

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1903.

No. 8.

## 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."

## WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Watching at the window,  
Tiny maidens three;  
Baby May, sweet Marjorie,  
And bright-eyed Rosalie.

Watching at the window  
This pleasant afternoon,  
Looking each for papa—  
He surely will come soon!

When he turns the corner,  
Now who'll be first to see?  
I think it likely, very,  
The first will be all three.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1903.

## OVER THE FENCE.

Ever since little Eva could remember, and for a long time before, there had been a high board fence between her father's cottage and the house on the right.

When it was a new, strong fence, Eva's folks, the Cartwells, had carefully white-washed their side every spring; but it was so old and splintered now, and so upgrown with honeysuckle and trumpet-flower, that it would have been almost impossible to renew its youth in any such way.

The fence had been built, Eva had often heard, when there was a quarrel between the Cartwells and Ayers; the quarrel was forgotten now, nobody knew what it had been about; but there was the ugly old fence to remind people of what a pity it is to do things in anger.

For it was not only an ugly thing; it really kept up a secret ill-will between

the families. I have said that the quarrel was forgotten, and so it was, or at least the cause of it was, but it had become so much the habit of the Ayers to say that the Cartwells were mean and stingy, and so much the habit of the Cartwells to say that the Ayers were cross and proud, that they thought there was no doubt about it.

Meantime the high fence rose between, with no gate in its side, no friendly gap through which to pass compliments and exchange nose-gays, and little Eva Cartwell had passed ten summers on one side of its weather-stained boards, and Lucy Ayers twelve years on the other side, without hearing or thinking that they must love their neighbours as themselves.

Now, it came to pass, one hot summer day, as Eva was sitting on the shady side of the house with her doll baby, and Lucy across the fence was training up her sweet pea vines, that a dark cloud came quite suddenly over the sky and got bigger and blacker until it was almost like bedtime.

The air seemed to be holding its breath; the very trees and bushes shivered as if in fear, and the dogs fled whining into the house. The little girls fled too, close to their mothers, their quiet mothers, who never seemed to them to be afraid of anything.

They were housed none too soon, for a great wind-storm burst upon the hushed earth, and raved and tore like a giant lunatic. Trees seemed to bend double as if in pain, boughs were snapped off and hurled against windows, the lightning came in blinding flashes, followed by roars and bellows of thunder, and great hail-stones rattled angrily down.

Such fury soon wears itself out, and it was not long before the sun was shining, in a faint and watery way, down on all this disorder of broken boughs and riddled leaves and bruised flowers.

Two little girls tripped half timidly out to two wet and smeared porches, and faced each other, for—the fence was down!

Yet, the hoary old sinner of a fence that had stood for so long in the interests of bad temper and ill-will, was as flat as the idol in the house of Dagon!

And there were two half-scared little girls gazing at each other across the wreck of boards and vines and twisted spikes.

"Don't the old fence look queer?" said Lucy, smiling, and showing a gleaming edge of white teeth.

"Oho!" said little Eva to herself, "I thought Lucy was cross and proud, but she is real nice and smiling." Then she said aloud, across the tumble-down fence, "I'm real sorry it fell on your side, 'cause it has spoiled all your sweet peas."

"Yes," said Lucy, mournfully, "I thought I was going to have so many for mamma's breakfast table all summer; and she loves 'em so much."

"I have got a lot in my garden," said Eva, shyly. "I wish you would come and get some every day."

"O, thank you, so much!" cried Lucy; "you are very kind." And to herself she said, "Dear me! I thought the Cartwells were all mean and stingy, but Eva is just lovely to offer me her sweet peas."

"It will be easy for you to come over," laughed Eva, "because the fence is down."

And so another fence began to come down, that thing that we call prejudice, which had been so many years standing between those neighbours; it did not fall all at once, like the old board fence, but little by little it crumbled away.

When the two families set to work to clear away the rubbish, the Ayers proved to be polite and friendly, and the Cartwells were generous and kind; they got on so well together, and liked one another so well, that when it was time to talk about putting up a new fence, they said, no more close boards for them! So it was a light, low paling this time, with a little gate between, through which Eva and Lucy ran back and forth all day long.

"To think what good neighbours have been living on the other side of the fence all this time, without my finding it out!" said Eva's mother.

"The next time I hear you call anybody hard names," said Mr. Cartwell, "I am going to say, 'Wait, wife, till you see on the other side of the fence!'"

## A POOR LITTLE BABY MOUSE.

BY M. VAN R. FRENCH.

"Valerie, Valerie, come quick!" cried Cousin George. "I've caught a mouse under the sideboard!"

"Oh, a really live one? Whee? what a teeny, weeny one it is! Why, it can't even run away. It must be a baby one." And they watched its bright little eyes twinkling as it crawled up George's sleeve.

"I 'speek it misses its mother's nice warm fur and wants to snuggle up in your coat."

"Let's get some warm milk and see if it will drink it," suggested Cousin George. So they brought a little tin lid for a dish and poured some milk in it.

"Why, it doesn't even know how to drink, does it? We'll get it some bread." But it could not eat that either.

"Well, it's just a shame for such a helpless little baby to be away from its mother," cried Valerie. "I know where a mouse hole is, we'll put it near and then maybe the mother one can find it." They did so, for they could not bear to see a baby mouse unhappy.

By and by they stole quietly back to see if it was still there, but all they saw were the bright eyes of the mother mouse peeping out of the hole, so they knew the tiny baby one was happy again.

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 enfold  
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.

out which there can be no church. He first tells them to be good citizens and neighbours and to "owe no man anything, but to love one another." He tells them that to love one's neighbour as one's self is to fulfil the law, because love will never do any harm to the neighbour. He had heard, perhaps, that the Romans, like the Corinthians, were given to pleasures and public games, and that wine was used too freely; so he warned them against putting any temptation in the way of a neighbour lest he be tempted and fall. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," he said, the only defence from evil. To "put on" the Lord Jesus Christ is to let him live and rule in the life.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To whom is Paul writing? To the Roman Christians.

What was Rome? A great and wicked city.

Had Paul been there? No.

Who carried Paul's letter? Phebe, a deaconess.

What does he want them to do? To be good citizens.

How can they keep the law? By loving one another.

Where did he learn about this? From the teachings of Jesus.

How much should we love our neighbour? As ourselves.

Did Paul do this? Yes.

When was he a hater of Christians? Before he knew Jesus.

Should we tempt our neighbour? No.

What should we do? Help him to be like Jesus.

ship left them near the foot of Mount Carmel they went on their way along the seashore on foot for thirty-five miles until they came to Caesarea. Philip, the deacon, lived there with his four daughters, who were prophetesses. While he was at Philip's house the prophet Agabus came, and binding his own hands and feet with Paul's girdle, he said, "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owns this girdle." When they begged him not to go he said, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart?" and then he added, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus;" and the people said, "The will of the Lord be done."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Paul going? To Jerusalem.

To what city did he come? To Tyre.

What kind of a city was it? A city of merchants.

How long did he stay there? Seven days.

Where did they go next? To Caesarea.

Who lived there? Philip, a deacon.

What did Philip's four daughters do? They prophesied.

What man came from Judea? The prophet Agabus.

What did he prophesy? That Paul would be bound in Jerusalem.

What did Paul's friends do? Begged him not to go.

Why would he go? He thought God called him.

What did his friends say? Golden Text.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON III. [April 19.]

THE LAW OF LOVE (TEMPERANCE LESSON).

Rom. 13. 7-14. Memorize verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

While Paul was making a three months' stay at Corinth he wrote a letter to the Christians at Rome. He had not seen them in that city, but many had gone there whom he knew, and he was making a plan to visit them. Phebe, a Christian widow who lived at Cenchrea, one of the parts of Corinth, was going to Rome on business, and Paul sent his letter by her. She was a woman of wealth, who acted as a deaconess in the church, and had been a helper to Paul and many others. Paul tells the Roman people many great truths of the Gospel, and then he touches upon that greatest thing of all—love, with-

LESSON IV. [April 26.]

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 3-12. Memorize verses 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts 21. 14.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember in the lesson of three weeks ago that Paul had a farewell meeting with his Ephesian friends? He had said, "I go bound in spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." In our lesson to-day he is on his way, sailing now in one ship and now in another until he comes to Tyre, the city of merchants. If you look on the map you can trace the way from Troas and Miletus, where he met the Ephesian friends, to Tyre. There the ship stopped to unload its cargo, and Paul and his friends went on shore and stayed seven days with the Christians of Tyre. When they left Tyre the Christians, with their wives and children, came with them to the ship and knelt on the shore and prayed and said good-bye sadly, for they feared to have Paul go to Jerusalem. When the

A LITTLE BOY'S DOINGS.

Perhaps the very first gospel seeds were sown, in Corea, by a converted Chinese lad who had learned in a mission school at Ningpo to love the Saviour.

When he was about nine years old his father took him with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Corean capital. While there the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who gave him to his wife as a present. He became her page, and would often try to tell her of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but she would not listen.

One day this woman's dear little baby girl died. She felt very sorrowful and lonely. Then she remembered the words her little page had said about the love of Jesus. She called the boy to her, and asked him to tell her the story again. Day by day did this little Christian lad talk of the Saviour until his mistress came to believe in and love Jesus.

See what the little Chinese boy could do, and how he taught the rich and noble lady to love Jesus, and then ask yourself, "What can I do for my Saviour?"

## A LUCKY TRAVELLER.

"I've travelled much," said the elephant:  
"Both sea and land I've crossed;  
I've always sent my trunk ahead,  
And it never has been lost."

## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

One other besides Marcia, Clarence, and Amy was in the secret—and that was Marcia's Sunday-school teacher, Miss MacLean; a woman who meant to do good as she had the opportunity. Moreover, Miss MacLean loved the children's mother, because they had been girl friends.

It wasn't likely she could see Mrs. Barrington go on in this way and not try to do something. Not that Mrs. Barrington cried and "took on"; that would have been far better. She dragged, rather, and seemed only to exist; going through necessary duties as if she were forced.

"Now, Marcia," Miss MacLean said, "here are verses for you and Clarence, and a short one for Amy. You can teach Amy's to her. When the dear, beautiful Easter Sunday comes, instead of repeating the Sunday-school lesson to your mamma before church, give these texts; it'll be a surprise; I think she'll like it."

Poor little Marcia was conscious that something clouded their happy home. Of course she knew what that something was, because just after the year came in, dear papa had gone out of the earthly home not to come back again—ever. Her mamma hadn't smiled since, and the cloud didn't grow lighter. It settled sadly on three little lives, this cloud of mamma's grief.

Miss MacLean prayed as hard as she worked, and that is the right way. She even asked her heavenly Father, if it was his pleasure, to send a bright, sunny Easter to help on the mission of the dear children. She knew that in April it might pour, even on the blessed Easter morning.

"Bring the lessons, children," Mrs. Barrington spoke in a rigid, hopeless tone. It was simply the habit of every Sunday morning, to hear this recitation; a habit begun in happier days, and continued mechanically.

At first she didn't even notice that it wasn't the lesson Marcia was saying, though her eyes seemed glued to the page.

Then the words—"I am the resurrection and the life," struck her like a blow from which she recoiled. They were spoken at the funeral!

The sweet child-voice went on: "Christ—the first-fruits of them that are asleep." Then Clarence took it up. "Our friend—is fallen asleep." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." So ran Amy's healing message.

Scarcely a pause, and Marcia repeated:

"The grave is dark, but there my Lord did lie;

Then rose a Sun upon the night of sorrow;

He lights up my horizon, and the sky  
Grows radiant with the promise of to-morrow;

"And wear a white rose for Easter Day?" said Marcia.

"I will go to church this morning. God pardon me that I have stayed away. And at dinner, little maid, I will wear the white rose. Then we will go to the place where papa sleeps, and give it to him."

It really didn't make much difference about the weather, it grew so sunshiny indoors; and so Miss MacLean's prayer was more than answered.

## MYRRH BEARERS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Three women crept, at break of day,  
Agrope along the shadowy way  
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.  
Each in her throbbing bosom bore  
A burden of such fragrant store,



EASTER MORNING.

That morrow, when my dead and I shall meet,

With spirits clothed upon, and life complete."

Well! The children were almost frightened by their success. They didn't know what tears meant to one who couldn't cry. Now the drops chased one another faster and faster, every drop dissolving a link in the chain which had been so tight around her heart.

Mrs. Barrington put her arms around all three—mother's hug—how they had missed it!

"Forgive me, my-darlings. Your lives shall be brighter. We will live as papa would like to have us live, hoping for the meeting." "Then do we with patience wait for it," she added to herself.

"And will you go to church with us once more?" Clarence asked.

As never there had lain before:  
Spices, the purest, richest, best,  
That e'er the musky East possessed,  
From Ind to Araby the Blest.

So ministering, as erst did these,  
Go women forth by twos and threes  
(Unmindful of their morning case),  
Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,  
Where'er they see the faintest rim  
Of promise—all for sake of him  
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold  
It just such joy as those of old,  
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh bearers still—at home, abroad,  
What paths have holy women trod,  
Burdened with votive gifts for God—  
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was  
priced

By this one thought, that all sufficed:  
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.