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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1886.

[No. 9.

## JESUS AT THE WELL.

JOHN 4: 5-26.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—John 4: 24.

### OUR LESSON STORY.

One day Jesus was on his way to a city named Sychar; when he was not far from the city his disciples went forward to buy food, leaving him to rest. He sat down on a well which was called Jacob's well. It was about noon.

While he sat there a woman came for water. Jesus asked her for a drink, and this astonished her very much, for she was a Samaritan and she saw that he was a Jew: the Jews would not have anything to do with the Samaritans. Jesus told her if she knew who was asking her for a drink, she would ask him for living water. She did not understand; she told him the well was deep and he had nothing with which to draw water. He explained

to her that the water which he meant would make her so that she would never thirst again, and would lead her to everlasting life. Still, she did not understand; but she seemed to believe in him as one who could do wonderful things, for she asked him to



JACOB'S WELL.

give her that water which would last for ever, so that she need not come to the well any more. Then Jesus talked with her about her life, and showed her plainly that he knew that she was a wicked woman, then she

said he was a prophet; but instead of asking him again for the wonderful water she began to question him about the dispute between the Jews and Samaritans as to where people ought to worship God. Jesus told her the important thing was to worship him with the heart.

—:o:—

## BABY WILLIE'S SUNBEAMS.

LITTLE Willie laughed and clapped his hands, and then stretched them out to catch the pretty sunlight that streamed in upon his bed in the crib. All the children laughed, and Charlie said, "Silly baby!"

"Not so silly after all; it is a very pretty thought," said mamma. "It is what God wants his children to do—catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face and see," and sure enough the little fellow had bent his head forward until the golden light was on his rosy cheeks and bright curls.

"I think I know what mamma means," said Louise, looking into the baby's laughing face. "She means catch the—the—happy, and be glad instead of cross."

"That is it," said mamma. "There is happiness all around us. If we try to catch

it for ourselves and make other's happy too, won't that be like sunshine?"

"Yes, and if things don't go just right we can call it cloudy weather; but we can be cheery, and so make sunbeams of our own."

"And then you will be my sunbeam," said mamma, with a pleasant smile.

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

ONLY a band of children  
Sitting at Jesus' feet,  
Fitting ourselves to enter  
Into his service sweet.  
Softly his voice is calling:  
"Little one, come unto me!  
Stay not, though weak and helpless;  
Child, I have need of thee!"  
Take us, dear Shepherd, take us  
Into thy heavenly fold;  
Keep our young feet from straying,  
Out in the dark and cold.  
Call us thy "Little Helpers,"  
Glad in thy work to share;  
Make us thine own dear children,  
Worthy thy name to bear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1886.

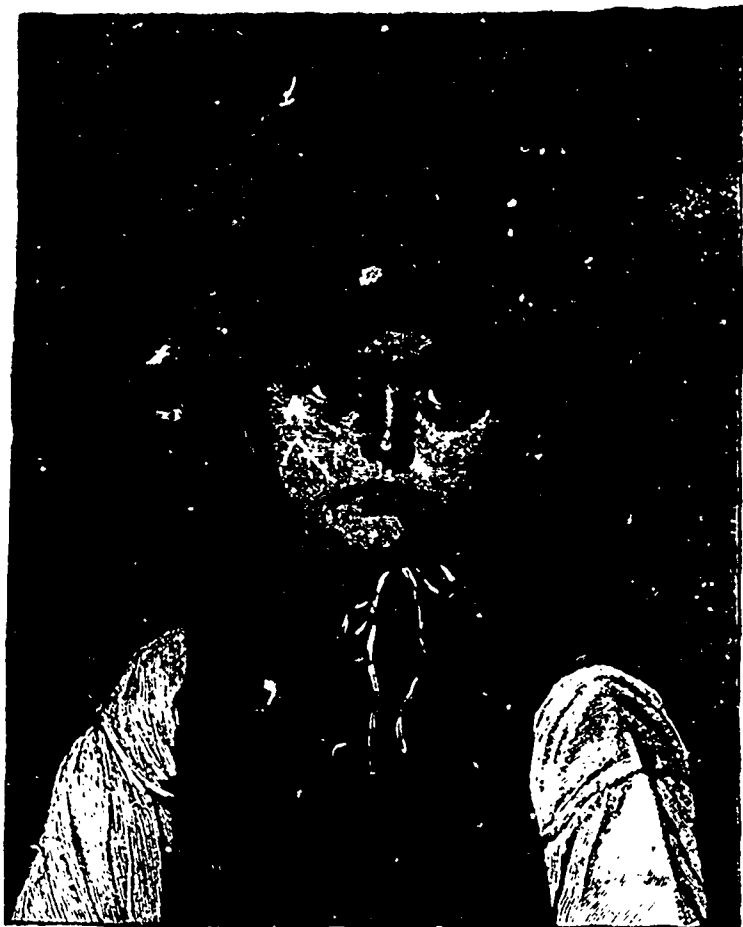
DON'T JEST WITH THE BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suitable to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one, but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the Church roll. What a lesson there is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.



THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

WHAT a sweet ingenuous face, and what pathetic eyes this boy has—as if the shadow of a great sorrow were hanging over his young life. The fishermen and their families along the stormy coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland suffer great privations and hardships, and are exposed to great danger. Sometimes a storm will spring up when a whole fleet of fishing boats is far from shore, and it often happens that some of them never get back to the land again, and their friends have not even the poor satisfaction of burying their bodies and weeping at their graves—the wide deep rolling sea has become their sepulchre. This boy's face is sad enough to make one think he must have suffered such a bereavement. If that ugly oilskin sou'-wester were only off, we should see, I think, a noble handsome brow. He doubtless has often been out with the boats, and pulled the oar and hauled the line with the best. God bless and keep all fishermen and fishermen's lads from the dangers of the stormy deep. The following pathetic verses by the Rev. Chas. Kingsley bring vividly before us the perils of a fisherman's life, and the sorrows of a fisherman's family:—

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,

Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn and many to keep;  
Tho' the harbour bar be moaning.  
Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down.  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbour bar be moaning.  
Three corpses lay out on the morning sands,  
In the twilight gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands  
For those who will never come back to the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner its over, the sooner the sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



### THE GINGERBREAD DOG.

He was not made of gingerbread. He was a live Newfoundland dog, with large brown eyes, and a loud but not savage bark. His name was Typhon.

The children called him Typho; and little Mary used to sing around the house, at the top of her voice, "Old Typh-ee is the *goodest* dog that ever ran a race."

Typho grew up with the children, and loved fun and frolic as well as the merriest of them. He would eat any thing from their hands, and expected a share of whatever they had. Molasses gingerbread sometimes formed part of their luncheon, and Typho would often tease, in dog-fashion, for a bite.

His taste for the sweet morsel increased as he grew older; and at last it came to be a regular thing for the great dog to find his way into the dining-room after supper, and beg for a piece of gingerbread.

Gently wagging his graceful tail, he would march close up to his mistress, and look at her with a smile (so Susie said). Then he would scratch the closet-door, and, as a last resort, he would give a short, loud bark, which Joe called "speaking."

The family were so much amused at Typho's devices to get gingerbread, that the poor fellow often had to go through with them all, before he got what he asked for.

Like Mary's little lamb, Typho often followed the children to school. One day they called him into the schoolroom, and got him up on a bench. Then, while Joe kept him quiet with gingerbread, Lucy tied a sun-bonnet on his head, and Susie pinned

a shawl about him, and completed his costume with a bright necktie, which was very becoming.

There he sat, patient and good-natured, while all the children were having a good laugh at his expense. Joe said that Typho was laughing too, for, although he made no noise, he opened his mouth, and showed his teeth, and seemed greatly pleased.

### THE BETTER WAY

"WELL! well! that kitten's run into the pantry," said Mrs. Lee, as she was hurrying about her dinner. "Children, one of you get her out won't you?"

"I will," said Frank, clattering into the pantry. "Here! 'scat' clear out!"

Poor kitty, frightened with the noise, ran wildly in every direction but that of the door, and finally crept behind a barrel. Frank, of course, could not move it, and as little could

he get the kitten out. When he found that she would certainly stay where she was as long as he scolded, he tried coaxing, but it was too late for that; kit would not trust him.

"Here, kitty, kitty, come, little kitty," said Susie, in gentle tones, as she came with quiet footfall into the pantry. Kitty knew that pleasant voice, and she put her head out, but hesitated.

"Come, kitty, dear little kitty," said Susie again, and she came. Mrs. Lee had heard it all.

"Which do you think the better way, my boy?" she asked laying her hand on Frank's shoulder—"Susie's or yours?"

"Susie's," Frank replied.

"Remember, then, little ones, always, that gentleness and kindness are better than roughness, and the rule of love better than that of fear."

### HOW FARMER ROSYFACE KEEPS HIS APPLES.

"How is it I keep my apples so long, did you ask?" says old Farmer Rosyface. "How do I keep my Baldwins, my Fishers, my greenings, russets, snow-apples and—?" How he rubs his hands and chuckles over the long list! "How do I keep 'em? Well, I keep 'em in a cool place and I keep 'em in a dry place, and then I don't keep eatin' 'em all the time."

There is a good deal in that. There is such a thing as having through saving. Some scholars never have any money for the Sunday-school offering because they keep spending all the time. Begin to save, then you will have.

### SPRING FLOWERS.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

LITTLE flowers again are peeping,  
Just above the cold damp earth,  
Where for months they've all been sleeping,  
Till the spring showers called them forth,

All around us now they're springing,  
Peeping just above the ground,  
With them sweetest perfumes bringing,  
Shedding fragrance all around.

Fragrant little gems of beauty,  
Scattered all along our way,  
Like God's smiles to sweeten duty,  
While we through the desert stray.

Thankful we accept these treasures,  
Sent by him who reigns above,  
Giving us unnumbered pleasures,  
Tokens of our Father's love.

May they ever, then, remind us,  
Of the blessings freely given,  
Glad to do the work assigned us,  
May we live for God and heaven.

### CARRIE'S HYMN.

"I WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard him speak."

So sang little Carrie as she ran lightly down the steps and along the garden-path. Over and over she sang it in her sweet, childish voice, and while she sang she felt very good and happy. But Carrie was not thinking the words down in her heart; they were only on her lips. If they had been in her heart she would not have done what she did just after she had skipped down the garden singing.

At the gate stood a poor ragged little boy. He was peeping through the railings and thinking how pretty the flowers looked and what a nice little girl Carrie was. He could not hear the words she sang, but the tune pleased him, and when the little girl came near he looked at her and smiled, to show that he liked her. But how grieved he was when Carrie said to him roughly, "Go away, you naughty boy, and don't stand looking in at our gate!"

At first he thought she was in play, and he said, "Mayn't I look at the flowers?"

"No, you mayn't; so go away," said Carrie angrily. "I don't like little beggars."

Then the boy went away very sadly, and Carrie's papa, who had followed her, said, "Oh, Carrie, who was singing 'I want to be like Jesus' just now? My little girl did not think what she was saying."

Carrie hung down her head, and wished that she had not been proud and angry, and after that day she always tried to think what the words meant that she was singing.

Will you remember Carrie, and try to live your hymns as well as sing them?

## RESCUE THE PERISHING.

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying.  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Though they are slighting him,  
Still he is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently,  
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Weakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once  
more.

Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labour the Lord will  
provide;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them,  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

## LITTLE SINS.

CHARLIE was spending a winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry, he saw a box of raisins; they were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly and took bunch after bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief, and yet thinking, "It is only a little thing." This he did day after day, till there was quite a hole in the box of raisins, still, no one seemed to notice it. One day a visitor told the following story at the dinner-table.

Walking through a fine park two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood-worm about three inches long was forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. "Ah!" said the gentleman who was with him, "in time that worm will kill the tree."

"A hard thing to believe," said his friend.

"By and by you will see," replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have gotten quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came—just two years from the time the worm began its work—the tree was dead. The

hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk. "You were right," said the gentleman. "The tree was ruined by the worm only three inches long." If a worm could do such harm, what may not what persons call "little sins" do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did not dare look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlour; but as no one took special notice of him, Charlie concluded he must have been mistaken. Still, he began to feel now, as never before, that God knew all about it. The next time he was tempted to take from a basket what was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in fear and ran away as fast as possible; nor could he rest till he had told his sister the whole story. Then he went with a lowly, penitent heart to his heavenly Father, asking that all his sins might be forgiven, and that for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ a new spirit might be put within him.

## "LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

1 JOHN 4. 7.

WOULD you like to hear what Jesus wants you to do? He loves little children very much, and he tells them to love one another. Now, if you are cross to the little boys and girls who play with you, if you try to get their playthings away from them or do anything to make them feel bad, you do not love them, and the dear Saviour who looks down from heaven to see if you try to please him is sorry that you are so naughty. But if he sees you kind and pleasant to your little playmates, he is glad.

You know he gave up his beautiful home to come and die for you because he loved you so much, and now he wants you to love other children and try to make them happy. You will learn this nice little verse and do as it says, won't you?—"Let us love one another."

"The Saviour loved us all so much,  
He came down here to die;  
And now he looks at every child  
From his bright throne on high.

"He wants to see me kind and good,  
And showing others love;  
Then I will try to do and be  
What Jesus will approve."

IN poem "My Rule," in HAPPY DAYS of March 20, for "As long as I live, wherever I am," read—"wherever I can."

## "IT IS SO COLD."

"JAMES, I wish you would fill up the wood-box for me."

James drew up his shoulders with a shiver, and moved his chair closer to the stove, as he said: "O mother, I can't. It is so cold."

His mother left the room just then, and did not at once notice that he did not go to do as she had requested.

"Presently one of James's playmates came and asked him to go coasting. The little boy said he would like to go, and would ask his mother.

"Why, James, it is so cold," she said.

"O I see! The wood-box is empty," said James. He soon had it filled, and after that he went coasting.

## GOD'S SPARROWS.

A CHRISTIAN woman was visiting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third story in a wretched-looking house, when she heard a little voice inside say: "Pull the string up high." She looked up and saw the string. She pulled it, when it lifted the latch and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry. "Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the woman, "No, ma'am; God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children. "You have no fire on this cold day. Are you very cold?" "Oh, when we are cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and he puts his arms around me, and then we say: 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I'll sing my Maker's praise,' and then we get warm," said the little girl. "And what have you to eat, pray?" asked the visitor. "When granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says we are God's sparrows, and he has enough for us; and so we say, 'Our Father,' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."—*Faithful Witness.*

## "CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

"DON'T write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window: "you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day? It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate! it wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.—*Early Dew.*