

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1904.

No. 7.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.  
Sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
So scornfully surrounded,  
With thorns thine only crown;  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How do those features languish,  
Which once were fair as morn!

What language shall I  
borrow  
To thank thee, dearest  
Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
This love that knew no  
end?  
Oh, make me shine for  
ever,  
And, should I fainting  
be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee.

## DRUNKEN PIGS.

A man rolled a barrel out of his door and emptied something out into the road. An old mother pig with her little ones came running up and began eating them. Soon one little pig began to stagger and tumble about as if his legs were weak. He stumbled over the others as if he was going blind. At last he fell down, and could not get up again. So he lay there stretched upon a pile of fruit looking like something dead. Before long all the other little pigs were running about like crazy things, and grunting and quarrelling; but they always came back to the heap, and ate, and ate, and ate, till they fell down too, and lay there in a pile. Last of all the old mother fell down on top of all her little pigs, and there they were, not able to help themselves or get out of the way. What was the matter with them? Those cherries had been soaking all winter in poison; they were full of it; the pigs ate

them; they were poisoned; so they lay there sick and helpless.

Night came on. There was light in the house and singing and laughing; but in the road it was very, very dark. Late in the night a man came out of the house and tried to cross the road; his legs were weak, too; he staggered and groped, and did not seem to know where he was going. All of

daylight came, and people passed that way, they found them there—cherries, pigs, men, all in a heap together! O shame! But what was the matter with the men? They had been drinking some of the very poison in which those cherries had soaked. That man who had the barrel had poured the poison off into a pitcher before he emptied the cherries into the road. The

pigs ate the cherries, the men drank the poison. It hurt them; it made them drunk.

What was that poison? It was brandy—cherry brandy. That man kept a saloon.—*Water Lily.*

## SMALL THINGS.

Great good is sometimes accomplished from very small beginnings. What we do may seem of no consequence; but results may follow long after the act is forgotten. We should not despise the day of small things. "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days. The following will illustrate the power of small things—of what seem but trifles:

"A little blooming plant was given by a kind-hearted neighbour to a poor invalid girl. In trying to take care of it, the family made changes in their way of living. First they cleaned the window, that more light and sunshine might come to its blossoms and leaves; then, when the day was not too chilly, they opened the window, that fresh air might help it to grow. The clean window through which the clear light shone made the room look so untidy that they washed the floor and walls, and began to arrange the poor furniture to make it look better. This encouraged the father, and led him to mend some of the broken chairs, which



O SACRED HEAD.

a sudden he stumbled over the pigs and fell flat among them. He tried to crawl over them, but he only got more and more mixed up among them. At last he lay still and fell asleep, right there! That was not all! Another man came out and tried to cross, and another, and another. They fell down on top of each other; they were not able to get much farther. When

then, when the day was not too chilly, they opened the window, that fresh air might help it to grow. The clean window through which the clear light shone made the room look so untidy that they washed the floor and walls, and began to arrange the poor furniture to make it look better. This encouraged the father, and led him to mend some of the broken chairs, which

kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done he remained at home instead of spending his leisure at a saloon; and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for himself and for his family.

Then, as the house grew more attractive, and only by a little expenditure of time and money, the whole family began to love it better than ever before, and grew happier and healthier, with the one flower and others that were soon added. Thus the little plant—so small a gift—brought a real as well as a physical blessing to the whole family."

Can you not, dear reader, see some way that you may do some little act of love for Jesus, that he may bring great good from it?

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1904.

### TWO KINDS OF APRIL FOOL.

BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

"Which hand will you have—right or left?" Fred came running in from school with fists tightly closed, and held them out to his little sister Mabel.

"Left," ventured Mabel, hoping that it would be a chocolate drop or a peppermint.

"Wrong," laughed Fred, putting his hands behind him; "now guess again."

But every time she guessed he opened an empty hand, and told her to try once more.

"I'm not going to give another guess," she said at length, after the sixth time. "I just think you might let me see it."

"Well, here, then, you may have them both." Fred brought out his fists and slowly opened them, only to show his disappointed little sister that both were

empty. "April fool! April fool!" he shouted. "I didn't think you'd fool so easy!"

"You're just as mean as you can be, Fred Bray," cried Mabel. "to fool me so when I have a sore throat."

The sore throat felt unusually bad just then, for a lump was beginning to swell in it. A big tear was just getting ready to fall when there came a loud ring at the door-bell. Mabel flew down the stairs and opened the door, and there on the doorstep was a large flat package addressed to "Miss Mabel Bray."

She carried it into the library and was about to open it, but suddenly put it down on the table. "I just believe it's another one of Fred's horrid jokes!" she exclaimed.

"No, it isn't, Sis; honest, it isn't," said Fred, who was beginning to feel a little ashamed of his pranks. "Come on, let's open it and see what's in it."

"It can't be a toad, anyway," said Mabel, slowly untying the string: "it's too flat for that."

She cautiously took off the paper, and there was a set of the prettiest paper dolls: a lady and her baby and the nurse, and a little boy and girl, with half a dozen different suits for each one. On top of them was a note addressed to Mabel. She opened it, and, with Fred's help, read:

TRICKSY, FUNLAND, April 1, 1899.

My dear Mabel: I send you some of my children to take care of, and hope they will have a good time with you. I am a brother of Santa Claus, and I help him watch you every day to see whether you are a good little girl. To-day is my birthday, so he lets me have my own way. If you are a good girl, perhaps you will hear from me again next year. Good-bye. Your old friend,  
APRIL FOOL.

Mabel was perfectly delighted. It took her all the afternoon to cut out the dollies and their wardrobes, and when Sister Ella came home from school she helped her do the pasting.

Next day the sore throat was all gone, so mamma let Mabel run across the street to show her new treasures to Elsie, her little playmate. Elsie and her sisters listened in breathless amazement to the story of the wonderful package.

By the end of the week all the boys and girls in the neighbourhood had heard about it, and were wishing that April Fool had remembered them too. Rob Hall was sure he had heard of a place named Tricksy, and even tried to remember going past it when papa took him to New York. But Elsie's sister thought that Funland must be near Finland, and that was part of Russia. "way across the ocean"—her geography said so.

Mabel felt very important to think that she was the only one who had been honoured with a present from April Fool. "I wonder why he didn't send something to

Elsie, too; Santa Claus always does," she said to Sister Ella one night when she was getting ready for bed. "I don't see why I should be the only one, do you?"

"What would you think if I told you that the package was my April Fool joke?" asked Ella, smiling. "I knew it was hard for you to have to stay indoors, and I thought it would be fun to pretend that the paper dollies came from April Fool."

"I don't care," said Mabel, putting her arms around Ella's neck. "I think it was a lovely April fool, ever so much better than Fred's, and it lasted a whole week."

### BUILDING ON SAND.

The boy who smokes a cigarette,  
Or drinks with friends a social glass,  
Is forming habits to regret,

Whose ills all other ills surpass.  
Though solid rock is near at hand,  
That boy is building on the sand;  
With scoffing mates and boisterous glee  
His course is downward—don't you see!

### LESSON NOTES.

#### SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

#### LESSON I.—APRIL 3.

JESUS VISITS TYRE AND SIDON.

Mark 7. 24-37. Memorize verses 27-29.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Without faith it is impossible to please him.—Heb. 11. 6.

#### THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus had been followed by scribes and Pharisees who had asked strange questions, hoping to find something against him, but he had answered them as he saw their need, and then he went away to rest by the great sea in the region of Tyre and Sidon. There he wished to be alone, but he could not be hid. A poor woman whose little daughter had an evil spirit came and fell at his feet and begged him to cast out the thing that made her daughter sick. She was of the Jewish nation—she was a Phœnician—but she believed in Jesus. When she still besought him he said, to try her faith, "Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto the dogs." Would you not think that the poor mother would feel hurt by these words? It may be that she did, but her love for her daughter was stronger than her pride, and she said, "Yes, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." The Phœnicians were a wise and noble people, yet she humbled herself for love of her daughter. Jesus saw it and said, "For this saying go thy way: the devil is gone

put of thy daughter," and she ran home full of joy to find her daughter lying quietly upon her bed and in her right mind.

When Jesus came back to Galilee a poor deaf and dumb man was brought to him for healing, and when the people saw that the man could hear and speak they cried, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To what country did Jesus go? To Phenicia.

What were the people of this land? Gentiles.

Had none of them heard of Jesus? A few.

What great cities were there? Tyre and Sidon.

Who cried after Jesus? A woman of that country.

Whom did she want healed? Her little daughter.

Why did Jesus turn from her? He wanted to see how earnest she was.

What did he tell her at last? That he came to the Jews.

Did that discourage her? No.

What did Jesus see? That she had true faith.

What did he do for her? All that she asked.

What may we learn from this? That Jesus will answer us too.

LESSON I.—APRIL 3.

EASTER LESSON.

John 20. 11-18. Memorize verses 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.—John 20. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

This lesson teaches us the beautiful story of the resurrection from the dead of our dear Lord and Saviour. When the wicked men crucified him—they did not know that he was the Lord of all life, and that the grave could not hold his body. If they had been willing to hear his word and believe it, they would have known this great truth.

On the morning of the third day after his death, he rose from the tomb, for life is stronger than death, and the first one to see him alive was Mary Magdalene, who had come early to his tomb to weep there. It was in the beautiful springtime, and the morning sun was just beginning to shine on the first day of the week, which has ever since been called the Lord's Day, because it was the day upon which he came back from death. Mary found the tomb empty, and she stood weeping beside it when she heard a dear voice saying, "Why weepest thou?" She did not know that it was Jesus, but thought it was the gardener, and begged him to tell her where the body

of her Lord had been taken. Then Jesus spoke her name tenderly, and she knew his voice and worshipped him. Then he gave her the joy of carrying the news of his resurrection to the disciples.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who is the Lord of all life? Jesus.

Who gave us our life? It came from the Lord of life.

Can his life ever die? No, it must live for ever.

What will die some day? The body which holds the life.

When did Jesus rise? On the first Lord's Day.

What do we call this day? Sunday. How long was Jesus in the tomb? A little more than two days.

Who first saw him alive? Mary.

Why did she go to his tomb? Because she loved him.

What did Jesus say to her? "Why weepest thou?"

When did Mary know his voice? When he spoke her name.

What sweet errand did he give her to do? To go to tell the disciples.

LESSON II.—APRIL 10.

PETER CONFESSES THE CHRIST.

Mark 8. 27-38. Memorize verses 34, 35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus, who knew the thoughts and the hopes and the fears of all hearts, said one day to his disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" They told him that he was called John the Baptist, or one of the prophets. "But whom say ye that I am?" he asked again, for he wanted them to speak their real thought. Then Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It is said in the gospel of Matthew that Jesus blessed Peter for those words, saying that no man, but God only, had given them to him, and he called him again Peter, which means rock, and which also means the solid foundation rock of faith, and added that upon this rock he would build his church.

After this he began to teach his disciples what they did not like to hear—that he must suffer many things, be rejected, crucified, and rise again, and Peter, who was full of the faith that his Master would not die, but be a great king, began to say that it must not be. But Jesus knew how much he must suffer to save us, and told him that his thought was not God's thought. Then he tried to explain to them a great truth which they could not then understand, and which you cannot yet understand, that we must begin to die to self before we can begin to live to God, and that one soul outweighs the whole world.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Jesus ask his disciples?

"Whom do men say that I am?"

What did they reply? "John the Baptist or one of the prophets."

What did he then ask them? "Whom say ye that I am?"

What did Peter say? "Thou art the Christ of God."

Did this please Jesus? Yes.

Why? Because it was the only true answer.

What did he find in Peter? Faith.

What did Jesus say he would build on faith? His Church.

What did he begin to tell them? Of his coming death.

Could they understand this? No.

Why? Because they believed he would be king of the Jews.

What was a still harder lesson? The death of self.

AN EASTER CAROL.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

All hail to the morning!

The clouds flee away,

The mourning is ended,

Joy cometh to-day;

By the cross and the grave-side our sad

watch is done,

For the Saviour is risen, his victory won.

O earth, give him greeting,

And hail him as king!

O friends, in your gladness,

Sweet offering bring!

The dawn of his Easter all sorrow uplifts,

Then lay on his altar the fairest of gifts.

Bring roses for love,

And for victory palms;

Upraise in his honour

The grandest of psalms;

Bring smilax and lilies the cross to adorn,

And sing hallelujahs this glad Easter morn.

O Christ of the manger!

O Christ of the Cross!

Whose love bought so dearly

Our gain by thy loss,

Thou hast wrested from death his proud

sceptre and crown,

He has laid at thy feet his brief victory

down.

O flowers, bloom in beauty!

And sing, young and old!

Though the joy of the Easter

Can never be told.

But sing and rejoice, with your banners

unfurled,

For the Christ that was slain is the Life

of the World.

If all Christians would keep wide awake, no sinner could sleep.



THE SEALED TOMB.

## EASTER.

When in the starry gloom  
 Who sought the Lord Christ's tomb,  
 Two angels stood in sight,  
 All dressed in dazzling white,  
 Who unto the women said,  
 "Why seek ye the living among the  
 dead?"

His life, his hope, his heart,  
 With death they had no part;  
 For this those words of scorn  
 First heard that holy morn,  
 When the waiting angels said,  
 "Why seek ye the living among the  
 dead?"

O ye of this later day,  
 Who journeyed the self-same way  
 Through morning's twilight gloom  
 Back to the shadowy tomb:  
 To you as to them was it said,  
 "Why seek ye the living among the  
 dead?"

The Lord is risen indeed,  
 He is here for your love, for your need—  
 Not in the grave, or the sky.  
 But here where men live and die;  
 And true the word that was said,  
 "Why seek ye the living among the  
 dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,  
 Wherever are children's eyes,  
 Where man calls man his brother,  
 Christ lives! The angels said,  
 "Why seek ye the living among the  
 dead?"

## A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

If you perceive that anything in your ways makes your parents unhappy, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love

them, keep their commandments; otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little; trust them, therefore, when they differ from you, and refuse compliance with your desire. They watch over you for your good, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents by misconduct, bad temper, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge."

## THE GOLD SCALES.

On Tower Hill there is a building called the Mint, where English money is made. Before a sovereign is sent into circulation it is put into a scale and weighed, and is not allowed to go out if it is not perfectly exact in weight. There are times when we ought to carefully weigh what we say, and not let words go out at random. We ought to think whether what we are going to say is kind and true. A man in the Bible taught us to ask God to keep the door of our lips so that all our words may be fit for God to hear and such as God will approve.

Do think of this, because there are boys and girls who use lying words and bad words, and seem to think nothing of such bad coinage of the tongue. It is mean and silly and wicked to use lying and bad words. They are not golden apples, but scarlet poison-berries, that grow on wild trees. You cannot always prevent others from using bad words; but never take any part in them yourself, and never laugh encouragement to those who use evil talk—for this mean kind of speech is usually indulged in to make others laugh. Don't laugh. There are plenty of funny things, and I hope you will laugh at them often; but bad words are not funny.

## NYANGANDE'S PROMISE.

Nyangande lived in the west of Africa, near the Ogove River. One afternoon, as she was going away from the missionary's house where she had been selling bunches of plantains, the missionary's wife said: "Don't forget; you have promised to come to church to-morrow."

"Yes," replied the girl. "I surely will."

Next morning, to her dismay, she found that somebody had stolen her canoe. But her mind was made up to go, as she had promised; so she swam all the way. The current was swift, the river fully a third of a mile wide, but, by slanting across with the current, she succeeded in crossing the river.

