

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 4.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Being the only child, Benny Grey had to do various kinds of work on the farm and around the house. He helped his mother wash dishes, he could handle the mop and clean the kitchen floor just as deftly as she could, and often he helped her prepare the meals. He was clumsy, and often broke things, but she knew he did not mean to be careless, and she overlooked his mistakes, as a loving mother does. When she was laid aside by a severe headache, which was often the case, then Benny proved her willing nurse and helper. She said she did not think she could keep house without him.

He had to assist his father also in out-of-door work. He drove home the cows, assisted by Rover, his faithful friend; hoed the potatoes and

corn, spread and raked hay, and did many other things that a farmer's boy has to. He really did not have much time for himself, especially when he went to school.

One day his mother was sick in bed with a very severe headache, and Benny had to get the meals ready for his father. It was in the haying season, and the boy



TWO FRIENDS.

was busy in the hay-field until nearly noon, when he hurried to the house and placed upon the table a platter of cold meat, bread and butter, an apple pie, and other food he found on the pantry shelves. He ate his dinner hastily, because he was in a hurry to get back to the hay-field as a storm was approaching and his father

told him to "be quick." He had just started for the field, with pitchfork in hand, when his father called him back.

"Hey, Benny; you've forgotten my cider. Go down in the cellar and get a pitcherful for me!"

Benny came back, took a brown pitcher from the closet, and started for the cellar. He did hate to draw cider; he never drank any of it, and wished his father would not make it nor drink it. The pitcher was of a queer shape, old-fashioned, and had been in the family for years, and was always called "the cider pitcher." As he was going up the cellar steps the boy stumbled, lost his footing, and fell to the ground. He was somewhat bruised, but the pitcher was more badly hurt than he, for it had a hole knocked in the bottom through which the cider trickled out.

Benny felt badly over his mishap, for he knew his father would scold, and sure enough he did when the boy entered the room with the broken pitcher in hand. He told the boy that he was careless, and did more harm than good in whatever he undertook. That was not really true, but the man was so provoked over the loss

of the cider, which he craved, that he did not weigh his words. He said more than he meant to, and did not realize what the words fully meant when he shouted, "Go back to your work; you shall never draw another pitcher of cider for me again!"

"Oh, goody, goody!" shouted Bennie, in high glee, as he ran off to the hay-field. If the father was tempted to tell the boy after that to get his cider, he was reminded by his wife of what he said when the old "cider pitcher" was broken, and had to either go himself for the cider or do without it.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1962.

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

Even the dog, the cat, and the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him to do. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse. The horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go the right way. Another man, who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me;" and, bending his broad chest against the load, he turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as though the load were a plaything.

Oh, how strong is a kind word!

HOW THE CHILDREN SAVED HAMBURG.

Look at your map, and find the city of Hamburg in Germany, then I will tell you a story. Many years ago there was a war and that city was besieged; that means that soldiers were all around the city, and they would not allow any food to be taken in. They meant to stay there until all the food in the city was eaten, and when the people were nearly starved then they hoped the city would be given up to them—the enemy.

One morning a merchant named Wolff walked along the streets very slowly to his home. Along with the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy; and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armour day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he pressed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy were suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to lose if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the enemy saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the leafy branches which they carried, he at first thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack upon his camp. As the children came nearer he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them waggons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day he signed a treaty with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterwards, as the day came around on which this event took

place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that on these occasions the children kept the cherries for themselves.

You will agree with me that this is a pretty story, and you will like it all the better because it is true.

There is a war going on now between the forces of good and evil. Satan commands one and the Lord God the other. Whom will you serve? One way to defeat old Satan is to enlist yourself on God's side and help on every good cause. Even the youngest, smallest child can do something in our Temperance Army. Have you enlisted? Will you? You can all be soldiers, with Christ as your Captain. Can you say:

"Surely the Captain may depend on me
Though but an armour-bearer I may
be?"

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father, hear me from above;
Guard me with thine arms of love,
Keep me safe from every sin,
Pure without and pure within;
Let, oh, let no evil word
From my lips be ever heard!
Let, oh, let my heart be fraught
With no vain or idle thought!
Keep my soul from folly free;
Let me fully trust in thee.

Help me to be kind and true,
Gentle, pure, and faithful, too;
Guard me from the tempter's power;
Save me in each dangerous hour;
Keep me in the path of truth;
Let me serve thee well in youth;
And when life's short dream is o'er,
Lead me to the heavenly shore;
Where all hearts from sin are free,
Happy through eternity.

NEDDIE'S PURPOSE.

Two boys were talking over their plans, telling each other what they meant to do and be when they grew to be men. Neddie, a younger brother, and I had been listening. Turning to Neddie, I asked: "What is your plan in life, Neddie?"

"I am not big enough for a plan yet," said Neddie; "but I have a purpose."

"That is good; it is not every one who has a purpose. What is your purpose, Neddie?"

"To grow up a good boy, so as to be a good man, like my father," said Neddie; and by the way he said it it was plain he meant it. His father was a noble Christian man, and Neddie could not do better than follow in his steps. A boy with such a purpose will not fail to make his mark.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

It was only a little seed
That she dropped into the ground,
But a beautiful flower, with fragrant bells,
When next she passed, she found.

It was only a little thing—
An acorn smooth and round;
But in time it grew to a stately tree,
Whose branches swept the ground.

It was only a little word—
A word of love and cheer;
But it soothed the one it was spoken to
And rendered the speaker dear.

It was only a little flower,
Laid on the sick one's bed;
But it brought to mind a tender face,
And some loving words that were said.

Yes, these are little things,
But the lesson that I would teach
Is, that little things are in all our paths,
While the great ones but few can reach.

Let us do the little we can,
Nor talk of the great that we would;
So the blessed Master shall say one day:
"She hath done what she could."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 23.]

THE ARREST OF STEPHEN.

Acts 6. 7-15. Memorize verses 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—Matt. 10. 28.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Christian Church was growing very fast, and just as a great family must have some to provide for all its daily wants, so did this family of Christ. Seven deacons were chosen, and at their head was Stephen, a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit. He also did miracles in the name of Jesus, and was able to talk to the learned Jews with great wisdom and in the spirit of his Master. They could not answer him, but they stirred up the people against him, and found men who would say that he had spoken against the law and against God. Then he was brought before the council, and these men came and swore falsely against him. They said evil things that they had never heard from him, and he did not answer them, but the judges, sitting in a half circle around the room, looked at him as he stood before them, and though he spoke no word, "they saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel." No one can

have such a face unless the Lord lives within him. It is "the beauty of the Lord." How wonderful and blessed it is that the Lord wants to come and live in each one of us!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What had the Church grown to be? A very great family.

Who had the care of it? The apostles.

What did they find? That they needed helpers.

Whom did they appoint? Seven deacons.

Who was the head deacon? Stephen.

What did these men do? Took care of the Church family.

What else could Stephen do? Preach and teach.

Why did the Jews hate him? Because he was good and wise.

What did they do? They arrested him.

Who spoke against him? False witnesses.

Did Stephen answer them? No, he was silent.

How did his face look? Like an angel's face.

LESSON IX. [March 2.]

THE STONING OF STEPHEN.

Acts 7. 54 to 8. 2. Mem. verses 59, 60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.—Matt. 5. 44.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Stephen stood before the council and heard living words spoken about him, he answered nothing, but his face was full of peace and love, like that of an angel. When the high priest said, "Are these things so?" he did not answer, but began to tell the story of the Jews from the time of Abraham. He showed them how good the Lord had been to them, and how often they had turned away from their best Friend; and how they were turning away from him now in turning away from "that Just One" whom they had betrayed and killed. This made them angry, and they were ready to kill him. Stephen did not look down, but he looked up and saw the heavens opened and Jesus at God's right hand, and when he told them this they would not listen, but hurried away to stone him to death. Stephen loved his enemies as Jesus did, and prayed for them, saying, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

There was a young man there that day who helped to stone Stephen. His name was Saul. Do not forget it, for we shall hear more about him some day. Do you remember Another who prayed for his enemies when he was dying. It was because Stephen had the Spirit of this Holy One in his heart that he could do this. And so may we, if we let the Holy Spirit come to live in us, love and forgive all who try to harm us in any way.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who told lies about Stephen? False witnesses.

Did he answer back? No, he spoke of God's love.

What else did he say? That they had killed Jesus.

What did this cause the Jews to become? Very angry.

What did Stephen see? A heavenly vision.

Could the Jews see this? No.

What did they do to him? They cast him out and stoned him.

What did Stephen ask God? To take him.

What did he ask for his enemies? Forgiveness.

Who stood near when Stephen died? Saul.

Was he a Christian? No, he was a persecutor.

Who mourned for Stephen? All the disciples.

PUCK, THE STRAY CAT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

When Puck first strayed into the yard she was left there by somebody. Nobody but Winnie would have thought of calling her "a nice kitty." She was thin and hungry-looking, and her rough fur and big eyes gave her a queer, owl-like look. But Winnie carried her into the house, as if she were a great prize.

"I wouldn't kape that tramp cat, honey," said Bridget, looking at it with dislike. "Sure I'll get ye a pretty white one from me sister."

"Ho, what a cat! If you must have one, Sis, I'll get you a nice Maltese that was offered me the other day," promised brother Fred.

But Winnie only shook her head and clung to poor Puck, saying she wanted her and no other.

"But why wouldn't you rather have a prettier one, dear?"

"'Cause the pretty cats can get plenty of homes," answered Winnie, with tears in her brown eyes, "but the poor little ones like Puck can feel cold and hungry all the same, and nobody wants 'em. Puck hasn't anybody to like her but just me."

"Little kind heart! Keep her if you want to," answered mamma, with a quick kiss. "I shouldn't wonder if she grew better looking when she has had enough to eat."

And sure enough Puck grew so plump and glossy that the family quite forgot that they had ever called her ugly. Then she began to be useful. She came running along the hall one day, and when Winnie opened the door there stood Puck with two mice in her mouth!

"Two of 'em! That cat's jist a jewel!" said Bridget.

And Winnie answered, softly:

"I guess it pays to be kind—even to cats."



OUCH!

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

How should the heart of a little girl be?
As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,
As clear as the dews from the heavens that
fall,
As true as the mirror that hangs on the
wall,
As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the
lark
That thrills out in song twixt the day and
the dark;
As glad as the angels, when soaring they
fly
On the bright wings of love to their home
in the sky.

OUCH!

Carlo has got more than he bargained for. He finds what comes of meddling with what does not belong to him. He has been trying a basket full of lobsters, and has got his toes pinched for his pains. I wonder if little folks ever do that sort of thing?

TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.

"I am glad of one thing," exclaimed my little Helen, with a sigh of relief. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture book in her hand.

"Glad of what?" I asked.

"That I am not a hen," she answered.

"Not a hen! Why, darling, what do you mean?"

She brought me her book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed her. She had been looking at the picture of a mother hen, frightened at the appearance of a fox.

"Poor thing! How scared she is!"

said the child, tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"Oh, I'm glad that I'm not a hen, to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful!"

"Maybe you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, anyhow, a fox wouldn't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Clare say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said, 'Take care of the little foxes.'"

"Oh, yes; I remember now. And I couldn't help wondering what she meant."

"She didn't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew she didn't mean them. Are there any other kinds of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"Oh, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling. And you are in as much danger from them as the hen you so pitied just now."

Her face wore a puzzled, half scared look. She thought a minute or two, and then said:

"Oh, I know what you mean. By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes. Foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was, and how the Lord called him 'that fox'?"

"His evil thoughts and wicked acts made him cruel and cunning as a fox."

And this same thing is happening now and every day. I have seen a great many people—children even—who appeared to me more like foxes than lambs, more like hawks than doves, they were so full of anger and cruelty towards each other.

"Ask the dear Saviour every day to keep your thoughts pure and right. Let Him control them."

BERT'S PICTURES.

Bert was busy, with a bit of black crayon, drawing on the side of the shed.

"What are you doing, Bert?" asked his sister Hetty.

"Nothing much, only making pictures. I'd like to be an artist when I grow up. I'll draw a picture of you." With his crayon he drew a round face like a full moon, with the corners of the mouth drawn down.

"I never looked like that!"

"Yes, you did only yesterday, because you had to tend the baby when you wanted to go walking with Lucy Brown. You always look just so when anything goes wrong. You'd better be careful, else your mouth will grow so; you get cross so often."

That made Hetty angry. "I guess I ain't any crosser than you be! Who was it got shut up in the closet the other day for saying bad words? Who was it had to go without his supper the other night because he was so sick when he smoked a cigarette? Who—"

"Quit, Hetty! Please quit, and I'll never twit you for being cross any more," said Bert. "I'm just as ashamed of that cigarette as I can be, since I learned what they put in them—opium and arsenic and tobacco—and as for the bad words, I didn't know they were wrong. I heard some big boys use them; I didn't know what they meant."

"You know better now, don't you?"

"You'd better believe I do. I'll change your picture and make it look the way you do when you are pleased." A few strokes with the crayon made the mouth smiling, and put Hetty in good humour.

HE TRUSTED HIS FATHER.

"Johnny, don't you think you've got more than you can carry now?" said Frank to his friend Johnny, who was standing with open arms to receive some bundles his father was giving him. "Never mind," said Johnny: "My father knows how much I can carry." He trusted his father. It takes us a long time to learn the lesson that Johnny had by heart. God is our kind loving Father who never lays a burden on us too great for us to bear. He will help us carry our burdens. He will surely help every girl and boy that asks Him, for He is the friend of young and old, of small and great. We should trust Him as Johnny trusted his father.