

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1902

No. 7.



THE FIRST EASTER.

EASTER EMBLEMS.

A little nest hid 'neath the leaflets green,
A tiny egg—a sleeping life within;
God's touch; and lo, the pearly casket
breaks,
And from its tomb the joyous bird awakes.

A folded bud, a tiny emerald tomb,
A prison germ asleep within the gloom;
God's touch, and lo, the portals green un-
close
And rich with life the radiant flower
glows!

A lifeless worm within its tomb fast
sealed;
God's touch, and lo, two dazzling wings
revealed,
That soaring high, with bird and flower
say—
"God's little prophets, we, of his great
Easter Day!"

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Happy Days.

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HELPFUL DOLLIE.

BY J. E. MAY.

Dollie May, who was making a long visit at her uncle's farm, thought it was fine fun to gather the fruit. She helped pick the pears, when they were ripe (the Sheldons and Bartletts) and made herself very useful. Gathering the apples was more of a task, because the orchard was large and the trees were loaded. It was a good apple year. The largest and choicest apples were picked by hand and carefully packed in barrels. Most of these went to market. There were big Golden Pippins, Seekn. of furthers, Baldwins,

and other kinds with glossy red skins, besides russets and greenings. The last named we know make good dumplings and pies in winter. Her uncle said Dollie could pack a barrelful to send home, and she really put eleven different kinds in, and you may be sure not one specked one could be found in the lot. She had her pick.

"What do you do with the specked apples, Annie?" she asked.

"The hogs eat most of them. We will save out enough for a barrel of cider," said Annie.

"Cider!" cried Dollie, in great surprise. "Why, I thought uncle was a good temperance man, and that's why I wanted to help. I can't gather apples for cider." The girl was so surprised that she allowed all the apples she was carrying in her apron to fall to the ground.

They all laughed. "Don't be afraid," said Mary, "father won't drink any of it, nor will any of us. It will all turn into cider vinegar, which mother says she must have for pickling."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Dollie, with a sigh of relief. "I'll help more than ever now," and she made herself so useful to Joe, who was high up on the ladder, and to the others, that they declared they could not do without her.

AN EASTER LESSON.

BY MAUDE ROLFE STACKPOLE.

Little fuzzy caterpillar,
You bring a song to me,
A song that breathes of present good
And immortality.

You gather food from leaf to leaf,
Moving in graceful curls,
Tormenting thrifty husbandmen,
And frightening little girls.

Some day, my friend, your pretty coat
Will miss its furry gloss,
Your symmetry of form depart,
Your powers suffer loss.

Clothed in a shroud of ashen gray,
You then will fall asleep,
While Nature's angels round your tent
Their faithful vigil keep.

When, from that slumber wakening,
Again to crawl you try,
Lo! you will mount on golden wings,
A tenant of the sky!

Your life, it is a mystery
No sage can understand;
My life, it is a mystery,
Yet both are in God's hand.

In faith I wait the larger life
That Easter morning brings,
When I shall lose this robe of flesh,
And find my golden wings.

AN ANT HILL.

Whether you live in the city or the country, you can surely find an ant hill. How the little ants hurry about! Let us watch them. In each tiny ant hill there is one mother with many, many baby ants. Each baby ant has a nurse. Every day each nurse-ant takes her baby, or *pupa*, as such a baby is called, up out of the ant hill and leaves it in the sun for an airing. When it begins to rain, or any danger comes near, how fast the little nurses scamper to pick up their babies and hurry them down into the house! The mother is called the queen ant. She never goes out into the sun, but always stays down in the ant hill home. She does no work, and all the little nurses scamper about and wait upon her; but she lays the tiny eggs from which all *pupae*, or baby ants, are hatched.

Some children destroy every ant-hill they find; but I think it is much pleasanter to sit down by these dear little homes and watch the busy little workers, and learn all about them; don't you?

DILLYDALLY.

Dillydally was almost seven years old. See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"O Dillydally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter. I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble came afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast. He heard a sweet note, that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute. "O, I must hurry!" he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger. A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it till it was a speck like a black pin's head. It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party; and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother, sorrowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dillydally says that he's going to. How do you suppose he will do it?



THE CONVERSION OF SAUL.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

BY LONGFELLOW.

This is the day, when from the dead
Our Lord arose; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose,
When to the women, standing near,
The angel in shining vesture said:
"The Lord is risen; he is not here!"
"Christ is risen!" and the bells
Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,
And chant together in their towers.
All hearts are glad, and free from care,
The faces of the people shine.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON I. [April 6.]

SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.

Acts 9. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.—Acts 3. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember Saul, who stood by when wicked men were stoning Stephen? His heart grew still more hard against the disciples of the Lord, and hearing that there were Christians at Damascus he asked the high priest for letters to Jews at Damascus, that he might go there and arrest men and women who believed in Jesus, and bring them bound to Jerusalem. About noon as he came near the city a light from heaven flashed all around him, and he fell to the ground, and a voice said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And when he knew that it was Jesus he cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The men who were with Saul heard the voice, but saw no one. They led Saul into Damascus—for he was stricken blind—and he was three days in the house of Judas in the street called Straight, blind, and not able to eat or drink. Then the Lord told a good man named Ananias to go to him, for he was praying. When Ananias laid his hand on Saul, calling him brother, his sight and a new life came to him. It was the Holy Spirit. Then he began to preach Christ in the synagogues.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Saul? A learned young Jew.
Whom did he hate? All who loved and followed Jesus.
What did he want to do? To kill or imprison all such.
Where was Saul going now? To Damascus.
What for? To find disciples of Jesus and arrest them.
What did Saul see on the way? A great light.
What did he do? He fell to the ground.
What did he hear? The Lord speaking to him.
What did he answer? "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
What did the Lord tell him? To go into Damascus.
Why did he have to be led? He was blind.
What did the Lord give him? His sight and the Holy Spirit.

LESSON II. [April 13.]

PETER, AENEAS, AND DORCAS.

Acts 9. 32-43. Memorize verses 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9. 34.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter was an apostle who used to go from town to town preaching the Gospel. At first he thought he should preach to the Jews only, but afterward the Lord showed him that he should go to the people whom they called Gentiles. One day he went into a village called Lydda, about twenty miles from Jerusalem. There he found a man named Aeneas who had been sick of the palsy for eight years. Peter went to him and said, "Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed." Then the sick man rose up and was well. A greater miracle was done at Joppa, a place on the seashore twelve miles from Lydda. A good woman named Tabitha had just died, and her friends were mourning over her, for she had been a friend to the poor. Some disciples sent for Peter, who went, and was shown into the room where the body of Tabitha, or Dorcas, was lying. He sent everybody out, and after he had prayed he said, "Tabitha, arise!" and she opened her eyes and sat up. Then Peter called her friends, and there was

great joy. It was not Peter who did these things, but Christ living in Peter.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What apostle was a great preacher? Peter.
To what village did he go? To Lydda.
Where was Lydda? Twenty miles from Jerusalem.
What sick man lived there? Aeneas.
What did Peter do for him? He cured him in the name of Jesus.
How far away was Joppa? Twelve miles.
Who had just died there? Tabitha, or Dorcas.
Why did the people mourn for her? She loved and helped the poor.
What did Peter do? He called her back to life.
How could he do these great works? By the power of Jesus.
What did these miracles cause? Many believed in Jesus.
With whom did Peter stay in Joppa? Simon, the tanner.

EASTER BELLS.

BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Ring out, O happy Easter bells,
Fill earth and air with noisy swells,
And many a tuneful lay,
Afar and near let songs of cheer,
In carols sweet, the joys repeat
Of resurrection day.

Ring out, O happy Easter bells,
Your cheerful note of joy impels
The human heart to praise;
Your merry rhyme of clang and chime,
With holy fire our souls inspire,
A sacrifice to raise.

Ring out, O happy Easter bells,
To all the world your music tells
Of fairer things above,
Our songs of joy we will employ,
To praise his name and wide proclaim,
The wonders of his love.

Oh, happy bells of Easter Day!
Ring, ring your joy
Through earth and sky:
Ye ring a glorious word:
The notes that swell in gladness tell
The rising of the Lord.

DON'T ROB THE BIRDS, BOYS.

Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys:
It is cruel, and heartless, and wrong;
And remember, by breaking an egg, boys,
We may lose a bird with a song.

When careworn, weary, and lonely,
Some day, as you're passing along,
You'll rejoice that the egg wasn't broken
That gave you the bird with its song.



EASTER BIRDS.

Easter birds sing Alleluia,
For the night has passed away;
Shall not little Christian children
Sing for joy as well as they?
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is
risen to-day.

Easter flowers breathe Alleluia.
Offered on his altar holy;
Children, be like spotless lilies,
Roses sweet and violets lowly.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Offer him your
hearts to-day.

Bring your gifts, that Alleluia
Through the ransomed world may ring;
Pray that all may learn the story,
Join the gladsome hymns we sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is
risen to-day.

A MISSIONARY SERMON BY A LITTLE BOY.

Who would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions? To be sure, Katie and Bettie talked a great deal about their "Whatsoever Band." The little pink mite-box that stood on the mantel-shelf beside the old clock was always preaching a missionary sermon. Fritz often saw the pennies and dimes dropped into the box, and was sometimes held up to add his mite to the family gifts. But he was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls went to their mission-band meeting, to hear her little boy giving a missionary sermon to old Whiskers, the family cat.

"Whiskers, 'tain't bein' a miss'nary boy dsust to put money in 'e pink botst. It's thinkin' 'bout 'e peoples 'at doesn't know 'ere is a happy land. It's bein' 'orry for em, and lovin' 'e mans and ladies 'at tells 'em 'bout it. It's puttin' 'em nighst to papa and mamma when you say your p'ayers. My Bettie says some

foist sink it's on'y puttin' pennies in 'e botst. When I's a mission-band boy I'll know better."

EASTERTIDE.

The little flowers came 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 crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter time.

"We'll hear the song of heaven," they say;
"Its glories shine 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."

CURIOUS EASTER CUSTOMS.

In France, during the middle ages, there were many curious customs relative to Easter eggs. Before Eastertide began, the priests made a round of visits, blessing and receiving eggs. The largest eggs were picked out and sent to the king as tribute. After high mass at the chapel of the Louvre on Easter Day, huge, gaily decorated baskets of gilded eggs were carried into the royal presence; the attendant en-pain blessed and distributed them to those present. Then came the substitution of the artificial egg of sugar, pasteboard, ivory, and so forth, the cover or case for some daintier gift.

It is a little curious that as far as the custom of egg-rolling is practised in the United States, it has a national reputation only in Washington. How or where it started there no one now living in Washington can tell; but that the enchanting slopes of the White House grounds give it inviting encouragement no one will dispute. With every year the crowd of children engaged in the sport has increased, and the egg-rolling has finally grown to the importance of a festival.

The public schools are closed on

Easter Monday, and thousands of children swarm about the White House. The grounds are prettily diversified with little hills and intermediate valleys, and on the knoll above the steepest of these grassy slopes the children gather. Baskets and boxes are quickly opened, and the sport of rolling the coloured eggs begins. It has no apparent object, unless it is to test the strength of the eggshell, and see how many times it will go bumping over rough places without breaking. Some of the little ones try to roll their eggs against others, to see which will break; others run after their eggs as they roll down, to catch them before they reach the bottom, so that they may not break. But they are not long-lived. Even the hard-boiled egg has a limit of endurance. Before long the first comers have seen the last of their coloured treasures broken and scattered over the stones. But the new comers constantly arriving bring a fresh supply. The children come and go from nine o'clock till sundown.

EASTERTIDE.

Oh, rare as the splendour of lilies,
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death.
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin-soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

God's kindness to us ought to make us
kind to one another.



EASTER LILIES.