

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>								

Happy Days

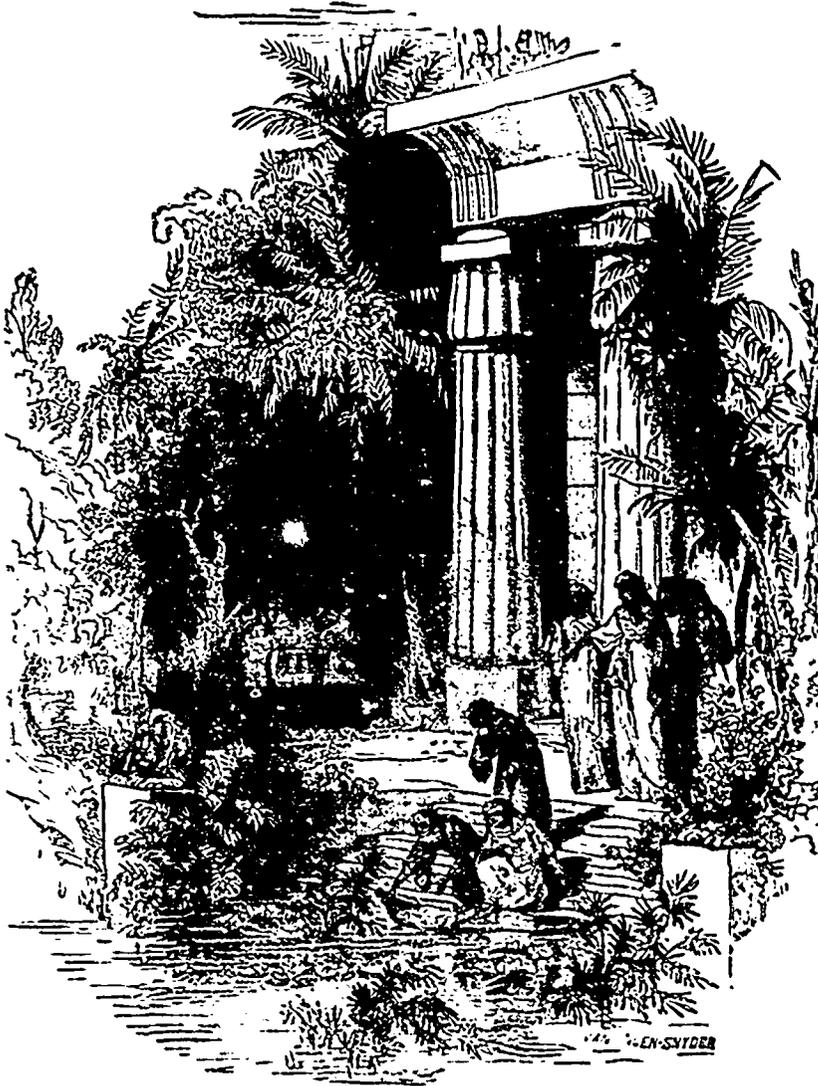
VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1887.

[No. 9.

FINDING OF MOSES.

We have for our lesson for May 8th one of the most beautiful Bible stories. It is about a baby boy born in a humble home and kept hidden by loving care for three months from the cruel king. His mother must have been a good woman who loved the Lord, for her name, Yochebed, means "whose glory is Jehovah." She was a loving, careful mother, and took good care of her baby and her other children. For she had a girl named Miriam who was about twelve years old when this baby was born; and then there was a boy named Aaron who was three or four years old. It must have been an anxious time in that home when the baby became too large to be hidden. The mother made a little basket, covered it with pitch, so that it was water-tight, put the baby in it, and left Miriam to watch him. When the king's daughter came to bathe in the river she found the baby. Miriam went to her and offered to bring a nurse for the child. The mother again had the joy of caring for her little boy until he grew old enough to go and live in the royal palace.



FINDING OF MOSES.

THE OVERFLOWING SPRING.

BESSIE had come down to the spring for drink. The day was hot, she was very thirsty, and the water in the house was warm and didn't satisfy her. So she called and wandered down into the meadow,

where summer and winter the cool, fresh, sparkling water bubbled up and ran over until it was caught in a wooden spout, and through it flowed into a barrel.

"It is always here, always cold, and plenty of it," thought Bessie as she drank, and then something seemed to whisper in her heart, "From thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply."

"Where have I heard that?" Bessie said,

aloud. "Oh, now I know; we sang it in church last Sunday morning." And then it all came back to her memory. The minister had read the beautiful Psalm beginning, "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is." He had described in his sermon how thirsty travellers in the desert longed for water, and then how sometimes people longed just so for God; and after the sermon they had sung a hymn in which were these lines.

"I wonder if I shall ever feel so thirsty for God," said Bessie as she recalled all this, standing there by the spring. "I was very thirsty when I came down here just now, and this cool water tasted so good. I wish I could long for God so." And then she knelt down and prayed a little prayer. "O God, please to make me thirsty for thee, so it will seem just as good to think of thee as it was to drink this water."

Will God hear Bessie's prayer? I am sure he will. He has given her a promise already: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," and, "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

TREASURES of wickedness profit nothing

THE MOON AND ITS "SHINE."

"Will you pull back the curtains, mamma?" he said:

"There's a beautiful moon to-night,
And I want to lie right here in my bed
And watch it, so yellow and bright."

So I tried to arrange the curtains and bed
For the dear little laddie of mine.

"Can you see it now?" "No," he cheerfully
said,

"But I can see its beautiful shine."

Dear baby! his innocent answer I prize,
It is full of a meaning Divine;
When the bright things we wish drift away
from our eyes,
May not we, too, rejoice in their "shine."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 65
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 10; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 109 copies per month.....	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Murray Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HAYES,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1857.

HEARING THE SERMON.

A LITTLE girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age—quite a little girl. But she listened to the minister. She knew that he would tell her good things, and she wanted to learn. Once, when she reached home from church, she said, "Mother, I can tell you a little of Mr. H's sermon. He said, 'Touch not the unclean thing.'"

Wishing to know whether her little daughter understood the meaning of these words, the mother said, "Then, if Mr. H. said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled and answered, "Oh, mother, I know very well what he meant. There were some things that made a Jew unclean if touched by him, but this is not what is meant in this place."

"What did he mean?" asked the mother.

"He meant sin," said the child, "and it is all the same as if Mr. H. had said 'you



EFFIE'S LAMB.

must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do any things that are bad or wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing, mother."

EFFIE'S LAMB.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

EFFIE's father kept a small flock of sheep. One spring, a ewe, which had been raised as a pet, had a beautiful lamb, that, like herself, became very tame. It would permit the children to feed it from their hands, caress it and play with it in various ways. Little Effie was so fond of it that her father and mother called it Effie's lamb.

One day the child's father, seeing her at play with her pet, said:

"Effie, dear, why is it the lamb does not run away from you? Why isn't it afraid of you?"

"It loves me," lisped Effie.

"But why does it love you, my child?"

Effie opened her blue eyes very wide, smiled, and after a moment or two of thought, replied:

"Because I love it, pa."

"That's it," rejoined her father, lifting her into his arms, and pressing her fondly to his heart. "You love the lamb and that makes the lamb love you. Its love for you takes away its fear, and so it will run to you, play with you, and follow you

like a frolicsome kitten. Now repeat your little text about lambs!"

"Feed my lambs," said Effie.

"Who said that?"

"Jesus."

"Yes, Jesus, who called himself the 'Good Shepherd.' But who are his lambs?"

"Little children, pa."

"Yes, little children are Christ's lambs because like lambs they are weak, helpless, timid, and need a shepherd's care. But do you suppose Jesus loves little children—his lambs?"

"Oh yes, pa, I'm sure he does! Why he died for them."

"Yes, dear, he did. The Good Shepherd laid down his life for his sheep and lambs—for grown-up people and for children. That proves his great love for them. But what should his lambs do?"

"Love him, pa."

"Yes, my child, they should love him and then they will not be afraid of him, only afraid to offend him. They will obey him, and when they die will go singing joyfully to his safe and beautiful fold in the glorious world."

Thus did Effie's father try to make Effie's lamb a lesson book about Jesus. I think he was a good, sensible father, and that Effie was a sweet, obedient scholar. I hope you will be like her, and become one of Jesus' lambs by loving him and keeping his words. Will you?



THE SLEEPY NURSE.

THE SLEEPY NURSE.

SANTA CLAUS brought Kitty a lovely wax doll at Christmas, and she nurses it, and pretends to feed it, just as if it were a real baby; only it is a very good baby, and never cries.

Here she is in the picture, with her dolly, which she calls Rose.

Kitty has been rocking and singing Miss Rose to sleep, but now you see she has fallen asleep herself. Do they not make a pretty picture? Kitty has a nice little bed for her doll, and every night she tucks her in it, before nurse puts Kitty herself to bed.

IN THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

THE chief source of strength in the hour of temptation is prayer. And one reason why sin so often gets the advantage of the Christian, is found in the neglect of this blessed privilege. Instead of relying upon his own strength, he should cast himself into the arms of his heavenly Father. It is not necessary that he should retire to the privacy of his own room in order to do this. God can hear our thoughts as well as our words; our silent but strong yearnings for his aid can be heard by him as distinctly as if we were to cry aloud; so, at all hours and in all places, when the soul needs strength, it can turn to him who alone can give it.

Who can resist the pitiful pleading of his own children? What man so hard of heart, so relentless of purpose, who will not yield when he feels his little children tugging at his heart-strings? Ah! the sword is sharp, the arrow is swift, and the dagger is keen, but there is nothing that goes so

surely to the heart as the voice of a child. And will God not hear his children when they cry to him? Ah! that he will. Has he not said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Call upon the Lord as a child calls upon its parent, and he will hear.—*Selected.*

DANCING.

You think I am hard upon dancing, and I have a reason. "Two years ago," said a young girl to me, "you told me that if I went on doing these things I should myself change; that I should not do them and keep myself. I was almost angry then, but do you know it has come true? I have changed. Things that I minded and shrunk from then I never notice now. I have got used to them, as you said; it frightens me when I think of it." Poor child! neither fright nor warning have staid her course since then. A ceaseless thirst for excitement, and an endless round of unsatisfying pleasure—so called—a weary, old, disappointed look on the young face; broken engagements, forgotten promises, a wasted life. This is what it has all come to. "Hard upon dancing?" "Yes; certainly I have reason. Do I not find it right in the way of my Bible-class who might else become Christian? Do I not know how it tarnishes the Christian profession of others? Do not the careless young men in the class boast that they can get the church members to go with them anywhere to dance? Or how would you like to have a young girl come to you, frightened at the things she had permitted at the ball the night before, entreating to know if you thought them very bad?"—*Homes and School.*

THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

It was peeping through the brambles,
That little, wild, white rose,
Where the hawthorn hedge was planted
My garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern or heather
On the breezy open moor;
All within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store;
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flower or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rose bud,
And it grew too high for me.

In vain I strove to reach it,
Through the tangled mass of green—
It only smiled and nodded
Behind its thorny screen.
Yet through that summer morning
I lingered near the spot—
Oh! why do things look sweeter
If we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming;
But all that I could see
Was that mocking little wild rose
Hanging—just too high for me.

So, in life's wider garden,
There are buds of promise too—
Beyond our reach to gather,
But not beyond our view;
And like the little charmer
That tempted me astray,
They steal out half their brightness
Of many a summer day.
O hearts that fail for longing
For some forbidden tree,
Look up and learn a lesson
From my white rose and me!

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a naughty girl. I hate you!"
"And I hate you! There! take that!"
And Jane struck the girl who had spoken to her.

Then they both began to strike and beat each other, until both began to cry, and went home to tell their mothers how they had been abused.

Is that the way that Christ taught us? Ought we to behave so?

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

What a beautiful verse that is! What a happy world this would be if we obeyed this Bible precept!

Dear children, be kind to each other and tender-hearted, and your friends will love you.

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.

HELPING PAPA AND MAMMA.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
 Helping to scatter the seeds,
 Feeding the hens and chickens,
 Freeing the garden from weeds,
 Driving the cows to the pasture,
 Feeding the horse in the stall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Surely there is work for us all,
 Helping papa.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
 Bringing the wood from the shed,
 Ironing, sewing and knitting,
 Helping to make up the bed,
 Taking good care of the baby,
 Watching her lest she should fall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Oh, there is work for us all,
 Helping mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy—
 Makes us both active and strong,
 Play we enjoy all the better
 When we have laboured so long.
 Gladly we help our kind parents,
 Quickly we come at their call,
 Children should love to be busy:
 There is much work for us all,
 Helping papa and mamma.

WHAT MADE TOMMY GENTLE.

"YE—are—the—light—of—the—world." Ruthie read the verse out slowly, then looked up at her mother, who sat near, and said, "I don't know what that means, mamma."

Mamma smiled, but didn't answer for a moment; then she said,—

"Was Tommy Brown at school yesterday?"

Ruthie brightened up immediately.

"Yes, mamma, he was, and he gave me a big red apple. I like him a great deal better than I used to do. He isn't cross and hateful any more, and he doesn't get angry and fight the boys either. Fred struck him right in the face the other day. I saw him. But he did not strike back again at all, though I think he wanted to for a minute, for I saw him raise his hand; but he didn't."

"Does he trouble you little girls any more?"

"O mother! not a bit. You know he told us he was sorry, and wasn't going to do it any more."

"What do you think has changed him so, Ruthie?"

"Why, mamma, you know he became a Christian. He joined Church last Sunday, don't you remember?"

"Oh, what was your verse, Ruthie dear?"

Thus recalled to her Bible, the little maiden read again: "Ye are the light of the world."

"Who was talking, Ruth?"

"Jesus Christ."

"Who does he say is the light of the world?"

Ruth studied the chapter.

"'Ye.' It says 'ye.'"

"Read the first two verses, dear."

"Oh, it was the disciples—his disciples. It says so."

"Yes; he told his disciples they were the light of the world. What is light for?"

"To—to—why, to make things clear; to show things."

"And what should Christ's disciples show?"

"Show that they love him," said Ruth softly, after a pause.

"Yes; and that loving Christ makes them better and kinder too."

"Yes," said Ruth immediately; "it is so with Tommy. Everybody knows that he is a better boy, and everybody says it is because he has become a Christian."

DISOBEDIENT KITTIE.

KITTIE'S mamma had just come from Uncle George's. There was company waiting in the parlour to see her; so she just put her basket down on the table, saying: "Kittie, don't open that basket until I come back."

Kittie said, "No ma'am," and went on with her play.

But the company stayed a long time, and Kittie grew tired of her doll. Besides she heard a funny little noise in the basket. She wished mamma would come and tell her what was in there. By-and-by she stood close by the table and listened. What a funny noise that was! Then she said, "I'll just look in a wee little bit; it can't do any harm."

But it did. As soon as she raised the lid, out flew a dear little canary mamma had brought for her. And as the window was open, it flew off and was lost. When mamma came out she was very much grieved that her child had been so disobedient. She should have trusted that her mamma knew best, and have done just as she said.

WE should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves, and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Fuller.*

CIGARS AND ECONOMY.

"FATHER, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child. What of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girl don't think about," answered the father.

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was just thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot."

But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week and seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on; I'll surrender. Here take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I will do without cigars a week."

"Thank you, father, but if you would only say for a year. It would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet, and lots of pretty thing."

"Well, to make my little girl happy, will say a year."

"Oh, that will be so nice! But wouldn't it be about as easy to say always? Then we could have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us. O papa, please don't smoke any more."—*Selected.*

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shades and lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon and peace and eternal life for myself and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."