

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1903.

No. 7.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY HENRY HART MILLMAN.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;
By the flesh with scourges torn;
By the crown of twisted thorn;
By the side so deeply pierced;
By the baffled, burning thirst;
By the drooping death-dewed brow:
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
Bound upon th' accursed tree,

By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know thee now:
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

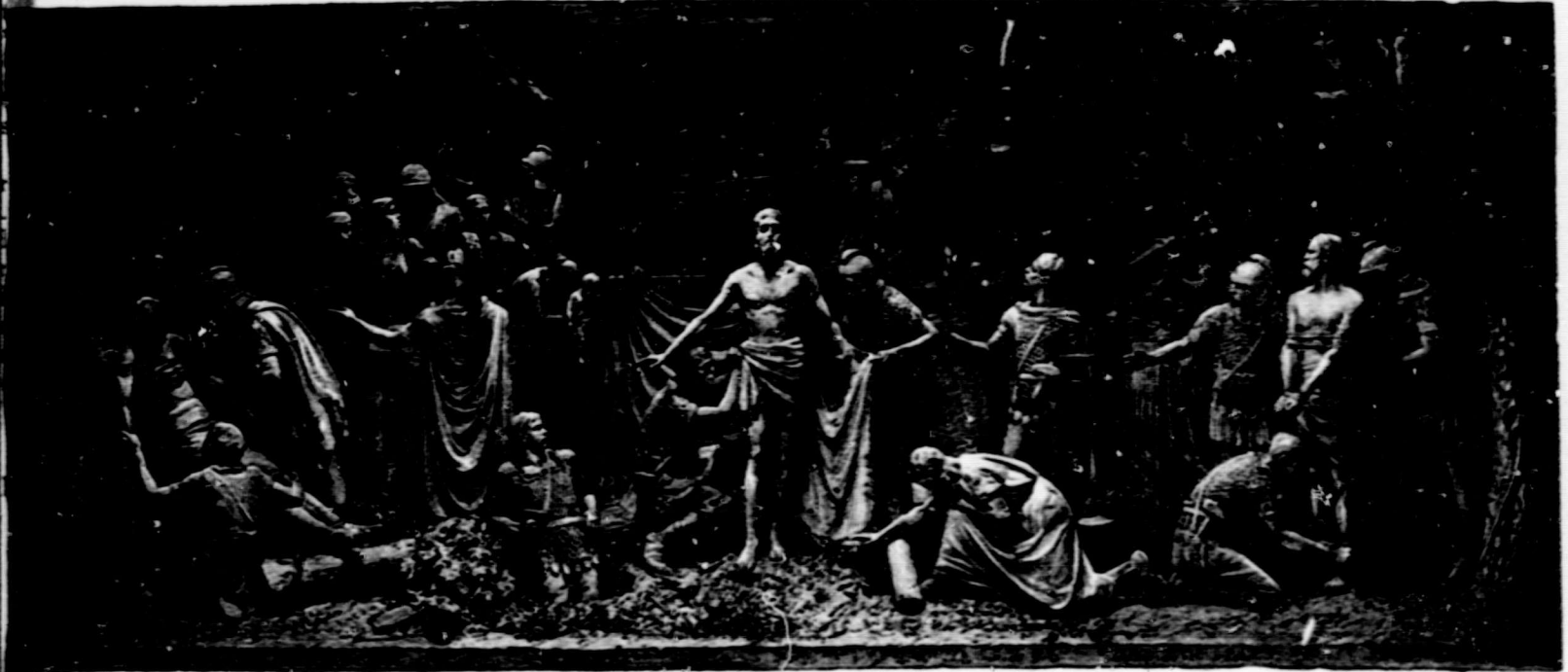
Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"They know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave
By the souls he died to save;
By the conquest he hath won;

is forcing back the tumultuous mob. The divine dignity of the meek Sufferer is conspicuous, even at this hour of doom.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A poor boy went to a house to ask if they would please buy some matches. Harry, who lived there, happened to see the boy, and to hear what he had said. Harry simply said: "Go away." The poor boy turned away with his matches, looking very downcast.

Soon after Harry thought he should like



"THE CRUCIFIXION."

Dread and awful, who is he?
By the run at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
By earth that trembles at his doom;
By yonder saints who burst their tomb;
By Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at his side;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony;

By the saints before his throne;
By the rainbow round his brow;
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

"THE CRUCIFIXION."

George Tinworth's bas-relief of "The Crucifixion" is one of tragic pathos. On either side are bound malefactors in the hands of the rude soldiery, in the rear the weeping women are gazing with tearful sympathy on our Lord, while one holds her presumably sick child as if asking his touch of healing. The soldier in the rear

to have a run with his hoop; but he remembered that he had lost his stick. He must have a good stick for a good hoop. He would go and ask his father for some money to buy one. He found his father very busy reading. He made his request; but his father did not answer him. Presently he asked again, when his father said: "Go away."

Poor Harry now remembered that it was just the answer that he had given the poor boy with the matches, and felt how much better it would have been to have spoken kindly. He still wanted a hoopstick, and

thought he would go to the woods close by, and try to break off a branch that would do for a stick. He was not long in finding one, but, in trying to break it, he found it was too strong for him. While he was still trying, some one stepped behind him, and said: "I think I can break it." He seized hold of the bough, and broke it off. Harry was surprised to find it was the match-boy, and, before he could thank him for his kindness, he had run away.

Harry now thought a great deal more of his rough answer, "Go away," to the poor boy, and made up his mind to speak kindly for the future.

Let us all learn the same lesson. If we do not want to buy of the poor people we meet with, let us at least speak kindly to them, for many of them have sorrowful hearts, and we should not add to their sorrows by harsh words.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1903.

CONNIE'S MORNING PRAYER.

Many boys and girls who are careful to "say their prayers" at night before going to sleep are not so careful to ask God in the morning to guide them through the day. Though they do not all speak out as he did, they are like the boy who wanted God to take care of him in the dark, but thought he could take care of himself in the daytime.

Connie was one of those little girls who had found out that she was always happier through the day when she asked Jesus in the morning to help her do right, and to keep her from doing wrong. One morning she had a fresh trouble to take to God. One of her schoolmates had treated her

very unkindly the day before, and how could she ever treat her just as she used to do? She had said the night before, "I'll never speak to her again"; but now there came into her heart the words, "Do good to them that hate you." How could she do good to Jennie Wells after the way she had treated her the day before? She thought she just couldn't; so she told Jesus all about it, and asked him to take the hate out of her heart and fill it with love. That is what he did. And when she went to school she was ready to treat Jennie as kindly as ever. And Jesus made this very easy for her; for when she came near to the school-yard who should run to meet her but Jennie, who put her arm around her neck and said: "O Connie, I know it was real mean for me to talk the way I did yesterday. Won't you forgive me? I am so sorry I said it." And the two girls were the best of friends from that time.

SEVEN LAST SAYINGS OF CHRIST

1. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." (Luke 23. 34.)
2. "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23. 43.)
3. "Woman, behold thy son!" (John 19. 26.)
4. "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. 27. 46.)
5. "I thirst." (John 19. 28.)
6. "It is finished." (John 19. 30.)
7. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke 23. 46.)

"LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE."

Sarah Gordon was a dark-eyed, rosy-checked little girl, just seven years old, who went with Aunt Lois every Saturday to visit the home on Sunderland Heights. The ward that she loved best was like a big nursery, full of toys and pictures, whose owners tried to be patient in spite of pain and weariness. How the sick children did watch for her coming!

Freddie, the lame boy, thought her dimples the prettiest that he had ever seen; and after her first visit, when she made him laugh by telling a funny story, always called her "Little Miss Sunshine."

"Why do you?" asked the nurse, as she bent over his cot that night.

"Oh, I can't help it! She is so sweet and good; and when she goes away it's just like shutting the blinds in tight, it seems so dark." And the other children felt in very much the same way, although they did not put it in words.

One Saturday I went to the home. Freddie was looking the picture of woe. His book was upside down, and he didn't even know it. There was such an air of unhappiness about all the little ones that

I asked the nurse if they were suffering more.

"No," she said, "it isn't that; but word came to-day that 'Little Miss Sunshine' is sick, and they miss her so."

"What does she do for them?" I asked.

"O miss, I can't exactly tell you what she does. It's just what she is. She never thinks about herself at all, but she trips about from one cot to the other, always smiling, always having a bright word or a tender caress for each little sufferer; and," she added in a reverent tone, "it is my belief that she treads in the footsteps of One who went about doing good, because she so truly loves him."

Don't you believe that this was the secret?

CALVARY.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."

Darkly rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem;
See the Christ his cross upbearing,
See him stricken, wounded, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
Not the hand that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the cursed tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled him
In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted.
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet he for his murderers pleaded;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have pierced, yet trust in thee.

In our joy or tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection.
Make us thine eternally.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

A traveller tells of seeing in a street in Egypt a crowd gathering about a man with a large leather bag on his shoulder. He was crying to all who passed by to come and freely drink. Standing beside him was a well-dressed man, who had just paid for his whole store of water, that the poor might drink. Only so could they have had it "without money and without price." Jesus has paid the full price of salvation. He bids us be his heralds, and tell of the precious gift free to all. He is his own almoner. From the hands pierced on Calvary alone can the draught of life be quaffed. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

RUNNING AWAY.

Where are you going, my little man?
 Running away just as fast as you can—
 Babies are little, and babies will fall
 If babies run fast when babies are small.

O the world is stormy and rough!
 You'll find it out, dear, soon enough;
 Tender wee feet will be hurt on the road,
 Dear little heart will ache under its load.

Stay at home, darling, the world is so cold;
 'Twill frown on you, baby, because it is
 old,
 Warm is the home-nest, my brave little
 man;
 Let mother's arms keep you, dear heart,
 while they can.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STORIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON I. [April 5.]

PAUL'S FAREWELL TO EPHESUS.

Acts. 20. 28-38. Memorize verses 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus,
 how he said, It is more blessed to give than
 to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul, with several of his brethren, was
 on a ship making a journey toward
 Jerusalem. The ship stopped just at
 Troas, where Paul met some of his friends
 and spent a whole night in preaching and
 tender talks about Jesus. A young man
 fell from a window of the room and was
 brought back to life by Paul. The ship
 stopped again at Miletus, about thirty
 miles from Ephesus, and he sent for some
 of the ministers and brethren of Ephesus
 to come and see him. They came with
 great joy, for they loved their "father in
 the Gospel." He had gone through great
 trials and hardships on his missionary
 journeys, and he was getting old. He
 must have had a vision of what was about
 to come to him, for he spoke very lovingly
 and said he was going to Jerusalem, not
 knowing what he would have to pass
 through there, but he was ready to lay
 down his life for Jesus. He wanted them
 to remember how he had laboured among
 them for three years, "warning every one
 night and day with tears," and providing
 for his own needs and the needs of his
 helpers, showing them how the strong
 ought to work for the weak, and find the
 Lord's blessing in it. Then they all wept
 and kissed Paul, and went back to
 Ephesus very sad and lonely.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What was Paul? A missionary.
 To whom did he preach? The Gentiles.

Who were they? The nations who were
 not Jews.

Where was he now going? To Jeru-
 salem.

Who were with him? Eight friends.

Who was one of them? Luke, who
 wrote the Acts.

Where did the ship stop? At Troas and
 Miletus.

Whom did he see at these places?
 Many Christian friends.

Who were the friends at Miletus?
 Ephesian brethren.

What did he say to them? Loving
 words of good-bye.

Why? He said he should see them no
 more.

What did he beg them to be? Loving
 and giving.

LESSON II. [April 12.]

THE RESURRECTION.

1 Cor. 15, 20, 21, 50-58. Mem. vs. 55-58.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and
 become the first fruits of them that slept.
 —1 Cor. 15. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was not among the disciples when
 the Lord Jesus rose from the tomb on that
 first Easter morning, for he was then far
 from being a believer in Jesus, and after
 his death and resurrection persecuted the
 disciples. Then the Lord spoke to him in
 the midst of a great light when he was on
 his way to Damascus. After that he be-
 came a humble Christian, and gladly
 learned from Peter and the other disciples
 what they knew about Jesus. Can you
 not imagine him listening to the wonder-
 ful story that Peter and John and Mary
 could tell about the resurrection morning?
 Paul afterward preached and wrote much
 about it. He saw that because his Lord
 had risen out of death we also should rise
 out of the death of sin into the life of
 righteousness, and when our body dies,
 like him rise into a new and heavenly life.
 He used to tell the persecuted Christians
 much about this, and it gave them strength
 to bear their trials. He told them that
 flesh and blood could not rise into the life
 of heaven, but that we should have
 spiritual bodies which could never die
 with which to enter heaven. When he
 thought about it death seemed to him as
 nothing, and he cried, "O death, where
 is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victo-
 ry?" and then he gives thanks to God,
 for Jesus Christ.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Paul often talk about? The
 resurrection of our Lord.

Was he a disciple when Christ rose?
 No.

What was he at one time? A persecutor
 of Christians.

What did he hear one day? The Lord
 calling him.

Did he obey? Yes.

Who told him much about Jesus? The
 disciples.

What did he like to tell? "Christ is
 risen."

To whom did he tell it? To both Jew
 and Gentile.

To whom did he write it in our lesson?
 To the Corinthians.

What did he say? That flesh and blood
 cannot rise.

What will rise? Our immortal bodies.

Through whom shall we rise? Our
 Lord Jesus Christ.

CHING AND CHANG.

The wish to appear different from what
 we are sometimes brings people into
 trouble, and sometimes into a ridiculous
 position. The Chinese have a good story
 illustrative of this:

There were two short-sighted men in
 China, Ching and Chang, who were always
 quarrelling as to which of them could see
 farther. As they had heard there was to
 be a tablet erected at the gate of a neigh-
 bouring temple, they determined they
 would visit it together on a given day, and
 put the visual powers of each to the test.
 But, desiring to take advantage of the
 other, Ching went immediately to the
 temple alone, and, standing close to the
 tablet, saw an inscription with the words,
 "To the great man of the past and the
 future." Chang also went soon afterward,
 peering yet closer, and, in addition to the
 inscription, "To the great man of the past
 and the future," read, in smaller charac-
 ters, "This tablet is raised by the family
 of Ling in honour of the great man."

On the day appointed for the contest,
 standing at a distance from which neither
 could read, Ching exclaimed: "The in-
 scription reads, 'To the great man of the
 past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang; "but you have
 left out a part of the inscription, which I
 can read, but you cannot, and which is
 written in small letters: 'Raised by the
 family of Ling in honour of the great
 man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said
 Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wrath, and, after much
 abusing each other, they agreed to refer
 the matter to the high-priest of the temple.
 He heard their story, and then said,
 quietly: "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to
 read; it was taken inside the temple
 yesterday."

Ching and Chang were both served
 right. They were a precious pair of hypo-
 crites. They could not see half so well as
 they pretended.



'Song for Easter.

[BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.]

The tiny buds begin to wake,
Down in their dark, cold bed,
As swift the kisses of the sun
Fall on each nestling head,
"We must rise," they say,
"To meet the spring's birthday!"

The bonny birds in distant clime
The secret message hear;
We catch the answer floating back,
In carols glad and clear;
"Homeward we fly and sing,
Sing for the beauteous spring."

And shall our hearts alone be still,
When sky and stream, bright bird
And flowers, and God's sweet grace
are ours?

Nay, let glad thanks be heard:
"We wake, we live, we sing
To greet our risen King!"

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO PAPA?

Then he is far away, that is evident. Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl; and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of water spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of his subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gerty and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gerty, let's send him a real jolly letter; won't he be glad to get it out there?"

"Yes, that he will. Now, what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see; I have told him all the school news; all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I have sent him some of the best mignonette from the front garden."

"Look here, Gerty, I'll tell you what. Let's fill all the rest up with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and, written in Bob's bold and better copper-plate, were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be down-hearted if you are tired, and the black people are not nice with you. We are praying for you ever so much. Last night poor Gerty was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now I'll pray for papa, till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father darling; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry

all the love it can to you—xxx xxx—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the Word of Life and felt just a bit down-hearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it; and when it was done he put it near his heart, and, looking up to that blue heaven which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord God, I thank thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.

WHAT MARGERY SAW.

Do you know why Margery's eyes are bright

As the moonlit drops of dew?

Do you know why Margery's heart is light,

And Margery's tears are few?

This glad little maid has found by chance
The fairies' woodland ring,

And there has she seen the fairies dance,
And has heard the fairies sing.

Oh, I wish we could!—but we need not strive,

For this is the fairy law,

That only the best little girl alive

Can see what Margery saw.

Their ring is deep in the cool dim wood,
The murmuring brook beyond,

'Tis a magical, mystical neighbourhood

On the shore of a sheltered pond;

The crickets chirp in the twilight hush,

And the katydids blithely call,

And the wonderful thrills of a fluting thrush

On the ears of the dancers fall.

And I'm sure we are anxious, you and I,

To discover that ring ourselves;

And, creeping close to it, soft and sly,

To see the frolicking elves.

Oh, Margery knows how they skim the ground,

And flutter their gauzy wings!

And Margery knows the liquid sound

They hear when the wood-bird sings.

The firefly shimmers his tiny spark,

And the owlet winks and stares,

When the madcap fairies tread the dark

In scores and dozens and pairs.

But to find that dancing-ring, and see

The feather-foot fays arrive,

There is only one way, and that's to be

The best little girl alive!