

HAPPY DAYS

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No 7.



AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

How sad must have been the heart of Mary, the mother of Christ, when she turned away from the cross where Jesus had died. Other mothers would be tucking their little one into bed that night, just as she once did when Jesus was a little child. But now he had died the death of shame upon the cross between two thieves. The women who had loved him were looking back where the three crosses stood on the hill of Golgotha. They did not know that in three days their dead would rise again.

AN UNFAIR TRIAL.

It was still very early in the morning when the high priest and the chief Jews

brought Jesus to the house of Pilate, the Roman governor. All through the night following his arrest, these Jews, who hated the Saviour so, had questioned and mocked and cruelly treated him, trying to get him to say something for which they could have him put to death.

When the priests and Jews led Jesus before Pilate, the Governor asked, "What has this man done?" Then the Jews answered, "He pretends to be a king, and so he is an enemy of Caesar, the Roman king, and should be put to death." Pilate questioned Jesus over and over again, but he could see that Jesus was a good man, who had not done any crime. So three times he came out to speak to the chief priests and the Jews, saying to them,

"I cannot find any fault in this man."

But the chief priests and the Pharisees kept going through the great crowd which had gathered, telling them things to make them hate Jesus, so that they shouted angrily, "Put him to death! crucify him!" until Pilate said, "Very well, but you must take the blame of his death," and the crowd cried, "We will take it all."

Then Pilate let his soldiers take Jesus and beat him cruelly with whips. After this dreadful beating the rough Roman soldiers put clothes on him such as a king would wear, because they knew that the Jews had said that Jesus claimed to be a king. They made a crown from the sharp-pointed twigs of a thornbush, put it on his head, and gave him a stick for

a sceptre. Then those cruel soldiers first pretended to worship Jesus as a king, and afterwards they struck and mocked him. They did not know that the poor, weary prisoner was the King of all heaven and earth.

After all this, Pilate brought Jesus—still wearing the bright robes and the thorny crown—out to the front of the palace. Pilate hoped that when the Jews saw how he had already been punished, they would be satisfied, so he took him where all could see him, and said, "Behold the man." The Jews looked, but their hearts were hard and full of rage, so they cried out again, "Put him to death!" If you let this man, who says he is a king, live, you are not Caesar's friend, and because Pilate was a coward, he was afraid when the Jews said this, so he gave Jesus up to his enemies, and they took him away to be crucified.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1905.

TED'S EASTER OFFERING.

It was at their little "mis'nary s'ciety" and a bouquet of bright faces were upturned, all listening eagerly.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Trueheart, "you know that Easter is almost here, and we hope to receive great blessings; but first, I want to see how many can tell just how it came to be named Easter."

At least a dozen little Solomons raised their hands.

"Well, Earl?"

"It's a sign spring's here," he answered bravely; while Lillian added, "Papa said the seeds come up, and the chick breaks his little shell."

Janie's mother was a milliner, and this was her version: "Mamma wished

Easter'd come, so the ladies'd buy new hats."

"What is your opinion, Ted?" sweetly asked Mrs. Trueheart of the little ragged urchin in the rear.

Poor Ted turned crimson, for he did not know; but Lee answered quickly: "It's when Christ arose from the dead."

"What do you think, Mabel?" asked she, amused at their answers.

"Easter lilies," responded little Blue-eyes; then tiny Harry, with his finger in his mouth, said, "Wabbit eggs!" at which rang out a merry peal of laughter. Mrs. Trueheart laughed, too.

"Now, pay strict attention," said Mrs. Trueheart. "Turn to Matthew 28, 1-6, and you'll see why Christians celebrate Easter. On that day our Saviour arose and conquered death. As he arose, so shall we; and I pray that on the great Easter morn each of you little darlings shall 'awake in his likeness.' In the olden time the Anglo-Saxons—our mother people—celebrated the festival of their goddess, Spring, which in their language was Easter. To them she meant the opening year, and was supposed to make the seed shoot up from the earth and to clothe the meadow in bloom. As our resurrection occurred at that period, it grew to be called Easter. Now, children, let me remind you of our little sunrise prayer-meeting. The bell will be rung an hour before dawn, and don't forget to bring your Easter flowers—your lilies and evergreens and violets—and all that you promised."

"But, Mrs. Trueheart," said Lee, "Ted won't have nothin' to bring."

"Oh, I am sure that Jesus will show Ted something to bring," she answered sweetly. Somehow those words sank deep into the little orphan's heart, and Mrs. Trueheart too was touched. The doxology was sung and the children hurried home with glee.

Ted remained behind, and as Mrs. Trueheart was leaving he pleadingly asked: "Please, ma'am, may I ring the bell—the Easter bell—for Jesus?"

"Yes; God bless you!" she said.

His heart grew light and he hurried home. Ted was a little street waif whom Mrs. Trueheart had pointed to Jesus, and he so loved the church-bell that he thought he could hear the angels singing when it rang—the angels Mrs. Trueheart told him of—and his mother was one, too. Now he had her consent, and he'd ring the bell for Jesus!

It was Easter Eve, and Ted retired early, though he could scarcely sleep for fear he would be too late. When the moon grew dim he hurried toward the church. "Ted won't have nothin' to bring!" Those words haunted him! He saw visions of children with armfuls of flowers. Ah! an

idea struck him. He remembered how they hunted mistletoe for Christmas, and how eager they were for that beautiful spray in the tip-top of that tall tree in front of the church. Wouldn't that be nice for Easter? He ran faster and faster till he caught the bell-rope and began to ring. How clear the tones! He was waking the children! Christ who died for him arose on that same morn! The angels were singing—his mother's voice was loudest of all—and his bell was beating time to their song! Happy little Ted!

When the last tones died he mounted the tree and soon held fast the mistletoe bough, but as he placed his foot on a rotten branch it broke. He fell to the steps, stunned. Poor little Ted!

Yes! he rang the bell for Jesus; and now he lies there half lifeless, clinging to his treasured bough.

Soon Mrs. Trueheart came, and as she knelt over the little form and kissed the pallid brow he smiled and pointed his finger heavenward, his hand fell back on his breast—poor little Ted was gone!

The children came, but shrank back, affrighted at death. Their tears fell hot and fast. Lee put the crown of lilies on Ted's brow and said he did have something to give—he gave his life! They turned to Romans 12, 1, and, promising to be more faithful, took this pledge, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," in remembrance of little Ted.

THE MEANING OF EASTER.

No wonder that the birds sing
And fly about on joyful wing!
No wonder that the flowers come up,
The daisy and the buttercup!

No wonder that our hearts are glad,
For why should any one be sad,
When Jesus lives, and says that we
Some day his blessed face shall see?

Easter means rising; let us raise
To him our grateful songs of praise;
And every word and deed of love,
Shall be a flower, to bloom above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

E-aster lilies bloom to-day
At the tomb where Jesus lay,
Sweet and beautiful and bright,
They proclaim, in purest white,
E-verymore the glad refrain,
R-isen Lord—the Lord shall reign.

—Inc. W. Eady.

The barrier stone has rolled away,
And loud the angels sing;
The Christ comes forth this blessed day
To reign, a deathless king.

For shall we not believe he lives
Through such awakening?
Behold, how God each April gives
The miracle of spring.

—Edwin L. Sabie.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON III.—APRIL 16.

THE SUPPER AT BETHANY.

John 12. 1-11. Memorize verses 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

About a week before the passover Jesus and his disciples came up the steep, rocky road from Jericho. When they came to the heights of Olivet they turned aside to Bethany, and there Jesus rested in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, whom he had called back from the grave. They were so happy to have the Lord with them again in Bethany that they made for him a supper. It was at the house of Simon, who had been a leper, and had been cured, perhaps, by Jesus. Lazarus sat at the table with them all, an Mary and Martha served. Mary took her own way to honor Jesus, their chief guest and friend. She brought an alabaster flask of liquid nard, a very precious ointment or perfume, a pound of which would cost three hundred dollars of our money, and poured it upon the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet afterward with her long hair. As the perfume was poured out the whole house was filled with the odor.

Judas had begun to show more and more the love of money that was his chief fault, and wondered why that money was not given to the poor, instead of being used to buy perfumes. He did not care for the poor, but he wanted to gather the money of the disciples into the bag that he carried. Jesus read his heart, but he did not read it aloud; he only told Judas to let her keep her costly ointment for the day when he should be buried. "The poor ye have always with you," he said, "but me ye have not always." What did his friends think of these words? They did not dream that the day of his burial was so near.

But the chief priests wanted to put both Jesus and Lazarus to death.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was one of our Lord's homes? In Bethany.

Who were his friends there? Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

What had Jesus done for Lazarus? He had raised him from the grave.

What did the friends of Jesus do for him? They made a supper for him.

What did Mary bring? A flask of costly perfume.

What did she do with it? She poured it on his feet.

What is said of Judas? He thought it a waste of money.

What did Jesus reply? That it was for his burial.

Did they understand this? No.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 23.

THE ENTRY OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM.

John 12. 12-26. Memorize verses 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. 21. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was the next day after the supper in the house of Simon of Bethany when Jesus went up to Jerusalem with his disciples. He sent two of them before him to the little village of Bethpage, on the way, to get a young ass that was there, and on this he rode into Jerusalem, in the midst of a crowd of people who were on their way to the passover feast. Many also came to meet him, and among them a band of children bearing palm branches, and crying, "Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." And the great multitude before and behind him went chanting over the road that winds around the Mount of Olives, and through the gates of the city into Jerusalem and to the temple. Even in the courts of the temple the children still sang "Hosanna." In olden times warriors rode horses, but kings and priests rode upon the white ass, which was a gentle and beautiful animal. Over the palm branches and the striped garments which the people spread before him Jesus rode a King indeed. Yet even his disciples understood very little about his kingship.

It was the only time that Jesus allowed himself to act as a king, but it was done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. The Pharisees were very angry, and said, "Behold, the world is gone after him," and began to plot against him.

It was when some Greeks wanted to see Jesus, and Andrew and Philip were asking him if he would see them, that Jesus said some words about his coming death. He said a grain of wheat, if ever it is to spring up and bring forth fruit, must fall in the ground and die. To love one's life is to lose it, but to be willing to give up one's life in this world is to keep it unto life eternal.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

When did Jesus go to Jerusalem? Before the passover.

Who followed him? A multitude.

Who came to meet him? Another multitude.

Who were among them? Many little children.

What did they all sing? (Golden Text.)

What did they carry? Palm branches.

Where did the children sing later? In the temple.

LESSON IV. (SPECIAL).—APRIL 23.

EASTER LESSON.

Luke 24. 1-12. Memorize verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is risen from the dead.—Matt. 28. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Let us shut our eyes and think about the first Easter morning. Away behind the dark mountains of Moab a streak of pale, rosy light began to grow until the mountains become of a violet color. Through the dawning light some women who loved Jesus walked from their homes to his tomb in the garden of Joseph, carrying jars of spices, and linen to wrap around and embalm the body of Jesus. But the stone door of the tomb was rolled away, and the body of Jesus was not there. While they wondered, two men in shining garments stood by them, and as the women fell on their faces before them they said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Then the angels told the women that he had risen, as he said he would do, and they helped them to remember something that he had told them about his death and rising again on the third day. Then they remembered.

The women hurried away to the other disciples then and told them what they had seen and heard. "It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them that told these things to the disciples." The disciples found it very hard to believe that their dead Master was alive again, but Peter, always the first to speak or act, ran all the way to the tomb to see if the story of the women could be true. He saw only the linen clothes that had been laid aside. In the gospel of John we hear that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" went with Peter, and was the first to reach the tomb.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was the body of Jesus laid? In Joseph's tomb.

Who went to it early on the third day? Some women.

What did they take with them? Linen and spices.

Why? To embalm the body of Jesus.

What did they find? The stone door had been rolled away.

Who spoke to them? Two men in shining garments.

What did they say? "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Where was Jesus? He had risen from the dead.

What did the women do? They went and told the disciples.

Who came to the tomb? Peter and John.

Did they see the Lord? No.

Who saw and spoke with him? Mary Magdalene.

AT EASTER TIME.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

The little flowers came up through the ground

At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around.

At happy Easter time;
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say.
At happy Easter time!"

The pure white lily raised its cup.
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocuses to the sky looked up.
At happy Easter time.

and when Ben looked at the hill below the house he said there was plenty for coasting, and brought out his own and Marjory's sleds.

At the sight of them Marjory clapped her hands, "I do so love to coast," then she stopped, for she remembered that there were only the two small sleds, and if she and Ben used them Harold would have none. "You must take my sled, Harold," she added.

"But what will you do?"

"Oh, I can coast all winter, and you can't."

"No," said Ben, "keep your sled, he shall have mine."

Harold shook his head. "We've no

"and if Harold hadn't been here to need a sled we wouldn't have thought of it."

WHAT IS HOPE?

Two little girls, we are told, were once asked the question, "What is hope?"

One of them replied: "Hope would be like a butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy little thought that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"My hope," said the other one, "is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places."

The second little girl surely had the truer idea of what hope really is. Hope is a gift from God, and it comes into our



THE LAST SUPPER.

"We'll hear the song of heaven!" they say.

"Its glory shines on us to-day:
O, may it shine on us always.

At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago.

That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow.

At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day:
For Christ is risen, the angels say.
At blessed Easter time!"

A COASTING PARTY.

It was a fine change for Harold to go from his home in the city, out to Uncle John's in the country, for his vacation.

His cousins, Marjory and Ben, were as glad to have him come, and every day was full of pleasure. Soon a snowfall came,

place to coast in the city, and if we had, the police wouldn't let us, and I might make a mess of it if I tried."

"Not much," answered Ben, "we've shared all our fun together and we will this," and he turned and ran into the yard where his father was.

"It's all fixed," he cried, rushing back. "Papa says he will help us make the sleds into a 'double runner,' and then we can all ride."

With Uncle John to help, the "double runner" was soon ready. "Ladies first," and Harold turned to Marjory.

Quickly they were in their places, Marjory with the guiding lines held fast in her mittened hands; Ben next, his legs stuck stiffly out in case a brake be needed; and Harold holding fast behind. Then there was a little crunch of the snow, and away they went. "My, doesn't this 'double runner' go fine?" shouted Ben,

lives to brighten us, and make us more fit for the heaven above.

We have hope through our Lord Jesus Christ. If he had not come to save us, there would have been no hope for us, either in this world or in the next, but since he has died for us, and has risen again from the dead, we have the glorious hope, through his precious blood, of entering into his kingdom above.

Mrs. Joan Sherwood, in a lecture at Elmira College, said: "Sometimes when I go shopping I think there are more ladies behind the counters than in front of them. When I see a luxurious customer wear out a poor pale saleswoman with her insufficiently considered wants, and then go away after buying nothing, to proceed to the next shop to do the same thing again, I think the real lady is behind the counter."