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# Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

[No. 24

## THE PLAYMATES.

We often hear of people who are like cat and dog, that is, that they are all the time fighting. But the cat and dog in the picture seem to be very good friends, and to get on very well together. There are not many dogs who would let a cat take the liberties with it that this one does.

### "I CAN'T."

How often we hear children say, "I can't." When faced with a difficult lesson, they say, "I can't learn it," even before they try. Yet if you try hard, not by halves, but with all your might, whether you succeed or not, you will know that at least you have done your best. But don't begin at the outset by saying, "I can't."

Perhaps on a half-holiday, when you have that delicious book you want to finish, that hat to make for Friday, or that game of cricket on the green in prospect, if your mother asks you to mind the baby, or take Tommy for a walk, or help fold up the linen she is mending. She does not positively order you, or, of course, you would have to

obey at once; but she tells you her wishes, sometimes very reluctantly, for she does not like spoiling your half-holiday any more than you do losing it. You say, "I can't." Is that true?

"Well," you confess, "I suppose I could, if only —"



THE PLAYMATES.

pleasure if you would please him, and none who thus serve him ever lose their reward.

Think of the great Apostle Paul. He never said, "I can't." He said he could do all things through Christ who strengthened him. Yes, through Christ you can do many things you thought you never could do. He gives power to be self-denying, patient, faithful in little things. He can give you strength when you have done wrong to confess it, and when you have injured another to make it up, and so beg the pardon of those you have offended—all difficult things to do alone, but to those who ask for the Holy Spirit's help, he will give strength, and you will soon find how real and great it is. And "I can't" will not be heard any more from you.

### A LITTLE CHILD'S FAITH.

A SWEET little girl of three years was very much alarmed at thunder and lightning. One day her mamma laid her in her crib for a nap, and soon after a

thunder shower came up. Only you don't like giving up your half-holiday, you don't like denying yourself. Well, I do not say you like it, but if you are really trying to follow the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, you will remember that he pleased not himself, and you must exercise self-denial and give up your own

Knowing the fears of her little one, she looked into the room, thinking she might be asleep. To her surprise she was awake; and when asked why she did not call mamma, replied, "Jesus could take care of me; and that's better than all the folks." What a lesson of trust was this! Might not children of an older growth profit by it?

JESUS.

CHILDREN, can you tell me why  
Jesus left his home on high?  
Left the glorious angels there  
For this world of tears and care?  
Left his Father's glorious face  
For this dark and sinful place?  
Tell me, children, tell me why  
Jesus came to bleed and die.

"O it was for us he came,  
And endured the cross and shame;  
'Twas for us the thorns he wore,  
'Twas for us the cross he bore,  
'Twas because he loved us so  
That he bore his dying woe;  
Yes, that each with sin defiled  
Might become a holy child."

Seek him, then, dear children, now;  
Low in prayer before him bow;  
Trust your precious souls to him—  
He can pardon all your sin;  
He can give you joy in dying,  
If in his dear arms you're lying.  
O dear children, this is why  
Jesus came to bleed and die.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

HOW WE SHOULD GIVE.

WHEN God gives us blessings, he does not mean us to be selfish with them. He is not pleased with us unless we share them with those around us. He says: "When I give you things so freely, you should give them just as freely to others."

Maybe you think if you have not money to give that you can't give anything. But that is not true. You can give kind words, and pleasant smiles, and loving deeds, and thoughtfulness. One day, a little boy wanted to help build a church. He had no money; but he said he would go every

day for a month, out of school hours, and help the workmen. He gave up all his play-time to help build the church. He was very careful not to get in their way; but he handed them tools, and held things, and did errands. Wasn't that helping to build God's house?

We can always give to Jesus loving hearts; and that is the best gift that anybody can give.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room, talking.

Said Sue: "I wish I had a new dress, all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself, too."

"Books, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny.

So all were telling what they wanted most. One girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly,

"I'd rather have a pure heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds; and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BOYS AND MEN.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men. Then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to be idle and fretful, and deceive people, and give them a bad opinion of you? Or do you intend to go to work, and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty, and leave a name behind you when you die which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time! Did you ever notice a large tree that grew crooked, and was an ugly eye-sore on that account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn, right in front of the porch, and your father would have liked very much to have straightened it. It was impossible to do so. A hundred horses could not have dragged it erect. And yet think of the time when the large tree was a small sapling. A child might have straightened it then, and it would have grown properly, and every one would have admired it. By this we mean that boys should grow straight, not crooked. You are young now, as the tree was once; begin in time,

and you will be as straight as an arrow when you are a man. If you wait, it will be too late. The way to make men brave and noble is to take them when they are boys, and show them that there is nothing in this world so noble as doing their duty. Once more, we say, remember that, though you are boys now, you will be men soon.

You may do good or evil. If you do false and worthless, you and everybody else will have a hard time of it. You may be soldiers, judges, statesmen, and presidents. What you say or do may decide the fate of millions of other people. These will look to you; and, more than all, God will watch you, and hold you to a strict account. If you are brave and true and unselfish, heaven will bless you, and every one who knows you will love and respect you. If you are mean and cowardly, and think of nothing but your own pleasure, God and man will be displeased with you. What will you be? The best of all things is to be pure and do your duty.

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

"PAPA, I got weighed at Uncle Will's. How heavy do you think I am?" asked Harry. "Give it up," said papa. "How heavy are you?" "I weigh forty-nine and a half pounds." "And I weigh thirty and a half pounds," chimed in his little brother. "So papa has eighty pounds of boys. Are you sure Uncle Will's scales were right? I once read of a king who thought himself very heavy. But when God weighed him in his scales he weighed nothing. Who can guess who this king is? What must we take with us in order to be light in weight?—Selected.

WELL TOLD.

DR. WILLIAM F. BROADBENT used to tell of a little girl who, in the days when the conversion of children was not the subject of as much prayer as now, applied for membership in a Baptist church.

"Were you a sinner," asked the deacon, "before this change of which you now speak?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Well, are you now a sinner?"

"Yes, sir; I feel I am a greater sinner than ever."

"Then," continued the deacon, "what change can there be in you?"

"I don't know how to explain it," she said; "but I used to be a sinner running after sin, and now I hope I am a sinner running from sin."

They received her, and for many years she was a bright and shining light, and lived where there is no sin to run from.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

THOU that once on mother's knee  
Went a little one like me,  
When I wake or go to bed  
Lay thy hands upon my head;  
Let me feel thee very near,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,  
Close by me through all the night,  
Make me gentle, kind, and true,  
Do what mother bids me do;  
Help and cheer me when I fret,  
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,  
Baby bright in manger-shade,  
With the oxen and the cows,  
And the lambs outside the house;  
Now thou art above the sky;  
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,  
Since thou art so far away;  
Thou my little prayer wilt hear,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,  
Thou that once on mother's knee  
Went a little one like me.

—Francis Turner Palgrave.

## A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said: "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones, which lie between us and the house?"

"O sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand the beautiful text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

"O yes, sir; and I never shall forget it while I live."

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.—*Dr. Todd.*

## TRUE AND OBEYMENT.

"CHARLIE! Charlie!" Clear and sweet the voice sounded over the common.

"That's my mother," cried one of the boys, and instantly throw down his hat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! have it out!" "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players in chorus.

"I must go—right off, this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they all cried.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and —"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him, he's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so!" said Charlie; "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his eyes. "I call it manly; and the boy who don't keep his word with her will never keep it with anyone else; you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie is now a prosperous business-man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say, "His word is as good as his bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."—*Selected.*

## A BRAVE BOY.

"I WON'T go," said Dick. "Then you are a coward!" cried the boys. "Yes; I am afraid to steal," said Dick. "Who says it is stealing?" they asked, angrily. "It is taking what is not yours; and that is stealing," said Dick. "You'll pay for calling us thieves!" said one of the biggest boys. And before Dick knew what he was going to do, the boy had knocked him down, and hurt his arm badly.

Dick's father was a doctor, who bandaged the poor arm very carefully; and all the

time he was doing it up, Dick did not say a word, although it hurt him very much indeed. Dick's mother was in the next room, sick in bed. When Doctor Father had finished, he said. "Why, you are a little man. You didn't cry a bit." "No, sir," said Dick. "I didn't want to make mother feel badly." "But how could you help it, Dick? for I know it hurt you," said Doctor Father. "Why, I asked Jesus to help me bear the pain, and kept my mouth shut."

Don't you think he was a good and a brave boy?

## MAKING BELIEVE

"MABEL, what was that I heard you say to Paul about a big bear in the closet?"

"Oh mamma!" answered Mabel, hanging her head, "I was only making believe. I didn't really mean there was any bear there."

"Can my little daughter tell me the difference between 'making believe,' as she calls it, and telling a falsehood?"

Mabel's head hung still lower, and her cheeks flushed. "Why—why—mamma, lying is real mean and wicked, but 'making believe' is only in fun, you know. You don't mean harm by it."

"But you meant Paul to believe it?"

"Yes, ma'm—just for a minute."

"And you knew it would frighten him; and fright to a baby—even for a minute—may mean a great deal of harm. Besides, how will your little brother know when to trust and believe you?"

"I'll never 'make believe' again, mamma, I see that it is as mean as lying."—*Our Children.*

## A CHILD'S IDEAS ON ASTRONOMY.

MARY, a little girl of six years, was out one evening in the company of her cousins, who were grown-up young ladies. A meteor shot across the sky, and they observed it, wondering at its origin and why it was allowed to wander at will. They had made a few remarks about it, when Mary, who had been noticing it particularly, said: "I will tell you all about it. It is a bad star—rotten, you know, and not worth anything—so the Lord has thrown it away, and will not keep it any longer with the rest."

The mother of the same little girl was telling her that some one had called the stars loop-holes through which God had allowed his glory to shine. Mary said: "O mamma, that cannot be, because then we should see them in the day-time as well as at night, for the glory of the Lord is much brighter than the sun, and they would shine out in the middle of the day."



TOMMY'S MONKEYS.

## THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

A LITTLE lamb one afternoon  
Had from the fold departed.  
The tender shepherd missed it soon,  
And sought it, broken-hearted.  
Not all the flock that shared his love  
Could from the search delay him,  
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,  
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way  
In sorrow till he found it;  
And when he saw it fainting lie,  
He clasped his arms around it.  
Then, safely folded to his breast,  
From every ill to save it,  
He brought it to his home of rest,  
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive  
The little ones who love him,  
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,  
And draw them gently near him.  
Blest while they live and when they die,  
When flesh and spirit sever—  
Conduct them to his home on high,  
To dwell with him for ever.

## "WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A LITTLE three-year-old girl stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath, watching for papa, who was at church. She soon spied him coming, and as he entered the door she raised her dark eyes and said: "Papa, what did Mr. Roberts preach about this morning?" Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus." "Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked. "Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus." The dark eye brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and talked about him to his congregation.

Do you, my dear child, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so; for it is a most

blest thought that every little girl and boy may have him for "their own" Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room in his heart for you.

## TOMMY'S MONKEYS.

TOMMY GILMAN was cabin-boy on Captain Potter's clipper-ship, the *Hotspur*. He got the captain's permission to bring four cunning little monkeys on board ship, once, when the *Hotspur* lay at anchor in the East Indies. And on the voyage home he tamed and trained them until they learned many cunning tricks.

Sometimes, as you may see in the picture, they played tricks upon Tommy. He went ashore one day when the *Hotspur* was at Rio Janeiro and brought back a fine lot of grapes and peaches. These, of course, were for the captain, but Tommy had his share; and when he had eaten what he wanted he strung up three or four bunches of grapes over his berth for safe-keeping. It was a warm afternoon, and there was nothing particular to do, so Tommy tumbled into his berth for a nap. And while he slept the monkeys came around and helped themselves to the fruit. When he waked up he found his grapes gone.

## FOR ME.

"MAMMA," asked little Annie, "did Jesus die for me?" "Yes, my dear. The dear Jesus died for little Annie, and for all the people in the world. He died that we might be saved from our sins, and go to heaven." "Why did Jesus die for us, mamma?" "Because he loved us, my dear. And we ought to love Jesus with all our hearts. I want my little Annie to love the dear Saviour, and obey all his commandments."

## A TRUE STORY.

"PAPA, can you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? Most all the Academy girls have theirs."

No, May; I can't spare the money."

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and being "hale fellow well met," invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual there were others there; and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid half a dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drink. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar, said "Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat."

"All right," says the dealer, and taking up the half dollar from the counter, handed it over to the girl, who departs smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop." And he kept his pledge.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

THERE is something to do,  
There is something to do,  
There is something for children to do.

Retta's voice rang out clear and sweet as she sang; but all that she was doing was to draw funny-looking men on a piece of paper. She was not even trying to do her best at that; if she had been, it would have been teaching her to draw; but it didn't do herself or anybody else any good to make such ugly-looking pictures. Still, she kept on singing.

Just then brother Tom came along. "Well, why don't you do something, then?" he asked. "What shall I do?" asked Retta. "Why, the 'something' you're singing about—whatever that is. Maybe mother could tell you."

Retta put away her paper and pencil, and asked mamma if she had anything for her to do. "Why, yes, dear," mamma replied. "It will help me a great deal if you will stand on a chair and put these dishes on the dresser shelf. Mamma is very tired this morning."

Then Retta went on with her song; and she thought it was a great deal prettier than before. Don't you think she was a great deal happier, too?