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# Happy Days

**CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.**

O Lamb of God, once wounded,  
 With grief and pain weighed down,  
 Thy sacred head surrounded  
 With thorns, thine only crown:  
 O Lamb of God, what glory,  
 What bliss, till now was  
 thine;  
 Yet, though despised and  
 gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast  
 suffered  
 Was all for sinners' gain;  
 Mine, mine was the trans-  
 gression,  
 But thine the deadly  
 pain.  
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
 'Tis I deserve thy place;  
 Look on me with thy  
 favour,  
 Vouchsafe to me thy  
 grace.

What language shall I bor-  
 row  
 To praise thee, dearest  
 Friend,  
 For this thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 O make me thine forever;  
 And should I fainting  
 be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to thee.

Be near me when I'm  
 dying,  
 O show thyself to me;  
 And, for my succour flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free:  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move,  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely, through thy love.

**THE LIMPET AND THE ROCK.**

WHILE I was walking on the seashore,  
 says a clergyman, I saw a number of limpets  
 on a rock, and I determined to have one.  
 So choosing a very pretty one, I tried at  
 first to pull it off with my hand, but no, it

against the side of the limpet, I tried, with  
 all my weight and strength to push it off.  
 But no! not a hairbreadth could I move it,  
 more than I could the rock to which it  
 clung. Though so weak a little thing, it  
 stuck so fast that it seemed as strong as the  
 rock itself—just as children clinging to Jesus, the  
 Rock of Ages, have al-  
 mighty strength and can  
 never be moved.

"Well, my little friend,"  
 thought I, "I'll see whether  
 I cannot have you yet, as  
 one way won't do, I'll try  
 another." So, having  
 plenty of time to spare, I  
 sat down very quietly up  
 on another rock close by  
 and watched, anxiously mov-  
 ing my eyes off the limpet  
 for one moment. For long  
 I watched in vain, there  
 stuck the little limpet.

But presently I thought  
 I saw it move a little.  
 Oh! how eagerly I watch-  
 ed it then! Another min-  
 ute, and—yes, there it  
 was actually moving off  
 the rock!

"Ah!" thought I, "I'll  
 have you now." And,  
 with one sudden grasp, I  
 had it in my hand, because  
 it was not clinging to  
 the rock.

Dear friend, whenever  
 Satan tempts you to get  
 away from Jesus and

clung to the rock so tightly that I could not  
 move it.

"What!" thought I, "a little thing like  
 you to be stronger than I! I'll try my  
 walking-stick."

And so I did. Putting one end of it

wander into sin, cling fast to the rock—  
 cling to Jesus.—*Selected.*

A LITTLE girl who was watching a sunset  
 of crimson, orange, and purple, said, "Is  
 that the power and the glory?"



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

## THE FIRST EASTER.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb  
Hastened at the early dawn;  
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,  
But the Lord she loved, had gone.  
For a while she lingering stood,  
Filled with sorrow and surprise,  
Trembling, while a crystal flood  
Issued from her weeping eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled  
When she heard his welcome voice;  
Christ had risen from the dead;  
Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
What a change his word can make,  
Turning darkness into day!  
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1887.

## "THE SEE OF AN ANGEL"

MAMIE was a sweet, bright darling, between four and five years old. She loved to think and talk about heaven and the angels, and her little heart was full of love for all good things. One morning she said,

"Mamma, I woke up last night, and it was all dark and still, and at first I was 'fraid. But then I looked all around the bedstead to see if I couldn't get the see of an angel, and I wasn't afraid any more."

Mamie believed just what she had been taught—that the angels watch around our beds at night, and she thought that if she could only get the sight of one, all was safe. Her simple faith saved her from fear, and that is just the kind of faith our Father wants us to have.

Dear little Mamie sees the angels now, for she has gone, in all the sweet purity of her young life, to live among them; and as

one who knew and loved her truly said, "She belongs there." Hear the sweet words of Jesus: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

## MARY'S FATHER.

"WILL you come see my father? he's awful sick," was the word poor little Mary Shannon brought to the missionary in a great hurry one afternoon; and Mr. Merwin, taking the shoeless child by the hand, hurried along the streets to her home.

Could it be called a home? It was a wretched cellar, only lighted by a dim lamp hanging from a beam. There was not a chair or a table to be seen. A crowd of men and boys stood around, but they moved to make a place for the minister and the child.

Mr. Merwin went up to the bed and looked at the man. His eyes were shut; his face was white; he scarcely breathed.

The minister bent down and spoke softly and kindly to him. "My brother, are you ready to die?" he asked.

The man slowly opened his eyes. "I'm a great sinner," he said, slowly, "but I'm hiding away."

"Where are you hiding?"

"In Jesus."

"Will he die, mister?" asked Mary.

"No, Mary," said her father, trying hard to speak to his little girl. "Those that love Jesus never die; I am going to heaven." And in a moment more poor Tom Shannon's soul had gone to its Saviour.

"It was a miserable place to live in," said Mr. Merwin, "but a good place to die in." And he kneeled and prayed that they all might take refuge in this same safe hiding-place—Jesus, the Redeemer of sinners.

Mr. Merwin took little Mary home with him. She never forgot that hour. She used to say that she now had two fathers in heaven.

## MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

A LITTLE boy was riding along with his father, and there was an empty seat behind them. Presently they overtook a tired-looking man, walking. "Father," said the boy, "it is a pity to have an empty seat while somebody needs it." So the father asked the man to ride, for which he was very grateful. It is often a pity to keep things we cannot use, when somebody else needs them. If you have a doll, or a ball, or something else to spare, try to think of some one who may be made happy by giving it to him.



## MISS VANITY.

HERE you see little Miss Vanity lying back among her soft pillows admiring herself. True she has a pretty face, but there is no reason why she should waste her time gazing at it.

When she was a wee bit of a girl, one day her big sister suddenly entered the room, and caught Miss Vanity on a chair before the glass, saying, "I see a pretty girl, isn't I?" She often gets her sister's ribbons, and ties them on her, and then asks her mamma if she doesn't look lovely.

I hope none of my readers are like Miss Vanity in the picture, thinking of nothing but how she looks.

## USEFUL TO THE END.

THE "Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labours?" said a friend.

"Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and he has heard my prayer; for, now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach the poor child his alphabet."

Eighty years of age, and bedridden, he is still at work for others! And shall we young find nothing to do for those about them?

## THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and that he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In the crooked fingers there is a good text for talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," I said.

"For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of holding the reins so many years."

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.



THE OWL'S ADVICE.

"I WANT to look wise!" said Maud one day;  
 "I want to look clever and wise!"  
 "Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a  
 spray,  
 And blinked as in solemn surprise;  
 "You had better by far remain as you are,  
 And learn to be clever and wise!"  
 Then echoed the birds as they sat in a row,  
 "You hear what he says; you'd better,  
 you know,  
 Just learn to be clever and wise!"  
 —Little Folks.

THE GREAT LAMP.

A VENERABLE minister smiled down on  
 his congregation composed of Sunday-  
 school boys and girls, and said: "Dear  
 children, can you tell me what a lamp is?"  
 And they looked at him and at one an-  
 other, and murmured, some of them, con-  
 fused answers, and hung their heads shyly.  
 "What! Does nobody know what a  
 lamp is?" he exclaimed with surprise.  
 All at once he heard a voice: "Some-  
 thing to hold a light, sir."  
 "That's just right," was the minister's  
 glad reply. "An empty lamp is of no use  
 in the dark. Can you repeat a text which  
 mentions the Bible as being like a lamp?"  
 Without waiting a moment the same  
 young voice rang out again: "Thy word is  
 the lamp unto my feet."  
 "Ah, yes," said the aged minister. "The  
 Bible is a lamp giving light to the whole  
 world. And how about the light of chil-  
 dren? where shall we find that?"  
 "In the Lord Jesus. He says, 'I am the  
 light of the world.'" And again it was  
 the same voice.  
 "One child answers well," said the min-  
 ister, and he scanned the sea of faces to  
 discover who it was.

A little girl told him it was blind  
 Arthur.

Yes, it was blind Arthur Beatty  
 who answered so correctly about  
 God's glorious lamp and its still  
 more glorious light. The minister  
 told his little hearers never to try  
 to go even a few steps on life's  
 journey without their precious lamp,  
 or they would stumble into trouble  
 and sin. He asked them, as I also  
 ask you, dear children, to learn all  
 they possibly could of God's word,  
 so that they might not at another  
 time be so unready with their  
 answers, and, more than all, because  
 the light shines brightest on the  
 path of those who study the Lamp  
 and know it the best.—Exchange.

A GOOD WAY TO HELP.

"I WISH I could do something to help  
 you in getting along, mamma," said little  
 Jim.

"You are too small to do anything, dear:  
 you must wait till you are older," answered  
 his mother.

But Jim thought he would like to try.  
 His father was dead and his mother was  
 very poor, so he asked her to let him try to  
 find some work, and she said he might.

He brushed his hair, washed his hands  
 and dressed himself neatly, and went out to  
 ask the men in the stores if they could give  
 him something to do.

"What can such a little fellow as you  
 do?" asked a butcher, looking kindly at  
 him.

"I can do exactly what I am told," said  
 Jim.

"Well, my little man," said the butcher,  
 "if you can do that it is more than many  
 bigger boys can do."

The butcher could not give him work,  
 but he took him into a grocery store and  
 asked the grocer if he could find work for  
 another boy. After a little talk the grocer  
 thought they could let Jim run some  
 errands if he came the next day.

So Jim ran home in great glee and told  
 his mother he had found a place.

When Jim went to work the boy that  
 wrapped up the packages turned up his  
 nose at "such a little fellow," but Jim  
 showed that he could do what he said—  
*exactly as he was told.*

You may be sure the grocer was pleased  
 with him, and found a place for him in the  
 store. Those who are faithful in doing  
 what they are told will find plenty to do  
 sooner or later.

Don't you think that Jim was glad and  
 proud when he carried his first earnings  
 home to his mother?

YE HAPPY BELLS OF EASTER DAY.

Ye happy bells of Easter Day!

Ring, ring your joy  
 Thro' earth and sky—

Ye ring a glorious word,  
 The notes that swell in gladness tell  
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!

The teeming earth,  
 That saw his birth

When lying 'neath the sward,  
 Upspringeth now in joy, to show  
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!

The hills that rise  
 Against the skies,

Re-echo with the word—  
 The victor-breath that conquers death—  
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!

The bitter cup  
 He lifted up,

Salvation to afford.  
 Ye saintly-bells your passion tells  
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!

His tender side  
 Was riven wide

Where floods of mercy poured!  
 Redeemed clay doth sing to-day  
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!

The thorny crown  
 He layeth down:

Ring! ring! with strong accord—  
 The mighty strain of love and pain,  
 The rising of the Lord!

A LITTLE BOY'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE girl in Yorkshire, about seven  
 years of age, went, accompanied by a brother  
 younger than herself, to see an aunt who  
 lay dead. On their return home, the little  
 boy expressed his surprise that he had  
 seen his aunt, saying—"I always thought  
 when people were dead, they went to  
 heaven; but my aunt is not, for I saw her."  
 "Brother," replied his sister, "I fear you do  
 not understand it: it is not the body that  
 goes to heaven, it is 'the think' that goes  
 to heaven; the body remains, and it is put  
 into the grave, where it sleeps till God shall  
 raise it up again."

' CHRIST IS RISEN! ALLELUIA!'

'Christ is risen! Alleluia'  
Risen our victorious Head!  
Sing his praises, Alleluia!  
Christ is risen from the dead!  
Gratefully our hearts adore him,  
As his light once more appears,  
Bowing down in joy before him,  
Rising up from grief and tears.

CHORUS.

Christ is risen! Alleluia!  
Risen our victorious Head!  
Sing his praises, Alleluia!  
Christ is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen! all the sorrow  
That last evening round him lay,  
Now hath found a glorious morrow  
In the rising of to-day!  
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,  
Springing up from holy ground,  
He was dead, but now he liveth,  
He was lost, but he is found:  
Choro.—Christ is risen! etc.

Christ is risen! henceforth never  
Death or hell shall us enthrall,  
Be we Christ's, in him forever  
We have triumphed over all:  
All the doubting and dejection  
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,  
'Tis his day of Resurrection!  
Let us rise and keep the Feast.  
Choro.—Christ is risen! etc.

AVA'S JOKE.

I THINK it was the best joke I ever knew of one little girl playing on another, though it wasn't an April fool. It couldn't be, you know, because it happened some time after the first day of April.

It was when Ava was five years old, and just beginning to go to school—a blue-eyed, sunny-haired little maid, who seemed to find her chief delight in doing pleasant things for people.

One day mamma put an extra nice dinner in the pretty tin luncheon box. There was a slice of frosted cake, and two jelly-tarts, and a piece of lemon-pie, and a sandwich with turkey instead of ham, which Ava didn't like.

Right in front of Ava at school sat little Viny Cates, who never in the world brought anything for her dinner but a biscuit. I suppose may be she didn't have anything else to bring. That was what Ava thought; too, deep down in her pitying little heart.

Well, this day Ava was swinging her feet while she studied her lesson, and she

hit her toes against something that rattled. She looked down, and there was Viny's dinner-pail that had somehow got pushed back—an old, little, bruised-up pail, with only a biscuit in it. Ava knew.

A bright thought popped into her head that minute. It was so funny she had to put her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing right out loud in school. Viny was saying her lesson; and quick as a flash Ava took off the cover of the pail and took out the biscuit and put in her own nice luncheon and put on the cover again.

And at noon when Viny Cates went to eat her dinner, what do you suppose she said? She said, "Oh, where'd I get em? Where'd I get em?" And she almost cried; but not because she felt bad.

And Ava, full of glee, ran all the way home to get her own dinner and tell mamma about it.

"She was so s'prised, mamma, and glad!" she cried.

And mamma was glad, too—very glad. But somehow she felt her eyes grow warm as she kissed the little glowing face.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

ONE day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

In like manner, when love prompts us to work for Jesus, our toil becomes our pleasure.

"THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are *brothers*."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for *brethren* to dwell together in unity."

BE not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds; not he who goes and comes.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

MAMMA says Easter means "Arise,"  
And just as flowers rise from the soil  
And just as sunrise on the night,  
So the Lord Jesus Christ arose,  
And made the dark earth fair and bright.

It is the New-Year of the soul,  
And Christian folk (so mother said)  
Should feel new life in heart and limb;  
For Christ has risen from the dead,  
And all the world should rise with him.

But I was sorry when I thought  
How deep and cold the snowdrifts lie  
On grass and field and garden bed—  
No buds or birds for Easter day,  
And all the pretty flowers dead.

Then mother pointed out a spot—  
A little warm and sunny place  
Where all the snow was melted quite,  
And there one crocus raised its face  
Just like a beam of yellow light.

"It is an Easter flower!" I cried.  
"Will the Lord see? It is so small."  
'Yes,' mother said; "the dear Lords  
Nothing escapes; he notes it all—  
The less, the larger sacrifice.

'No tiniest creature is forgot;  
The spent bird in the upper air  
He sees, and heals its broken wing;  
He listens to a baby's prayer,  
Though loud and clear the angel's sing.

"And when my darling tries her best  
Obedient and good to be,  
Unselfish, loving, true, and mild,  
The kind Lord does not fail to see,  
But marks and helps his little child."

How nice, and yet how strange that is  
That the great God should really care  
Such little foolish things as I!  
Perhaps, to-morrow, if I seek  
To be a loving child and good,  
And please him perfectly, it may  
Count, like the yellow crocus-bud,  
As a wee flower for Easter day.

—Susan Co

WHERE TO FIND STRENGTH

It is said that when the great  
Hall was a boy he had a flaming tongue  
But instead of saying, as many do, "I  
help it," he would always, when he  
passion rising, go away by himself and  
"O Lamb of God, calm my mind!"  
when he grew to be a man, he was  
the calmest of men; for his constant  
was heard and answered.