

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		

Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

[No. 25.



THE PLAYMATES.

BRING YOURSELF.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home his little

daughter, walking beside him, said, "I like that sermon so much!" "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came

over her face as she replied, "I think, papa that I will just bring myself to him." Her father thought that would do well for a beginning.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

LAST Christmas morning golden
Of these one of the least
Was glad in the light of heaven
As it came from over the East.

"How good every one is growing!"—
Said she with a loving kiss;—
"How happy, cheery, joyous!
Will it always be like this?"

We aided hope with a blessing
And strove with a New Year zest;
But frost fell down, and the summer
Was covered with leaves like the rest.

But her wish is theme for a chorus
To extend the season of bliss:
Old world! whirl on in thy current
And be forever like this!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly.....	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100.....	0 50
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours. Issued to alternate with Home and School. Same size and price.....	
Berean Leaves, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12

Address— WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

WHAT a familiar thing the snow is, and in the winter-time it is so common that we hardly think about it; yet this substance is one of the most wonderful and beautiful things in the whole world.

When found in a very still atmosphere, it takes the shape of the lovely and curious figures seen in pictures. It forms small six-rayed stars, varying in infinite shapes—never two alike. Think what a variety, when you remember the countless snow-flakes!

Only God can number them, every one, and give them these forms of beauty.

How wondrously he works! "Marvellous things doeth he, which we cannot understand." Power, beauty, order and endless variety mark his skilful handiwork. He never repeats himself, either in snow-

flake or forest-leaf, tinting, shaping, polishing the most minute and insignificant things.

Let us find in him our Father and Friend to whom we can carry every thought and life-plan, and whom we shall delight to acknowledge in all our ways.

GOD'S LIFE-BOOK.

WILLIE was a bright, lively boy, six years of age. His mother was reading to him about the Lamb's Book of Life, which St. John tells us of in the Revelation. Mamma told him that the Lamb is Jesus Christ, and that he keeps the names of all who give their heart to him, so that on the judgment-day, when the books are opened, not one of those who love Jesus will find his name forgotten.

"Mamma," said Willie, "how do people get their names put in the Life-book?"

"By asking Jesus to write them there," was the reply. Then mamma said, "Willie, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?" Willie's eyes grew very earnest as he said—

"No, mamma; but 'twill be to-night."

Willie was sometimes a thoughtless little boy, and his mother feared he would soon forget his Sabbath lesson; but at night, when he knelt with his little brothers by the bedside, the first words of Willie's prayer were, "O God, won't you please to put my name into your Life-book?"

Do you not think Jesus loved to hear this prayer? And when the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened, shall we not be sure to find Willie's name? I hope he tries every day to live as a child should whose name Jesus is keeping with such tender love.

Dear children, if your names are not written in the Book of Life, remember that the Bible says that "whoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

Go now, like Willie, and ask the Saviour to make you his children. We know he is gathering child-names for the precious book, for he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LOOK AT HOME.

"NED, I'm ashamed of you," said Silver, the white cow. "Really, with that clog on your leg, I wonder you attempt to mix with respectable people."

"Your servant, ma'am," answered the donkey. "I don't see that I am to be blamed for it, seeing that I did not put it on myself."

"No, you were not likely to do that, if you hadn't taken to opening the gates with your nose, and wandering off, nobody knew where, so that you could never be found when you were wanted, the master wouldn't have fettered you. You needn't look me so boldly; it's a disgrace, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said Ned, looking steadfastly at the knobs on the end of Silver's horns; "but I was so taken with looking at those things which the master put on your horns the day you broke down the hedge, and tried to toss the dog, that I did not quite hear you. Please say it again."

THE CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

THE Christ-Child lay in the manger,
The angels sang above,
And the wise men came to worship,
Bringing their gifts of love.

But how shall the children serve him,
As did those men of old?
Small gifts of myrrh or spices
Their little hands may hold.

But better than breath of incense,
Or gold that may grow dim,
Are the loving hearts of the children
They bring as gifts to him.

FUN AND HAPPINESS.

"OH, what fun!" cried the White children one winter morning as they looked out of the window. "It snows! it snows!"

As soon as breakfast was over the children started out for the fun. They had plenty of warm clothes, had eaten a nice breakfast of brown bread and milk, and were all ready to have a good time. Fun they were after, and fun they had.

Down the road little Johnny Green started out for something besides fun that Saturday morning. He was as glad as could be to get out of the snow, "For now, mother," he says, "I can earn some money. I'll buy some 'tate for dinner, and we'll have a nice dinner for once, wont we? May I get a quarter of a pound of butter, mother? a half a quarter so we can have a real feast. And I'll get some tea and sugar for you."

"No sugar, Johnny, only tea. We'll have the butter instead of the sugar to-day."

"O mother! you can't put butter in your tea; of course you can't. You must have some sugar. Just for once we'll have both good mother. Hurrah! here I go!"

Johnny worked hard until noon, and came home with half a dollar in his pocket, and four bundles in his hands, as happy as a bird.

Which is better, the happiness of Johnny Green or the fun of the little Whites?

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of Grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

PICKING DAISIES.

ETHEL never seems more happy than
when she is out in the meadow picking
daisies. Out she scampers after breakfast,
and soon comes in, her hat off and her hair
flying, with a big bunch "for mamma to
use."

Mamma makes little girls of them. She
takes her pen and marks nose, eyes, mouth
and bangs on the yellow centre, and with
her scissors trims off a part of the white,
ray-like petals, and the flower is changed
into the likeness of a little girl with a
faint white hat on her head. Each one
has a different expression, and Ethel names
them, and says she can tell them apart.
They are not sisters, but little friends who
have come to see her; they are her "party."
She puts them in a vase of water and they
keep fresh ever so many days. She enjoys
her "daisy parties" very much.

"I love daisies," says she.

"So do I," says mamma.

"I like them 'cause they don't wilt like
other flowers," says Ethel. "They keep
fresh almost a week. See Anna and Carrie

and Belle, mamma, how smiling they look
still. I picked them, and all that party,
last Thursday."

"I like them because they set us such a
good example," said mamma. "In the
field they always turn their faces to the
sun. If you go out in the morning they
are watching the sun come up from the
east; at noon they hold their heads straight
up; and in the afternoon they are looking
west where the sun is going down. Dear
little daisies, they always follow the sun."

"You said something about 'xample,
mamma."

"Oh, yes, that is just what we should
do, always turn to the Sun. Who is the
Sun, Ethel?"

"The Lord God is a Sun and Shield,"
repeated Ethel slowly. It was her morning
text.

"Yes; we must keep looking with our
hearts to the Lord, to Jesus. His sunshine
will fall on us, and we shall be always fresh
and bright as the daisies are."

REX'S MASTER.

REX and Totty had been playing with the
Noah's Ark. The animals had been out
for an airing, marching in a procession, as
Rex had seen them do when the circus
came to town.

When they were all safely back in the
ark, Rex said that he would build the
Tower of Babel. So he began, but before
the tower was very high he found it lean-
ing to one side, and in another moment
down it came.

Totty clapped his hands and laughed
with delight, but Rex did not laugh. His
cheeks grew red and an angry little sparkle
came into his eyes.

"Stop laughing, Totty!" he said, crossly;
"it's mean of you to laugh. Now, don't
stir while I build it up again."

So Totty stood watching, his hands
clasped tightly about his leather ball,
scarcely daring to breathe lest the tower
should fall. Block after block was care-
fully set in its place. Totty looked on,
catching his breath in little gasps of excite-
ment. Now only six blocks remained—
five—four—three. Totty leaned farther
forward, quite forgetting the ball in his
hands; down it dropped against the foot of
the tower, and then rolled quietly away
behind Totty. But the damage was done.
Crash! down came the tower, and lay in
ruins on the floor.

With a cry of rage Rex flung himself on
his back and lay there screaming, while
poor Totty stood gazing with a frightened
face at naughty Rex.

Just at that moment the nursery door
opened and mamma came into the room.
"Again? oh, Rex!" she said, but in such a
low, sad voice that Rex was quiet in a
moment, and Totty, running to her, buried
his frightened little face in her lap and
began to sob.

Rex lay still on the floor. The room was
very quiet. The clock ticked on and on,
and at last, getting slowly to his feet, Rex
went to his mother's side, and stood there,
looking, oh, so ashamed!

"He has gone, mamma," he said. Rex
called his temper "he."

"Yes, Rex, gone this time; but, oh, my
little boy, when will you learn that if you
do not master that naughty temper it will
surely master you, and you will become its
slave?"

"Slave!" exclaimed Rex. "Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, slave, Rex."

For a moment Rex did not speak. Then
he said, and as though he meant it, "I
won't be his slave, mamma."

Many were the hard battles they had,
those two—Rex and his temper. But the
thought of a free American boy becoming
anybody's slave always helped Rex, and
by-and-by the fight was not so hard, and
the temper, discouraged and beaten, slunk
sulkily away.

SACRED MONEY.

SOME years ago a gentleman heard two
children talking about their "sacred money."
On inquiring what they meant, he found
that they faithfully set apart a tenth of all
money that came into their hands, using it
for Christian work. They often gave more
to this fund, never less. Their father said
they had themselves invented the expres-
sion "sacred money."

Many children might copy this good ex-
ample, and so have a little fund ready to
draw on when they want to help in sending
the gospel to the heathen, or to give Christ-
mas presents to a mission school. How
many of you will try the plan, little friends,
and so gain for yourselves also a blessing
from him who sends you all the money
you have?

AN ODD BANK.

TOT has a little tin bank. She puts
every penny she has into it. She talks a
great deal about her bank, and some one
told her of a bird bank the other day. The
bird is a woodpecker. He makes holes in
pine trees and stuffs acorns in them. He
does not eat the acorns, but he waits until
the worms begin to eat them in the winter,
and then he eats the worms.



A STORY

WONDERFUL LOVE.

His love to me was wonderful,
That love of my dear Lord's;
So high, so long, so broad, so deep,
It passeth human words.

It came so freely from his heart,
Unsought and undesired;
I only knew that I was lost,
And, oh! I felt so tired!

He knew exactly all my need,
And all my years of sin,
But yet he opened wide his arms
To take the wanderer in.

His love to me is wonderful;
For Jesus loves me still,
Though even now at times I know
I fail to do his will.

His love will be most wonderful,
When life itself is o'er,
And I, a pensioner on grace,
Shall stand at heaven's door.

And Jesus bids me welcome there,
And tells me I may be
A member of his royal home
For all eternity!

THE GOOD SISTER.

EVERYBODY says that Susan is such a good sister. Shall I tell you why? It is because she is kind and helpful to her brothers and sisters, and always ready to put aside her own pleasure to gratify them in anything reasonable. She encourages them to give her their confidence, and if they want to know anything they will say: "Ask Sue; she knows;" and as Sue takes pains to answer them or find out their needs, their faith in her is unbounded.

Even if she is very busy, or reading a favourite book, she does not send them from her with a harsh "Go away and don't bother me," but she quietly lays aside whatever she is doing and attends to them.

A friend once said to her mother: "You have a very unusual daughter." Her mother laughed fondly, as she said: "Sue would be more surprised than any one else to hear that; she never thinks of being any other way."

I am glad to say that I know a number of sisters like Sue. How is it with you? Are you kind

and thoughtful toward those about you, or are you selfish and disobliging?

It is sad to see an older sister not loved by those who are younger. It is her own fault if she is not; and these same remarks may apply to older brothers and boys as well.

SNOWBALLING.

M. K. H.

I DARE say that there are boys and girls in the city of New York who have no idea what a beautiful sight it is to see everything covered with the white, fleecy mantle, especially those who live away down-town or in some parts of the east side. Who could imagine that the black, gritty mass that is ground up by car wheels and cart wheels and crushed beneath the feet of men and horses, is the same pure, white, glittering substance that elsewhere covers up and even beautifies all rough places? And just here is a moral which I will leave you, my reader, to find out for yourself.

I agree with my young readers that snowballing is great fun if carried on in the right spirit. I have know boys who turned their snowballs into iceballs by wetting and freezing them, making them like stones. Now, when anything gives pain or hurts in any way another, either mentally or physi-



WITHOUT WORDS.

cally (those are large words but I think you know what they mean), it ceases to be fun. Nothing that causes pain in any way is ever funny or amusing. Neither is it excusable. Of course the readers of HAPPY DAYS do not do such things, but they may know, as I have known, some boys and girls, yes, and grown people, too, who do, and I want to show them how much wrong it is.

Have just as good times as you can, my readers, with your companions, but do nothing to hurt either their bodies or their feelings. Remember the "golden rule."

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy when suddenly toward night the clouds broke and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out,—

"Look, O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? Tell me."

"By looking happy and smiling on us every day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good—that's all."