

Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

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JESUS AT THE WELL.

JOHN 4: 5-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—John 4: 24.

OUR LESSON STORY.

One day Jesus was on his way to a city named Sychar; when he was not far from the city his disciples went forward to buy food, leaving him to rest. He sat down on a well which was called Jacob's well. It was about noon.

While he sat there a woman came for water. Jesus asked her for a drink, and this astonished her very much, for she was a Samaritan and she saw that he was a Jew: the Jews would not have anything to do with the Samaritans. Jesus told her if she knew who was asking her for a drink, she would ask him for living water. She did not understand; she told him the well was deep and he had nothing with which to draw water. He explained

to her that the water which he meant would make her so that she would never thirst again, and would lead her to everlasting life. Still, she did not understand; but she seemed to believe in him as one who could do wonderful things, for she asked him to

give her that water which would last for ever, so that she need not come to the well any more.

Then Jesus talked with her about her life, and showed her plainly that he knew that she was a wicked woman, then she

maamma means," said Louise, looking into the baby's laughing face. "She means catch the—the—happy, and be glad instead of cross."

"That is it," said mamma. "There is happiness all around us. If we try to catch



JACOB'S WELL.

said he was a prophet; but instead of asking him again for the wonderful water she began to question him about the dispute between the Jews and Samaritans as to where people ought to worship God. Jesus told her the important thing was to worship him with the heart.

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BABY WILLIE'S SUNBEAMS.

LITTLE Willie laughed and clapped his hands, and then stretched them out to catch the pretty sunlight that streamed in upon his bed in the crib. All the children laughed, and Charlie said, "Silly baby!"

"Not so silly after all; it is a very pretty thought," said mamma. "It is what God wants his children to do—catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face and see," and sure enough the little fellow had bent his head forward until the golden light was on his rosy cheeks and bright curls.

"I think I know what