

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1903.

No. 12.

## JOHN WESLEY.

A great deal has been said about John Wesley, who died over a hundred years ago. He was one of the greatest men of the last century, and one of the greatest preachers the world ever knew. The Methodists throughout the world have been keeping the anniversary of his death with devout thankfulness to God for the labours of his life. In our picture his mild and beautiful face is shown, also Old City Road Chapel, London, next door to which he died, and, in the upper part, Wesley preaching on a tombstone in an ancient graveyard. When he was driven from the church of his fathers he preached on his father's tombstone just beside the church, and afterwards in the open fields throughout the kingdom, sometimes to as many as 20,000 persons. The story of his holy life, useful labours, and happy death has been told you all. His best monument is the Methodist Church throughout the world, which numbers now nearly thirty millions of people.

## HIT THE EYE, BOYS.

One day there was a great thumping in my cellar, and if you had gone down there you would have seen that one of the windows had been opened, and that sticks of

seemed to say, "Stand clear or you'll get hurt." So I stood clear, and let the workers have it all their own way.

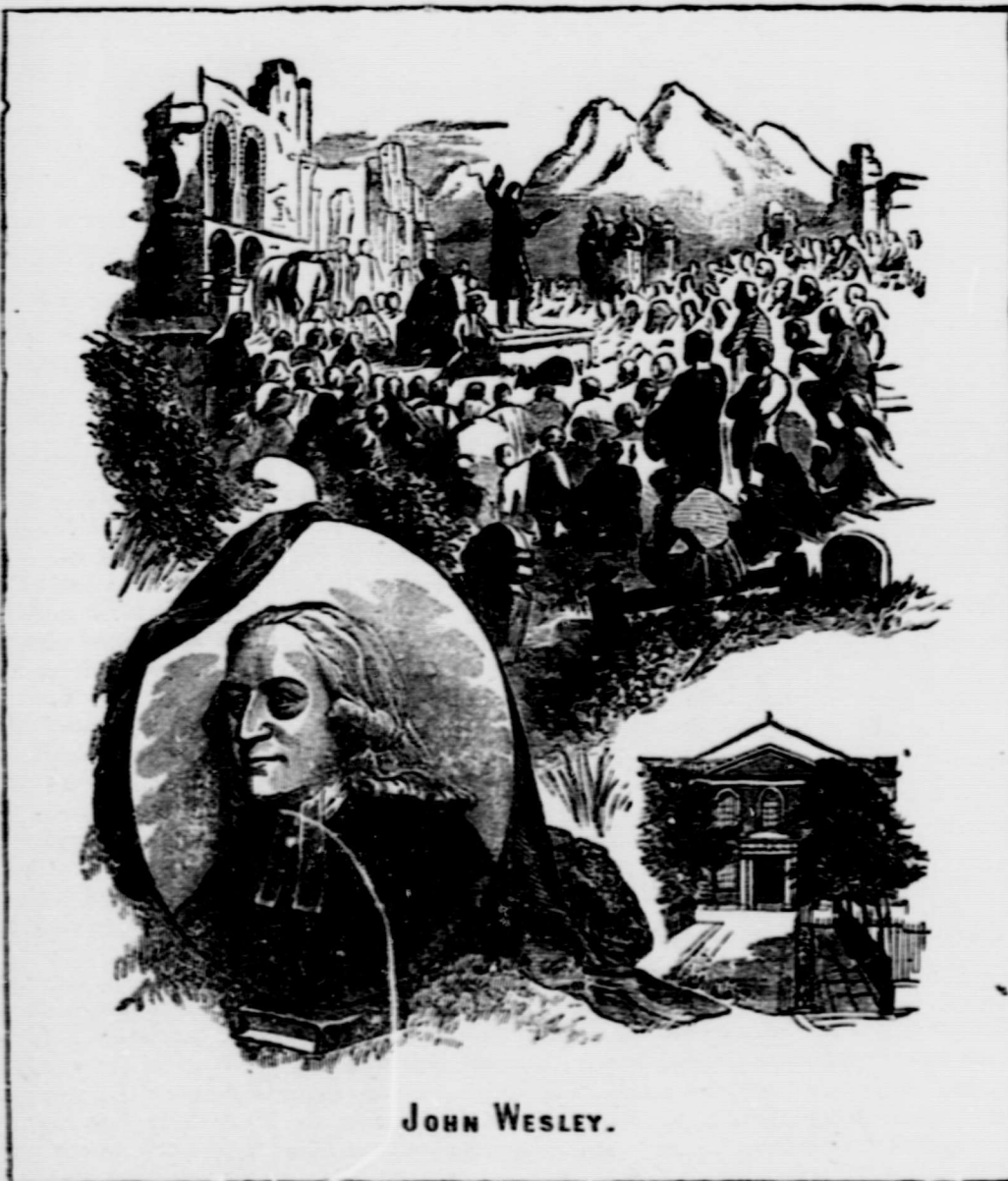
I suppose the one who sent it thought that splitting it would be good exercise for the minister, and I thought so too. So I went at it. But pretty soon a big stick turned up, full of hard knots on every side. I fancied that one of these knots looked like an eye, and that it kept watching me as I picked up one stick after another and left it untouched. In fact, it almost seemed to say, "Split little sticks, if you have a mind, but I dare you to touch me."

It was a great annoyance to see it there every day; but the question was how to get rid of it. It was too good to be thrown away, and it was too big to go into the stove. My only course was to try to split it. So one day, when I felt strong in my bones, I laid it on the block with the eye up. Then, putting all my strength into my arms, I sent my axe fair across the eye, and through it went.

To my surprise, the old stick split

wood, some square, some round, some three-cornered, big and little, knotty and clear, all sawn the right length for the stove, were pouring in through that window; and every stick as it came down

more easily than many others before it. And then I could not help thinking how true this is all through life. How often do men and boys fancy that some duty is very hard, and work all around it, and



JOHN WESLEY.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked. "Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."

fear to touch it, hanging back until they can do so no longer, and then make a good effort, and find that it is real easy, and that they have had all their troublesome fears for nothing.

Boys, remember that knotty stick. When you have any work to do, don't stop to think how hard it is, but take hold at once bravely: hit it fair in the eye, and, ten to one, you will be through before you know it.

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**Happy Days.**

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1903.

**BEGIN RIGHT.**

"Boys," said a father, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently their father called from a window: "You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said the father, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and

were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, the father found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys. "That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm."

"No," said his papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."

**LITTLE THREADS.**

Do you remember the story of Gulliver? He lay down to sleep among the pigmies. These were very little people. They began to bind little threads around his fingers. He said: "I can break these at any moment." The little folks tied another finger; he laughed. By and by they tied another and another, until both hands were tied and fastened to the ground. Then they bound some threads around his waist, and others around his body; and so, little by little, they climbed over his knees, his breast, and his face, and then upon his nose. After awhile they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise, but could not. He didn't laugh any more. The pigmies laughed then. Now, it is not one drink or two drinks that will kill a man. Each one of these is like a little thread, and the man as he drinks them, laughs to himself, and says: "I can break off at any time: I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by and by, when he tries to stop drinking, he finds it impossible. He is the slave of the dreadful habit. God only can set him free then. O beware of the little threads—the first drinks, the first little sins. Will you not make up your minds never to take even a drop of strong drink?

**JOHNNY'S OWN WAY.**

Johnny wanted very much to "help" his mother bake pies one morning; so she gave him a piece of dough, the cover of a starch box for a pastry-board, and a clothes-pin for a rolling-pin. When he had rolled so hard that his face was very red, he put his little pie on the stove hearth to bake; and then he saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle.

His mother saw him, and cried: "O Johnny! take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear."

"Steam can't burn," cried wise Johnny; "only fire burns."

"You must not try it. Believe me, it will burn you. Do stop, Johnny!"

"O dear!" cried Johnny; "why can't I have my own way sometimes? I do like my own way! When I'm a big man, I mean to tstand and poke my finger in the tea-kettle all day, thometime, and have my own way, and—"

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man to do this. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The dear little white fingers were sadly burned, and for hours Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him on her lap.

"O, O, O! What shall I do? O dear mamma! I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live. When I'm a great man, I'll never put my fingers in the tea-kettle. O dear, dear, dear, dear!"

Take care, little folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam. Your parents are wiser than you, and they love you too well to deny you any harmless pleasure.

**SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.**

My papa's awful happy now,  
And mamma's happy, too,  
'Cause papa doesn't drink no more  
The way he used to do;  
And everything's so jolly now,  
'Taint like it used to be,  
When papa never stayed at home  
With poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad  
To see my mamma cry,  
And though she'd smile, I'd spy the tears  
A-hiding in her eye,  
But now she laughs just like we girls—  
It sounds so cute, I think—  
And sings such pretty little songs,  
Since papa doesn't drink.

You see my pretty Sunday dress,  
It's every bit all new;  
It ain't made out of mamma's dress,  
The way she used to do.  
And mamma's got a pretty cloak,  
All trimmed with funny fur,  
And papa's got some nice new clothes,  
And goes to church with her.

My papa says that Christmas-time  
Will very soon be here,  
And maybe good old Santa Claus  
Will find our house this year.  
I hope he'll bring some candy, and  
A dolly that can wink.  
He'll know where our house is, I'm sure,  
Since papa doesn't drink.

A teacher asked a class of boys in a Sabbath-school what was their idea of Heaven. The smallest one answered: "A place where—where—you're never sorry."

## PERSEVERANCE.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops,  
Will ne'er a great man be;  
'Tis the aggregation of single drops  
That makes the sea the sea.

Not at all once the morning streams  
Its gold above the gray,  
It takes a thousand little beams  
To make the day the day.

The farmer needs must sow and till,  
And wait the wheaten head,  
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,  
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,  
But, spite of all the din,  
It is the patient holding out  
That makes the winner win.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

## LESSON XI. [June 14.]

PAUL AT ROME.

Acts 28. 16-24, 30, 31. Mem. vs. 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.—Rom. 1. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

The island that Paul and his friends were cast upon was called Melita. It lies south of Italy, and is now called Malta. The people were very kind to the poor, shivering people cast out of the sea, and built a fire on the shore to warm and dry them. When Paul, who was always doing for others, gathered sticks for the fire a viper came out of the heat and fastened itself on his hand. The people thought to see him die, but he shook off the snake into the fire, and no harm came of it. Then they thought he must be a god. Publius, the chief man of the island, lodged Paul and his friends for three days, and was very kind to them. Paul was able to return the kindness, for he cured the father of Publius, who was sick, by praying and laying his hands upon him. After this many sick people came to be healed, and Paul was greatly honoured. He stayed there three months. When they reached Rome the centurion, who had been very friendly to Paul, allowed him to live outside the prison in a house of his own, with a soldier to guard him. There he did as he always did in a new place—spoke to his own countrymen first, if any lived there. He called the Jews to his house, and explained why he was there, and on a day soon after preached to them about Jesus from morning until

evening. Some believed, but others did not. Paul lived two years in this way, preaching to all who came, Jews and Gentiles, and many became Christians.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Paul cast away? On the island of Melita.

What is it now called? Malta.

How was he treated there? Kindly.

By what was he bitten. By a poisonous snake.

Did it kill him? No.

Where did he go from there? To Rome.

How did he live there? In his own lodgings.

How was he kept? He was chained to a guard.

Could he preach the Gospel? Yes.

To whom did he first preach? To the Jews.

How long did he live in this way? Two years.

Who came to him to learn of Christ? Jews and Gentiles.

## LESSON XII. [June 21.]

PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 3. 14 to 4. 8. Mem. vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—2 Tim. 4. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember Timothy, whom Paul called his "dearly beloved son"? To him Paul wrote two letters, and the second one was written at Rome after he had been brought before the Emperor Nero the second time. It is believed to be the last letter that Paul wrote, for he was beheaded by the order of Nero soon after. There had been a great persecution, and Paul had not lived in his own lodgings as he did at first. He was in the prison, and though his friends were allowed to see him, very few came, for many were put to death, and others were hiding in the catacombs. It is so noble and beautiful a letter that Paul writes to Timothy, begging him to come to him, that you will like to read the whole of it. He tells him to live by the word of God, which he had known from a child. He urges him to work earnestly and always for God; to teach God's word; to tell people to repent and live for God. He tells him to help the beginners in the way of Christ, and teach them how to grow strong, and warns him against the false teachers that would come. Though he knew that he was soon to die, he says that he is ready to go, for he knows that there is a crown waiting for him which the Lord will give him. Though no one stood by him when he was brought before Nero, the Lord was with him, and helped him to speak bravely for Christ, and he was sure that he would preserve him in his heavenly kingdom.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To whom did Paul write two letters? To Timothy.

What was he to Paul? A son in the Gospel.

How had he been taught when a child? To know the Scriptures.

Who taught him? His mother and grandmother.

When did Paul write the second letter? When he was about to die.

Where was he? At Rome.

How was he to die? As a martyr.

What is a martyr? One who dies for Christ's cause.

What did Paul want? He wanted to see Timothy.

What did he write him? Words of counsel.

What did he say of himself? That he was ready to die.

What was waiting for him? A crown of righteousness.

## POLICEMAN DOT.

When he was a tiny kitten his mistress called him Dot. As he grew older he became a very large cat, but the name didn't grow, so now it really doesn't fit him, at all. He is black and white and keeps his fur so clean and smooth that he is a fine-looking cat, though not truly handsome.

His mistress tells this story about him.

She is an old lady who lives all alone in a big house—all alone, except for Dot. Every night before she goes to bed, she and Dot go all over the big house, to see that the doors and windows are all closed and fastened. Then they go upstairs. Dot sleeps on the foot of his mistress' bed.

One night he awoke his mistress by jumping up suddenly.

"What is the matter, Dot?" she said, and began to stroke him. "What has frightened you?"

"Just then she heard some one coming up the stairs, and she was frightened, too. She knew it must be a bad man, who had come to steal her money. Sure enough, he opened the door and came right into the room. What do you think Dot did then? He gave a spring and leaped right at the man.

Now, Dot is a big cat and he has sharp claws. He scratched the man until he turned and ran away as fast as he could. He ran downstairs and jumped out of the window he had opened, and never dared to come back, either.

Dot's mistress says she will never be afraid as long as she has Dot to take care of her. Most cats can catch mice and even rats, but Dot caught a man!

Do you wonder that Dot's mistress is proud of her brave cat?

That is a happy day that is full of good deeds.



EASTERN SHEPHERD.

## EASTERN SHEPHERD.

The shepherd in the East is much more tender and loving to his sheep than in Western countries. He knows his flock by name. He goes before them, and they know his voice and follow him. He carries the lambs in his bosom, and will risk his life to save his flock from the lion or the bear. All this is used in the Bible as a type of our Lord. "He shall lead his flock like a shepherd." He is described as the Good Shepherd, who lays down his life for the sheep. Let us remember that in the words of the Psalm, "We are his people and the sheep of his pasture." And little children are the lambs of his fold, whom he especially cares for and loves.

I have heard of some children who had a "missionary hen," and sold all the eggs she laid, putting the money in their mite-boxes.

## THE BLACK BOY'S PRAYER.

A missionary one day observed a little black boy engaged in prayer, and heard him say, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending a big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here, that I might hear about thee, and love thee. And now, Lord Jesus, I have one favour to ask thee: please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee."

The missionary in a few days after saw the same child standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently as the ships came in.

"What are you looking for, Tom?" he asked.

"I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answers prayer," the child replied.

For two years that boy was to be seen day after day watching the arrival of every ship.

One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy. Then he said, "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ answers prayer—father and mother come in that ship;" which was actually the case.

## A SONG.

Now's the time to make your mark,  
Study, work away!  
Bee, and bird, and flower, all  
Nature's voice obey.

Now's the time to grow and learn,  
Now to sow the seed,  
And to watch its springing up  
Into word and deed.

If you treasure well the hours,  
In each heart and face  
Shall the cheering impress dwell,  
Childhood's happy grace.

While the days grow into years,  
Study, work away!  
Bee, and bird, the hours improve,  
So the children may.

## THERE IS OUR FATHER.

Two children were at the sea-shore on the outlook for their father's return from fishing. There had been no storm, so they were not afraid, but their father had been away two days and two nights, and the little folks wanted to see him back. They had watched for him hour after hour. Other fishing boats had passed, but his was not in sight, but at last the elder girl saw far off the well-known sail, and the boat she loved to see. Pointing it out to her little sister she said, "There is father!" But the little dot said, "I don't see father!" "No, nor do I," answered the elder, "but he is there; that is his boat, he is master of it, he will soon be here!" Both children were joyous. Though they could not see their father, they knew he was there, and that every moment brought the time nearer when they would see him, and talk to him.

There is another Father of all little children whom we cannot see yet, but we know he is near, and before very long we shall be at home with him, and see him, if we are good and have faith in him. Wherever we are, in sunshine or in gloom, we may always say, "There is our Father."

A little boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."