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HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1897.

[No. 8.

THE EASTER LILY.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

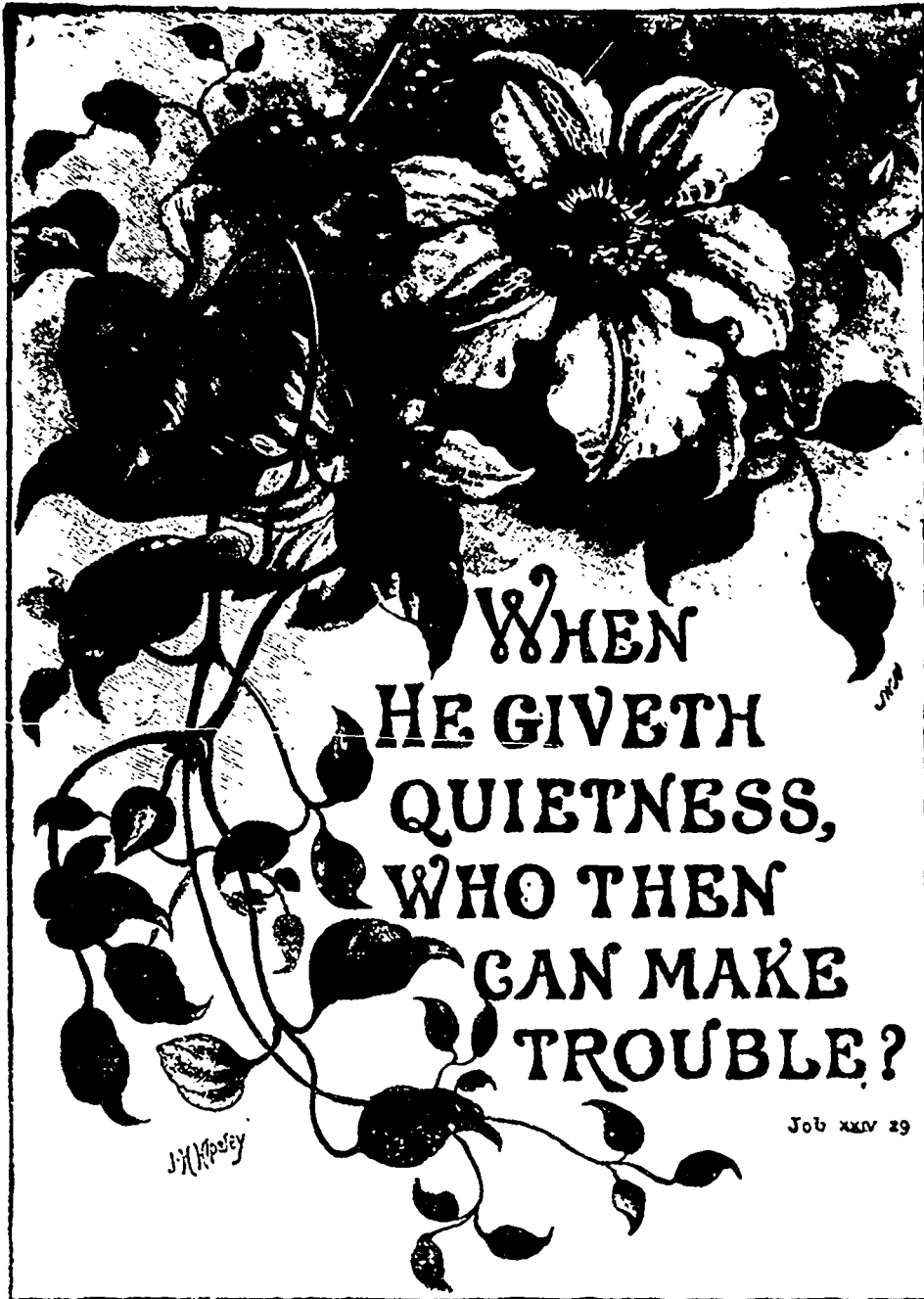
THROUGH all the winter chilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From fresh bud thrust above the bulb,
To soft expanding leaf;
Though scant the sunshine that is felt
Long as the days were brief.

We knew a lovely blossom
Was hid within its bosom,
And that its one green calyx-sheath.
Did tenderly unfold
A snow-white flower,
upon whose breast
Would shine a dust of gold.

We watched, and ah, we waited,
It seemed so long belated;
We gave it freely light and drink,
Though filled with fear and doubt;
Would ever that green prison burst
And let its captive out?

Behold, on Easter morning,
With no unusual warning,
Our lily stood in perfect bloom,
All gloriously white!
And thus our question had reply;
Our doubt became delight.

Out from its folded prison
We felt it had arisen
To prove to us life's narrowing bounds
Will blossom and unclose,
Until the soul is freed and fair
As Christ himself arose,



THE EASTER EGG.

IN Russia as early as 1589 eggs coloured red, typifying the blood of Christ, shed as an atonement for our sins, were the most treasured of exchanges at Easter. Every believer went abroad at this season with his pockets well supplied with Easter eggs. When two Russians met for the first time

during the Easter holidays, if they should not meet on the day itself, the belated Easter compliments were passed, first by solemn shaking hands in silence, then the elder (or the younger, if he outranked the elder) would say, "The Lord is risen" and his companion would reply, "It is true;" then they kissed each other and ceremoniously drew from their respective pockets the Easter emblem, and exchanged eggs.

The Chinese claim that the world was formed of the two parts of an enormous egg. From the yolk of the egg stepped forth the human being, whom they call Poon-koo-Wong, then he waved his hand and the upper part of his late castle, the egg-shell, went upward and became the concave heavens of blue; the lower half fell reversed, making the convex earth; and the white albumen became the seas.

The Syrians believed also that the gods from whom they claimed descent were hatched from mysteriously laid eggs. Hence we infer that our present custom of offering the Easter egg

enblem has the heathen legends for its origin; in fact, all our most precious festivals come down from similar sources, but purified with the light of Christianity.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but grandmother did," was the reply.

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

O LET this joyful message ring
Throughout the world once more,
"The blessed Christ, our Lord, has risen!"
Hear it from shore to shore!

Rejoice, O favoured children! Lift
Your faces toward the sky:
Christ's glorious resurrection means
That you shall never die.

Proclaim the news to those who sit
In darkness far away,
Till echoes sweet to them repeat:
"This is your Easter Day!"

Give, freely give your gold, that soon
Their crosses may, like ours,
Because of Jesus' love, be wreathed
With fragrant Easter flowers.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1897.

SAVED BY ITS SONG.

A LITTLE bird in a certain town owes its life to its perseverance and habit of singing while in trouble. A gentleman heard for nearly a month the small songster's persistent notes near his window. At last he called the attention of a friend to its song. This friend soon discovered that the bird was a prisoner in its nest. A ladder was brought and the bird and nest were taken down and examined. One leg had become ensnared in the wool with which the nest was lined, and it was only after twenty minutes of careful effort with sharp instruments that the limb was loosed.

This done, the spectators were surprised to see birdie fly away to a near-by apple tree, apparently as well as though never tied. The bird's parents or some of its friends must have kept it supplied with food during its imprisonment.

A SHELL WITH WINGS.

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

DOES not this pretty creature look exactly like a shell with two graceful wings? And yet, in reality, he is even more separate from his shell than most other shell-fish are. Unlike most of his kind, he is nowhere fast to the house that holds him, nor is he even the shape of it. He builds his beautiful eggshell covering himself, expanding its dimensions to suit his growth. During his lifetime the shell of the Nautilus is thin and somewhat elastic. It is as clear as what is commonly known as "eggshell china," but does not become as brittle as that material until some little time after the animal has been removed.

It has been thought, until quite lately, that the Nautilus used his upper arms, if we may call them so, as sails, but this an error. The only means of propulsion with which he has been provided, is the same as that given to his big brother, the Octopus or Cuttle-fish. This is a tube into which the animal draws up water. To move himself forward, he rapidly ejects it, and the action sends him on his way. He is the happy possessor of eight arms (or legs), two of which he hoists over his shell, and six of which he clasps around it, to keep it from contact with anything that might injure it, although, should it be broken, he can soon repair it. Every Papa Nautilus is his own carpenter. His home is the Mediterranean, but even there he is seldom seen until just after dusk. If he is caught, he will slip out of his shell, if he can, into the sea.

THE NORTH WIND.

ONE day North Wind wanted to go and play. So he asked his father and was told, "Yes; if you will not stay too long and will remember about being gentle." Away ran North Wind with a merry shout, banging the door behind him. As he ran along he came to a fine large apple-tree full of green apples and he called to it, "Oh! come and play with me." But the apple-tree said, "Oh, no! I cannot play. I must be still and help all these apples to turn red for the children." "Puff," said North Wind, and he said it so hard that all the apples fell to the ground, and the poor tree was very sad.

Then North Wind saw a pretty little flower growing by a window, and he ran up to her and said, "Will you play with me?" But she, too, said, "Oh! no, I cannot; for the farmer's little girl is sick and she watches me from the window every day. She would miss me if I went away to play." North Wind touched her very gently, but she hung her little head and never looked up again.

"I CAN always tell a dogwood tree
When I walk in Central Park,"
Said Jack, "for can't you plainly see.
You can tell it by its bark?"

EASTER.

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

MY sweet little neighbour Bessie
I thought was busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
"Say, what is the Easter Day?"

"Has no one told you, darling—
Do they 'feed his lambs' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child
The story whose end is Easter—
The Life of the Undeiled.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar.

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life he lived
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears.

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

I came at length to the garden
Where they laid his form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter Day—

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

I think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of him who was God and man.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter Day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that was,
But the child that is to-day.

THREE LITTLE SERVANTS.

I HAVE a little servant
With a single eye;
She always does my bidding
Very faithfully,

But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Another little servant
On my finger sits.
She the one-eyed little servant
Very neatly fits.

But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Now one more little servant
Through the single eye
Does both the others' bidding
Very faithfully.

But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

A needle and a thimble
And a spool of thread,
Without the fingers nimble
And the knowing head,

They would never make out,
If they tried a day,
To sew a square of patchwork, as you well may say.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IV. [April 25.]

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12. 5-17. Memory verses, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prisoner, v. 5, 6.
2. The Angel, v. 7-11.
3. The Disciples, v. 12-17.

THE LESSON STORY.

Trouble came again upon the believers in Jerusalem. Herod was made king of Judea, and he commanded the soldiers to kill the apostle James, the brother of John. When he saw that this pleased the Jews he thought he would kill Peter too, and so he had him put into prison, and sixteen soldiers were sent to keep watch of him. The other apostles fled from Jerusalem lest they should be killed too. But there were many believers there still, and they

prayed earnestly to God to deliver Peter. The night before the day Peter was to be killed the Christians met in the house of Mary, the sister of Barnabas, to pray. Peter was asleep in his prison between two soldiers. There was a chain on each hand fastened to the hand of a soldier. Suddenly he woke and a bright angel told him to rise and follow him. What could chains and soldiers and prison doors do then? The angel led him down one street and then went quickly away.

Peter knew that friends were praying for him at Mary's house, and he went there and told the wonderful story of his deliverance. Then he told them to tell James, the brother of Jude, and the other brethren about it, and he went away where Herod could not find him.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read what wicked King Herod did. Acts 12. 1-5.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 12. 5-17.
- Wed.* Find what happened another time. Acts 5. 17-20.
- Thur.* Learn why Peter could sleep sweetly. Golden Text.
- Fri.* Read how Paul and Silas were delivered. Acts 16. 23-26.
- Sat.* Learn who is near to help Christians. Heb. 1. 14.
- Sun.* Learn something to comfort the heart. Psalm 33. 18.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who was appointed to rule over Judea? Was this the Herod who killed the babies? No; it was his grandson. Whom did he put to death? Whose brother was this? Why did this please the Jews? What did Herod think he would do next? Why did he feel sure that Peter could not escape from prison? What did he forget? Golden Text. What were Peter's friends doing? At whose house did they meet? How did Peter sleep in his prison? What happened in the night? Where did Peter go? What did his friends think when they saw him? Who did he say delivered him?

REMEMBER—

God did not love Peter more than James
God cares as much for a child as for an apostle.
God hears every true prayer offered to him.

LESSON V. [May 2.]

PAUL BEGINS HIS FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 13. 1-13. Memory verses, 2-4

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Call, v. 1-3.
2. The Field, v. 4, 5.
3. The Foe, v. 6-13.

THE LESSON STORY.

There were other Christian teachers besides Saul and Barnabas at Antioch in Syria. The Holy Ghost told them to set apart these good men to the work unto which he had called them. So they fasted and prayed, and then sent Barnabas and Saul out to preach to the heathen. They took a young man with them named John Mark. He was a nephew of Barnabas, and was much liked by his uncle.

They went first to the native country of Barnabas. This was a large and beautiful island called Cyprus. It took but one day by ship to reach Cyprus, and when they landed at the port called Salamis they began preaching the Gospel right away. They went all through the island, which is about a hundred miles long, preaching.

The governor was a Roman named Sergius Paulus. He lived at Paphos, at the further end of the island. He sent for Saul and Barnabas to come and preach to him, and they went gladly.

A wicked man named Elymas (meaning "Wise Man") was there, and he tried to keep the governor from believing in Jesus. Then the Holy Ghost spoke by Saul and rebuked him, telling him that he should be blind for a time, and gradually darkness came upon him. When the governor saw this miracle he believed in the Lord.

Then the apostles sailed away and came next to Perga, in Asia, and John Mark went back to Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses very carefully. Acts 13. 1-13.
- Tues.* Learn at whose command the apostles went forth. Golden Text.
- Wed.* Find what God's plan was for Saul. Gal. 1. 15, 16.
- Thur.* Learn who led Saul and Barnabas forth. Verse 4.
- Fri.* Trace the first missionary journey on the map.
- Sat.* Find why Saul had power over Elymas. Luke 10. 19.
- Sun.* Think, "What does the Golden Text mean to me?"

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

Who were the Christian teachers at Antioch? What did the Holy Spirit tell them to do? Who went away to preach the Gospel to the heathen? Whom did they take with them? Where did they go first? Where did they land? What did they begin to do right away? How long was the island of Cyprus? Why did not Saul and Barnabas stay in one place? Who lived at Paphos? Where was this? What word was sent to the apostles? What wicked man tried to keep the governor from believing them? What did Saul say to Elymas? What followed? Did the governor become a believer? Where did the missionaries go next?

THIS LESSON TEACHES—

That God sends missionaries out.
That he helps them in their work.
That it is blessed to work with God.

A LITTLE PREACHER.

THE readers of HAPPY DAYS know that during the last year there have been terrible persecutions in Turkey, the Turks, who are Mohammedans, putting to death many thousands of Armenians who cling to their own religion, which is a form of Christianity. The missionaries in Turkey have done much to help these poor persecuted people in their great suffering and poverty, and a few Armenians managed to leave the country. Among these were a Christian preacher and his wife and five children, who found their way to America. Trouble came to them on ship-board, for the little baby died, and when they reached New York they had little money and their friends were far away, in one of the Western States.

While they were waiting to hear from these friends the few dollars they had were spent, and when they were found by a missionary visitor, they were living in two bare rooms, with just two chairs, which were lent by a good neighbour upstairs, for furnishing. The visitor sat on one chair and the family stood around her, their dark faces full of gladness that some one had come to them. The father and the children could speak brokenly in English, and they interpreted to the mother.

"One day when I went there," the visitor said, "I spoke of their two violins, and the oldest lad took up his and played for me, and then sang—what do you think?—'Rock of Ages' and 'Home Sweet Home!' Just think of those two miserable rooms, with almost nothing to eat in the pantry, being 'sweet home' to them!"

Many people became interested in this brave family, and their beautiful trust in God taught the best kind of lessons to those who knew them, but it was little Paul who was a minister of love to a gay,

worldly little woman. It cost so much for the Tajmagians to live that different friends took the children for a time, and Paul was a great pet with his adopted mamma, who dressed and fed him daintily and taught him little songs and games.

But Paul missed something in this beautiful new home, and one day when Papa Tajmagian came to see him he seemed very sober indeed.

quick tears sprang into her eyes as she answered,

"I am afraid we had forgotten. It is so easy to forget!"

And that was the way a real Christ life began in this beautiful home through the preaching of a little Armenian boy who first learned of the love of God through the efforts of the Christian missionaries in heathen Turkey.



THE BIRDS' CONCERT.

BY T. A. B.

Do you know, my little readers, that I go to a concert every day during the summer time? I see that some of you doubt my word; well, perhaps I ought to say that the concert comes to me, and that would be nearer the truth.

My home is in the country and the house is surrounded by trees, beside which there is a wood upon the east and west sides and beyond the orchard at the north. You have guessed by this time that the singers are the birds, and such singers! I would rather listen to them than to all the singers I ever heard in the Metropolitan Opera House or the Academy of Music.

I suppose you would like to know how these sweet singers are dressed; that is harder to tell than to describe the evening dress of a prima donna. Their costume is of every colour of the rainbow, and all made of the most exquisite, glossy feathers; black birds, blue birds and yellow birds, golden and bronzed and speckled; robins and thrushes and orioles,

catbirds, scarlet tanagers and swallows, with many others to join in the chorus.

Such robins and thrushes, I wish you could see them. They are the principal singers; and at what time do you suppose they give their concerts? Not in the evening, when most concerts take place, but at four o'clock in the morning. How often if you were in the country, my little reader, do you suppose you would hear them?

Song for Easter.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

The tiny buds begin to wake,
Down in their dark, cold bed,
As swift the kisses of the sun
Fall on each nestling head,
"We must rise," they say,
"To meet the spring's birthday!"

The bonny birds in distant clime
The secret message hear;
We catch the answer floating back,
In carols glad and clear;
"Homeward we fly and sing,
Sing for the beautiful spring!"

And shall our hearts alone be still,
When sky and stream, bright bird
And flowers, and God's sweet grace
are ours?

Nay, let glad thanks be heard;
"We wake, we live, we sing
To greet our risen King!"

"Papa," he said, looking up at him solemnly, "I thought all Americans were Christians; and all Christians pray—don't they? But these people never have prayers. Have they forgotten about God?"

"No prayers!" said Papa Tajmagian; "how can that be?" and he went straight to Mrs. May and in his gentle, modest way told what troubled him and little Paul.

Hot blushes scorched her cheeks and