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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1899

[No. 6

ABOUT EASTER.

BY F. MYRON COLBY.

I wonder if all the boys and girls know what Easter means, and why we welcome the day with beautiful flowers and songs of rejoicing?

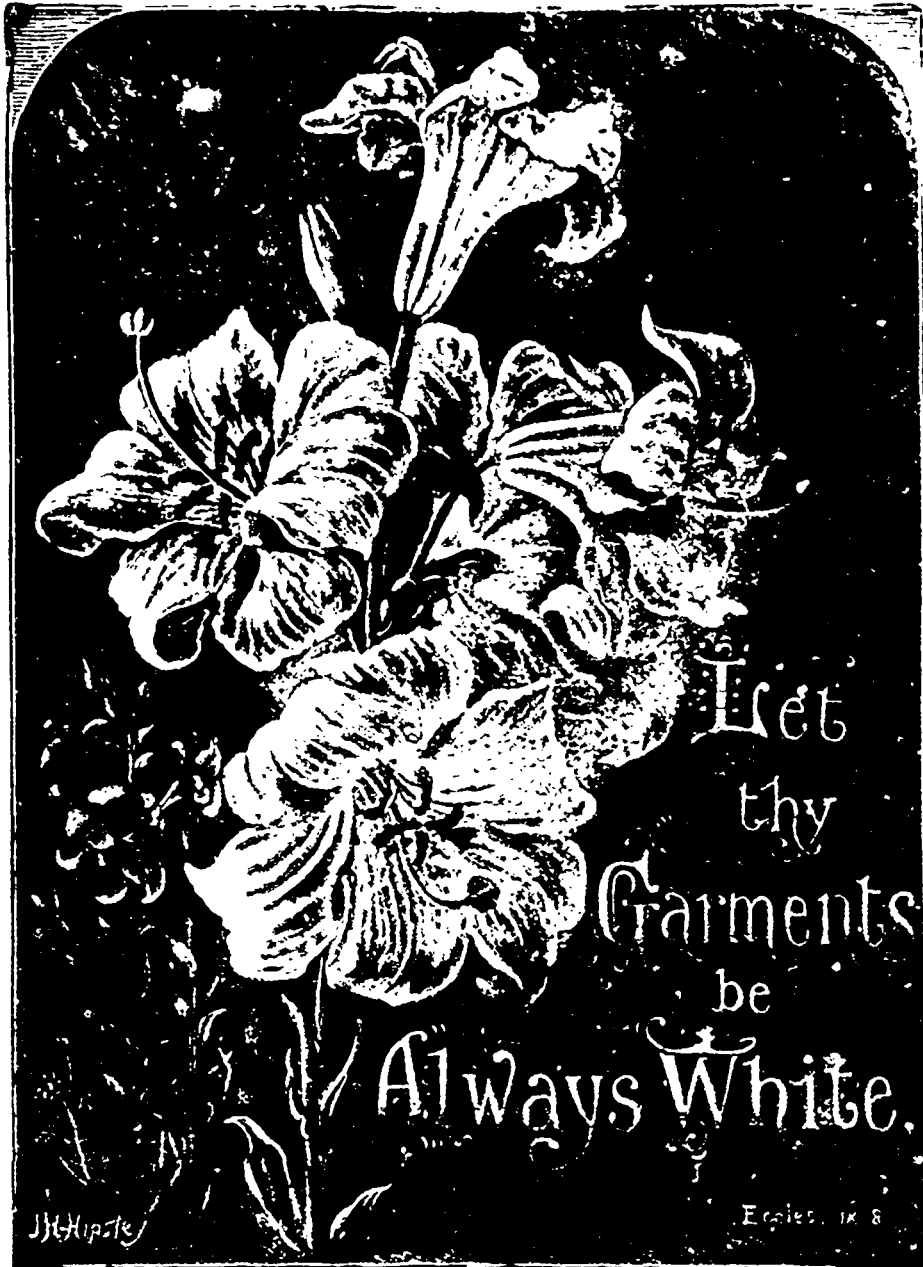
Do you remember that terrible night when the destroying angel smote with death the first-born in the homes of the Egyptians, but "passed over" the homes of the children of Israel?

In memory of that night and that deliverance the Jews have always kept the feast of the passover. It was at the time of this feast that Christ, "the Lamb of God," was crucified, and his disciples accordingly changed the Jewish feast into a Christian festival.

The Hebrew name for the festival comes from a word which meant "he passed over." The same word has grown into a great many different languages, all referring to the same thing. Among the French the day is known as Paque. In Scotland it is Pasch, and in Holland it is Paschen.

Did you ever hear of Pasch eggs? These are Easter eggs, boiled so hard that you can play at ball with them. They are dyed with different colours and often have inscriptions or landscapes traced upon them.

And now let me tell you how to dye



them. Take a piece of wet rag, sprinkle it with logwood, cochineal, madder, or any dye; roll the egg in it, tie it up, and boil it for fifteen minutes, then take off the rag and rub the egg with butter. Or, you may boil it in a solution of these dyes, and then, if you wish, trace some design upon it with a pen-knife, or you may warm the eggs, trace your pattern with the end of a tallow candle, and then boil it in the dye, the grease will make the tracery come out white.

The custom of boiling eggs and colouring them with bright hued dyes at Easter is very ancient. The eggs were at first dyed scarlet in memory of the blood of Christ. Will you remember this when you are colouring yours?

A good many curious customs have been observed in different parts of the world in connection with Easter. One of the most beautiful of these was practiced by the early Christians, and is still followed in Russia by the members of the Greek Church. Early in the morning of the festival friends and neighbours visit each other to exchange their greetings. The one who enters the other's house says, "The Lord is risen!" And his friend replies, "The Lord is risen indeed."

EASTER CAROLS.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Carols, Easter carols, the happy children sing,
Mid the Easter lilies,
In their starry whiteness,
In the Easter sunshine,
Radiant in brightness.
Easter, joyous Easter! the children's voices sing.

Carols, Easter carols, all hearts unite to sing,
Death forever vanquished,
Hope forever glorious,
Earth the gate of heaven,
Love and life victorious,
Easter, blessed Easter! the children's voices ring!

But I have not yet told you where we got the name of Easter. Long ago, when the first Christian missionaries went to England, which was then a heathen land, they found the people worshipping, among other false deities, a goddess named Easter or Eastre. She was the goddess of spring, and the month of April, which they called Easter-month, was dedicated to her. The missionaries taught the people to keep the Christian feast, but they allowed them to give it the name of their discredited goddess—Easter.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1899.

RIDING THE PIGS.

Some sixty years ago New Zealanders had never seen a pig or any animal larger than a cat. About that time Captain King brought them some Indian corn and some beans, and taught them how to plant and cultivate them, and shortly sent them some fine pigs, not doubting that they would understand what to do with them without telling.

The New Zealanders were very much pleased, but they had no idea what the pigs were sent for, and everybody asked everybody else about it, until one said that he had heard all about them from a sailor, and that they were horses! Oh, certainly they were horses! The sailor had described them perfectly—long heads, pointed ears, broad backs, four legs and a tail. They were to ride upon. Great chiefs always rode them where the sailors lived. So the New Zealand chiefs mounted the pigs, and when Captain King came to see how everything was going on, they had ridden them to death.

Captain King did not despair. He took two natives home with him, and taught them all about the cultivation of maize and the rearing of pigs; and pork is now

as popular in New Zealand as it is in Cincinnati. You can hardly take a walk without meeting a mother-pig and a lot of squealing piglets, and people pet them more than they ever did or ever will in their native lands. When baby wants something to play with in New Zealand they give him a young pig, smooth as a kid glove, with little slits of eyes, and his curly tail twisted up into a little tight knot, and the brown baby hauls it about and pulls its ears and goes to sleep hugging it fast, and there they lie together, the piglet grunting, the baby snoring.

LEARN TO SAY "NO!"

Tim was hurrying to the saloon with a jug. It was to be filled with liquor for his father, who was already drunk at home. The little boy's mother was dead, and Tim's life was a hard one.

As he ran, he passed some well-dressed boys.

"I don't believe them chaps are ever real hungry, or that their fathers ever drink a drop," he said to himself. (Tim could hardly fancy such happiness as that!)

When he reached the saloon he met Ned Turner and Matt Jordan. They were there for the same purpose.

After Tim's jug was filled, Matt called out: "You'd better drink some yourself, Tim; that's the way I do. At first you don't like it, but after a while it tastes good. It's real heatin' too, and you look cold."

After Tim turned the corner he was about to follow Matt's advice. He was so hungry and cold; anything better than that. Then something seemed to hold back his little cold hands.

His teacher in the mission school, who had been so kind to him, had begged him never to touch the terrible drink which had made his father such a different man.

"Learn to say 'no,' Tim, if others ask you," she urged him. "It can never do any one good, but only harm, to taste it. Don't listen to those who tell you to drink it."

Tim thought of her words now. It might make him warm for a few minutes, as Matt had said, to taste the fiery liquor, but it was better to go cold than to begin to drink from that dangerous jug that had done his father so much harm.

"I'll never touch it," said Tim. "I'll never be like father and the other men." And he kept his word. To-day he is a sober, useful man, and he thanks God that he learned early to say "no" to wrong companions.

Once a little boy had a ring given him by his mother. He lost the ring and cried very hard. Then he thought a little, and went away to pray.

"What's the good in praying?" his sister asked. "Will that bring back the ring?"

"No, but since I prayed I am willing to do without it, and that's most as good as having it."

AN EASTER SONG.

BY ALICE M. BALL.

Little children, Easter dawneth,
Easter morn in roscate hue
Breaks with resurrection promise,
Bring a message, dears, to you.

Little people, Easter dawneth,
Haste from slumb'rus realms away,
He who died for little children
Has arisen—lives to-day
Hearken, Easter bells are ringing,
And gay-plumaged birds are singing,
While the children dear are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

There can be no time so joyous
As the blessed Easter morn,
Save the gladsome Christmas season
When the Holy Child was born.

And, resplendent with the glory
Of the resurrection joy,
Childish lips repeat the story
Dear to every girl and boy.

Of the love wherewith the Saviour—
King Almighty, Sovereign he—
Said, in sweetest condescension,
"Bring the little ones to me."

And he lives—he reigns forever,
Prince of peace, the children's friend,
Opening doors on Easter morning
Into worlds that never end.
Hearken, Easter bells are ringing,
Easter carols we are singing,
While the children's hands are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

"WHAT IS HOPE?"

A little girl was once asked, "What is hope?" She smiled and answered, "Hope is like a little butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"No," said another little girl, "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places."

Which was right?

THE FIRST SAW.

"What a funny thing!" said little Tom, taking up his brother John's saw.

"It's only a saw, silly," said John.

"But who made it? Who found out the funny thing?" persisted Tom, as the saw worked backwards and forwards, separating the hard wood which no knife would cut.

"Oh, all carpenters have it," said John, disdainfully.

Still little Tom watched and wondered. "But who made it first?" he said.

"I'll tell you," said his brother. "Long ago a Greek sculptor called Dædalus divided a piece of wood with a toothed bone of a serpent, and it answered so well that he imitated the teeth in iron, and so made the first saw."

And Tom's inquiring little mind was satisfied.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Sing, O children, while you may,
As the angels sing who love you,
As the birds sing high above you
On this heavenly day.
For the birds know spring is nearer
And the angels heaven is dearer,
While the singing children say,
"Jesus lives and lives alway."

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Do not linger where He lay
From the loving and the scorning,
Till this glorious, golden morning,
Hidden awhile away.
That the darkness may not hide us,
Nor the long, green sods divide us,
When we're tired of work and play,
From this Jesus, risen to-day.

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Ah! the dawn was cold and gray,
But the King in beauty waking,
All his sad, old earth is breaking,
Into hope of May.
And the children sing forever,
Knowing death nor life can sever
Love from love—they sing and say,
"Jesus lives and lives alway."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.—John 10. 27.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. C. the True L. - In him was life—
2. Christ's F. D. - Behold the Lamb—
3. Christ's F. M. - And his disciples—
4. Christ and N. - For God so loved—
5. Christ at J.'s W. - Whos'r drinketh—
6. The N.'s Son H. - Jesus said unto—
7. Christ's D. A. - This is indeed—
8. Christ F. the F. T. I am the—
9. Christ at the F. - If any man—
10. Christ F. from S. If the Son—
11. Christ H. the B. M. One thing I—
12. Christ the G. S. - I am the good—

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON I. [April 2.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 32-45. Memory verses, 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—
John 11. 25.

A LESSON TALK.

On the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, about two miles from Jerusalem, lay the little town of Bethany. If you travel in the Holy Land some day you may see a miserable little village of about twenty houses and be told that it is the village of Bethany. Then you will know it was here that Jesus wrought the greatest of all his miracles. Read the whole story carefully, and try to make the happy little home, in which Jesus loved so well to be, seem real to you. Does it seem strange that when Jesus knew that Lazarus was sick he did not go to him at once? Jesus knew what was best. He always does, and so we may trust him.

There is a story of a man who did not believe in God, and who wanted to keep others from believing. One day he tried to show that the Bible was not true, because it said that an ass once spoke, and he knew that could not be. A Scotchman said, "Ah, man, you make the ass, and I'll make him speak!" God, who made Lazarus, could bring him back from death.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

- Who were dear friends of Jesus? Mary and Martha and Lazarus.
- Where did they live? At Bethany.
- Who became very ill? Lazarus.
- Why did the sisters send for Jesus? They thought he would cure him.
- What did Jesus find when he came? That Lazarus was dead.
- What did Jesus say? "Thy brother shall rise again."
- Where did Jesus go with the friends of Lazarus? To the tomb.
- What did he do there? "Jesus wept."
- What did he tell the people to do? To take away the stone.
- What did he do then? He called Lazarus to come forth.
- What followed? Lazarus came out alive.
- What did this prove? That Jesus was the Lord of life and death.

ERNEST'S GOOD FAIRY.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

"It'll not be Thanksgiving to me this year," said Ernest. "if we can't go to grandfather's. I don't see why he had to go off just now and shut up the house! And then Aunt Anna has moved away off, and it'll not snow when I want to use my sled. I think to-morrow will be a horrid day!"

His mother said nothing. The next morning when Ernest came down to breakfast, there by his high chair stood a new wheelbarrow, painted red, with its name in blue letters on one side: "The Good Fairy."

"Oh! I've always wanted a wheelbarrow," shouted the little boy excitedly. "Oh, mother, where did it come from?"

"Grandfather sent it; and he wrote me to tell Ernest that if he really had a thankful heart he could show it by making his

"good fairy" help others on Thanksgiving Day," said his mother.

Ernest was quite sober while he ate his oatmeal. After breakfast he trundled off with his new present to the kitchen.

"Biddy, he said to the cook, you want some kindling. I'm going to bring you some."

Off went the little fellow to a field near by where Ben had cut down a tree. It took nearly an hour to pick up the chips, but Biddy was so glad to get them. Then Ernest sat down in his barrow in the cornfield to rest. He had his rake, for he wanted to help Ben. He felt very happy.

The Kings lived in the country, and Ernest's cousins were to come home from church with the family to spend the day.

The youngest child was about Ernest's age. Her name was Lucy. She wanted to play with the new wheelbarrow all the time. It was so new and dear to the boy's heart that he felt at first that he couldn't give it up. Then he remembered his grandfather's message.

"There, Lucy," he said, "you can ride your doll awhile, and then I will give you a ride."

His father wanted his slippers and in a moment Ernest had them before him in his barrow.

After his cousins were gone and the big feast was over, Ernest said:

"I've had a lovely time, and I think I've lots of good things." He came up very close to his mother. "I think God was very good to me when I was so cross yesterday," he said.

EASTER MORNING.

Lift up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet.

Cho.—Oh, sing the blessed story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead.

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

Ring, all ye bells, in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again.
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness
For death no more shall reign.

Mrs. John Sherwood, in a lecture at Elmira College, said. "Sometimes when I go shopping I think there are more ladies behind the counters than in front of them. When I see a luxurious customer wear out a poor, pale saleswoman with her insufficiently considered wants, and then go away after buying nothing, to proceed to the next shop to do the same thing again, I think the real lady is behind the counter.

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

Jesus Christ, my Lord and King,
Help a little one to sing;
Poor as is the praise I bring,
Thou wilt smile on me.

Children may proclaim thy praise,
As of old hosannas raise;
Now as then, their simple lays
Are not scorned by thee

Blessed Lord, enthroned above,
Let me not unmindful prove
Of thy great and precious love
To a child like me.

Love shall guide me in thy way,
Teaching me from day to day
Still in all I do or say
To remember thee.

May I fear to grieve thee, Lord,
May I love thy holy Word,
Find that it can joy afford,
Holiest joy to me.

May I love to bend the knee,
Love to get alone with thee,
Praying till thy face I see—
Lord, remember me.

THE CROSS-BOX.

BY A. GOODWILL.

It was a rainy day, and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing, and Johnny wanted to set up a windmill he had made. Susie wanted to get her flower-seeds, and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barn. So all were disappointed, and before night, had become cross and peevish and snappish. Mamma called all to her and talked very gravely. They were quiet for awhile after it. In half an hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had got a little hole in the top, just large enough to let a penny through, and under it was the word "cross-box."

"Look, mamma," he said, "supposing whenever any of us speak cross, we make ourselves pay a penny for a fine. Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box longest."

Mamma laughed, and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it, but if they did agree they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie: "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned.

"No, we'll buy a whole lot of sweets," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you

don't do as I want to, I'll patch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it into the box.

Mamma thought the box really did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep the ugly words from coming through. When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later, mamma was putting a room in order one Saturday.

"Here's the cross-box," she said.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—(SEE LESSON FOR MARCH 19.)

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen pennies. That's enough to buy oranges and nuts. Let's do it."

"O!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say," whimpered Pet.

"I won't," whined Johnny.

"I—"

No one knows what Ned was going to say, in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth, and, with the other, held up a warning finger. "Look out," he half whispered, "or there'll be more pennies in the cross-box for Jimmy."

IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

In the gray of Easter even,
When the light begins to fade,
Fly two angels out of heaven,
Veiled in vesper shade!
And they watch by those that sleep,
As they watched Immanuel's rest:
And they comfort all who weep,
As they soothed sad Mary's breast.
Soft they whisper through the night,
"Wait until the morning light!
From your sorrow look away
To the breaking of the day."

In the Easter dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Rise those angels, plumed and glorious
Like the sun arrayed.
And they gather up the flowers
From the purple plains of morning,
Far and wide in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight woe adorning—
Saying, singing, "Christ is risen!
Watch no more the open prison!
He has led your loved away
In the breaking of the day!"

THE CAMEL.

The camel is not a pretty beast, as any one can see, but he is very useful.

There are two kinds of camels. The dromedary has but one hump on his back, and is a much swifter and more graceful animal than the other kind. The other, and perhaps more common species, has two humps, and to our eyes is a most homely and awkward beast, though he may seem cautious to the Arabs and other people who care for him, and love him for his service to them.

The value of the camel lies in the fact that he can travel on the desert a long time without food or drink. His hump or humps is food stored up in the form of fat, and this he draws on to support his life, just as the bear and ground-hog go into their burrows and caves in the winter and stay until spring, living on the gathered fat of summer. His stomach is also arranged to hold large quantities of water, which is used up as it is demanded.

It is said to be very tiresome to ride a camel, as the body of the rider must move constantly as the hump sways to and fro. But this is perhaps true only of those who are not used to him. We can accustom ourselves to almost anything. The Japanese boy sleeps with his neck in the hollow of a block, but no doubt enjoys it.

One day when Lillian was scarcely three years old she made up her mind to run away, and go to see her little cousin; so when the others were all too busy to notice her, she slipped out of the back door and started up the hill to Chicspee, but very soon came back, crying bitterly. Her father met her at the door, and asked why she did not keep on. The little girl answered between her sobs, "Cause I met a wasp coming."