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Happy Days

THE SEALED TOMB.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Scar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love.

A LETTER FROM BABY BELLE.

DEAR AUNT BELLE,—They have had me made into a picture. Mamma put on my dreadfully long dress and new hood, and



THE SEALED TOMB.

we rode in the carriage. It looked as if we were going to ride right into the trees and everything, but we didn't. Then we went upstairs 'most into the sky.

There was a man upstairs, and he put me in a big chair. It wasn't my chair. It was too big, like grandpa's chair. Isn't that a funny way to get into a picture?

I wanted it. Then we came home.

But the picture doesn't look like me. I'm not fat like that. I have got a nice, long neck, like mamma's, and the picture-baby's not got any neck at all.

BABY BELLE:

Then the man put something on my head, and it wasn't soft, either. It didn't feel good, and I turned around to look at it, and mamma said "There now, that's too bad!" And it was bad, for it wasn't a pretty thing to wear on my head, and I wouldn't have it on at all.

My little dog was going to be in the picture too, right up close to me. The man told him to keep still, and he wouldn't, and so I patted him, and then he wouldn't keep still, either. He just jumped his tail around all the time. Then I spat my hands and laughed to him. Pretty soon he heard somebody whistle out in the street, and he had to go. If you are a dog, you know, you have to go when anybody whistles. So he could not be in the picture. He's awful sorry. And mamma said "Never mind, we'll try the baby alone."

Then they tried to put the funny thing on my head again, but I wouldn't wear it. The man had a pretty bell and a bird, and he made the bird sing. And then he said, "All right; I've got it." He'd got the bird, you see, and he kept it; but

Go not in the society of the vicious.

BABY SLEEP.

"Go to sleep, my baby dear;
Mamma's with you, do not fear;
Soft as down your little bed,
On its pillow rests your head;
By your side her watch she'll keep—
Shut your eyes and go to sleep.

"She will hold your chubby arm
In her hand so soft and warm;
With your fingers clasp hers tight,
From your eyes shut out the light,
Out of them you must not peep—
Shut your eyes and go to sleep."

(This is mother's cradle-song,
As she lays her baby down;
And the sleepy eyes close up,
By its side the tired hands drop;
In the blanket tuck the feet;
Baby dear has gone to sleep.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1894.

GOD CARES FOR EVERY BIRDIE.

A TRUE STORY BY BEA JONKSS,
HOWMANVILLE.

[The writer of this story is only nine years old.—Ed.]

ONCE I had a pair of birds named Jenny and Dicky. One day my father and mother were in Toronto and bought me a nice cage. We put the two birds in the cage together and Jenny made a lovely, soft, downy nest in the top of an old stocking which mother had put in the cage for that purpose. And in a few days four tiny eggs appeared in the bottom of the nest.

One day two or three weeks after when I went to the cage I heard a squeaking noise, and would you believe it, there were two little birds in the nest. They were not very pretty to be sure. But in a few days they began to get feathers, and how we watched them! They were very pretty—one all yellow and the other had a green

ring around its neck. One day they got out to try their wings and we all thought we would see them fly from the nest, but when no one was looking one of them flew down, and I only saw it at the bottom of the cage.

That night they both slept on the highest perch as close together as they could get, and never once offered to go to their birth-place again. After a while we parted them. They were both good singers, and I had decided to give them to two of my best friends. One day my brother accidentally knocked down one of the cages and away went Dicky. At first he flew into a tree in front of the house, but did not stay there long enough for my brother to catch him, but flew on the roof of the barn.

My brother then got a big straw hat and was within an inch of him when he flew away. That night we asked God to keep him safe and send him back to us. Next morning we looked at our Scripture calendar, and what do you think the verse was? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows, and your heavenly Father feedeth them." It seemed like an answer to our prayers, and we felt sure that Dicky was safe. After breakfast papa opened the door and there he was on the veranda. Now, I think you will know why I gave that pretty name to my story. Dicky was always content to stay in his cage after his little trip.—*Statesman.*

TOLD IN THE DARK.

LEO was in bed. He lay very still for some minutes, and then he burst out: "Mother, perhaps you'll think it wasn't so; but I saw them with my own eyes—and she's down in the kitchen, and you'll say 'yes'; won't you, mother?"

Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown fist.

"What was the strange sight, and who is 'she'?"

"Well, it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scatted across the road, an' all the fellows snowballed her—I did too, mother, an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through, or back either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a reg'lar fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minute men that time at Lexington.

"Then it was dark an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine-woods—this is true, mother, 'tis, I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces—the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin' like! I was so sorry—an' a little bit afraid too—an' I just started an' run."

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?"

"I didn't run home—I—I run back the road where we snowballed the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful—an' I got her out an

brought her home, an'—an'—she's down the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully, "An' you will say 'yes'; won't you, mother? I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three, mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said.

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked, "But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—and such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied, "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right."—*Little Men and Women.*

THE BABY ALLIGATOR AND LITTLE SNAKE.

I ONCE saw a funny combat between a baby alligator and a tiny snake. Quite a number of both were in a glass tank provided with a pond, rocks, and growing plants. You would have thought it a perfect nursery for the babies to grow and be happy in.

But while this thought was passing through my mind I saw an alligator make a sudden snap as a little snake was slipping over him, and in a moment the poor little thing found its head held tight between the needle-like teeth of the alligator. Wriggle and twist as he might, he could not get away. In vain he tried to choke his enemy by closely encircling his neck; the alligator held his head perfectly rigid, and finally shut his eyes with an air of self-satisfaction, as if it were a most ordinary thing for him to have a snake tying double bowknots around his neck.

After a long time, either because he forgot his prize and yielded to a desire to yawn or because he thought the presumption of the snake in crawling over him had been sufficiently punished, the baby alligator opened his jaws, and away went the snake, seemingly none the worse for his adventure.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

JACK was a good boy to help his mother. He brought water for her in a pitcher. One day, when he put the pitcher down under the spout to catch the water, he saw that there was a hole in the side of the pitcher, and the water ran out of the hole. When Jack showed it to his mother she said: "That is like you, my boy."

"How is it like me, mother?" said Jack. "Because I try to teach you good things, and then you say, 'I forgot.'"

"Yes, mother, sometimes."

"Isn't your head a little like the pitcher, then? It does not get full of good things, because you let them leak out."

Who of our little readers forgets, like Jack?

THREE BUGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarrelling—
The white, and the black, and the gold—
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there was war in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree—
The white, and the black, and the gold—
And share what comes of the beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

"SECOND class in arithmetic!" called the teacher, and the girls rose in their places, awaiting the tap of the bell. Tessa Johnson, flushed and worried, bent over the slate on which was the example that would not come right. And that example must be carried into the class "Nine times six are how many? Quick!" she whispered. Lilla Grant, without looking up from the map she was drawing, answered, "Fifty-four," and then the bell sounded, and Tessa went to the recitation. The answer on the slate was like that in the book at last.

But Lilla dropped her pencil in dismay. What had she done? Whispered! And tomorrow would be the last day of school, and the roll of honour would not contain her name.

This roll of honour was a new idea in the school. When the present teacher had come, the school had been far from orderly, and she had been trying to bring about a better condition of affairs. One of her methods was to have each pupil report

at night her own behaviour during the day. The names of those who refrained from whispering during the term would constitute the roll of honour. This was to be framed and hung where all the visitors could see it on exaltation day.

Lilla had tried very hard to make one of the list. Nobody knew what temptations she had resisted. And now, at the very last moment, she had been off guard—and failed. Her heart sunk at the thought. Tears rushed to her eyes. But—that had no business to come in, nevertheless it came—had she really whispered? Many of the girls made signs. They spelled words with the deaf and dumb alphabet. Some even wrote on the slate and passed notes without calling it whispering. She had made no noise when her lips had framed the words. Scarcely a breath had passed them. Was it whispering after all? Might she not report perfect and no one be the wiser?

The teacher glancing that way, was pleased to see Lilla giving such close attention to her map. She could not see the inward struggle—she could not hear the prayer for strength, but there was One who did see and hear, and sent the needed help.

When Miss Farnham called the names that night, it seemed very hard that Tessa should answer perfect. Her eyes refused to meet those of Lilla.

The hardest part, however, was yet to come. Aunt Sarah, with whom Lilla lived, was careful of her appearance and manners, providing her with clothing and food, but gave not the comfort and sympathy the motherless heart craved.

As usual, Aunt Sarah required a strict account of the day's doings. Of course Lilla told just what had taken place. The lady's face grew very stern and forbidding. "I should think," she said, "gratitude, if nothing more, would lead you to do better. Didn't mean to, indeed! I am about discouraged."

Aunt Sarah did not intend to be unkind, but she will never know what bitter tears and sobs her words called forth. Long after the others were asleep, Lilla lay in the darkness, feeling, oh! so wretched. At last she sunk into an uneasy slumber. Suddenly the room grew light like day, and beside her stood a shining angel. He was more grand and glorious than anything she had ever seen before, but she did not feel afraid. He unclasped and opened a great book, and while Lilla wondered what it could mean he seemed to know her thoughts.

"This," he said, "contains the names of those who have been overcomers in times of temptation. It is the Saviour's roll of honour." Then he turned the page toward her, and she read, in golden letters, the names of Stephen and Paul and John, and all the host of martyrs who had suffered for the faith, and many, many names of men and women—yes, and children; and the last name recorded was her own. Could it be true? She rubbed her eyes, but still remained in bright letters—

Lilla Grant. And then she heard a voice that thrilled her, saying, "My child, I know it all. I care for thee."

When she awoke it was morning, but the blessed dream lingered with her, giving her peace and joy all day.

The school visitors examined Miss Farnham's roll of honour, headed by Tessa Johnson's name. Aunt Sarah frowned at Lilla, and the child felt sorry for the careless whisper that had cost her so much, but she felt more glad than she could express that no untruth of hers had shut her away from the Saviour's presence, and thinking again of her vision, she softly murmured, "My name is written in the Book of Life."

WHAT DICK MINDED.

DICK was not in a good humour. In the first place, he wanted to go driving with mamma and auntie, and he couldn't go, then cook was making ginger-snaps and would give him but two, while he wanted ten, and now Sybil was scolding him for breaking all the blossoms off mamma's little flowering almond bush. It seemed to be a crooked sort of day with Dick, for the next thing he did was to get one of Aunt Belle's drawing pencils, which nobody was allowed to touch, and go to drawing men on the stuccoed wall of the house.

"Oh, Dick, you mustn't do that! 'deed you mustn't," remonstrated the older sister. "Well, what bad thing can I do then?" he demanded.

Who could help laughing? Sybil couldn't, and this made the small boy very angry. It was no use talking to him now; to all Sybil's threats about what would be done to him he only made answer that he didn't care.

"But, Dick, don't you mind seeing mother look sorry?" at last Sybil said in despair.

This called a halt at once. The great moon-faced man waited for his terrible heard while Dick was remembering how it felt to have mamma look sorry. That terrible beard never grew. When mamma came back Dick was swinging on the lawn-gate waiting to kiss her. The peculiar men were scraped off the house, but mamma could not make up her mind to scold Dick when she found how much he had minded about her looking sorry.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

APRIL 1.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.—Gen. 32. 9-12, 24-30.

MEMORY VERSES Gen. 32. 28 30

GOLDEN TEXT—I will not let thee go, except thou bless me—Gen. 32. 26

APRIL 5.

LESSON TOPIC.—Discord in Jacob's Family.—Gen. 37. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 37. 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT—See that ye fall not out by the way.—Gen. 45. 24



EASTER BIRDS

EASTER birds sing Alleluia,
For the night has passed away,
Shall not little Christian children
Sing for joy as well as they?
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is
risen to-day.

Easter flowers breathe Alleluia.
Offered on his altar holy;
Children, be like spotless lilies,
Roses sweet and violets lowly.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Offer him your hearts
to-day.

Bring your gifts, that Alleluias
Through the ransomed world may ring;
Pray that all may learn the story,
Join the gladsome hymns we sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is
risen to-day.

LITTLE HELPS.

"DEAR MAMMA! How I should like to do that."

Kitty was sitting in an easy chair reading. Her book was in large print, with nice pictures. She had just been reading about a little girl whose baby brother was in danger of being badly burned. His clothes had caught on fire, and she had run to him with a blanket and put out the fire.

"Kitty," called her mother from the next room, "will you bring me my thread-bag?"

"Yes, mamma." But she did not stir from her chair.

"She saved her little brother's life. How everybody must have praised her! Once I heard of a girl that snatched someone off a railroad track when a train was coming. What a fine thing it must be to save one's life."

"Kitty," called mamma, "I wish you would come and stay with the baby."

"Yes, mamma." Still Kitty sat with her book.

"What a brave girl I'd be if there was

some brave thing to do! I wouldn't be a bit afraid. Why—what's that?"

There was a noise and a cry. Kitty ran into the next room to find that the baby had fallen out of his cradle, and struck his pretty head against the rocker.

"Oh, I wish I had come before," said Kitty in real sorrow, as mamma came running in fright. "Why, mamma, I was just thinking how glad I would be to do something to save his life!"

"It will be a great deal better, my little girl," said mamma, "to do at once the little things which you can do, than think of great things which are not likely to be needed."

ONLY ONE PIECE

BY E. P. A.

"You can't have but one piece, Francina; just one."

"Oh, Dug, let me have three," said his little sister, peering into the bag. "I love peppermint; but there's wintergreen and caramel; just three, Dug."

"No," said Master Douglas; "I don't have to give you any; Mr. Tucker gave 'em all to me, and he didn't say I must. Make haste, Frank or I'll shut up the bag."

Thus threatened, the small girl chose a caramel. On the whole, that would last longest; but she sighed over the lost peppermint. I don't like to tell what became of the rest, but by bed-time the empty bag had been blown up with air, and had gone off like a gun on the kitchen-floor, scaring a tabby-cat out of a sweet dream of mice for supper.

About midnight, mother heard Douglas carrying on an animated conversation with himself in the dark, and she went to his little cot with a light. "What's the matter, little Boy Blue?"

Douglas rubbed his eyes and looked confused. Mother saw he was just talking in his sleep so she tucked him up and went back to bed; but she heard him tossing and talking several more times that night, and in the morning he was thiraty and feverish and couldn't eat any breakfast.

Of course, mother asked him what he had eaten the day before, and then came the story of the whole bag of candy; and then came that other story of the night's dream. Douglas thought he went to breakfast, and found only one roll on the table, only one sausage in the dish, only one drop of milk in his cup, on'y one lump of sugar in the silver bowl, and he was begging for more when mother waked him up.

"Aren't you glad I'm not as stingy to my little boy as that little boy is to his sister?" asked mother. And she took him to the window and told him to count how many leaves God had given the trees, how many flowers bloomed in the sun; to remember how many drops came down from the clouds, how many stars shone in the sky.

"The question for you and me, Dug," she said, "is not how much we can keep, but, like the heavenly Father, how much we can give."

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

In the street.—Hat lifted when saying "Good-bye," or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat, or acknowledging a favour.

Keep step with anyone you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door.—Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlour.—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room.—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the others, unless the reason is imperative.

Rise when the ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

If all go together, the gentlemen stand by the door till the ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth.—Smacking the lips and all noises should be avoided.

If obliged to take anything from the mouth, cover it with your hand or table napkin.

BROTHER DEAR.

CHARLIE was so full of fun as a merry boy of nine years could be. His laugh filled the house with music; he ran and raced and played just like other boys; but there was one thing about him that was different from some boys that I know—he was a little gentleman, and was very kind to his little sister.

He used to take her with him wherever he went, and never said, "Oh, girls are such a bother, always wanting to tag after."

Whenever he had a piece of money given him, he would run off for his little sister to ask what she would like him to buy, that she might share it with him.

When he played games he was careful that they were not too rough for his sister to join in them.

One day they were sitting on a high bank, playing horse, when little sister said to him, "Charlie, don't ever leave me; I couldn't live without my brother dear."

Charlie laughed, and declared that he would always stay with her. But he did not, for God took him to heaven one day, and left little sister alone.

Poor little girl! And yet rich little girl! She has a beautiful memory of a loving, gentle, tender brother on earth, and she knows that sometimes she will see again, in heaven, her "brother dear."