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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 22, 1887.

[No. 2.]



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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE BLIND MAN.

THE blind man sits by the highway-side;
His faithful dog, securely tied,
Holds the petition-basket up
For pennies passers-by may drop.

"Poor man!" says Sadie, "'tis too bad;
I have a penny, I'm so glad!"
But Annie didn't say a word;
She looked and looked, but never stirred.

A thought came to her loving mind
Of Jesus, who once cured the blind;
"If he would only come this way!"
The poor man heard the sweet voice say.

"Who? Could he help me?" quick he
cried.

"Jesus the Lord," the child replied;
"Once he made two poor blind men see."
"Oh would he come," he asked, "to me?"

"I'll tell you," said the little maid,
Who now seemed not a bit afraid:
"He'll come and make your heart-eyes see,
Poor man, and then you'll happy be.

"For he will be your faithful friend,
And all the good you need he'll send;
And then he'll take you, by-and-by,
Up to his blessed home on high."

Sadie was kind to give her mite
To buy the poor man bread at night;
But the sweet words that Annie said
Did him more good than meat or bread.

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat
everybody with politeness, even those who
are rude to you. For remember that you
show courtesy to others not because they
are gentlemen, but because you are one."

NELLIE'S CHICKENS.

NELLIE has fed her little chickens
so often that they know her very
well. Even the old mother, though
she made a great fuss at first when
she came near, has learned that she
does not want to hurt them, and
seems glad to see her come.

I wonder if Nellie ever thinks
about that One who wants little chil-
dren to run to him, just as these little
chickens will run to her; or rather
just as they run to their mother. He
came to the people in Jerusalem, and
wanted to save them. He said, "How
often would I have gathered you
under my wings, as a hen gathereth
her chickens." He meant that he
wanted to save them from the great
destroyer, Satan; to save them from
the wrath due for their sins; to keep
them from all evil, and to give them
great good. But they hated him;
they would not come to him that they
might have life; they even put him
to death on the cross.

Do you feel sorry when you see a little
chicken or a little lamb suffering? Don't
you want to help it right away?

Jesus is sorry to see us living in sin, and
he wants to save us from it. Will you not
come to him every day, that he may do this
for you?

"BUT I WANT TO."

THAT is what Alice Beldon always says
when she is told not to do anything. She
is a sweet, pretty little girl, but she is an
only child and is badly spoiled. When her
mamma says, "Come now, Alice, and learn
your lessons—do not swing any longer this
morning," Alice whines out, "But I want
to," and then her weak mother does not
say any more.

One day her nurse was with her by the
river-side, and Alice got into a little row-
boat that was there. "O Miss Alice!" said
the nurse, "you must not do that; I am
sure your mamma would not like it."

"But I want to," said Alice in a pet;
and she lifted one of the big oars and tried
to put it into the water. How frightened
she was when the little boat turned over,
and she felt herself going down into the
deep river! The foolish child would have
been drowned had not some men in the
field heard the cries of her nurse and
plunged into the water to save her.

I hope Alice will learn before long that
"But I want to" is not a good reason for
doing anything that it is not best to do.—
Our Lambs.



LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

MISSIONARY GIRLS.

O, WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery;
Such grace to mine be given.

O, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say;
Such grace to mine be given.

—The Little Missionary.

I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT.

LITTLE Henry had been very sick. When
he was slowly recovering, and just able to
be up and about the room, he was left alone
for a short time, when his sister came in
eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother
had told him he must eat nothing but what
she gave him, and that it would not be
safe for him to have what the other chil-
dren had, till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the cake
looked inviting; he wanted very much to
take a bite of it, and his kind sister would
gladly have given it to him. What did he
do?

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right
out of the room away from me with that
cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut while you
go, so that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a boy of
seven years to get out of temptation? I
think so. And when I heard of it, I
thought that there are a great many times,
when children, and grown-up people, too,
if they would remember little Henry's way,
would escape from sin and trouble.



THE NEW FIDDLE.

THE NEW FIDDLE.

LITTLE Tommy Tomkins had a present of a new fiddle at New Years. He could not play much, but he got great pleasure in trying too. His dog, Carlo, don't seem to like it very much—see how he yawns as if he were tired of it.

"BOB WHITE"

WHOSE voice is that that wakes me from sleep

As soon as the day begins to peep,
Now under the wall, now in the hay,
Now in the meadow piping away?

Why, that's "Bob White."

He seems as fond of his common name

As humans' who've attained to fame,
But he isn't conceited, not a mite,
Tho' he wakes us up before 'tis light,
To call "Bob White."

Our Robert has just two notes, that's all,

But many a bird might envy his call,
So rich and full, so joyous and free!
For a martin singer there's none to me

Like dear "Bob White."

Let me give you a warning, Robert, dear,

A man with a gun is drawing near,
He wants a quail to put on toast,
Or else a nice tid-bit for a roast,

Fly away, "Bob White."

Ha! ha! he's off! and the gun goes down;
You think yourself smart, my man from town,

But your toast will wait and your oven cool;

I know one bird who is not a fool,
And that's "Bob White."

THE POCKET-PIECE.

"I wish I had a thousand dollars," said Jennie Lee. "I could buy so many nice things then; and I would give something to the poor little lame girl who comes to school looking so pale and hungry."

"How much money have you, Jennie?" asked her mother.

"Only this silver dollar, mother," replied Jennie; "the one Aunt Kitty gave me last Christmas for a pocket-piece. I don't keep it in my pocket, though, for it is nicer in my pretty box. See, it is just as bright and new-looking as ever."

"But it has not grown, my daughter," said Mrs. Lee. "Money does not grow just as seeds do, but the people who own thousands of dollars have many ways of making them increase. We should all make the most of what God has given us, and even one dollar may buy something to make the little lame girl more comfortable. The Bible says: 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.'" (Prov. xi. 24)—*Exchange.*

NAUGHTY JIMMIE.

JIMMIE does not behave well in Sabbath-school. I will tell you what he does, and what he does not do. He crowds the boy who sits next to him, snatches his cap or book, pinches him when teacher is not looking, and whispers loudly every time he gets a chance. He does not listen to what the teacher says about the lesson; he does not sing or pray when the others do; he does not recite the Golden Text or Tiny

Text, and he does not learn much about God and good things. And all the time God is looking at Jimmie—*Our Children*

THE MANLY BOY.

WHAT is it makes a manly boy? It is not size or weight, for there are some large, heavy boys that are anything but manly. We saw one once—a big, burly fellow about fourteen years old, with fist like a small sledge-hammer, and a voice as loud almost as that of a mule. But we did not think he was very manly when we saw him pick up a small boy who was quietly playing with a little wooden waggon, and lift him above his head, while he screamed in his ear as loud as he could, and then set him down. The little fellow was pale with fright, and cried, the big fellow laughed aloud, and went his way, laughing as he went, and no doubt thinking he had done a very fine thing. But he was not manly.

Nor does the power to smoke cigars without getting sick make a manly boy. Some boys think so, we know. We have seen even small boys, nine or ten years old, pick up stumps of cigars which men have thrown into the gutter, and puff away at them, holding up the head and stalking along, as if to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, look at us. We are men, we are." But they are not men.

A manly boy is one who shows some good, manly qualities. We do not expect him to be as large as a man, as strong as a man, or as wise as a man; but he will be honest, truthful, and well-behaved. He will not be ashamed to have it known that he leaves both his father and his mother; nor will he be afraid of the ridicule which silly boys may heap upon him because of this love. They may call him "a baby," and say what they please about his being led by the mother's apron-strings.

THE TRUE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"Now for a grand time, coasting," said Tom Roydon, a day or two after New Year's, as he looked at the new sled that had been among his New Year's presents. So he took the sled, and started off for the hill where the other boys were having a fine time. That is, most of them were. Harry Grayham was there, but he was only looking on. He was a poor boy, and had no sled. After awhile, Harry turned sadly to go home; but Tom called him back, and told him he could use his sled for awhile. Then they "took turns," and both of them enjoyed it very much. The best way to be happy yourself, is to try to make other people happy.

TWO LITTLE PRAYERS.

[Two little prayers—one for morning and one for evening—which some of the children may like to learn and repeat, in addition to those they already know]

MORNING PRAYER.

May I this day my Lord obey,
Be true, obedient, kind and sweet,
Attend to what my parents say,
On errands run with willing feet.
I thank the Lord for happy rest,
I know he sends me what is best;
And if I sleep or if I wake,
I all things ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

Dear Lord, I pray thee round my home
To bid the watching angels come;
Take care of all I love to-night,
And guard us till the morning light,
Forgive thy little child for sin,
And make me clean and pure within;
And when I rest, and when I rise,
To Jesus let me lift my eyes.
This prayer I very humbly make,
And offer it for Jesus' sake.
Amen.
—Harper's Little People.

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

A VENERABLE clergyman of Virginia said lately: "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside the death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children in their mothers' and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my Church.

"I know her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigour. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have given.

"She succeeded, sending the boys to college and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious, in an agony of

grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried, 'You have been a good mother to us!'

"Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died, and she was gone!"

"How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.—*The Angelus.*

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

"NELLIE, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How then does he know?"

"He sees."

"Sees what?"

"Sees I am a Christian, sir."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then you think he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it;" and with a modest, happy boldness she was sure her father knew she was a Christian, because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ?

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"MOTHER," a little child once said; "Mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?" And the wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you will love me?" "Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now love you, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be?" The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and to my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her mother's neck. The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?" Then the child whispered, half guessing what her dear mother meant, "I can now, without growing any older." Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?" The child whispered, "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave unto Christ her little one who wanted to be his.

I DON'T CARE.

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am!" cried he; "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret, and hide it?"

Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Aunt Nell," and away he ran. I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet. Now, if any more of my little ones have such naughty things, I hope they will hide them too.

PREPARING FOR HEAVEN.

"MAMMA," said a little child, "my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live awhile, that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here; but I do not see anyone preparing to go there. Why don't they try to get ready?"

Reader, are you making any preparations?

A WISE little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly. "But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly. It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens. "Go and see if she hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly. "Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," she said; after the survey, the moon is covering up her children, and tucking them in."