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# Happy Days

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO APRIL 9, 1892.

[No. 8.

## BURIAL OF JESUS.

"AND, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:

"(The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them :) he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God."

"This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus: and he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

## JUST AS FOOLISH.

THERE was a ridiculous story in the paper the other day which I should hardly think could be true. It said that a man was walking along the street not very far from the place where a great building was burning, and a big cinder fell on his hat. Another man just behind him saw it fall, and hastened to knock it off. I suppose you think the man whose hat was in danger of burning up turned around and thanked the one that took the cinder off.

But no! Here is the ridiculous part of the story: he turned round angrily and spoke very severely to the man, who, he said, had no business to touch his hat. Now, I should not have been able to believe that story if I had not seen people quite as foolish. Young people upon whom a disagreeable little habit has fallen which



BURIAL OF JESUS.

will make them appear more absurd than a man with a burned hat, or no hat at all, will sometimes be very much vexed with one who tries by a kind word of admonition to brush the habit off. Some of you bite your finger-nails, make unnecessary and offensive noises with your mouth or your nose—never mind mentioning them.

now—but most of you do something which is an offence to those about you. When some one speaks to you about it, are you ready with some vexed reply? or can you pleasantly say, "Thank you, I will try and improve in that direction!" To be sure, the cinder may be knocked off with needless roughness, and you may find the words of rebuke not altogether agreeable, yet you can make it so by your gracious way of receiving it, and your cheerful determination to get rid of the cinder.—*Christian Union.*

## FANNIES ANSWER.

OUR little Fannie, five years old, likes to have mother read the Bible to her. She never tires of hearing certain Bible stories which mothers always know where to find for little ones. Last Sabbath as she sat in my lap, I said to her: "Fannie, what is the best verse in the Bible?"

Quick as thought the answer came:

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Was that not a good answer for a little girl to make?

A GREAT part of philosophy consists in knowing how to do without things. A horse, for example, enjoys his food best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth

## EASTER CAROL.

SING, children, sing! The lilies white you bring  
 In the joyous Easter morning for hopes  
 are blossoming;  
 And as the earth her shroud of snow from  
 off her breast doth fling,  
 So may we cast our fetters off in God's  
 eternal spring;  
 So may we find release at last from sor-  
 row and from pain,  
 So may we find our childhood's calm de-  
 licious down again.

Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that  
 look with smiling grace,  
 Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the  
 future's face:  
 Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful  
 voices tell  
 That death is life, and God is good, and all  
 things shall be well.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1892.

## A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalese girl, shows what children in those far off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my

devotions, I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he seized her, by the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind, adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

## HOW SADIE HELPED MAMMA.

SADIE was only five years old, but she loved very much to help her mamma. Mamma was very poor; she went out almost every day to wash, and left Sadie in the kind care of the woman who lived in the next room. One cold morning mamma went out to buy some flannel to make a dress for her little girl and left that little girl asleep on the bed, she said to herself she would be back in fifteen minutes, but it was a long hour before she got home. And what do you think she saw when she opened the door? She saw a little girl in her nightdress, standing on a stool close by the stove, stirring something in the big iron pot with the long poker.

"I'm helping, mamma!" she cried; "I'm making soup."

"Oh, dear!" cried mamma, for there in the big iron pot Sadie had poured all the food her mother had in the house, and she had not one cent to buy any more. Half a pound of coffee went in, one pound of tea, part of a box of oatmeal, one quart of buttermilk, and one dozen eggs.

Sadie's mamma was very angry and sorry to have her food wasted. Sadie wanted to help but she did not know how. Next time she will say, "Mamma, tell me how to help you."

## A NOBLE LAD.

A POOR boy, whose name no one knows, but we hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in a driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved.

The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed, and then taking off his own jacket to cover them, sat

by them all the night long, soothing their terrors till they fell asleep.

In the morning, leaving them still asleep, he went in search of the parents, and his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to find some place of shelter and refreshment.

But when the parents were returned with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not very far from where they had parted from him.

The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charges—a stranger to them as they were to him—he lay down and died.

A sad story this, and one that moves our heart. How much more should our hearts be moved by the story of him that gave his life that he might save us from eternal death.

## "THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some chocolate creams, for I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the chocolate cream very much." And he hurried on his way and ran off in haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and so reached the door of the shop; and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the chocolate in the window. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again without going in.

In about one minute he rushed into the parlour with a bright face as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat, the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by the 'heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the chocolate cream.' At last the heathen beat. I am going to put my penny into the missionary box."

EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THAT day, in old Jerusalem, when Christ,  
our Lord, was slain,  
wonder if the children hid, and wept in  
grief and pain;  
Dear little ones, on whose fair brows his  
tender touch had been,  
Whose infant forms had nestled close his  
loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful  
little feet

When Christ, our Lord, was laid away  
in Joseph's garden sweet,  
And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dim-  
pled cheeks grew white,  
When he who suffered babes to come was  
prisoned from the light.

But haply, ere the sleeping world on Eas-  
ter dawn had stirred,  
Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked  
the earliest bird,  
Some little child whom Jesus loved in  
slumber may have smiled,  
By fanning of an angel's wing to happy  
dreams beguiled.

For, hasting down from heaven above  
while still the east was gray,  
The joyful Easter angels come to pause  
where Jesus lay;  
So shining, strong, and beautiful they  
swept along the skies,  
But veiled their faces in the hour that  
saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and  
scarce for tears can see,  
The angels of Easter-time are sent our  
help to be;  
And doubtless he whose task it was to roll  
the stone away  
Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a  
presence sweet to-day.

With beaming looks and eager words the  
glad surprise he gave  
To those who sought their buried Lord,  
and found an empty grave;  
For truly Christ had conquered death, him-  
self the prince of life,  
And none of all his followers shall fail in  
any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Eas-  
ter garlands twine,  
And bring your precious Easter gifts to  
many a sacred shrine,  
And chant with voices fresh and clear—  
the seraphs singing too—  
In homage to the City one who died  
and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to  
mounds all green and low,  
Your hands o'erbrimmed with snowy  
flowers, in blithe processions go;  
And, better still, let offerings of pure  
young hearts be given  
On Easter-day to him who reigns the king  
of earth and heaven.

A GOOD TIME

Do they not look as if they were having  
a good time? Every Saturday they en-  
joy themselves out of doors. All day long  
they romp and play together without any  
discord. Even baby is no hindrance to  
their enjoyment. Wherever they go, she  
goes, many times imagining that she is  
helping when she is hindering as much as  
possible, but they kiss her and say "Of  
course you are helping, you dear little  
toad," and she is delighted and satisfied.

Just now Anna and Cousin Mabel seem  
to be having some secret between them,  
but that does not trouble the boys, for  
generally the girls' secrets are sure to  
bring pleasure to the family when they  
are divulged. As Tom's birthday is soon  
coming, I shouldn't wonder if it had some-  
thing to do with that.

When they come in at night, mother  
says to them, "You have been such a help  
to me to-day; I am glad I have such help-  
ful little boys and girls."

"Why, mother," said Tom once, "we  
haven't done anything to help you to-day;  
we have just been playing and having a  
good time ourselves."

"Well," said mother, "by playing to-  
gether so pleasantly, without quarrelling,  
and taking care of baby Belle so cheer-  
fully, you have helped me more than you  
know."

"I did not know that that was helping  
you," said Tom.

"Well, it is," said mother, kissing him.  
And many other mothers would say the  
same thing.

Do you help your mother by being  
cheerful and kind to your brothers and  
sisters, my reader? Surely, all our readers  
ought to be.

A BAD REPUTATION.

SOME years ago, in a farming neighbour-  
hood, a middle-aged man was looking about  
in search of employment. He called at  
the house of a respectable farmer and told  
his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer  
"John Wilson," was the reply.

"John Wilson—the same that lived  
near here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"Then I do not want you."

Poor John, surprised at such a reply,  
passed on to the house of the next farmer,  
and there a similar reply was given; and  
he found no one in the neighbourhood  
who was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the  
old school-house. "Ah," said he, "I under-  
stand it now. I was a school-boy there  
years ago, but what kind of a school boy?  
Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and  
once caught in deliberate lying; and, though  
since I have been trying to reform, they  
all think me the same kind of a man that  
I was as a boy."—*Sabbath-school Visitor.*

LITTLE MINNIE AND HER NURSE

LITTLE Minnie lay on a cot in the hos-  
pital very, very ill, with no kind parents  
or friends to care for her. The doctor and  
nurse knew she must soon die, and did all  
for her they could, but they did not talk  
to her of Jesus and the home of many  
mansions prepared for those who love him.

"You are too sick to talk," said the  
nurse; "keep very still."

But a dear Christian lady came through  
the hospital, and seeing the sick child, sat  
down by her side and talked with her of  
Jesus and his love. It was a precious story  
to Minnie. Jesus was just such a friend as  
she needed. She took him right into her  
heart, and was filled with joy and peace.  
She had no earthly friends or home, but  
now she would soon go to his home, and  
he would love her always.

The lady went away, and when the  
nurse came round again, Minnie said, "I am  
very happy now; I am thinking of Jesus  
and how he loves me. He died to save me  
and forgive my sins."

"Silence, child!" said nurse.

"I wanted to tell you so that you can be  
happy too."

"I know all about it, I found Jesus long  
ago."

"You did!" said Minnie, "I thought  
by your looks you didn't know, so I told  
you."

The nurse looked at the child in sur-  
prise.

"Why, child, what is there in my looks  
that made you think so?"

"Because you always look so glum,"  
said Minnie meekly "I thought every-  
body who knew Jesus was very happy."

It ought to be so, oughtn't it, little  
reader?



THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

## SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

We shall reach the summer land,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by;  
We shall press the golden strand,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by;  
Oh, the loved ones watching there,  
By the tree of life so fair,  
Till we come their joy to share,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by.

At the crystal river's brink,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by;  
We shall find each broken link,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by;  
Then the star, that fading here,  
Left our hearts and homes so drear,  
We shall see more bright and clear,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by.

Oh! these parting scenes will end  
Some sweet day, by-and-by;  
We shall gather, friend with friends,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by.  
There before our Father's throne,  
When the mist and clouds have flown,  
We shall know as we are known,  
Some sweet day, by-and-by.

## A BRAVE BOY.

FOUR young men, clerks and student, while on a summer vacation-tramp, through northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic waterfall a boy named Forrest Leo Graves.

Forrest was a fine athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains, and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my lunch," and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream. Then a clear defiant tone rang out:

"I did it in self defence. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honourable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from the liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise!"

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us

shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas! how many men and women. Who dare tempt them? Let it not be you nor me.—*Signal*.

## THE EASTERN STORY.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"TO-MORROW-DAY," said Curley-head, "Is Easter; and my mamma said it is the holiest, dearest day in all the year, for Jesus lay within a garden still and dead, with a great stone rolled overhead. 'Twas many hundred years ago, and he was crucified you know, and buried in a garden-tomb; while all his friends were filled with gloom,

because they did not think to see Him any more, nor ever be so blest and comforted as when He was alive; for always then He was so very good and kind, and cured the sick and lame and blind, till he was killed by cruel men, and buried. But he woke, and then He rose, and rolled the stone away, and made the first glad Easter Day.

"So every year the flowers we bring in honour of our risen king, and sing the joyous carols o'er, and try to love him more and more who died to take our sins away, and lived again on Easter Day; and lilies-of-the-valley fair, and violets I always wear pinned on my jacket, for they make me glad and happy for his sake, who lives in heaven so far away, but sees us keep his Easter Day."

## "NOTHING BUT HEAVEN."

A GOOD man, who had long loved Jesus and worked for him, came to his last hour. Some one said to him, "Do you want anything more?" His eye grew bright, and he smiled a happy smile as he said:—

"Nothing but heaven!"

Dear children, to be sure of a home in heaven makes death look like a friend. Such a home we shall surely have if we love Jesus.