

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1902.

No. 6.

## O SACRED HEAD.

O sacred Head! now wounded,  
With grief and pain bowed down,  
Thy sacred head surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown!  
O Lamb of God, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine;  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast  
suffered  
Was all for sinners'  
gain;  
Mine, mine was the  
transgression  
But thine the deadly  
pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Sa-  
viour!  
'Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy fa-  
vour,  
Vouchsafe to me thy  
grace.

What language shall I bor-  
row  
To praise thee, dearest  
Friend,  
For 'tis thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me thine for ever:  
And should I fainting  
be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near me when I'm  
dying,  
O show thyself to me!  
And, for my succour fly-  
ing,  
Come, Lord, and set me  
free;  
These eyes new faith re-  
ceiving  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through thy love.

## THE POTATO BABIES.

One day last fall, when the children were at grandma's, it began to rain. Grandma always had something laid away

for a rainy day. After breakfast, the twins, Tommy and Daisy, got hold of grandma's hands and led her to the cupboard. She laughed and said she was Old Mother Hubbard going to the cupboard to get six little doggies a bone. She reached up to the top shelf and took down two boxes, one large and one small.

What do you think was in the large one?

and watched her make a potato baby. First the head must be fastened on. This was done by sticking one end of a match into a small potato and the other end into a larger one—for the body.

After that she stuck two matches in for legs and two for arms, and there was a man all done. Then, when she had shown them how to make a horse and a cow, grandma went back to her work and left them.

They had a good time making men and horses, cats and dogs. The rain got all through raining, the sun came out and the grass was dry before they thought of stopping. At last the dinner-bell rang, and they laid the potato-babies away for another rainy day.

Now comes the funny part of the story. The potato-dollies lay quietly in their dark box for three long months. Then the children were all there again, and wanted them to play with. Grandma brought the box down, opened it—and what do you think they saw? Their potato babies had begun to grow. Their bodies were dry and shrunken. Out of every one came long white roots, that looked like horns and arms and tongues and tails. The father potato had a trunk like an elephant. The fat boy had turned into some strange bird. The mamma, on horseback, had a real face, with nose, eyes, and tongue coming

"O SACRED HEAD! NOW WOUNDED."

Little potatoes. And in the small one? Burnt matches, with the ends rubbed on sandpaper to make a point. Grandpa had thought of the children when he dug his potatoes and had saved all the little—the "pig"—potatoes for them; and grandma had thought of them, too, and saved all her burnt matches.

The children gathered around her now

out of her mouth. The cat and the camel were both turned into reindeer, and one man had two horns and a tail.

They looked so funny that they laughed and laughed, till all the mammas and aunts and uncles came in to see what was the matter. Aunty May made a picture of them the very next day just as they came out of the box.



## FATHER'S DINNER.

"I've brought your dinner, father,"  
The blacksmith's daughter said,  
As she took from her arm the kettle  
And lifted its shining lid.  
"There is not any pie or pudding,  
So I will give you this;"  
And upon his toil-worn forehead  
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron  
And dined in happy mood,  
Wondering much at the savour  
Hid in his humble food;  
He felt so very cheerful,  
And the cause of it was this,—  
There was magic, pleasant magic,  
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,  
Merrily trudged away,  
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,  
Catching some wild bird's lay,  
And I thought how many a shadow  
Of sadness we should miss,  
If always our frugal dinners  
Were seasoned with a kiss.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1932.

## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

One other besides Marcia, Clarence and Amy was in the secret—and that was Marcia's Sunday-school teacher, Miss MacLean; a woman who meant to do good as she had the opportunity. Moreover Miss MacLean loved the children's mother, because they had been girl friends.

It wasn't likely she could see Mrs. Barrington go on in this way and not try to do something. Not that Mrs. Barrington cried and "took on;" that would have been far better. She "dragged," rather, and seemed only to exist; going through necessary duties as if she were forced.

"Now, Marcia," Miss MacLean said, "here are verses for you and Clarence, and a short one for Amy. You can teach Amy's to her. When the dear, beautiful Easter Sunday comes, instead of repeating the Sunday-school lesson to your mamma before church, give these texts; it'll be a surprise; I think she'll like it."

Poor little Marcia was conscious that something clouded their happy home. Of course she knew what that something was, because just after the year came in, dear papa had gone out of the earthly home not to come back again—ever. Her mamma hadn't smiled since, and the cloud didn't grow lighter. It settled sadly on three little lives, this cloud of mamma's grief.

Miss MacLean prayed as hard as she worked, and that is the right way. She even asked her heavenly Father, if it was his pleasure, to send a bright, sunshiny Easter to help on the mission of the dear children. She knew that in April it might pour, even on the blessed Easter morning.

"Bring the lessons, children." Mrs. Barrington spoke in a rigid, hopeless tone. It was simply the habit of every Sunday morning, to hear this recitation; a habit begun in happier days, and continued mechanically.

At first she didn't even notice that it wasn't the lesson Marcia was saying, though her eyes seemed glued to the page.

Then the words—"I am the resurrection and the life," struck her like a blow from which she recoiled. They were spoken at the funeral!

The sweet child-voice went on: "Christ—the first-fruits of them that are asleep."

Then Clarence took it up. "Our friend—is fallen asleep." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." So ran Amy's healing message.

Scarcely a pause, and Marcia repeated:

The grave is dark, but there my Lord did lie;

Then rose a Sun upon the night of sorrow;

He lights up my horizon, and the sky

Grows radiant with the promise of to-morrow;

That morrow, when my dead and I shall meet,

With spirits clothed upon, and life complete.

Well! The children were almost frightened by their success. They didn't know what tears meant to one who couldn't cry. Now the drops chased each other faster and faster, every drop dissolving a link in the chain which had been so tight around her heart.

Mrs. Barrington put her arms around all three—mother's hug—how they had missed it!

"Forgive me, my darlings. Your lives shall be brighter. We will live as papa would like to have us live, hoping for the meeting." "Then do we with patience wait for it," she added to herself.

"And will you go to church with us once more?" Clarence asked.

"And wear a white rose for Easter Day?" said Marcia.

"I will go to church this morning. God pardon me that I have stayed away. And at dinner, little maid, I will wear the white rose. Then we will go to the place where papa sleeps, and give it to him."

It really didn't make much difference about the weather, it grew so sunshiny indoors; and so Miss MacLean's prayer was more than answered.

## WHY JOHNNIE WEPT.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party. "You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help at the cake," went on Johnnie.

"Well," repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mother had given them a large piece, which Johnnie cut into five smaller pieces, all of about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out the tea, and the feast went merrily on. Presently there arose a discussion, and then came a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mother.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too!" cried Johnnie. "We each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all."

Mother looked perplexed. "That does seem rather selfish of Jennie."

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept; "cause I cut the cake that way, so's I could have the extra piece myself!"—*Selected.*

## IS THERE ?

Is there a little girl at your house, who teases to comb her mother's hair, though often the dear face will pucker with pain because of the snarling and pulling ?

Is there a little boy at your house who not only gives poor mamma a headache, but a heartache because her little boy is thoughtless and selfish ?

What a happy home yours is, if there is no such little girl or boy in it!





BEARING THE CROSS.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON XII. [March 23.]

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Eph. 5. 11-21. Memorize verses 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.—Eph. 5. 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul the apostle, who wrote the words of our lesson, was first Saul the persecutor, who stood by when the Jews stoned Stephen to death. He was afterwards converted, as we shall learn a week from next Sunday in our lesson for that day. He was a martyr for Christ's sake, just as Stephen had been, but not until he had first preached the gospel to many nations, and had been a prisoner in Rome for a long time. The letter to the Ephesians was written while he was a prisoner in Rome, not locked in a cell, but chained night and day to a Roman soldier. He knew he should not stay long in the world, and he wrote loving letters of advice to the young churches he had founded. To the church in Ephesus he gave wise words to remember. He wanted the converts to be true

to the Lord Jesus Christ. He told them that they must not be the companions of wicked or foolish people, but learn to be wise, using their time in the best way, and speaking and singing the best things. He warned them, too, against drinking wine, urging them to take the Spirit of God instead. The evil spirit that hides away in the beautiful, sparkling wine is sure to make mischief! Paul had seen what trouble came in this way, and so he told his dear young converts, whom he loved so well, to beware! The Ephesians kept this letter as a treasure, so that we have it now.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is an epistle? A letter.  
 Who wrote this epistle to the Ephesians? Paul.  
 What was Paul once? A cruel persecutor.  
 What was he now? A loving Christian.  
 What made the difference? The Spirit of God.  
 What special reason was there for Paul's interest in the Christians at Ephesus? They were Paul's children in the Gospel.  
 How did he feel toward them? Like a father.  
 What did he want them to be? True to God.  
 What did he tell them not to choose? Wicked friends.

What did he say about drinking wine? Golden Text.

Where was Paul when he wrote this letter? In Rome.

Why was he there? He was a prisoner for Christ's sake.

LESSON XIII. [March 30.]

EASTER LESSON.

John 20. 6-18. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

THE LESSON STORY.

Resurrection! That is a long word, but how beautiful it is! It means life springing out of death. The woods and the fields and the gardens are full of signs of life beginning to rise out of that which was dead. This is one of the ways our heavenly Father takes to teach us that we, too, shall some day rise into new life. He went through death himself to show us the way. After he had been lying two days in the tomb, on the third day he rose. It was spring, when all growing things are rising out of the ground, and it was the morning of the first day of the week, when the sun was just beginning to shine away the night. Mary Magdalene was the first to see him. She had found an empty tomb, and had run to tell Peter and John, and they came and saw it also, and went back to their homes, but Mary stood by the tomb weeping. Then she saw two angels within who asked her why she wept, and she told them that her Lord had been taken away. Then One stood near her who said, as the angels had done, "Why weepest thou?" She did not know that it was Jesus until he said, "Mary." Then she knew, and said, "Dear Master!" and worshipped him.

Then he sent her to the disciples with the joyful news that the Lord had risen!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is our life? God in us.  
 What are we without him? Dead.  
 Could we make ourselves alive again? No.  
 Who makes the plants rise in the spring? God.  
 What is rising from the dead called? Resurrection.  
 What did Jesus do for us? Died and rose again.  
 Why did he do this? To show us the way.  
 How long was he in the tomb? A little more than two days.  
 What happened on the third day? He rose to die no more.  
 Who saw him first? Mary Magdalene.  
 Whom did she tell? The disciples.  
 Why is Sunday called "the Lord's Day"? Because Jesus rose on that day.



BURIAL OF JESUS.

## BURIAL OF JESUS.

"And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:

"(The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them;) he was of Arimathæa, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

"This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus;

"And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

## THE SUN'S TINY LOVERS.

Did you ever notice how birds love the sunshine? How gleefully they sing in the early morning when the first rays of the king of day shine forth upon the earth! The students of nature who watch the feathered tribes closely have found that they are sad and mournful when the bright sun says "good night."

The birds that stay with us in the North through the winter's cold are apt to be found at sunset on the banks facing the west, or on the tops of trees where the wind is not blowing.

Those who live near the mountains have noticed that all the birds betake themselves in the morning to the eastern slopes and banks, where they can see the first gleams of sunlight. As eventide approaches, they fly to the slopes that face westward, as if they were devoted subjects, happy only in the presence of their sovereign.

In the winter every bird and animal keeps in the sunshine if possible. It takes intense fright to drive them into the shade for fancied safety.

It is said of the golden plovers that in the evening they ascend from slope to slope of the hills, to keep the sun in sight as long as it is above the horizon. On the topmost height they gather in solemn assembly as it sinks from view, reminding one of ancient fire-worshippers, who made the sun their chief god. After the golden globe can no longer be seen, they remember their hunger and hasten to their feeding-places. Is not this proof that birds manifest wonderful intelligence?

The farther you travel the road to destruction the harder it will be to change your course and get into the way of life.

## WE LEARN BY DOING.

We learn by doing, little folks,  
No matter what the work may be.  
Just try with all your might, and find  
How one by one your giants flee.

Don't say "I can't" before you try,  
But try and see what you can do;  
For if you're helped by others, why,  
'Tis others do the work, not you.

See happy bird in yonder tree,  
How soft and warm he builds his  
nest!  
He asks no help from you or me,  
But tries to do his very best.

And if like birdie, little ones,  
Your very best you try to do,  
You'll find how easy will become  
The tasks that seem so hard to you.

—*Kindergarten News.*

## NOT TOO YOUNG.

A certain little boy who was much interested in a temperance lesson at Sunday-school, very readily put his name to a temperance pledge which his teacher asked him to sign. That every one might know that he was a temperance boy he bought a temperance badge, which he always wore fastened to his jacket.

His father was a real estate agent and did a large business. He rented and sold houses for the owners, and had an office on one of the main streets of the town. One day the little fellow was in the office when a liquor seller came in to pay his rent.

He saw the little fellow's badge, and said:

"What does that badge mean, my boy?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the boy, going nearer to the man, "it means that I am a temperance boy. I have signed the pledge."

"Ha! ha! that is rich!" said the man, with a sneering laugh. "Such a little fellow as you sign the pledge?"

"Yes, sir, and I mean to keep it, too!"

"Nonsense, you are far too young, and you don't know what you are about. You don't understand."

"Yes, I do, sir, if I am young. Now, let me ask you a question."

"All right, ask as many as you please."

"Well, sir, you are a liquor seller, and you sell beer and whisky. Now, suppose I should go to your saloon for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?"

"Oh, no," said the man; "that is quite a different thing."

"Well, I think, if I am not too young to fetch the beer, I'm not too young to give up the beer," said the boy.

The man took his receipt and went out. He did not care to argue with that boy again.