

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1901.

No. 6.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish,
Which once were fair
as morn!

What language shall I
borrow
To thank thee, dearest
Friend,
For this thy dying sor-
row,
This love that knew no
end?
Oh, make me thine for
ever,
And, should I fainting
be,
Lord, let me never,
never
Outlive my love to
thee.

RICHES.

"Yes, if I had lots of money, I know what I'd do!" said a little boy one day, and he gave his head a knowing shake as if he thought a great deal more than he chose to tell.

"Poor child!" said a friend, who overheard, "you don't know everything yet; you'll be a great deal wiser when you are older."

"Let me tell you the story of the Duke of Brunswick and his diamonds. He had more than four hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and they made a prisoner of him. He never dared leave home, even for a night, lest some one should steal them. He lived in a house built so he couldn't take any comfort in it. It was much like a prison, it was made so thick and strong, with the doors and windows barred and bolted. A very thick, high wall was built outside the house all around it, and on the top of the wall was

an iron railing tipped off with sharp points that would cut like a knife, and so contrived that if a person touched one of them a chime of bells would instantly ring. This railing cost a great deal of money, what would seem a large fortune to us.

"He kept his diamonds in a safe built

"He had but one window in his bedroom, and that so high up he could not see out, and no one could get in. The door was made of the stoutest iron, and no one could get in without understanding the very curious lock. Besides all this he kept a case of pistols on his table. "What a room! What comfort could that man

take, although he was so rich? Poor man! Poor rich man! He didn't have half the enjoyment in life that you children have, who have no diamonds to take care of, and can run in and out and play as you have a mind to.

"You see that it is not money that makes a person happy. No, indeed. Holy Scrip'ure says: 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasures and trouble therewith.' It tells us also to lay up for ourselves 'treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal.'"

SHE PLAYS LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

"I heard of two little children," said a great speaker, "a boy and a girl, who used to play a great deal together. They were both converted. One day the boy came to his mother, and said: 'Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian.'

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother. The expression sounded a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child. "If you take everything she's got, she doesn't get angry. Before, she was so selfish, and if she didn't have everything her own way she would say: 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy, and I won't have a thing to do with you!'"



"O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED."

in a thick wall in his bedroom, where he could look at them whenever he wished. And his bed was placed against this wall, so that no thief could get at them without waking or killing him. The safe was very strong, made of stone and iron. If any one should try to pry it open a number of guns would go off that would kill the person at once, and at the same time bells would be set ringing in every room.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Of such the kingdom!—teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness—
The childlike heart is all!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1901.

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. "Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells the people what the Bible means. And he says 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm afraid not," said Eddie, after a few moments of thought; "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"O yes, you can, Eddie," said grandma. "Here's a good text for you to explain: 'Be kind to one another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain about that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't" exclaimed Eddie.

"Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful. "Would that be preaching?"

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching."

"You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It is not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."

WRITING ON THE FOREHEAD.

"How will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee, and pointing. "Then she read it out. 'And his name shall be in their foreheads,' she read. 'It's out of the Bible,' added she, 'and I know it means God. How will God write it, papa?'"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it!" exclaimed Eve, in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Some things write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated. "Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

"Right," said he. "Day by day and year by year the white hairs came, until

at last it was written quite plainly, as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth what do I see written 'here? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

"What a funny sort of writing!" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass the next time you are naughty and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father. "Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it."

FAULT-FINDING.

One of the easiest things in the world is to find fault with other people; but how difficult it is to see our own faults, to understand our weak points, and to remember that as we see faults in others they see faults as bad, and perhaps worse, in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the great artist who painted a picture of his monarch, upon whose brow there was a scar. He placed his king with elbow resting on a table and his head supported by his hand, but with a finger covering the scar. Let us endeavour to place the finger of charity over the scars of our brethren.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;

She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;

She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry;

And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,

Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;

She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,

And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;

But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state

That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,

And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

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Luke 23.

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Scriptures

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THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
 Shall I tell you where and when?
 On the maps of the world you will find
 it not—
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
 With sword or nobler pen;
 Nay not with eloquent words or thought,
 From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
 Of a woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently, bore her part—
 Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave;
 But oh! these battles they last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
 She fights in her walled-up town—
 Fights on and on in the endless wars,
 Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
 And soldiers to shout and praise!
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought
 Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
 With splendid and silent scorn,
 Go back to God as white as you came—
 The kingliest warrior born!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XII. [March 24.]

JESUS CRUCIFIED AND BURIED.

Luke 23. 44-53. Memory verses, 46, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

What a sad day it was when Jesus was crucified! A great crowd followed outside the city gate to Golgotha, or Calvary. There were many looking on silently and sadly. There were rulers and elders making sport, and the rude soldiers mocking the holy Son of God!

There were some wonderful signs that day to show that Jesus was indeed the holy One from heaven—the strange darkness over all the land, the earthquake, and the veil of the temple torn in two parts.

We cannot understand why our dear Lord must suffer such pain and woe for us, but now at last it was over, and the Son of God had gone back to his

Father. What joy there must have been in heaven then! And what joy now to say,

"Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus crucified? On Mount Calvary.

Who were crucified at the same time? Two thieves.

What did the soldiers do? Gamble for his clothes.

What was written on his cross? "King of the Jews."

Who put it there? Pilate.

Did he believe it? No, but it was true.

What did Jesus say on the cross? "It is finished."

What did he mean? His work for us.

What did Jesus bear? The sin of the world.

For whom did Jesus die? For all sinners.

What should we do? Believe, and love Jesus.

What does he want to give us? Eternal life.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.—Isa. 53. 3.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly learned.

1. J. A. at B. - - - She hath done—
2. The T. E. - - - Blessed is he that—
3. G. S. J. - - - We would see—
4. C. S. the P. - - - What think ye—
5. P. of the T. V. - Watch therefore; for
6. P. of the T. - - - So then every one of
7. The L's S. - - - This do in—
8. J. in G. - - - Not my will,—
9. J. B. - - - The Son of man is—
10. J. and C. - - - Thou art the Christ
11. J. and P. - - - I find no—
12. J. C. and B. - - - Christ died for—

FURLOUGH ON FOUR LEGS.

The children of a reading class were reciting, and as they read the teacher asked the meaning of various words. Finally the word "furlough" was encountered.

"What does the word 'furlough' mean?" asked the teacher.

There was no reply, and the teacher asked the question again. A little girl held up her hand. "Well, May, tell me what 'furlough' means."

"It means a mule," said May.

"O no," replied the teacher; "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed it does," said May; "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we will see about it."

The next day May brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words: "Going home on his furlough."

WHEN PA TAKES CARE OF ME.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

When Pa takes care of me,
 He says to Ma, "By Jing!
 It seems that everything
 Comes on me when I've got the most to do,
 But I suppose I've got to get it through
 With; so you needn't fuss one bit about
 Him; I'll take charge of him while you are
 out."

But Ma makes him repeat all she has said
 About what he's to do; guess she's afraid
 To let him try his way
 Of watching me the day
 When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
 He puts me on a rug,
 Gives me a kiss and hug,
 Then brings in every pillow he can find,
 And piles them up in front, at sides, be-
 hind

Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he
 says.

And then he gets my picture-books, and
 lays

Them down beside me, and my blocks and
 toys,

And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the
 noise

You want to; I don't care."
 And I sit there and stare,
 When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
 No book or toy or game
 Seems, somehow, just the same.

And, by and by, I'm through with every
 one,

And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you
 begun

Already? What's the matter, anyway?
 There's everything you own! Why don't
 you play?

Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what
 is wrong?

Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts
 some song

About "Bye, Baby, Bye!"
 And I lie flat and cry,
 When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
 He grabs me up at last,
 And starts to walk real fast,
 And talks to me, and pats my back, and
 tries

To act as if he liked it; but he sighs,
 And sighs, and keeps a-looking at the clock,
 And out of window, up and down the
 block,

For sight of Ma; and when she does come
 in,

She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a
 sin!"

And Pa looks mad, and I—
 I'm glad the time's gone by
 When Pa takes care of me.



HUSH, BABY, HUSH.

HUSH, BABY, HUSH.

Hush, baby, hush! Mother is ill;
You must be good now, you must be still;
You must not worry, you must not fret,
But act like a good little lady, my pet.

After you've had a nice little nap,
You shall have on your mantle and cap,
And we will go where the wild flowers
grow,
And birds in tree-tops flit to and fro.

Then you shall pluck a fine nosegay for
mother,
And for the vase in the parlour another;
And you shall make of the daisies and
leaves
A chain such as Ellen the milk-maid
weaves.

Come, my own darling, to sleep now, to
sleep!
Those little eyes must stop trying to peep;
The sooner you sleep on this bright sunny
day,
The sooner, my darling, we'll go out to
play.

THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Uncle Albert stood in the doorway of the nursery for some time watching the children before they saw him. They had taken a high office stool, put a doll's trunk on top, a big flat book on the top of that, small books on each side, another book across these on top, and a coffee-can in the middle. The structure did look quite like a camera. Frank was standing in front of it with a paper cap upon his head, and a big cane in his hand; George was posing him, and Berta was taking the picture.

"Hold up your head, so," said George. "Now look as pleasant as you can. No, no; not so much of a smile, if you please. Not quite so grave. Now, now! That's just right. One, two, three!"

Uncle Albert laughed and all three children jumped.

"There! after all my trouble I'm afraid that picture's spoilt. Go into the dark-room, Berta, and develop it, while I see if the gentleman wishes his picture taken too," said George, recovering from his surprise very quickly, and still carrying on the play.

"I'll not have my picture taken to-day, sir; but I will make an engagement for to-morrow at this same hour," answered Uncle Albert.

The next day at the same hour, there was a rap at the nursery door, and when Berta opened it, there stood Uncle Albert, with a big parcel in his hands.

"I have come to have my picture taken, sirs and madam," he said with a bow. "I heard of a wonderful improvement upon the camera you use, and as I am very particular, I hope you'll not be offended at my presenting it to you."

While talking, Uncle Albert had been unwrapping his parcel, and there was a real camera, with everything complete for taking pictures.

It is a wonder Uncle Albert ever left the room alive, such huggings as the children gave him.

A LITTLE SCHEMER.

Dorothy was walking carefully down the garden path between the lilies, her doll in her arms. By and by she caught sight of something glittering in the moist gravel ahead. Small and round it was, like a funny little eye lying there and glowing in the sunshine. Dorothy stooped and picked it up, and when she saw that it was a new ten-cent piece she ran in and showed it to her mother, who said she might have it for her own.

That afternoon Dorothy and Jane, the old nurse, walked to the village and looked at the pretty things in the store windows. Finally Dorothy made several trips into the shops and came out with small parcels which she endeavoured to hide from Jane. "It's a secret," she explained.

But she let her mother know. There were some chocolate caramels for father, and there was a red lead pencil for grandma, and a paper of peppermint lozenges for Jane and a dozen queer hairpins for her mother.

"Well," said her mother, "didn't you buy anything for yourself?"

Dorothy looked very wise. "No, ma'am," she whispered archly, "but father will give me the caramels after he has looked at them. He never eats candy, you know."

Mother kissed her and said she was quite a little schemer.

THE WISEST PLAN.

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than whining like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose the world don't please you?
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?