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Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1888.

[No. 7.

AT THE SEPULCHRE.

AND when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man; for they were afraid. Mark 16. 1-8.



AT THE SEPULCHRE.

HIS RIGHTS.

"I WILL have my rights," said Tom Bell, as he walked off the play-ground.
 "O, his rights! those everlasting old rights! I wish he'd take them and be done

with it," cried Hal Hale, half laughing and very much in earnest, too.

Tom was a trial to all his friends on account of those same "rights." He was always on the lookout to see that he had his full share of everything that was going. He was very quick to see a slight, so quick, indeed, that he could often see one where none was intended.

Of course he was not a popular boy. How could he be? He kept himself at the front all the time. The boys had to keep a sharp watch to see that Tom's feelings were not hurt, and it was a weight on their minds, you may be sure.

And then, in spite of all their care, he was always feeling that he didn't have his rights.

Don't take Tom for a model, boys, if you want to have friends and go through life pleasantly.

And, girls, watch against the selfishness which is often called by the pretty name of sensitiveness.

Here is a secret: the one who thinks least of self will get the most kind consideration from others, and the sure way to lose your rights is to be always trying to get and keep them.

EASTER DAY.

WAKE with the world, O children!

Rise with the sun and sing:

Over our souls is risen

He who is Christ, our King.

May the glad dawn

Of Easter morn

Bring holy joy to thee:

May the calm eve

Of Easter leave

A peace divine with thee!

May Easter day

To thine heart say,

"Christ died and rose for thee!"

May Easter night

On thine heart write,

"O Christ, I live to thee!"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1888.

THE CHILD MINISTER.

OLD Betty Brown had never learned to read, and was very sorry for it in her old age. She sat weak and feeble for hours every day in her cottage thinking of the past, and of her early friends, who had all passed away. But a dear little girl, whose name was Nelly, said to her, one day, "Mrs. Brown, I can read now; would it please you if, sometimes, I came and read to you?"

"My darling little lady," said old Betty, "I would bless you if you did."

So, day by day, Miss Nelly went, for a little while, to read to the poor old woman holy words out of God's Book, and beautiful hymns. She was a young ministering angel to the old pilgrim, and did a loving work for Christ, that he saw; and she comforted old Betty, and got the blessings of her prayers.

ONLY PLEASING SELF.

Do you know what it is to be selfish? Yes, I am sure there is no one who doesn't know what it is to be selfish, even if he can't tell what the word "selfish" means. To be selfish is to think more of one's own little self than of any other self in the world—to want the biggest piece, to try for the nicest place, to be always looking out for one's own comfort and pleasure. This is not a good thing; do you think it is, little people? It is so bad a thing that we must always be trying to get rid of the selfish spirit and to put away all thoughts of self from our minds. What have we told you that the holy child Jesus is for all little children? An example. Yes; we must all try to be like him. Now here is a text that will help you to become unselfish, if you are really trying to copy our Great Example in all things: "Even Christ pleased not himself." Say it after me: "Even Christ pleased not himself." Then must this little one think only of pleasing self? O no! not if he wishes to be like the holy child Jesus.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

"GOOD evening, Mrs. Ellis, what are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Allen, come in. I was looking for Eddie. He was sent to the lower end of the town on an errand more than an hour ago, and he has not returned yet. I feel a little worried, for he is always back so quick when sent on an errand."

"Perhaps the boys have coaxed him over on the ice. Our James is gone. There was no peace at home until we let him go. But he promised to be back before this," sighed Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, no, Eddie is not on the ice; for I have told him not to go unless he first obtained our consent. He never goes anywhere without leave from us first."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Ellis, that yours is a very obedient child, but you know the boys may have persuaded him to go; and boys are so thoughtless they forget their promises when any pleasure is in view."

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Ellis, "but Eddie never forgets; he always keeps his word."

Mrs. Allen looked sad as she said, "I wish I could say as much about James. Here comes Eddie now," she added, as a manly little fellow of ten years bounded up the steps.

"Mother, dear, were you worried? I really could not get here sooner; for I met papa, who had to leave the store to overtake

a waggon which had gone away without some things; and papa was so tired he said I could run fast and overtake it better than he could, as it was to stop at the mill. I just reached the mill in time, too, for it was just about leaving. I hurried back as fast as I could, only stopping to tell papa it was all right. He says he cannot leave the store yet, so you should not wait supper." So saying, Eddie took the basket to bring in chips for morning.

Mrs. Allen sighed again, saying, "Oh, I do wish I could depend on James as you can on Eddie. What a blessing it is to have such a boy."

How true were Mrs. Allen's words! It is a great blessing for parents to have such children. They are sure to make noble men. A boy of his word will become a man of his word, respected and loved by every one; and he will be an honour to the community in which he lives.

Boys, let me ask, are you kind and obedient to your parents? Can they say of you, "He never forgets; he always keeps his word?"

THE LITTLE ARMY.

THERE'S a funny little army
Clad in armour silver-bright;
Though it stands in warlike columns,
Yet 'tis never known to fight;
Very sharp these little soldier,
Always useful, night or day:
People think it quite an honour
To be called as neat as they.

Often missed when they are needed,
Though they don't march to and fro;
It has ever been a puzzle
To determine where they go.
Only pins upon a cushion,
Yet be very proud we might
Were we, like this little army,
Always useful, neat and bright.

—*Good Times.*

THE WREN.

BACK again, little wren? You must like this hole under our roof. Here you have built your nest for many a year. If you should find it shut up, what would you do? Look around for another in the house, or barn. You would even take the farmer's old coat-sleeve or hat for a home. A man who was cutting grass left his coat on the fence two or three days; when he tried to put it on he found a little nest in the sleeve. Did you ever hear of such a sociable little fellow as the wren? And how sweetly he sings! Shall not I too sing God's praise?

AN EASTER-SONG.

WAKE the morning! Easter dawneth!
Easter morn in roseate hue
Breaks the resurrection promise,
Brings a message, dears, to you.

Little children, Easter dawneth;
Haste from slumb'rous realms away;
He who died for little children
Has arisen—lives to-day.
Harken! 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, resplended with the glory
Of the resurrection-joy,
Childish lips repeat the story,
Dear to every girl and boy.

Of the love wherein 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.
Harken! Easter bells are ringing,
Easter-carols we are singing,
While the children's hands are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

A KINDLY TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood? Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters, and will write it, as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. That word is "truth." Now then, remember, truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called. Mark what I say: truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy! the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who

yet impose upon the people and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have any thing to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind."

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose on a people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit?

Now, I want you to be a man; and, that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true—thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are. When we have laid that foundation, then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and Godlike, after the perfect image of him, the perfect man, who said that he was born that he might bear witness to the truth.—
Bishop Dudley.

DON'T SKIP THE HARD NAMES.

EDDY was a bright little scholar. He could read very well for a boy six years old. He like to read stories about birds and beasts.

But he had one fault. One day his mamma talked to him about it.

He would read very fast till he came to a hard word. Then he would stop, and if he could not tell at once what it was, he would skip it and go on.

"Don't skip the hard words, Eddy," said his mamma.

"Why, mamma, I don't like the hard words. I am in such a hurry to go on that I can't stop to spell them."

"That will not do, my boy," she said. "You will never be a good reader if you do not stop and spell the long words. You will never be good at anything if you do not do the hard things which come to you."

"When you are at work do not skip the hard things. God expects all his children to do faithfully the duty which comes to them."

"A boy who bravely tries to overcome hard things is a hero."

"A hero, mamma?" said Eddy, laughing. "Why, I thought a hero was a man who went to war and was a brave soldier."

"You can be a hero, dear, while you are a little boy. A hero is any one who does his best, even in such little things as spelling the hard words. You are not too young to be a true soldier of the Prince of Peace."

CHRIST HATH RISEN

O bells in the steeple
Ring out to all people,
That Christ has arisen, that Jesus is here,
Touch heaven's blue ceiling
With your happy pealing,
O bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear.

O violets tender,
Your shy tribute render,
Tie round your wet faces your soft hood of blue;
And carry your sweetness,
Your dainty completeness,
To some tired hand that is longing for you.

LEAVING THEM TO GOD.

A SOCIETY in England has started a school for native children in West Africa. One day in that school a little girl struck her school-mate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck, "Did you strike her back again?"

"No ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know that we will not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then, whatever our enemies do or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them and make them our friends.

ALL BELONGS TO GOD.

DID you ever think that all you have belongs to God? What you have is yours only in trust. God is the Master; you are the stewards, the servants. To the Master you must give account. You must be enabled to say, "I have done with my Master's goods as he has directed. When he told me to pay, I have paid; and when he has told me to withhold, I have withheld. It is as wrong to give when he has commanded us not to give as not to give when he has commanded us to give."

EASTER.

THE Easter thought which I would like you all to remember is that for our sakes the blessed Saviour died and was laid in the tomb.

But on the third day he arose from the dead. And this took place in spring-time, when the flowers were blossoming after their winter sleep, fit tokens of the heavenly life that shall never end, in the home above, which all who believe in the Lord Jesus shall share.



THE SICK BOY.

EASTER.

GIVE flowers to all the children
This blessed Easter day—
Fair crocuses and snowdrops,
And tulips brave and gay.

And tell them, tell the children,
How in the dark, cold earth
The flowers have been waiting
Till spring should give them birth.

All winter long they waited,
Till the south wind's soft breath
Bade them rise up in beauty,
And bid farewell to death.

Then tell the little children
How Christ our Saviour, too,
The flower of all eternity,
Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent
Within the tomb he lay,
Then rose in light and glory,
To live in heaven for aye.

So take the flowers, children,
And be ye pure as they,
And sing to Christ our Saviour
This blessed Easter day.

THE SICK BOY.

THIS poor boy has been sick all winter and not able to go out and play with the other boys at snow balling or "coasting" down hill. At last, as the soft spring weather has come, he is much better, although he is still unable to walk. But as he sits at the window how he does long to be out of doors to see the lambs skip in the meadows and the flowers bloom in the garden! So two of his old school companions have come to take him out for a walk. It is pretty hard for them to carry him, but they make what is called a "cat's cradle" by joining their hands, which makes for him a comfortable seat, and they carry him around the garden to a seat in the arbour. The fresh air brings the colour to his cheek and brightness to his eye, and he has laughed a merry laugh for the first time in weary months. Don't you think these big boys felt better than if they had gone off for a game of ball or marbles by themselves? I am sure they do. In blessing others they themselves were blessed.

THE Bible is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BABY-BEAR.

"THIS is very nice," said a baby-bear, as he floated down the river on a log he had found by the water's edge. "What a mistake my mother made when she told me not to get on it! It's the nicest time I ever had, and so I shall tell her when I get back."

And the log floated down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other way?" cried the little bear, after a time, as the current bore him farther and farther from home. "I'm getting hungry." But the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little bear again; "I've been quite far enough, and I'm stiff and cramped." But the log floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear; "I believe she was right, after all, and when I get home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas, the little bear never had a chance of telling her so, for he never saw his mother or his home again. He was seen and captured by some fur-traders, and many a time in his captivity did he mourn over the disobedience that cost him his liberty.

"TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT."

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!"

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie dear?" said my little niece, who was standing, unperceived, beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter! she did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I WILL give that to the missionaries," said little Billy; and he put his fat little hand on a tiny gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gold? And missionaries work for Jesus."

Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him, and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?"

Susie repeated, "My son, give me thine heart."