

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1905.

No. 8.

EASTER LILIES.

Smile praises, O sky!

Soft breathe them,

O air!

Below and on high,

And everywhere

The black troop of storms

Has yielded to calm;

Tufted blossoms are peeping.

And early palm.

Arouse thee, O spring!

Ye flowers, come forth

With thousand hues tinting

The soft green earth:

Ye violets tender.

And sweet roses bright.

Gay Lent-lilies blended

With pure lilies white.

Sweep, tides of rich music,

The full veins along.

And pour in full measures,

Sweet lyres, your song.

Sing, sing, for He liveth—

He lives, as he said:

The Lord hath arisen

Unharm'd from the dead.

Clap, clap your hands, mountains!

Ye valleys, resound!

Leap, leap for joy, fountains!

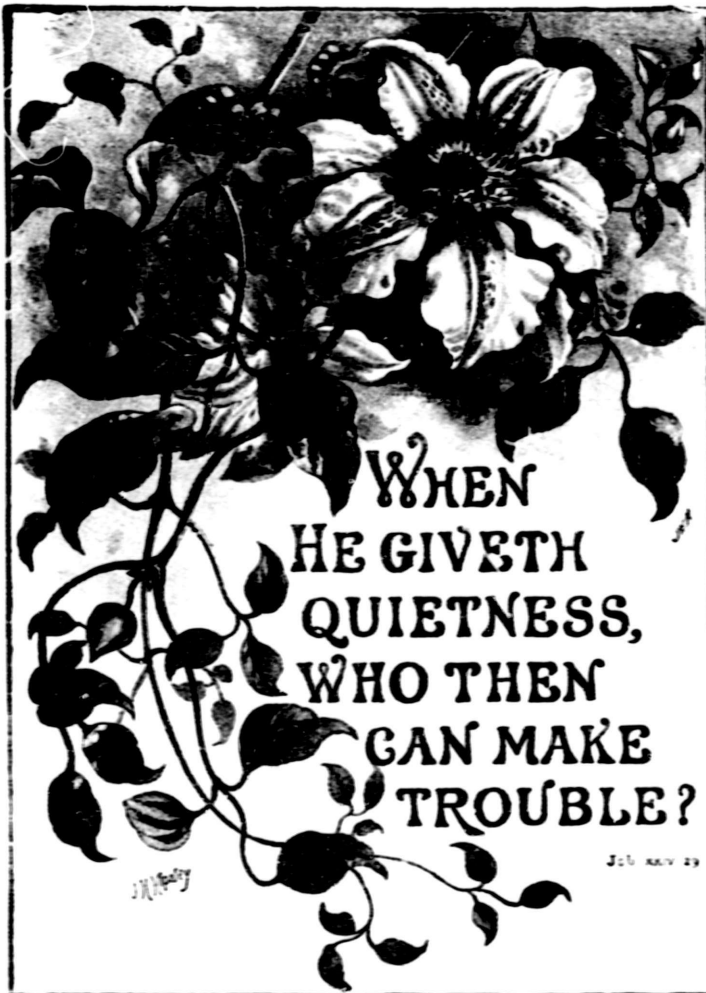
Ye hills, catch the sound.

All triumph! He liveth—

He lives, as he said;

The Lord hath arisen

Unharm'd from the dead.



EASTER LILIES.

Jack Wardell had all of a boy's love of fun. Of course he went to church. No one could live with his Aunt Laura and not go to church. And she would have liked well to know that Jack really enjoyed the service. Because he did not, he

dreaded the coming of Sundays, always till a wonderful Easter Day that—but I will tell you the story.

It was a pleasant morning. Aunt Laura had made Jack's favorite waffles for breakfast. He knew that was especially for him, and while eating an amazing number of them would have amazed any one but Aunt Laura, made up his mind to show his appreciation in some way, and though nothing that he could do for her occurred to him, the waffles must have had some silent power, because he made ready for church very promptly and with unusual care. And that pleased Aunt Laura quite as much.

The church was all aglow with flowers, lovely lilies every where. Jack revelled in their beauty as a boy can, and was glad he could see and think of them till the sermon should be done. But some things seem to go by contraries in this world, and that Easter sermon, which Jack did not intend

even to hear, he never forgot. Perhaps he would not have heard it if he had known it was a sermon. He really thought the good old minister had forgotten, for when the anthem was over he stepped down from the pulpit, right down in front of the seat where a row of little children sat, drink-

ing in with wide-open eyes the beauty of the nodding lilies. And presently Jack was sure he had forgotten about the sermon, for he began to speak to the little ones, without any text, just as if he were talking to them, and it was all about the lilies.

"Consider the lilies," he said, and Jack listened, for he loved the lilies, and the minister was talking of them, of their beauty and wonderful life, how the bulbs must be placed in earth before they can give us their fragrance and whiteness, and so why we fill churches and homes with them on Easter Day.

"But these are not your offering to God, children. How can they be that? They are his own flowers, made by his hand. What will you offer to him on Easter Day?"

"Lift up your little white hands to God, my children, your little white hands that have done so little wrong, and pray God that you may bring them here next Easter as pure from wrong as the lilies. But let them not be idle hands. The lilies are fragrant; your hands must be busy. Every day they must do kindly things, little things that only you can do, for this shall be the fragrance of our Easter lilies."

There were more words said that morning, there were sweet Easter songs, and Jack sat so still and walked home so quietly that Aunt Laura wondered if he had enjoyed no part of the service. But Jack was thinking of Easter lilies.

Aunt Laura wondered a good many times after that, but wisely kept silence. Not that there was any great change in her rollicking nephew. Easter lilies do not bud and blossom in a single day. But many a little thing might have been noticed if one were a keen observer of boys. The fact was that the simple sermon had found its way into Jack's heart, and though he had said nothing about it, he had sturdily resolved upon cultivating Easter lilies himself.

And the best of all was that he did it, too. Not in any very great way; often his efforts were very odd; sometimes the only thing he could think of doing for his lilies in a whole day was to keep his hands clean.

But in the course of the year, Jack never knew exactly how it came about, he found himself in the habit of thinking how the risen Christ would like his Easter offering, and of talking with him a little about it every morning before the day was fairly begun. And when another Easter dawned bright and clear, Jack would have curtailed the time for waffles rather than to miss the morning service.

God the Father's only Son,
Yet with him in glory one,
Jesus! I believe in thee,
Thou art Christ the Lord, to me.

THE TASK.

BY RIDGELY ROBINSON.

Let us work with a will, my lad,
With a will that's tried and true;
For there's many a man, if he only can,
Who'll do a deal more than you.

Let us work with a cheer, my lad,
With a cheer that paints a smile,
Though the way be rough, there are tears
enough;
Then laugh, and the tears beguile.

Let us work with a hope, my lad,
With a hope that's born of heaven,
For the Father above, whose heart is love,
Forgives "till seventy times seven."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated.	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 40 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly under 5 copies	0 25
5 copies and over	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Mappy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 28
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 25
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 25
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1905.

A LITTLE SERMON ABOUT EASTER.

Text: "Consider the lilies."—Matt. 6, 26.

Most of you know the rest of this verse. Christ took the "lilies of the field" for his text, and preached from them a most tender and comforting sermon.

On this glad morning, when we look at the beautiful flowers in our homes and in our churches, let them be to us also a text for an Easter sermon. I was quite sure you would like this text, because children as a general thing are fond of flowers.

Easter, you will say, means that Christ rose from the dead; how can lilies teach anything about coming to life from the dead. When we have considered,—that is, studied and thought a little more carefully about them,—I think you will see for yourselves.

I knew a little girl who was very much afraid of death, especially of being "put away in the cold, dark ground." One day

(in the fall), her mother, who knew that she was very fond of gardening, said to her: "Bessie, I am going to plant my hyacinths and tulips (they are a kind of lily, you know), and I would like you to come with me and hear something I have to say." Bessie was only too glad to go, so when they reached the flower-beds, her mother took up a handful of bulbs and said: "Just look at these, Bessie; suppose they should say, 'We don't want to go in the cold, dark ground,' do you think we could have any beautiful hyacinths next spring?" And after the homely little brown bulb has lain under the frozen ground so many months, what makes that spirit-like blossom spring up with such exquisite colors, and such sweet perfume? Is it not like a resurrection, a new life out of death?

Bessie saw all of the bulbs buried in their little graves, and the next spring when she beheld with delight the beautiful flowers, she said: "O mamma, it isn't such a dreadful thing to be buried after all. God must have been all this time watching and taking care of those little bulbs in the ground, to change them into something so beautiful and so different."

I seldom see a beautiful white lily that I do not think of the soul and the body. What does that flower spring from? Why, from the earth; the "dirt," as the children call it. Do you see anything in that ugly, dirty root that gives you the slightest hint of the lovely flower that is to come and breathe in the bright sunshine? So I think how wonderfully different from this body is the spirit that leaves it when we die. Let us pray that our souls, like the lilies, may be pure and white.

EASTER DAY.

Awake, pretty flowers,
Asleep in the snows,
For this is the morning
When Jesus arose.
Each lily he loved
In the meadows of old,
Will welcome the Master
With blossoms of gold.

Ye violets sweet, with
The breath of the south;
Anemone blushing,
With rosy-lipped mouth,
Arbutus half hiding
Your delicate grace—
The Saviour has risen,
Behold ye his face!

The types of his death
And his rising are ye,
Fair gems of the meadow,
Bright buds of the lea,
"Messiah is living!"
The cherubim say,
Shine forth in your beauty
To greet him to-day!

AN EASTER HYMN.

BY F. BOTTOME.

Rise, my soul! 'tis Easter morning!
Winter melting into spring!
Lo! the heaven and earth adorning,
Shines the glory of our King!
Christ is risen!
Let the world his triumph sing.

All creation wakes to gladness,
Grateful colors fill the air;
Songs of praise dispelling sadness,
Rise upon the breath of prayer!
Christ is risen!
Winds and waves the burden bear.

Saints, your floral tribute bringing,
Early at the altar bow.
While the joyous bells are ringing,
Lo! the grave is vacant now,
Christ is risen!
Put the crown upon his brow.

Crown him, crown him, King of glory!
Seated on the Father's throne!
First in all redemption's story,
Men and angels make it known,
Christ is risen!
God in Christ and man made one.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON V.—APRIL 30.

JESUS WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.
John 13. 1-14. Memorize verses 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By love serve one another.—Gal. 5. 13.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was at the last passover feast—the one that became the first holy supper of the Christian Church—that Jesus taught his disciples that wonderful lesson in humility that John has kept for us. "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer," he said. "for I say unto you that I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God." "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." There were the cakes of unleavened bread, the wine, the water, and the herbs, while the paschal lamb was on a side table. At the point when the master of the feast washed his hands Jesus rose from the table, laid aside his tunic, and, tying a long towel around his waist, poured water into a large basin, and, going to his disciples, knelt down to wash their feet. They had been talking to each other about their seats at table, each wishing to sit near to the Lord, and so have a seat of honor. He had heard them, and was in this way teaching them how to be humble. The washing of the feet of guests at a table was always a servant's work, but

Jesus made it divine. "He that is greatest among you," he said, "let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve." The disciples were astonished and distressed that their Lord should wash their feet. Peter cried, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" "What I do thou knowest not now," said Jesus, "but thou shalt know hereafter." Peter was loving and impulsive, and said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet!" But when Jesus said, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me," he humbly said, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands, and my head." Then he talked tenderly to them about serving one another as he had served them, adding, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Why is the passover feast held? To remember coming out of Egypt.

Who ate it together? Jesus and his disciples.

What had they talked about? About who should sit nearest to Jesus.

What would that seat mean? The greatest honor.

What did Jesus teach them? How to be humble.

How? He knelt and washed their feet.

Who always did this? Servants or slaves.

Whom did Jesus want them to serve? Others.

What should the greatest be? Servant of all.

Did Peter want Jesus to do this? No. Was he willing at last? Yes.

Who are the Lord's most humble disciples? Little children.

LESSON VI.—MAY 7.

THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

John 15. 1-12. Memorize verses 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.—John 15. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Some of you have been in the kindergarten, and you have heard your teachers tell nature stories. Perhaps on pleasant days she took you out in the garden or the fields to tell them. Jesus used to tell nature stories, and they always had a spiritual story inside them. They are sometimes called parables. The one about the vine and the branches is not a story like that of the prodigal son or the wise and foolish virgins, but it is a parable just the same. He said very plainly, "I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman," or gardener. He said it because he wanted to show his disciples how close they were to him, and so he said again, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." He told them that the branch could not live if cut away from the vine, for all the life it has comes from the vine,

and a branch cannot bear fruit by itself alone; it must stay upon the vine.

He said this were sometimes branches that would not bear fruit, and these the gardener would prune to try to make them bear, but if they did not they were cut off and thrown away or burned. He meant by this that every disciple should bear the fruit of a good life; that if we live in him, and he in us, we are sure to bear the fruits of the Spirit, and be living branches. "Without me ye can do nothing," he said. He calls it, too, abiding in his love, and says if we do this we may ask him what we will, and it shall be done for us. He knows, of course, that if we truly love him we shall ask only those things that are for the growth of our spirit. We shall leave all our earthly wants for him to provide for. He is our life.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is a parable? A natural story with a spiritual story within it.

What stories did Jesus often use? Nature stories.

What is our parable to-day? The vine and the branches.

What does Jesus call himself? The true vine.

What does he call his disciples? The branches.

What does he want to teach us? That our life is from him.

Can a branch grow without the vine? No.

What should it do? Grow upon the vine and bear fruit.

What is growing upon the vine called? Abiding in the Lord's love.

What becomes of the dead branch? It is cast away.

What are the fruits of a life in Christ? (Find Gal. 5. 22, 23.)

What may we ask of him? What we will.

THE SEA-GULL.

The sea-gull is a beautiful bird? It lives by the ocean, and also on the great lakes. It is a very pretty bird, and quite large. It gets all its food out of the water. The gulls fly low, and the motion of their broad wings is quite graceful. There are many different kinds of gulls. Some of them are white, and have black wings. Others are of a gray color. Often they are seen far out at sea. They can swim on the water, but are mostly seen on the wing. Some of them live far toward the north pole, where the ice never melts away from the ocean, and some love the warmer seas.

The new invention for reducing the noise on elevated railroads is called iron felt. It is placed between the rails and sleepers, and not only deadens the sounds and reduces shocks, but materially diminishes the wear and tear.

EASTER.

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

My sweet little neighbor Bessie,
I thought 'vas busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
" Say, what is the Easter Day?"

" Has no one told you, darling—
Do they ' feed his lambs ' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child

I came at length to the garden
Where they laid his form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter Day—

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

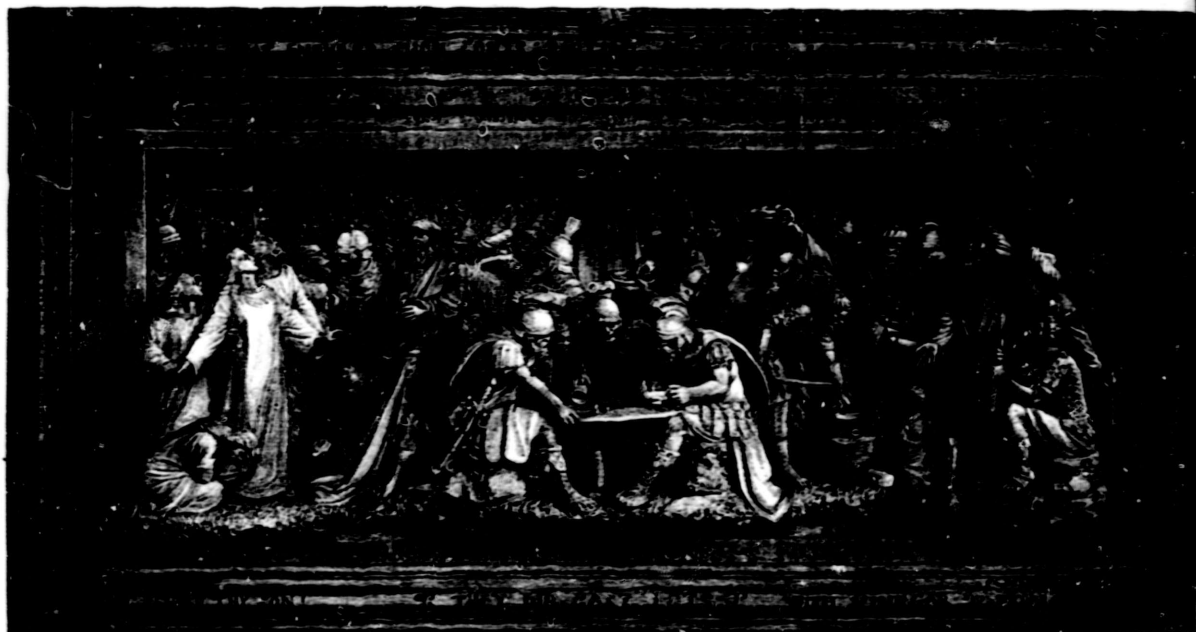
I think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of him who was God and man.

So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that was,
But the child that is to-day.

AN EASTER IN HOLLAND.

Many years ago in a land called Hol-
land, far across the sea, the people were
very poor. Their little country was on the
coast. There had been storms of wind
and rain, which had swept over the towns,



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

The story whose end is Easter—
The Life of the Undeified.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar.

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life he lived,
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears.

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter Day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,

destroying many of their houses and some
lives. Easter had been a happy time to
them and the little ones had always re-
ceived presents as you do, children, at
Christmas. But this year there was no
money with which to buy presents.

So the kind mothers thought the matter
over and talked with each other as to how
the little ones could be made happy.
Every family kept hens and chickens and
had plenty of eggs. The mothers colored
the eggs, blue and red, green and purple
and yellow, and filled the nests under the
bushes with them.

When some children went out to gather
flowers on Easter morning, they found a
nest filled with these lovely treasures.
And just then a snow-white rabbit bounded
out of the bushes. "Bunny brought our
eggs," they cried, and ever since they have
told how the rabbit brought the Easter
eggs.