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# Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1889.

[No. 8.

## CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

"ON the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jeusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, Fear not, daughter of Zion: behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt." (John xii. 12-15.)

## CALLING THE BIRDS.

It is a hard time for the birds when the ground lies covered deep with snow. Large numbers are frozen to death and numbers more, unable to find food, die of starvation. Sometimes whole districts are depopulated of their feathered inhabitants so that not a bird can be found for miles around. It may be a little thing to call the birds to partake of the crumbs gathered for them, but the fact shows a thoughtful mind and a kindly heart that is every way creditable. It is by the repetition of little

kindly acts like these that we keep our own hearts warm and tender, and cultivate that spirit of love and charity which broadens with our maturing years into that wider benevolence which blesses and brightens the world. The birds are timid and shy, and at first will be backward in coming at your call, but by-and-by they will grow bolder, and will soon learn to gather the repast you have spread out for them. And how the little fellows will enjoy it. Just step back from the window a moment, out of their

sight, and watch them. See that youngster shuffling along over the frozen ground with a half sideways movement as if he was nursing his frozen legs. With a quick motion he casts his eyes all about him and then he makes a dash for a tempting morsel. How he twitters his thanks, and how the rest venture boldly up and what a chattering time they have as they enjoy the feast.

every hour is so good to us, and provides so liberally for us, shall we not love also all the creatures of his hand, and share his bounty to ourselves with them?

## COUNTING THE ANIMALS

RUTH is a dear little girl. Last summer she was in a large hotel with her papa and mamma, where there were seventy other children boarding besides Ruth. Ruth wanted to go to another hotel in a very quiet place, where there were very few little people. Her mamma said, "Why, Ruth, I cannot understand your wish to go there while you have so many friends here that you love."

Ruth answered very earnestly "Counting the animals, mamma, I have just as many friends there as here."

Wasn't that lovely, to count the animals among her friends? They went to the quiet place, and Ruth was very happy. One day she said, "Mamma, if I couldn't be a person I would like to be a cow and choose my own pasture. It should have a

brook in it, and great, beautiful trees." You can see that Ruth loves nature, can you not?

Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to Heaven in a chariot of fire. "I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?" "Why, no," said Charlie. "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew that the Lord was driving"



CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

And doesn't this more than repay you for the trouble you have taken? There is a considerable degree of intelligence among birds, and they will soon understand, when you call, what it means. I know this kindness will more than repay you in the present pleasure it will afford and the lessons you will learn of bird life and habits, but better still, it will help to keep your own hearts tender and to make you gentle men and women. And then, too, these are God's creatures, and if we love him, who

## A SCHOLAR.

"YES, I am five years old to-day!  
Last week I put my dolls away;  
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,  
For one so old to go  
To school, and learn to read and spell;  
And I am doing very well;  
Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell  
How many things I know.

"Well, if you'll only take a look—  
Yes, this is it—the last I took,  
Here in my pretty picture-book,  
Just near the purple cover;—  
Now listen—Here are one, two, three  
Wee little letters, don't you see?  
Their names are D and O and G;  
They spell—now guess!—*Old Rover!*"

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1889.

## A NOBLE YOUNG SOUL.

A BOY about nine years old was bathing one day, when, by some mischance, he got into deep water, and began to sink. His elder brother saw him, and ran to save him, but, lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the dying nine-year-old boy acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength, and cried to his brother on shore, "Don't come in, or father will lose all his boys at once!"

Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself, and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command, and was spared to comfort his father when his two

dead sons were taken from the river, clasped in each other's arms.

Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way; but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents, and to study how to avoid giving them pain. Blessed are those children whose words and deeds make sweet music in their parents' souls!

## USE BEFORE BEAUTY.

A HEN, a goose, and a peacock lived in a yard together that was in charge of Rover, the watch-dog. One day the hen was scratching for her breakfast; the goose was standing by, while Rover was lying in the shade of the wall, looking on. Just then the proud peacock came along, and flying up to the limb of the tree, spread out its fine tail that the morning sun might shine on it and make it more beautiful.

"Ah," said the peacock to the hen; "do you not wish that you were as handsome as I am? Then you would never have to scratch for your food, but would be fed, and taken care of and admired."

"No," said the hen; "I do not wish to be a peacock. There is something that our mistress prizes more than beauty; and that is usefulness. I think she would rather have my fresh eggs than your fine feathers."

"That's my view," said the goose. "If I were not a goose, I should like to be a hen. I wouldn't be a lazy peacock."

"She is quite right," said Rover, "you are beautiful indeed to look at, Mr. Peacock, but that is all you are good for. Take comfort in your fine feathers, but don't boast."

Now, it so happens that there are some boys and girls—mostly girls, perhaps—who are like this peacock, very beautiful to look at, but of no great use in the world. They admire their fine feathers, fine hats and dresses, and expect other people to do the same, but are not good for useful work. Little ones, don't be peacocks.

## IT WAS NOT FUN.

"You had better be careful, and not slide up near the end of the pond where the big tree grows. I saw 'air-holes' there as I came past to-day," said Jack's father, as he saw Jack preparing to go to the pond with some boys to slide over its smooth surface. "I guess father thinks I'm a baby," said Jack to himself. "He never wants me to go where the fun is." For awhile the boys thought "the fun" was near the big tree, seeing how near they could go to the edge of the "air-holes," and away again in safety. But when Jack fell in, he didn't think it was so much fun. It is never "fun" to do wrong and disobey our parents.

## 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 it 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 DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

THE care of the sitting-rooms and kitchens comes under the management of the grown-up portion of the family, but every little girl from ten years old and upwards loves to think that her bed-room is her very own, her special domain, where she may reign absolutely, with none to dispute her right. Here, then, is the mother's chance, if she is only judicious enough to turn it to account. Encourage the little one by all means in the belief that the room is hers—hers to beautify and adorn in any way which her fertile little brain may devise; hers to retire to when she wishes to be alone, either to do stern battle with her lessons, or, girl like, to dream her wonderful day-dreams; and hers above all to keep in perfect order and neatness. This knowledge will go a long way towards fostering in the child all those elements of character so essential in the woman, and all will be the means of making her gradually exercise her individual tastes and ideas, and thus acquire an interest in domestic concerns which under our circumstances, she might never obtain.

EASTER.

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLER.

My sweet little neighbor 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 Undeified.

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.

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.

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.

Ye 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.

BEING AFRAID.

FRED and Floss and Fido walked home side by side. Fred had his arm around Floss, and Floss had her arm around Fido. Fred said: "If you saw a ladder, just like Jacob did, with one end on the ground, and one end in the sky, would you be afraid to go up it?" "I don't think I would," said Floss, "if I knew that God held the other end. If you had to go through a long, dark woods, and it was just *dreadful* dark, would you be afraid?" she asked. Fred didn't answer for a minute. Then he only asked: "Would you?" "I don't think I would if I was sure God would go all the way with me." "We would both ask him first, and then he would go every step with us," said Fred. "No; I don't think I would be afraid, either. I do not think we need ever be afraid if we only believe Jesus, do you?" "No; I don't think we need," said Floss. "And I mean to have him always for my best friend." "Then you must be his friend too, and do as he wants you too," said Fred. "I mean to try," replied Floss.

THE WAY TO WELCOME HIM.

"PAPA will soon be here," said mamma, to her little six-year-old boy; "what can George do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look, and immediately beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to add to the neatness of the room.

"Be happy to him when he comes," cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Did not little Georgie give a better definition of a welcome than the dictionaries can, when he said: "Be happy to him when he comes"?

EASTER SONG.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

THE Lord hath arisen,  
Oh, welcome the day!  
Rent now is death's prison:  
The stone rolled away!  
Triumphant, an angel  
Of glory sits there,  
God's gracious evangel  
Of love, to declare:  
"Fear not! from death's prison  
Your Lord hath arisen!  
Why seek ye him here,  
In terror and fear?  
He is risen to-day,  
Come see where he lay!"  
Christ, Christ hath arisen,  
Come see where he lay!

O hearts that in sorrow  
And darkness have lain,  
Look up! for the morrow  
Of joy comes again!  
For you, too, an angel  
Of glory sits there,  
God's gracious evangel  
Of love to declare.  
"To-day from death's prison,  
Your Lord hath arisen!  
And ever on high  
Interceding, doth cry,  
From death and the grave  
His people to save!"  
Christ, Christ hath arisen,  
His people to save!

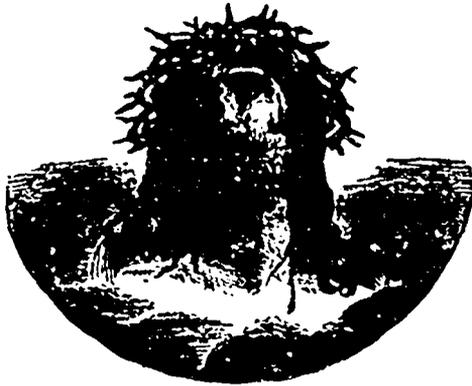
FRED AS A PREACHER.

THIS was Fred's sermon on honouring parents: He stood on a chair and had his brother and sister for an audience.

"H" means to *hear* what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather. 'O' means *obey*—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it. 'N' is to hear and obey *now*. Don't say, 'Wait a minute.' Don't think, 'I'll mind next time.' Now, is the word. 'O' again means *onest*; we owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers and couldn't do it ourselves. So we ought to be *onest* every time. 'R' stands for *right*. It is right, because God says so, if it weren't, he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

Maybe some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.

ASK the Lord to help you be a good child all this week. He loves to help his dear little ones all the time.



### SACRED HEAD!

O SACRED Head! now wounded,  
With grief and pain weighed down,  
Thy sacred head surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown!  
O Lamb of God, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine;  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, has suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression  
But thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow  
To praise thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show thyself to me;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free;  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through thy love.

### THE BEST PLACE FOR IT.

SOME time ago there was a dray going along the street, and a cask fell down, and the beer was spilled. Somebody passing by at the time said,

"Oh, what a pity that the beer should be wasted!"

"No pity at all," said a little boy who was standing near; "better that it should be on God's earth than in God's image."

### LITTLE WIND AND BIG FIRE.

FIVE little people were in high glee in the playroom. All the chairs and stools were ranged in a row and made a train of cars bound for California.

Mamma sat at work in her room smiling to herself at the sounds of glee, but suddenly the sounds changed:

"Willie Ray, you horrid boy! you've torn my dress!"

"Well, didn't mean to do it, Miss Spitfire Jane."

"Jane ain't a spitfire at all; it's just you old rough boys that spoil things."

"Oh yes, you are made of sugar and spice and all that's nice; that's what makes you look so sweet just now!"

And so angry words flew about like bombshells. Mamma laid down her work and went to the playroom door.

"Come here, little travellers; I want to show you something."

They crowded into her room. She gave them seats and told them to be very quiet and watch what would happen. Then, going to a little closet, she brought out a basketful of chips and kindling-wood and shavings. She laid them in a high pile on her pretty grate, where the children hardly ever saw a fire made, and with a pair of tongs brought a coal from the nursery fire and dropped it in the midst of this pile.

"Now, Rosy-posy," she said to the wee-est of the little ones, "blow that coal."

Rosy got off her chair with a rather solemn face and blew as hard as such a little girl could. In an instant a very pretty red flame started, and while the children looked and wondered what mamma meant, the whole pile caught, and a great, roaring brightness flashed up the chimney.

"Now, all of you together blow that fire out," said mamma.

All five pairs of little cheeks were puffed in an instant, and they blew and blew till there was no breath left in them.

Did the fire heed their blowing? Not a whit. On it went, roaring and snapping and sparkling, looking almost as if it were laughing at their red faces.

"Oh, mamma, we can't blow it out," they all cried.

"No, I see you can't," said mamma; "and there is another fire that one little breath can start and fan until it gets so hot that all together you can't blow it out. What is it, little daughter?"

"I 'spect it's getting mad," said Jane with downcast eyes.

"Then go back to your play," said mamma, "and be careful not to start that blaze by an ugly word."—*Advocate.*

### A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

Why do all the flowers rejoice  
On Easter morning early?  
See, they bloom on all the hills,  
Breaking through the tender green!  
Windflowers shake their bells of snow,  
Violets fringe the laughing rills,  
Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,  
Dandelion's golden sheen  
Wakens at the robin's voice  
In the dawnlight pearly,  
Ah! the sweet world surely knows  
Christ, the flower of earth, arose  
On Easter morning early!

Why are little children glad  
On Easter morning early?  
When the first sweet morning light  
Blushes through the shadowy gray.  
Open myriad happy eyes;  
Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,  
Like dew-laden lilies rise;  
Hearts that harbor nothing sad,  
Soaring, track his heavenly way,  
In the dawnlight pearly.  
Sing, O children! all earth knows  
Christ, the children's King, arose  
On Easter morning early!

### BESS AT CHURCH.

BESS was going to church. She had been there before with mamma. This time she went with her brother Harry. It was in winter, and Bess was wrapped up warm. Bess saw Harry take a hymn-book, and she said she must have one too. So Harry gave her a picture book. When the people sang, Bess opened her book. She found a picture of a little girl and a lamb. She knew what the picture meant. So she began to sing,

"Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow."

Harry said, "Little girls don't sing at church." But pretty soon Bess sang again:

"It followed her to church one day."

Then Harry said, "Bess, if you don't keep still, I must take you home." Then Bess was quiet and looked at the minister.

I am afraid Bess was not very well trained. I think my little readers would know better than to do as she did.

A GOOD man will find friends everywhere. Joseph did in prison. So the prisoner Paul found a friend in the governor of the island. There is no better capital for a young man entering life than a faithful though modest Christian character. Even the noblest in rank respect such a man, and he finds friends.