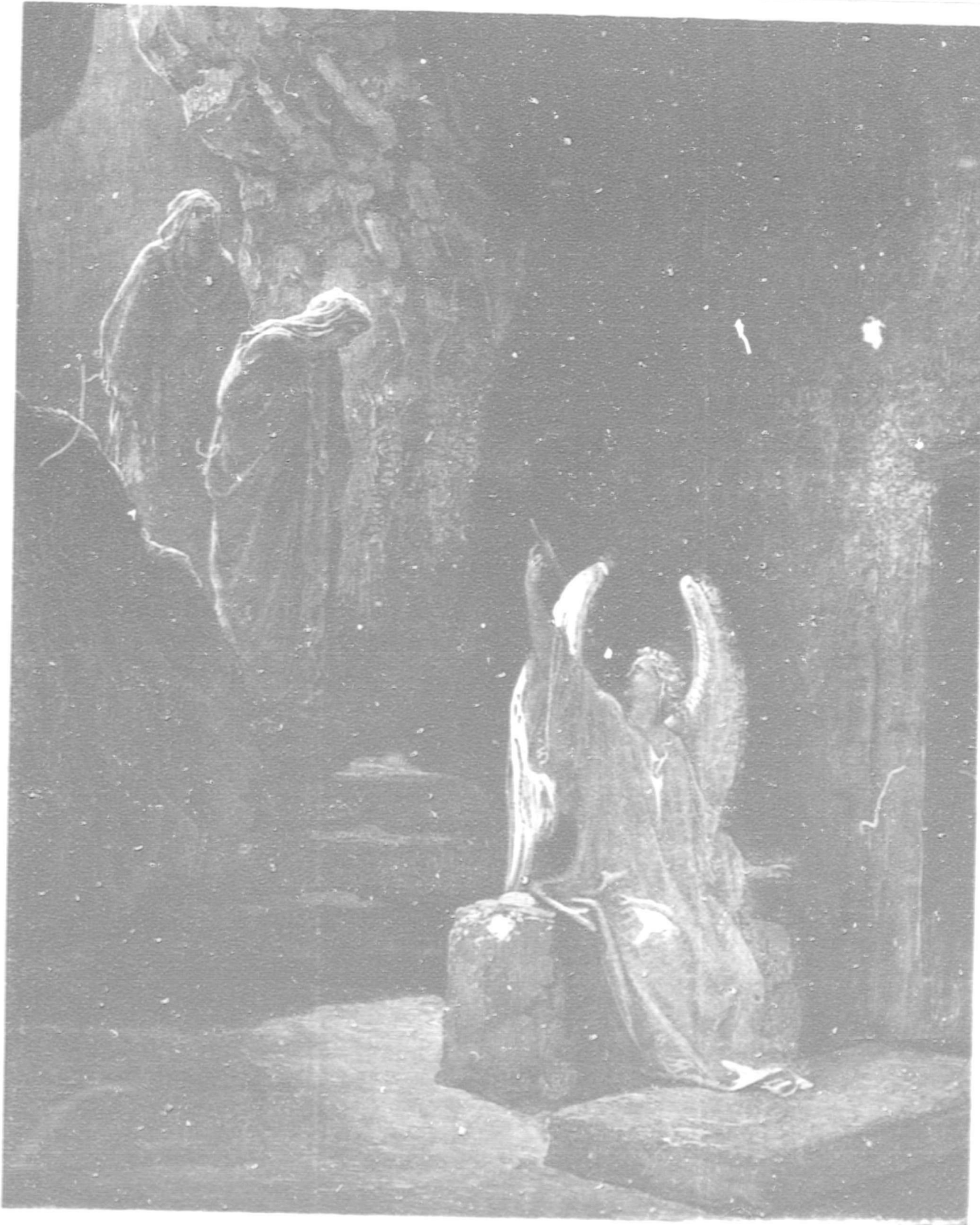


# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1901

No. 7.



THE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHRE.—THE RESURRECTION MORN. (SEE SECOND PAGE.)

## GOOD DEEDS.

Think of something kind to do;  
Never mind if it is small;  
Little things are lost to view,  
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are modest flowers,  
Hiding in their beds of green;  
But their perfume fills the bowers,  
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Prettier bluebells of the grove  
Are than peonies more sweet;  
Much their graceful look we love,  
As they bloom about our feet.

So do little acts, we find,  
Which at first we cannot see,  
Leave the fragrance pure behind  
Of abiding charity.

## 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, 96 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, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
20 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
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 HIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 216 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HUENES, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1901.

## VICTORIA'S NOBLE LIFE.

The thought uppermost in the minds of most people just now is that of the long life spent in the blaze of publicity by England's noble Queen. The new King has been proclaimed in London according to mediæval custom, and loyal England has united in singing "God Save the King." All the same England is very sorrowful, and there are tears in many hearts and eyes for the woman who shed so many tears herself over the sad war in South Africa. For Queen Victoria more and more hated war and yearned for peace, and she was too old and too frail to endure the suspense, the tragedy, the bitterness and the bereavements of the fiercely waged conflict between Briton and Boer. The Queen's own personality from her youth up was gracious and kindly. She was a reverent Christian woman, who was actuated by high principle, who

feared God and kept his commandments. History will keep her memory green.

From her babyhood to her old age, her life has been an open book, to be read of all, and, like her august consort, it may be said of her that she has worn "the white flower of a blameless life." Her court has been austere in its morality, her own strict integrity has never condoned vice, and her private life has been simple, womanly and gracious. A Queen with armies all over the world, and with wars continually waged in some portion of her territory, she has been an advocate of peace. Her personal friendships have been many, and she has never failed in saying the fit word of condolence to those who needed sympathy when they were in sorrow.

The loss of Queen Victoria affects the civilized world. In every land, in a thousand quiet homes, by cabin hearths as in castle halls, there are those who grieve that an illustrious reign has ended, and that a great and good woman, full of days and of honours, has been gathered to her fathers. It is her proud distinction to have given the name to an era; and the Victorian age in art, in science, in literature, and in the missionary impulse of the last half-century, will always be remembered as splendid and glory-crowned. The reign of Victoria has been long and magnificent, and filled with great events and shining names. It has carried over into the new century, but it fiely belongs to the old, and its laurels will for ever garland the nineteenth century.

## GOSPEL COMPULSION.

We have read of the duty of wearing zeal for a cloak, but to wear a cloak and to make somebody else wear it for zeal for soul-saving is a fine thing too.

It was about fifteen months ago that a few young men on their way from a prayer-meeting—held half an hour before service time—to the evening service in a Congregational chapel in Staffordshire, were accosted by a poor, miserable creature in need and trouble.

He wanted to speak to one of their number who had often been kind to him before.

"Mr. Bert," he said, "I have been on the booze for a week and more, and I am wretched and don't know what to do. Can you help me?"

"Help you? Yes. Come on along with us to chapel, man, and start a new and better life. Surely it's about time!"

"Oh, Mr. Bert, I can't go; see how ragged and dirty my clothes are. How can I go to chapel like this?"

"Bless you!" was the reply, "put this on, man!" and, suiting the action to the word, the zealous Christian brother in an instant slipped himself out of his comfortable cloak and put it on the shoulders of the unhappy sot.

"There, that will cover you—cover a multitude of sins in your clothing! Now then, come along!" and without another word the poor fellow, won and strength-

ened by the brave kindness shown to him, walked on among the group of happy workers to God's house.

It was the turning-point of that sad life. He found the Saviour.

To-day he is a zealous worker in the church. Pews full of men are to be counted, all of whom have been won by his brave labours.

The workers in the Christian Endeavour and other departments who have learnt to call young Mr. Bert "the bishop," now call this "Lazarus" of his "the curate" of the place.

Let nobody say, who has a cloak to lend, that he can do nothing for the Kingdom of God.

## THE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHRE.

In the far-away land of Judea,  
On the first bright Easter Day,  
Came a little band of sorrowing ones  
To the place where their dear Lord lay;  
But a bright One with shining garments  
Sat within that home of the dead,  
And gently whispered, "Thy Lord is not here,  
He is risen, as he said.

"And the tomb wherein you laid him,  
And to which you tearfully came,  
Is the threshold of brightest promise  
To you who believe on his name."  
So to us, as to the disciples,  
On this beautiful Easter Day,  
Comes the promised resurrection,  
And "the stone is rolled away."

We may look within the open tomb  
As they did in days of old,  
And to us will come the story  
Which by angel lips was told  
"He is not here; he is not here!"  
For us he ascended on high,  
And into his glorious presence  
Will welcome us by and by."

## THE STORM IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

There was not a bit happy time at Ned's school one morning for about ten minutes, and then all of a sudden the trouble was gone. It was Ned himself who brought that sudden black little storm-cloud into his schoolroom. It began by his not getting every one of his five sums right. His teacher scolded him then, you think, and spoiled the happy times. No, but Ned got mad, with himself, I suppose; anyhow, he threw his pencil down, and cried, and behaved just dreadfully. The lessons had to stop, and the teacher tried to show the little boy what trouble he was making. She was talking of punishment, too, when all of a sudden the storm just swept away. How, do you think? Why, that was little Ned's doings too; for he cried out and interrupted the teacher, but she didn't mind it a bit: "I'm so very sorry I've been naughty, I'm so very sorry." And the teacher said: "That's the very nicest thing Ned could have said; now we can all be happy again." And they were, even to little Ned with his two sums wrong.

The  
Ha  
A  
Oh,  
V  
Oh  
The  
L  
Wit  
Is  
Oh,  
O  
Oh,  
Is  
The  
L  
Is fu  
Oh  
Oh,  
In  
Oh,  
Is  
LE  
STUDI  
THE  
Luke 24. 1  
Now is  
1 Cor. 15.  
The Jew  
Saturday,  
Sunday m  
anoint the  
spices. R  
there in th  
John tells t  
John 20.  
why there  
sepulchre.  
dead on the  
Lord's day  
ought to re  
Jesus broke  
Jesus rose  
Do you kno  
shall live al  
Notice h  
were when  
their strang  
lieve that J  
the Life, co  
death! Di  
the old leav  
through the  
spring days  
its branches  
strong, new  
off. Alway  
stronger than



THE CHILD'S HEART.

The heart of a child,  
Like the heart of a flower,  
Has a smile for the sun  
And a tear for the shower;  
Oh, innocent hours  
With wonder beguiled—  
Oh, heart like a flower's  
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,  
Like the heart of a bird,  
With raptures of music  
Is flooded and stirred;  
Oh, songs without words,  
Oh, melodies wild—  
Oh, heart like a bird's  
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,  
Like the heart of a spring,  
Is full of the hope  
Of what summer shall bring;  
Oh, glory of things  
In a world undefiled—  
Oh, heart like the spring's  
Is the heart of a child!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON I. [April 7.]

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

Luke 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—  
1 Cor. 15. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Jewish Sabbath, which was on Saturday, ended at sunset. Early on Sunday morning some women came to anoint the body of Jesus with sweet spices. Read who Mark says they found there in the place of Jesus. Mark 16. 1-8. John tells us what Mary said to the angels. John 20. 13. Learn from Matt. 28. 1 & 2, why there was a stone at the door of the sepulchre. Because Jesus rose from the dead on that Sunday, we call this day the Lord's day. Every Sunday morning ought to remind us of the glad day when Jesus broke the chains of death. Because Jesus rose from the dead, we may also. Do you know who said "Because I live, ye shall live also"?

Notice how unbelieving the disciples were when the women came to them with their strange story. They could not believe that Jesus was really alive. Jesus, the Life, could not stay in the power of death! Did you ever see a tree to which the old leaves, brown and dead, clung all through the winter and until the soft spring days sent the sap stirring all along its branches? You have seen how the strong, new life pushed the dead leaves off. Always remember that Life is stronger than Death.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

When was Jesus buried? Late Friday afternoon.

Where was he buried? In a new tomb.

What had he said? That he should rise again.

Who seemed to have forgotten this? The disciples.

Who went to the tomb Saturday morning? Some women.

What did they take? Sweet spices.

What did they find? An empty tomb.

Who spoke to them there? Angels.

What did they say? That Jesus had risen.

What did the women do? They ran to tell the news.

Who came back to see? Peter.

What does the resurrection mean? Life from the dead.

woman! And notice, too, that he gave her something to do for him. It was given her to go and tell the blessed news that Jesus was alive again to the other mourning disciples.

She said that she had seen him and that he had spoken to her. When Jesus speaks to us in his word and by his Spirit, we, too, may know his voice. Shall we be ready, as Mary was, to do as he tells us to do?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who loved Jesus very much? Mary Magdalene.

What had he done for her? Forgiven her sins.

What made her very sad? His going away.

What did she do? She wept at his tomb.

Who came and spoke to her? Jesus.

Did she know him? Not at first.

What did he call her? "Mary."

What did she know? His voice.

What did she say? "Dear Master."

What did he give her to do? An errand for him.

Who are Jesus' sheep? Those who know his voice.

What can Jesus' lambs do? Love and follow him.



THE RESURRECTION.

LESSON II. [April 14.]

JESUS APPEARS TO MARY.

John 20. 11-18. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I am alive for evermore.—  
Rev. 1. 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you know the story of a sinful woman who anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment? No wonder this Mary wept at the empty tomb of the One who had spoken such good words to her! Read in the lesson verses what she said to the angels who asked why she wept. Then she turned around and saw standing near a man whom she thought must be the gardener. She begged him to tell her where she could find the body of Jesus, and he looked at her and said "Mary." She knew his voice then (Now, you know Jesus said, "My sheep know my voice"), and she cried, "Rabboni," which means "Dear Master." How kind it was of Jesus to make himself known first to this

anxious to get them into the cars by the time the train left. One of the poor creatures became faint from heat, and fell down in the street near the public school-house. "It'll die, I guess," said one of the men, "and we might as well leave it there and hurry on with the rest, or we won't get them shipped." Harry saw and heard it all. He felt so sorry for the poor sheep, that lay panting with its tongue thrust out of its mouth, that he wanted to do something for it. In the public square, in front of the school building, was a drinking fountain. Harry looked around, but could not see anything in which he could carry water to the thirsty, fainting sheep, and so, moved by a quick impulse of pity, he took his hat, filled it at the fountain, and hastened with it to the suffering animal. Some of it leaked out, but there was enough to revive and save the poor sheep.

The whole world is preserved in being for the sake of the righteous men in it. One good Christian may save a whole neighbourhood, and ten may redeem a city.

A LITTLE BAND-OF-MERCY BOY.

One hot day the drovers were urging a flock of sheep toward the stock cars as fast as they could. They were



MARY'S EASTER.

## MARY'S EASTER.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

He is dead, my blessed Master!  
They have laid him in the tomb.  
Oh, the grief, and pain, and anguish!  
Oh, the loneliness and gloom!  
In our grief, for consolation,  
He came with sweet ministry;  
For our burdens help he brought us,  
For affliction, sympathy.

Never did he faint or fail us,  
And we hoped that he had come  
For our Israel's redemption,  
Hence to drive the hosts of Rome.  
Now, alas! O quenchless sorrow!  
He is sleeping with the dead;  
They with wicked hands have slain him,  
And our every hope is fled!

## AT THE TOMB.

What! What ruthless hand and cruel  
Dared that solitude invade?  
See, the open tomb is empty!  
Where have they his body laid?  
He had promised us a kingdom  
Evermore to stand in pride;  
Now a resting-place in safety  
To his body is denied.

Sir, O where, where have ye laid him?  
Ye have taken him away!  
Let me strew these fragrant spices  
O'er his sleeping form, I pray!  
Hark! he speaks! What tones familiar  
On my ear fall soft and low?  
"Mary!" 'Tis his voice! O Master,  
Thou, my Lord, my God, I know!

Now the stone-barred tomb is riven!  
Now the prison doors stand wide!  
Death for evermore is vanquished,  
Risen is the Lord who died!

He is risen! He is risen!  
Spread the good news far and near!  
Now we know he is our Saviour,  
We will trust him without fear.

## WHERE ROLY POLY HID.

It was Ruth's turn to hide her eyes, and little, fat Roly Poly's turn to hide her own small self. Where should it be? She had hidden behind the hawthorn hedge in three different places, and once behind mamma's rocker on the piazza, and once round each corner of the house. She must hurry. Ruth was counting pretty fast: "Twenty-six, twenty-seven, —!" Roly Poly began to run fast, anywhere to get out of sight before Ruthie got to "fifty." Right in the gravel walk was the big bushel basket that Michael must have left when he was weeding awhile ago. It was in Roly Poly's way, and she forgot all about it in her hurry, and tumbled right into it. "Forty-three, forty-four, forty-five!" O dear! Then Roly Poly thought of something splendid. It was so splendid that she laughed out loud; and the laugh hadn't quite ended when Ruth sang out, "Fifty!" only it sounded queer and muffled. Away flew Ruth's little slim legs, here and there and everywhere. They flew round corners and into nooks and crannies. They twinkled down the paths to the summer house and the pump-house, until at last, quite tired out, they landed Ruthie on the piazza steps. She took off her hat and fanned her hot little face. "Where in this whole world can she be, mamma?" she panted. "I've looked everywhere there is to look 'cept in the house and in the no-fair places; and Roly Poly always hides honest, always." "Hark!" mamma said. It sounded like a muffled giggle. Ruth jumped up and darted off again. This time she looked in all the old places and some queer new

ones. "I have to give it up, mamma," she said at last, sitting down to rest on Michael's bushel basket. O my, how quickly she got up again! The basket was rocking violently; then it rocked over and there sat Roly Poly under it in a little drawn up bunch, with her laughing eyes shining out of a thicket of rumped hair. "Coop!" she said.

## OUR "MOTHER QUEEN," VICTORIA.

I feel sure you are all sorry, as I am, that our dear Queen has been called to lay by her crown; but, with me, are glad she has secured a more valuable one—"which fadeth not away,"—the "Crown of Life."

Our loved sovereign came to the throne in her youth, as you know, yet she realized that hers was to be a very responsible position, and so, like King Solomon "the wise," she sought the guidance of her "heavenly King" and earnestly asked for wisdom to rightly govern the great Empire over which she was placed. Her long and prosperous reign proves that she asked not in vain.

Just think! a "woman-ruler" over 400,000,000 subjects—more than one-quarter of all the people of the world, and embracing one hundred languages—revered and loved by them all, both great and small; and not only these, but beloved also by all nations and peoples on earth.

Young people, learn a lesson from her devoted Christian life. When our lamented Queen came to the throne she said, "I will be good!" Then, after embracing her mother, she asked to be left alone, and for two hours she was in devotion and deep meditation. Like Victoria, may you be guided by Divine Wisdom, then will your life be useful, your death peaceful, and your heaven glorious.

On Friday in Halifax the day-schools attended memorial services, and on Saturday the city was in mourning and held memorial services, and on Sunday afternoon the schools engaged in similar union, solemn services. Now you will have to sing "God Save Edward the King." Let us emulate our dear Queen's noble life and "do all the good we can" as the days are going by.

## GOLD OR SHOT.

Many years ago a number of big boxes were sent across the Atlantic Ocean, filled with gold coins. They were filled in England with shining "crowns" and "guineas," as the English people call their money; but when they were opened on this side of the water, lo! there was nothing inside but dark, heavy shot! Somebody had stolen the money, and put shot in its place. This would do for a little parable: God gives us, to-day, twelve golden hours for work and play, for serving him, and helping our neighbours: but if we idle over our work, if we are selfish in our play, if we forget to serve God, and refuse to be kind and helpful to our companions and neighbours, then our golden hours turn to base, ugly metal, while the sun is making his day's voyage in the blue sky.