

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1906.

No. 7.

## THE SEALED TOMB.

Our illustration represents well the Roman manner of sealing. The seal might be applied to any door, and when bearing the official stamp of the governor a violation of it by breaking it open was defiance against the authority and power of the Roman Government. The seal was not a lock, but consisted mainly of a cord taken across the door, and fastened at the ends with sealing-wax, impressed with the official seal.

It was in this manner that the tomb in which Jesus lay was sealed. The Jews, pretending to fear that the disciples would come by night and steal away the body of Jesus, asked that a guard be ordered for the tomb, and that the door be sealed. Pilate gave commandment as they requested, and "they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."

But how vain were the seal and the guard of Roman soldiers, when the Lord shook the place, and the brightness of the angelic presence flashed upon them. For, "Behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and



"SEAING THE STONE."

sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men."

Jesus, the crucified Lord and Saviour, arose from the dead, and came forth from the grave alive. "Fear not ye," said the

angel to the women who came to the tomb; "for he is risen, as he said. Come and see the place where the Lord lay." On this Easter Day we look again into the empty grave. And we look up also into heaven, and we see Jesus "sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high."

## EASTER JOYS.

What especially has afforded the world joy and peace? It was the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. There was joy on his advent, and angels joined in the glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest!" There is a real joy also after Jesus suffered the agonies of the cross to see him come forth victor over death and the grave. How sad were all his disciples and friends to see him suffer and die! How dark the world as the Son of man expired on the cross!

What a solemn stillness brooded over the holy city as Joseph laid him in his rock-hewn

tomb! With what sadness all who loved him spent that night and the succeeding day. Grief had settled down on many hearts who had learned to love the Prince of Peace. But, oh! the joy when it is announced on the morning of the third day that "He is not here, he is risen."

Though doubts were mingled with fears, yet how great the joy when the fact is fully declared. Then the darkness fades before the rising light. Then gloom departs like mist before the sun. Then sorrow flies from despondent hearts, and joy and peace begin their loud acclaim. "All hail, all hail!" Oh, what a load is lifted from the despondent friends to know that Christ the Lord is risen from the dead, and has conquered the powers of eternal darkness and woe.

It is joy even to-day. The Christian rejoices in such a Saviour. The Christian Church hails this day with anthems of praise, for it declares her victory over the great enemy of sin. It makes the demon of despair rage and quake at this strong potentate, who fears neither death nor the grave. With what joy we should celebrate this festival! How appropriate to consecrate one's self to his service as an offering of joy for his salvation!

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1906.

### THE FORGOTTEN LILY.

BY JULIA F. DE VE.

"And I can have a real Easter lily, for sure, papa? And it will be a great big, tall one, with waxy leaves, and I can have it the night before, can't I, please?" pleaded Chrissy Drury. Papa Drury laughed carelessly as he promised.

Before the day was over everybody in Simms tenement knew about the lily.

"I do hope her pa won't be so mean as to forget all about it," said Mrs. Brown when Chrissy was out of hearing. "I hope he won't spend all his week's earnings at the corner saloon before he gets the blossom for the child."

"It will be an Easter miracle, if he don't," said Miss O'Neill.

Nobody in the tenement was greatly surprised, therefore, save trustful Chrissy, when Ben Drury quite forgot his promise, forgot everything except his longing for drink, and stopped to satisfy it.

"Forgot the lily, did he, dearie?" asked Mrs. Brown soothingly as she looked down into Chrissy's tear-stained face Easter morning. "Must have stopped at Pete Johnson's place. It's a great place fer forgettin', is Pete's place."

"A great place for forgetting!" Chrissy remembered the words as she passed the saloon her father frequented on her way to church. She thought drearily, child though she was, of the many things her father had forgotten at that dreadful cor-

great place for forgetting, and my papa, he promised to get it for me."

"You're Ben Drury's girl, ain't you?" asked the man, and his voice did not sound angry. "So he forgot, did he? And you think it's a great place for forgettin'—well, I can't help that. What do you want of the lily, anyway?"

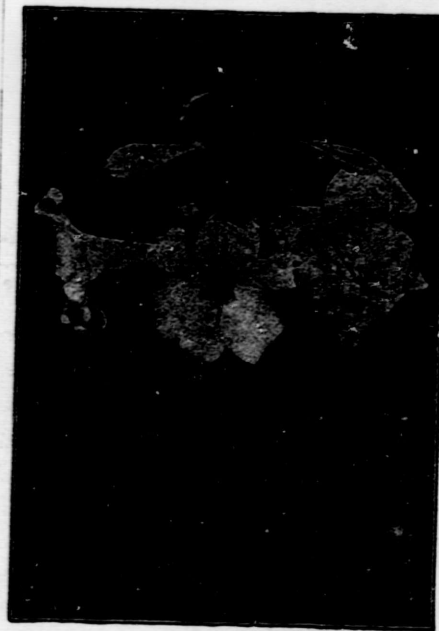
Chrissy managed to make tearful answer.

"The chapel? Well, you ain't big enough to carry it, a little sissy like you. I'm glad enough to get rid of the lily. It's hurt business more'n it's helped—don't make the other goods look any better 'long side of it, and seems to scare some folks somehow. Say, some of you fellows—turning to an idle group of men—take a hand and carry it for the little thing." But the men shook their heads, and answered: "Do it yerself, Pete, you ain't goin' ter get us inter no Sunday-school business. So don't be foolin' yerself."

The saloon man turned indignantly upon them, his better nature touched by the child's appeal: "Well, and I will. I'd be man enough to help a little thing like that. Come on, child, I'll take it for yer."

"Right up to the front, please," was the greeting of the sweet-faced superintendent as the strange pair reached the chapel door. "It's good of you to bring the lily, we needed one more so much. Do you mind helping put it in place away up there?" she asked of the stalwart Pete.

Peter Johnson, dealer in vile drinks, who hadn't been inside church doors since his youth, never quite understood why he let himself be pushed gently into the comfortable corner seat beside little Chrissy, nor why the music and the fragrance of the Easter blossoms carried him back to the days when he sat with his mother



EASTER LILY.

ner. But what was that in the window, its beautiful white blossoms towering above the ugly black bottles? Impossible as it seemed, it was none other than an Easter lily, pure and fair, just such an one as had been in Chrissy's mind for weeks. It seemed so out of place that Chrissy dared to wonder—it might be—The lily seemed to plead with her to rescue it. The desire to do so nerved her childish heart to climb the steps.

"It's the lily!" she stammered in answer to the inquiring look of the proprietor. "There isn't any mistake, is there? It isn't the one my father forgot, is it? O I hope you'll 'cuse my asking," as the man's face began to cloud. "I jess thought perhaps—Mrs. Brown, she said 'twas a

in a little country church; he only knew that ten minutes after the minister had begun to tell in very simple words the story of the resurrection he did not want to go, and did not care if he did lose half a day's business. The evening service found not only Peter but his wife at the chapel, and when the service was over the lily was borne in his strong arms to Chrissy's tenement home to finish its gracious work.

"My, but I'm jes' too glad that my pa forgot that lily after all," Chrissy confided to Mrs. Brown the next day. "For Mr. Johnson he says he's going to have a place on that corner, he is, that has a business as will sort of match Easter lilies, and things in his window to sell that a

lily won't be 'shamed to stand side of. He said he'd been thinkin' about it a good deal, but the lily and me, we just settled it for him. It's jest like a fairy tale, isn't it? and, the best of all, he says I did him such a good turn—though I don't see what I did—that he's goin' to try and help cure my papa of his awful forgettin'."

EASTER TIME.

Buds upon the bushes, leaves upon the trees,  
Daisies on the hillside, perfume on the breeze;  
Happy voices singing; tuneful bells achime;  
Glad eyes looked upward—this is Easter time!

Little brooks rejoicing, sparkling in the light;  
Birds with wings aflutter in the sunshine bright;  
Up the heavenly ladder, hopes, like angels, climb;

Pearly gates are open—this is Easter time!

In the quiet churchyard early flowers appear;

Unseen joys and glories now are real and dear;

Hearts in Jesus trusting, throb with faith sublime,

Life and resurrection! This is Easter time!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON III.—APRIL 15.

JESUS' POWER OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.

Luke 7. 1-17. Memory verses, 14-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11. 25.

LESSON STORY.

To-day's lesson tells of two wonderful miracles, of Christ's bringing back life to two that were dead. In each case it was the result of great faith. This centurion was very fond of his servant and afraid he would die. When he heard of Jesus he sent the elders of the Jews to beg him to come. They told Jesus what a worthy man he was, how he had built a synagogue and was a patriotic Jew. When the centurion saw Jesus coming he felt so humble and unworthy to have Jesus enter his house. But he had faith to believe he could heal his dear servant whether he entered his house or not. Jesus honored

the man's faith and cured his servant before reaching the house.

Jesus was always so tender-hearted and full of compassion. In the little village of Nain he saw a poor widow weeping because her only son had just died. He knew her grief, and her faith, and he restored her son to her and bade her weep no more.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is a centurion? A Roman officer who has charge of one hundred soldiers.
2. What had the centurion done? Built a synagogue.
3. Who was ill? His servant.
4. Was it his good works or his faith that Jesus honored? His faith.
5. Was the centurion humble? Yes, he felt unworthy to have Jesus enter his house.
6. Whose son did he call back to life? The widow of Nain.
7. What did Jesus say to her? "Weep not."

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22.

JESUS THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Luke 7. 36-50. Memory verse, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.—Luke 7. 30.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful lesson Jesus taught that day he dined in the Pharisee's house. While they sat at the meal a poor woman slipped in and in Oriental fashion began to wash Jesus' feet with some sweet-scented ointment which she brought with her and to dry them with her long, dark hair. She bathed his precious feet with her tears of repentance and anointed them with the kisses of her love.

The Pharisee was shocked that Jesus let such a wicked woman come near him. Jesus knew the wrong thought in the man's mind and told a parable of a man who had two debtors, one owing him much and the other little. But he forgives both. Which will be most grateful and love him most? The one who was forgiven the most. So with Jesus. The greater the sinner the more he loves and longs to forgive, and the greater will that sinner's love be.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. At whose house was Jesus? At a Pharisee's.
2. Were they kind in their thought of sinners? No.
3. Who came in? A poor sinful woman.
4. What did she do? Anointed his feet and dried them with her hair.
5. What parable did Jesus tell? Of the two debtors.
6. What did it teach? The greater the sinner the greater his love when forgiven.

THE THREE SIEVES.

"O mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott. "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it, dear. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Parry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you cannot prove that it is true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma; but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking."

STYLES OF SALUTATION.

Most amusing are the styles of salutation. The following are a few that have recently been brought to notice:

The Chinese gentleman, meeting a friend, shakes his own hand, and inquires in the most complimentary terms about his friend's health. The friend shakes his own hand also, and answers that he is well, but calls himself the most abusive names he can think of, and they pass on.

The French and Italian gentlemen kiss and embrace their men friends when they feel delight at meeting.

The politician, just before election, meeting a voter, slaps him vigorously on the back, and shakes his hand at the same time.

The Gambier Islanders rub noses; and if their welcome is very hearty, they hold their breath for a few seconds, and then give most alarming sniffs, thereby showing great pleasure at meeting.

A PRECIOUS KEY.

"I'm rich! I'm rich!" exclaimed little Rosa one day, on her return home from Sunday-school. "Why so?" asked her mother. "Because I've found a key that will unlock the door of the storehouse where God keeps all his good things." "What is it?" asked the mother, much interested. "It's the Key of Prayer," said the little girl. "Jesus says 'Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.'"



## JANUARY.

Under an Eastern sky,  
Amid a rabble's cry,  
A Man went forth to die  
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,  
Blood-stained his every tread;  
Cross-laden, on he sped,  
For me.

Pierced glow his hands and feet,  
Three hours o'er him beat  
Fierce rays of noontide heat  
For me.

"That will be made plain," said mamma,  
"and when you have decided I will add  
a bouquet and something else."

Now, next door to Elsie lived Mrs. Denton, the widow of a minister who had served long and faithfully in the — Conference, receiving less than any man in the community, but always willingly and the small sum yearly was all that remained, and this morning Mrs. Denton stood by the window neither seeing the beautiful flowers just bursting into bloom, nor hearing the robins thrilling a welcome to spring as they sung of their joy in returning to the old apple-tree.

into a life struggling to make a very little go a great way. Our Epworth Leagues, our Knights of St. Paul and our young people's societies everywhere are helping to make this earth nearer Heaven by *living* the Gospel—not in words but in deeds.  
—Ex.

## TRIUMPHAL HYMN.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN.

(Matthew 21. 8-11.)

Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Thus wert thou made all mine;  
Lord, make me wholly thine;  
Grant grace and strength divine  
To me.

In thought and word and deed  
Thy will to do. Oh, lead  
My soul, e'en though it bleed,  
To Thee!

## ELSIE'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY KATE W. MEIGS.

"But you know I am planning this myself, mamma, and I can't quite make it come out even, that's all," said Elsie Robertson solemnly, as she counted her pennies for the twentieth time at least. "I want half to go across the ocean, but the other—Uncle Will's present to me—must help make some one here at home happy. Who will it be?"

Friends were coming to spend Easter—friends of her husband—the visit would be greatly enjoyed, but she had not the amount necessary to provide for their entertainment. But some one was coming up the walk and no one but Elsie could call to the robin in tones he could scarcely distinguish from his own, and then, what was she saying?

"Mrs. Denton, I want you to share my Easter present with me. Mamma sends the bouquet," and the dear child was gone.

"Bless the loving heart that thought of a poor lonely woman," she said, as happy tears fell on the generous packages of tea, oranges and other gifts, and with light steps she arranged the flowers and began preparations for the Easter guests.

This is a true story of a little girl who just wanted to bring a ray of sunshine

With palms and scattered garments  
strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on his sapphire throne,  
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.