed, grown-up woman
giving a little baby in her arms some gin
out of a bottle, saying, "There, you young
varmint, that'll keep you quiet," and soon
after that little baby went off into a drunken
sleep. Why! was not that mother worse
than a brute? Was there not far more
motherly care and tenderness with the little

girl and her doll than with that grown
woman and her living, loving baby? The
one picture was so beautiful that it made
me glad and happy as I went along life's
journey; the other so sad and wicked that
it made my heart ache and my blood boil.

WHAT I LOVE.

BEFORE all causes, East or West,
I love the temperance cause the best;
I love its cheerful greetings;
I love the tales the speakers tell,
The songs we sing while echoes swell
At our cold-water meetings.

Before all laws, or East or West,
I count the law of love the best;
Its accents mildly spoken
Will harmless make the poisoned bowl,
Bind up the wounded, and control
The heart that's almost broken.

Before all people, East or West,
I love the temperance men the best—
I love their noble spirit!
In generous deeds, not words, they deal;
They have at heart the poor man's weal;
All praise their efforts merit.

To all the world I give my hand—
My heart is with that noble band,
Cold-water army brothers.
God speed and prosper every plan
That strives to bless poor sinful man,
But this above all others.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is a very touching little story told
of a poor woman with two children, who
had not a bed for them to lie upon, and
scarcely any clothes to cover them. In the
depth of winter they were nearly frozen;
and the mother took the door of a cellar off
its hinges and set it up before the corner
where they had crouched down to sleep,
that some of the draught and cold might be
kept from them. One of the children whis-
pered to her, when she complained of how
badly off they were, "Mother, what do
those dear little children do who have no
cellar-door to put up in front of them?"

Even there, you see, the little heart found
cause for thankfulness.

YOU HAVE A PART.

"I CAN do nothing to make my home
happy," said a little girl. But stop! Did
you ever look into the inside of a watch?
There you saw some very tiny wheels, as
well as large ones. But what would happen
if these little wheels were taken out? The
watch would be of no use to keep time.
So also you have a great part to do in
making a good home, if you are very small,