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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1888.

[No. 2.]

THE CRIPPLE

Poor girl! while others are running about at pleasure—jumping and romping, as if all life was made up of fun and frolic—she has to sit still, or hobble slowly and painfully about on crutches! We feel sorry for her. What a meek and gentle expression in her face! You can also see signs of suffering—the marks of pain in the placid, quiet countenance. We hope everybody is kind to her, and that all her young friends are considerate enough to do all they can to make her happy.

—:—

PUSSY.

Did you ever think why we call the cat "puss?"

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many

idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed just as the moon changes,



THE CRIPPLE.

which is sometimes full and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change?

cross, peevish way. Don't fret and grumble and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

So these people made an idol with the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the "face of the moon"

That word has been changed to "pas" or "pus," and has come at last to be "puss," the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussycat are pet names for Kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

—:—

HOW TO OBEY.

Do it at once. Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part. Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly,

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1888.

OUR HAND IN CHRIST'S.

A LITTLE girl lay on her dying bed. She had been suffering from a sad and painful disease. The doctors had tried all they could to cure her, but in vain. They had given her up. They could do no more for her. Not long before, this dear child's step had been as light, her face as bright, and her heart as joyous as those of any of her companions. But now her body was racked with pain, death was laying his cold hand upon her, and she was soon to enter into eternity.

Her loving father sat by her bedside, watching the look of pain on the pale face of his suffering child.

"Nannie, dear," he said, with quivering lip, and his eyes filled with tears, "do you feel sad at the thought of dying?"

"No, dear papa," she replied, as a sweet smile lighted up her dying face; "my hand

is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

How beautiful this was! And how tender and loving it was in Jesus to come near in this way to the dear child when she was dying, and take all her fear away by making her feel as if he was holding her hand in his, and would not let it go.

And thus we have spoken of the three things in Jesus which make him such a wonderful Saviour. He has great power, great willingness, and great tenderness. And it was because the angel Gabriel knew he had these great things that he said to Joseph, his reputed father, before he was born, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

LET ME HELP YOU.

"I SHALL never do my sum," sighed little Nellie; and tears fell fast on her slate. "I am sure I never shall; I do not know the way."

"What is the matter, Nellie?" said her school-fellow Emma, kissing her. "Don't cry; let me help you."

Nellie soon saw how the sum was to be done, and began working in earnest. In a few minutes the slate presented quite a different appearance; as did also Nellie's face, which was now covered with smiles.

This was not much for Emma to do, and yet she felt an inward pleasure, for she had made a heart glad. If we wish to be happy, we must try to make others happy also, and, as the Apostle Paul says, "be kind to one another."

DAISY'S TALKING DOLLS.

"DING-A-LING-A-LING; school has begun, and any doll who doesn't sit up without tumbling down will be put to bed at once."

So said Miss Daisy, as she sat with her five dolls ranged along the back of the sofa.

"Now," she continued, "this is a primer, and a beautiful one with pictures, too. Old Susanna, please spell cat."

"D-o-g, cat," replied a voice. Daisy looked astonished. She looked all around the room, but no one was in sight.

"Old Susanna, did you just speak, really and truly?" said Daisy, with her blue eyes getting pretty big.

"Yes, marm," said a low voice.

"Miss Hop-o-my-Thumb, you please spell dog."

"C-a-t, dog," said a very small voice in a very high key, and then all the dolls began talking at the same time and dancing up and down on the sofa until they all tumbled over on their heads and began to groan very sadly.

"O, what is the matter with my dolls?" cried Daisy, really alarmed.

"We want candy—all you've got," said a very small voice.

"I've only a little bit of cough candy," said Daisy.

"All right; just put it under the sofa, and old Susanna will reach over the back and get it."

So Daisy put her hand under the sofa and the candy was taken out; but old Susanna didn't stir a finger, yet the candy was gone, and somebody said:

"That's good candy?"

It was Daisy's brother Jim under the sofa all the time. He had made believe that the dolls spoke, when he did it all himself, and he kicked the bottom of the sofa to make them tumble over; and then he did the groaning, too. Nasty brother Jim.—*Christian at Work.*

JOY OVER THE SAVED.

A GENTLEMAN was once travelling down the Ohio river in a steamboat. He was acquainted with the captain of the boat. As they were talking together one day, the captain pointed to the pilot, who was standing by the wheel.

"That pilot," said the captain, "is a remarkably brave, good fellow. Some weeks ago, he asked me to take the helm. I did so, and he jumped overboard to save the life of a boy, whom he saw struggling in the water. He did it at the risk of his own life. But he saved the boy."

"I went up to the brave man," said this gentleman, "to have a little talk with him."

"Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; every trip that we make he comes down to see me."

"And how do you feel towards him when you see him?"

"More than I can tell you," cried he. "I feel a deeper interest in that boy than even in any of my own seven children at home, for whom I never ran such risk."

This gives us a beautiful illustration of what Jesus meant, when he said that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons, like the angels, that need no repentance. And so, wonderful as it appears, it is yet true that when we are trying to serve Jesus, and take him as our Saviour, he feels a more tender interest in us than he does in any of the angels of heaven. And the reason is that he died for us; but he never died for the angels.



THE DOLL'S TEA PARTY.

FLORA and Ella are having a party for their dolls. Flora's doll is called Maria, and Ella's is Lucy. There they sit like two little ladies with their dolls in their arms. Flora says to Ella's doll, "Will you have some tea, Lucy?" and Ella answers for her, "Yes, if you please." Thus they talk, and have a good time. After awhile they will undress their dollies, and put them to bed.

Flora has a very pretty little doll's house, with tiny little chairs and tables in it, and a pretty little mantelpiece. Ella has no doll's house, for she is poor and cannot afford one, so Flora often asks her little friend over, and they play together, as you see them in the picture.

Last Christmas Flora's big bother made her a pretty set of furniture, with a scroll saw, for the doll's house, but they are nearly all broken now, for her little brother Fred got at the house one day and broke them. But the girls don't mind that, for Fred is only a baby and does not know any better.

THE SERPENT'S APPETITE.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain king once suffered the evil one to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprung therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king endeavoured to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found to his horror that they had become part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass he may fancy he can cast it off. But, alas! too soon he finds that the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his hand. The poet Burns said that if a barrel

of rum were placed in one corner of a room, and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpents that sprung from it were just as deadly for all that.

Oh, be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get hold of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake it off.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HE CARRIES THEM UP THE HILL.

SOME children had once been committing to memory the twenty-third Psalm,—that beautiful psalm in which David speaks of God as his shepherd. After they had learned their lesson, they went on talking about what Jesus, the Good Shepherd, does for his sheep and lambs.

"He guides them," said one of the children, "and feeds them, and drives away the bears and lions from them."

"Yes," said the smallest child among them; and "*He carries them up the hills.*" This is true; and it shows us how great the tenderness of Jesus is. I suppose this dear child was thinking of that sweet passage in which the prophet Isaiah, when speaking of Jesus, said: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: He shall *gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom*" (Isaiah xl 2).

SOME TREE-TOP BABIES IN INDIA.

"WHEN the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come hush-a-by baby and all"

Always in the top of a tall cocoanut tree was a little cradle, and in it, cuddled up close together, were five little black babies. One day the big black mother went away for food, never thinking that anything could hurt her babies, so far above the ground and out of everybody's reach. But something *did* hurt them, and the mother never saw her babies again. The cocoanut tree was in the garden of little Rosie's home in Madras. When they built the new chapel, the tree was so near to the walls that the masons said it must be cut down. So one morning papa took his axe and went out to cut down the big tree. Rose stood on the veranda watching him.

After papa had cut for a long time, the men tied a rope round a tree, and pulled

and pulled until it fell with such a crash that it made Rose jump

No one knew anything about the little black babies and their cradle until one of the Telugu women found them lying on the ground. She brought them to the "dora," as they called Rose's papa. He was very sorry that the poor little babies were killed, and I think the mother must have been very sorry too. I am sure she loved her babies, even though they were only five little black crows.—*LittleHelpers*

I BELONG TO JESUS.

I BELONG to Jesus. I must never go
In the way of sinners, well enough I know;
Wicked men shall be as chaff before the
wind;

They may boast of joys, but sad shall be
their end.

I belong to Jesus. I must never dare
Go where Satan spreads allurements bright
and fair,
Lest I fall a victim to the tempter's wiles,
To the voice of flattery, the deceiver's
smiles.

I belong to Jesus. I must never think
I can take the wine-cup even once to drink.
If I taste the poison I shall taste again,
And the deadly habit bind me like a chain.

I belong to Jesus. I must bravely flee
Every youthful folly, so I may be free,
Free to serve the Lord with earnest heart
and hand,
Listening to his counsel, following his com-
mand.

I belong to Jesus. I must serve him well,
For I would in heaven with him come to
dwell;
Others may the broad road choose and walk
therein,
As for me, I purpose heavenly joys to win.

CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers we should put in the wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith, and obedience. He said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

TO-MORROW is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.



IN MISCHIEF.

JESUS HELPED.

I've news to tell you, mother,
For I am head at school;
I have not missed a single word
Or broke a single rule.

Now, let me whisper, mother—
For I think I ought to tell—
'Twas Jesus helped me study
And keep the rules so well.

I asked him how to do it,
And you see he taught me how;
And I shall ask him always
To help me just as now.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

JENNIE missed her Kitty for quite a long while, and did not know where to find her. She called her through the house, and in the garden, but Kitty did not come running to her. After a while, Jennie was walking down by the brook, and what do you think she saw? There was Kitty with her paws in the water, trying to catch a fish. Kitty had been playing with the leaves until she was tired. Then she wandered off to the meadow, and so she became a little fisher-

man. Jennie took Kitty home, and when next she found her, she was asleep in papa's slipper.

IN MISCHIEF.

THIS little lassie has a somewhat guilty look, as if she felt she was doing something that was not exactly right. Bless her little heart! Let us hope it is not a valuable book she is tearing. We think, however, that any mamma would forgive a little girl who looks up in such a wistful, appealing way as this one. Blessings on the man who invented the untearable linen books with bright pictures, which so gladden the hours of the little folks, and make learning to read a perpetual delight instead of a tearful task. Children should learn, however, to take care of books, papers, their clothes, and everything they have. We hope the readers of the HAPPY DAYS will preserve it, as the numbers for a year will make a beautiful book.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

LITTLE Margie walked along under a tree and found two apples. She picked them up and hid them under her apron. "They are ripe, I know," she said. "They are yellow like gold, and red on one side."

"But if I let mamma see them she will say they are not ripe, and will not let me eat them. So I will not let her."

But as Margie was going off by herself she met her mamma, and I am glad to say that at the first sight of her dear face she changed her mind about hiding the apples.

"See what I have found, mamma," she said, showing the apples.

"How beautiful they are!" mamma said, looking at them. "Do you ever think, my little daughter, how long God has been getting them ready for your little hands to pick up?"

"How long, mamma?" asked Margie.

"I cannot tell exactly. But many years ago a little seed was put into the ground. At first only a leaf or two grew, then a twig, and the good Lord sent all his beautiful sunshine and summer wind and rain to help it on. Even the storms and the frost and the snow were all good for it. And so it grew to be a tree, and you could walk under its pleasant shade.

"Last spring you saw the lovely pink blossoms, and ever since the little green apples have been getting larger. And now the bright sunshine has finished it up for you by painting this beautiful red cheek upon it.

"I do not think it is quite ripe yet, dear, but you may ask Jane to bake it for you."

As Margie walked away she felt glad in her very heart that she had not tried to deceive such a kind mother and such a great loving Father in heaven.

PRAYER.

I HAVE heard of little children putting letters in the post-office directed to "Jesus," and asking him to help them. The post-office for sending messages to Jesus is Prayer. Prayer is more like telephoning to somebody out of sight, for the moment we whisper, "Jesus help me," he hears our call and sends the help we need. Although you cannot hear Jesus saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and although you cannot feel his hands upon your heads, don't forget the teachings of that beautiful hymn for the children,

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above."