

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1903.

No. 2.

EDWIN TRIES TO BE OF USE.

My little friend Edwin is not quite four years old; but he likes to be of use in the world. When the snow is on the ground he will put on his great coat and take his shovel and help the men shovel off the snow.

When the warm days of June have come, and the men begin to mow the grass, Edwin will take a rake and try to spread the grass, so that the sun may dry it. As soon as the grass is dry, it becomes hay.

He likes to take a stick, and drive the cows home to the barnyard. The other day he tried to milk one of the cows; but this he found too hard work for so small a boy.

Then he thought to himself, "I can go up in the hay-mow, and see if the hens have laid any eggs there." So up he went; he looked here and there, till he saw a white hen sitting on her nest in the hay. "Get up from there, old hen," cried Edwin, and let me see if you have laid an egg." The old hen did not like to get up; but he took a rake and pushed her off. She scolded him well; but he did not mind that. To his great joy, he found four eggs in the nest. Then he went where he found a black hen sitting. "Get up! get up!" he cried. The black hen made a great noise; but he drove her off, and found five eggs, white and brown, in the nest. So he put them in his apron with the others, and ran to take them to his mother.

But ah! he ran too fast. His foot slipped and he fell. The eggs rolled out from his apron, and were broken on the floor of the barn. The hens flew off as fast as they could go, and the old rooster turned his back on Edwin, and walked away cackling as if he meant to say, "You

SAVED.

A poor boy was picked up in the streets of London and taken to one of the good mission-houses in that city. There he was taught about Jesus and gave his heart to the Lord. He was afterwards sent with a company of children to Canada, where a home was found with a good farmer. He proved an obedient and clever boy and worked well on the farm. In the winter he went to school and learned well. He seemed to do everything well and the Lord was with him.

His adopted parents loved him very much, and when he was old enough they sent him to college. While there he gave himself to God for the missionary work in China.

He has now been thirteen years in China, and during that time has walked more than twenty thousand miles, telling the heathen people about Jesus.

He has just visited his old home in London to try to interest Christians in missionary work. He says: "Do not neglect the missionary work at home. Try to save the street boys who have drunken, wicked parents. What would have become of me

if some kind person had not taken me up and led me to Jesus?"

The new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."



Now the morning's come I'll raise
All my thoughts to God in praise;
Thank thee Jesus, Lord divine,
For the sleep that has been mine.
Guard and keep me every hour,
By thine own Almighty power,
Help me to obedient be;
Unto those placed over me.
Young I am and weak, and so
What is best I cannot know.
Teach my heart to look to thee
Oh! how good I'll try to be.



are a bad little boy to come and drive off the hens."

But Edwin was not a bad boy, though he now and then came to grief in trying to do too much. His mother forgave him for breaking the eggs; and now, when he goes to the barn in search of eggs, he takes a small basket and puts them in that.

WORKING TOGETHER.

A million little sunbeams
Can make a pleasant day;
A million little raindrops
Can frighten them away.
Now if all the little children
Should sit down and cry together,
What should we do, what could we do
In such a spell of weather?
The sun might blaze in bluest skies,
'T would be a dreary place
Until we saw a happy smile
On every little face.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1903.

A NEW KEY.

"Aunty," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only a little word—guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is 'please,'" said the child; "aunty, it is 'please.' If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, child, if I can;' and I say, 'Please, aunty.'"

"What does aunty do?" asked aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother; and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children would like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

THE BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"Hold still, pickaninnie," I said, "and let me take a picture of you."

The two little black children looked into the eye of my camera and grinned, and by that time the picture was made.

"What are you doing in the barrel, Zack?" I asked the boy.

"We's playin' bird nes', mistis," said Zack. "Sukey, she de ole bird whar sets on de nes', and I's de young uns, he-he-he!"

"I hope you never disturb the birds' nests, Zack," I said when I had done laughing.

"No, mistis," said the boy, "I done quit 'sturbin' nesties."

"What made you quit?"

"De debil."

"Why, Zack, what do you mean?"

"You see, mistis, las' spring de bluebird build in de whitethorn-bush by de spring, and every time I go for a bucket o' water, I put my han' in de bush, an' feel her back, jes to skeer her. One day I poke my han' in de bush, same as ever, an'—my stars alive—de bird warn't dar, and I tech a cold somethin' dat made my flesh creep. I drap my bucket and run like mad, and when I look behind, dar come dat blacksnake arter me hard ez it could come. I yell out big, and daddy come runnin' wid' his hoe, and chop him head off. But I ain't sturb no mo' nesties, for fear de debil git in er nudder serpent, and come arter me."

It was hard to keep from laughing again, at the thought of Zack's race with the blacksnake, but I wanted to give him a better reason for being kind to birds than his fear of the devil; so I made both children learn our Saviour's beautiful words about the two sparrows, sold for a farthing—and begged them to remember that God knew and loved all his little feathered creatures.

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

The happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. We were both on a journey, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never seen all these pleasant things which we see every day of our lives—but still she was happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relations to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said when she got into the carriage:

"Tell me how many people there are in the carriage; I am quite blind, and can see nothing!"

A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. "No," she said, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God; and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her. She had sought Christ, and she had found him.

WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied: "Ella, when mother told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor, and her school bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. She took her Bible, and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Ah! little readers, never ask what this one and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say at the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.

BABY AUTOMOBILES.

Most of our little readers have seen an automobile, or horseless carriage, as it is sometimes called. These automobiles are to be found now in all our large cities, and on many of our country roads as well. The latest kind of automobile is a baby automobile, which is used as a toy by children whose parents can afford to provide them with this expensive plaything.

A baby automobile costs from two hundred to a thousand dollars, so you see only rich children can have such a toy. Still, there are many parents who are able to afford even such an expensive plaything as this, and in Central Park, in New York City, on almost any fine afternoon you can see several of these pretty little automobiles.

These little automobiles are made so that they will not run away with their tiny owners, some of whom are only five or six years old. But with this single exception, that they do not go quite so fast, a baby automobile is just the same as the larger-sized electric machines which we see spinning along our country roads.

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WHO LIKES THE RAIN ?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning, three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack, quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion "I;
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark
door ;

"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weatherproof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop,
Till a big river I grew to be
And could find my way to the sea."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON IV. [Jan. 25.]

PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS.

1 Thess. 5. 14-28. Memorize verses 16-18

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hold fast that which is good.—1 Thess. 5. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

Although Paul and Silas were badly treated by some of the Jews at Thessalonica, they were welcomed and trusted by others and by many Greeks and good women, who afterward became the Christian church of the city. To them Paul wrote two letters not long after the church was formed. They were written from Corinth, a beautiful city of the Greeks. He felt like a father toward his children, whom he had brought into a new faith, and who needed teaching and encouragement. In the first letter he tells them to be good to the weak; to be "patient toward all men;" to "rejoice evermore;" to "pray without ceasing," and "in everything give thanks."

He also tells them to "prove all things," and "hold fast that which is good;" to abstain from all appearance (first beginnings) of evil." He prays that they may be kept pure and blameless in soul and body until the coming of Christ, and tells them that he who called them is faithful, and will do what he has promised.

Some time when you are older you will read the two letters to the Thessalonians, and find how Paul loved his spiritual children. Then you will know how much more the Lord loves his children in the churches and outside of them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did Paul leave in Thessalonica? A company of Christians.

Where did he afterward go? To Athens.

To whom did he write letters? To the Thessalonians.

What are they sometimes called? Epistles.

What did he want to do? To help them.

What did they need? To know how to follow Jesus.

Where do we find that teaching? In the New Testament.

What did he tell them to do? To follow that which is good."

What else? To rejoice, to pray, and be thankful.

What did he bid them keep from? The beginnings of evil.

What did he pray? That God would keep them pure.

Whom did he call "faithful"? The Lord Jesus.

LESSON V. [Feb. 1.]

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Memorize verses 28, 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection.—Acts 17. 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Paul went from Berea to Athens he found the most beautiful city in the world. It was full of noble temples and statues and altars, so beautiful that no one has ever been able to make any to excel them since, but the statues were many of them idols, and the temples and altars were for idol worship.

This must have made Paul very sad as he walked about among them. He went into a Jewish synagogue there on the Sabbath, which was not beautiful like the temples, and on week days he went among the people in the great square, or market place. The people were always talking about some new thing, and when they heard Paul talking about a new religion they asked him to preach on Mars' hill, which he did. There was a temple to the god of war there, and it was also a court, but Paul talked of the Prince of Peace. He said he had seen an altar "to the unknown God," and he would tell them about the God they did not know, yet worshipped. He also told them about Jesus who came to call all men to repentance, and who had died for our sins and had risen again. Some laughed at Paul, but a few believed in Jesus.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Paul go from Berea? To Athens.

What was Athens? A city in Greece.

What kind of a city? A beautiful marble city.

What did Paul see there? Great temples and beautiful statues.

What were the people? Idol worshippers.

Who asked Paul to preach? The men of Athens.

Where did he stand? On Mars' hill.

What did he tell them? About the true God.

What of idols? That God cannot be made by men.

What did he want men to do? To repent.

What did they think of Christ? Some mocked and others believed.

Who were believers? Dionysius and Damaris.

"ABLE TO DELIVER US."

One morning the children in a poor little home gathered about a table with no food on it. But the father knelt down and prayed to God for bread and butter and meat, and his little ones began cheerfully to play. Soon there was a knock at the door, and a big basket was handed in. It had the father's name upon it, but he was so sure he had not bought anything that he was going to send it back. But one of the little boys, peeping beneath the lid, said: "Tapa, I'm 'fraid God will be dreadfully disappointed if you don't take these things, 'cause you said once that he liked to give us things we ask for; and you just asked for bread and butter and meat, and here they are." The big basket was taken in, and the bread and butter and meat fed the little children God meant them to. He is always glad when we say: "Our God whom we serve is able to help us." He is more glad, though, when we will do right even when it brings us into trouble.

HER ONE TREASURE.

The teacher of a girls' school away in Africa wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar, such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing.

The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it.

There is One who watched, and still watches, people casting gifts into his treasury. Would he not say of this African girl: "She hath cast in more than they all"?—*Mission Record.*



LITTLE EVA'S APPLE.

LITTLE EVA'S APPLE.

Little Eva had been staying with her grandmother in the country, and one morning the old lady brought her down a beautiful rosy apple to eat. Now, Eva was just going out for a walk, so she put the treasure in her pocket, meaning to enjoy it afterwards. As she was walking briskly along in the cold morning air, she noticed a poor girl picking up sticks to take home for the little fire her poor parents were able to afford at night. "Ah!" thought Eva, "how that poor little girl would enjoy the beautiful apple granny gave me this morning. I'll go and offer it to her." So the kind little girl ran up to the other, and was well rewarded for her unselfishness by seeing what great pleasure her gift caused. "It is better to give than to receive," and we are sure little Eva will grow up to be a really good and useful woman.

The world generally figures up what a boy is doing to-day; while he is talking about what he did yesterday, and what he aims to do to-morrow.

If you wish to be loved, be unselfish, thoughtful, and kind, always looking for good in those about you.

LITTLE WAIT-A-MINUTE.

What a funny name for a little girl! How do you suppose she got it? It was not given to her when she was a little baby, you may be sure of that; for no mother, unless she were an Indian mother, would give a dear, soft cunning baby such a long, queer name. No; her real name was Eveline May; but she had such a way of saying "Wait a minute" that every one forgot that she had a name of her own, and called her little Wait-a-minute.

Before Christmas her mamma had a long talk with her, and told her that unless she learned to do at once what she was told, she would not grow to be the good woman every one hoped she would be. She promised to try very hard not to say "Wait a minute" again. The next day after after this talk, mamma sent Eveline to the library to dust; for there was only one girl to help mamma, and it was wash-day. Eveline went to the library at once, and she had begun to dust

when she saw a new picture book on the table. Down went the brush, and Eveline was soon very busy looking at the pictures, instead of dusting.

"Eveline," called mamma, "hurry with your dusting."

"Wait a ——" began Eveline. Then her face grew very red, and she shut her lips quickly, and the book too. This was the last time she said, "Wait a minute," and by Christmas Day every one of her friends called her by her own name.

THE LITTLE BUDS IN SPRING.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

If you look at the little opening buds in the spring of the year, you will find that they are wrapped up in such close coverings that the wind and weather can not get through at all. These are the cradles in which the baby leaves are safely rocked all winter long. When spring comes, the warm sun unrolls this covering, and the leaves burst out into life and beauty.

These are their protectors, for if they were much exposed to the cold, they would die. These "bud-shields," as they are called, are quite thick. They are glued together with a sticky substance, which completely shuts out the rains and the

cold. When the sunshine comes, the baby leaves are ready to come out.

When the shield has done its work, it drops off and falls to the ground. If you look at one some time, you will see how hard the outside is. The inside is lined with a sort of down, as soft as velvet, which has been the dainty covering of all the coming leaves and flowers. Isn't it wonderful?

A BIRD STORY.

Last spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown and white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a doorway. Little Dick would sit up on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and, guided by Dick's chirps, would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.

PERSEVERE.

The fisher who draws his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Won't learn any lessons well.

If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient—don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile a day
May get round the world at last.

WHERE TEN DINE ON ONE EGG.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he went to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich's egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg was laid upon the plate. But, apart from its size, there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yoke was one of the usual colour. It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg, and had no flavour peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hens' eggs to equal in weight the ostrich's egg which was cooked, it was evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one.