

HAPPY DAYS

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EASTER JOY.

At Christmas as we sang:

"Joy to the world,
The Lord is come,"

we seemed almost to hear that glorious hymn of the heavenly choir that came upon the midnight clear: "Peace, goodwill to men, glory to God in the highest." So at Easter we find ourselves again listening to the angel's "Fear not, he is risen." And as we sing:

"Oh, joyful sound!
Oh, glorious hour!
When by his own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!"

our hearts rejoice, for Christ hath won the victory, death is vanquished, and, made like unto him, we too shall rise. Yet we feel that our Easter rejoicing has in it a tenderer, deeper joy than that of Christmas. Our hearts have been touched by that life of sorrow and suffering lived through for us before "love's redeeming work was done."

Have you ever noticed how often the words "joy" and "rejoicing," "gladness" and "thanksgiving" occur in the Bible?

The Psalmist, though often bowed down with the weight of sin and sorrow, yet as often his heart is so filled with joy and gratitude that from his lips

bursts the psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

St. Paul, "the sunny-hearted old prisoner of Jesus Christ," as some one has spoken of him, might also be called the

Wading through seas of trouble, yet ever rising above the sorrow, desiring to finish his course with joy, and looking for the crown of joy that awaited him.

Joy is our birthright by the new birth,

and it should permeate our characters and manifest itself in every thought, word, and act; it is a deep, abiding emotion—"there is no time set apart for joy." "Shall yet praise him." Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that we shall "yet praise him" through life more and more for his goodness? Oh! wonderful help that the Lord Jesus is to his children.

The song of praise begun while on earth rises higher, passes through death's portals to the land of joy, there to continue through endless ages the song of praise to the "Lamb who has bought us our pardon."

IS THERE?

Is there a little girl at your house, who teases to comb her mother's hair, though often the dear face will pucker with pain, because of the snarling and pulling?

Is there a little boy at your house who not only gives poor mamma a headache but a heartache because her little boy is thoughtless and selfish?

What a happy home yours is, if there is no such little girl or boy in it!



apostle of joy. His epistle to his beloved Philippians rings with joy, and his life was an exemplification of what he preached, "the fruit of the Spirit is joy."