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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

[No. 21.]

## NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Not to be caught with chaff! No, indeed. Our friend, the horse, knows better, for this is not the first time he has been caught for a long day's work by a few handfuls of oats. He knows well enough that the boy, with his coaxing voice and manner is only saying, "Come along, now, I have to drive Daddy to the town, and you must draw the carriage;" and he thinks to himself as he keeps at a safe distance, "Ah! you'll have to catch me first."

## A LITTLE WET.

There was a little boy of the name of Casper who, on his way to school, used to cross a bridge. It was not a very long bridge nor a very wide one. A large boy could have jumped across it easily, from one end to the other.

But the day was fine, and the summer air blew sweetly; and Casper saw some bright flowers by the water's edge. The water was not the water of a large river, but of a little brook, not very deep, but deep enough to cover a little boy lying down.

Casper thought he would climb down the stones upon which the bridge rested, and get some flowers to take with him to school and give to the mistress. But his foot slipped, and he fell into the water.

Though a small boy, not five years old, he did not scream. "That was bad luck!"



NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

he said to himself, getting up and stepping on the dry land. The water dripped from his clothes and hat, but he did not fret. Running home he told his mother what had happened. She did not scold him, for she knew it was an accident, and she was glad her little boy had wanted the flowers

was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know it if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away. He would know," replied Lily.

to give to the school-mistress, so, having put dry clothes on him, she cut a beautiful rose from her bush in the garden and sent him to school with it.

The mistress was pleased to get the rose and on hearing his story, excused him for being late.

## A CHILD'S FAITH.

A little boy some years ago, whom we will call Charley, while playing one day near an open hatchway accidentally fell in, and but for a basket of shavings, which fortunately stood beneath, would probably have been killed. The family were quite impressed by his providential escape, and frequent allusions were made to it during the day. At night, after Charley had been put to bed and left to himself, his little voice was heard in prayer. In tones full of faith and love the little fellow poured out his heart-felt petition "O God! please keep that cellar door shut, but if you can't do that, won't you always keep a basket of shavings there?"

Annie and Lily were going home from school together one afternoon, and Annie

to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know it if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away. He would know," replied Lily.

## A TIME-TABLE IN THE WOODS.

"Sixty seconds make a minute,"  
Sung a merry little linnct.

"Sixty minutes make an hour,"  
Sweetly smiled a blushing flower.

"Twenty-four hours make a day,"  
Laughed the sunbeams in their play;

"Seven days make a week,"  
Hear a pink-eyed rabbit squeak;

"Four weeks a month will make,"  
Add the mosses by the lake;

"Fifty-two weeks make a year,"  
A squirrel told us, running near;  
And all the rustling leaves say, "Oh!  
How much the woodland creatures  
know;

"And the children dear all say 'tis so,  
And each one cries a glad heigh-ho!"

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

## LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Getting late!" shouted Fred, of the Dauntless Ball Nine, to one of his rivals, the Invincibles. "Hands out of pockets if you want to win!"

"I won't be on hand to-day," answered Walter.

"You won't!" cried Fred, for these small boys took great pride in their new-fledged clubs. "Why not?"

"I can't," said Walter, quickly coming down to the gate. "I want to, but don't say anything about it."

This was said with a hurried glance backward, as a smaller boy, pale from a late fever, came towards them.

Walter went on, cheerfully: "Sorry you can't come with us, Fred. We're off to Farmer Triggs'. It's just the day for a woody walk."

"Why, I wish I could," said Fred, "but I've something else to do. Good-bye! Good-bye, Bobbie!"

Fred walked away, shaking his head and thinking, "I believe Walter's giving up the game to keep that whity out of the sun. He'd surely be there if Walter played. Well, I couldn't do it."

"Why didn't Fred come?" asked Bob, innocently. "He's great fun to have along."

Walter's throat swelled a little at the fun he was missing. But he only said, "Can't tell. Come on; let's go before it gets late."

The two boys had a really good time. The cool walk was none too long, and Farmer Triggs gave them cold milk to drink, and let them ride his black pony in the pasture lot.

When they got near home again, Walter felt so peaceful, he was almost willing the Dauntless should win. "Hurrah!"

"Who's shouting?" wondered Bobbie, walking in the long shadows of the trees.

"Elwood!" cried Walter, "I believe we've won. Hurrah!"

"Won!" echoed Robbie. Then as the cheering grew more distinct he understood.

"Walter! You stayed away for me."  
"I'd do more still not to have you sick again." And Robbie knew Walter meant it.

## RAINY DAY.

Pitter-patter, go to school,  
Clitter-clatter, mind the rule,  
Rainy day's a working day,  
Sunny day's a day for play;  
Work and play, every day—  
That's the better rule.

## PETER THE GOBBLER.

"Just look at that old turkey, Auntie!" cried little Jean.

"Yes, Auntie, do come," begged Bob; "he has puffed himself up till he looks like a big balloon about to fly away."

So Auntie came across the room and stood in the open door, where her little city guests were gazing at a brood of young turkeys.

"Why, that is old Peter," she said, pointing to the gobbler, who was making himself so ridiculous. "I could tell you quite a long story about him."

"Please tell it," they cried.

"He is quite an old fellow now, but I remember the time when he was a tiny ball of down, pecking in a stupid way at the crumbs of bread I showered down into the coop, where his mother was trying to teach him and ten brothers and sisters to take a first breakfast. The little brood did not thrive; the damp spring weather did not agree with them, and one by one they fell away until none were left but Peter. We fed him carefully, and when the warm days came he grew big and strong.

"In August we discovered that his mother had a nest down in the orchard in the soft grass. Peter followed her, showing her the greatest affection. Soon

she commenced to sit, and still he could not leave her. What was our surprise to find that Peter was also sitting!

"Yes there he was, close beside his mother on three eggs he had managed to scratch from beneath her. There he remained, never leaving his self-appointed task until some funny little creatures broke the shell and nestled close to the warm feathers above them. Even then this dutiful son did not consider his work complete, for he helped to take care of his small brothers and sisters, and not until they were grown did he leave them."

## THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

The reaping time is a very busy time for the farmer. Field after field of grain he must have cut and gathered into sheaves, then threshed, and finally taken to the mill and ground into flour. How patiently he has to wait from the time he sows the seed until it is stored in his granary. One of the most beautiful sights in nature, I think, is a field of waving grain. Did you ever stand and watch one as a gentle summer breeze swept over it?

The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, or the Ingathering, was celebrated every year at the close of the harvest, and was a feast of thanksgiving to God for the blessing of the fruits and grain. During the time of the feast, which lasted a week, the people lived in booths or houses made of the branches of trees. We are told in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus what kind of trees the booths were made of: "And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days.

And in the tenth verse of the same chapter we read: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then shall ye bring a sheaf of wheat of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you."

I would like you to read the whole of this twenty-third chapter, and you will then understand better than I can tell you the true meaning of this feast.

## WORK FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother one day, "I can't tell which I will be when I grow up, a jewellery shop or minister." But little children do not need to wait till they grow up before they can begin to be ministers. When Christ was on earth he took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples to teach them a lesson. He does that often now. And every child can teach other children a lesson, and sometimes older people too, not by talking about religion, but living religion.

**BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.**

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!  
 What will the mother do,  
 With never a call to button or pin,  
 Or tie a little shoe?  
 How can she keep herself busy all day,  
 With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,  
 Another "good-bye" to say,  
 And mother stands at the door to see  
 Her baby march away;  
 And turn with sigh that is half relief  
 And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,  
 When the children, one by one,  
 Will go from their homes to the distant  
 world,  
 To battle with life alone;  
 And not even baby be left to cheer  
 The scattered home of that future year.

She picks up the garments here and there,  
 Thrown down in careless haste,  
 And tries to think how it would seem  
 If nothing were displaced.  
 If the house were always as still as this,  
 How could she bear the loneliness?

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.**

**LESSON IV. [Oct. 24.]**

**PAUL BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.**

Acts 26. 19-32. Memory verses, 22, 23.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10. 32.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Apostle, v. 19-23.
2. The Governor, v. 24, 25.
3. The King, v. 26-32.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Felix kept Paul in prison two years in Caesarea because he thought it would please the Jews. Then he went away, and a new governor, called Festus, came. Now the chief priests tried again to get Paul brought to Jerusalem. But Festus said no, they could come to Caesarea and he would try him there. At the trial he asked Paul if he was willing to go to Jerusalem to be judged. Paul said no, he would go to Rome and be judged before Caesar. Festus could not refuse him, because Paul was a Roman citizen and had the right to demand this. So Paul went back to Jerusalem to wait for a ship going to Rome. The Jews went back to Jerusalem, disappointed and angry.

While Paul was waiting King Agrippa came to visit Festus. His sister Bernice

was with him, and one day they said they wanted to hear Paul speak. So he came in his chains, a poor prisoner, but with Christ in his heart, to be a witness to a king and princess and governor! He told his story, and Agrippa was so moved that he said he was almost ready to become a Christian too. Notice Paul's beautiful reply to this in verse 20.

After Paul went away the great people talked about him and said he ought not to be put to death.

**LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY**

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 26. 19-32.  
*Tues.* Find what Festus said about Paul. Acts 25. 14-21.  
*Wed.* Read of Paul before Agrippa. Acts 25. 22-27.  
*Thur.* Find how Paul was proving Jesus' words. Matt. 10. 16-18.  
*Fri.* Learn words of comfort for Paul (and us). Golden Text.  
*Sat.* Find what Agrippa proved to be. James 1. 23, 24.  
*Sun.* Learn why Paul wanted others to be like him. 2 Tim. 1. 12.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.**

How long did Paul stay in Caesarea? Who came then to be governor? What did the Jews hope now? Why did they try again to have Paul brought to Jerusalem? So as to waylay and kill him. What did Festus say? Where did Paul say he would be judged? Why could he have his choice? It was his right as a Roman citizen. For what did he wait in Caesarea? Who came there while he was waiting? Who was Agrippa? A grandson of Herod the Great. Who spoke before him? To what was Agrippa "almost persuaded"? What did Festus and Agrippa think?

**MY LESSON.**

When God shall speak  
 Unto my heart,  
 To hear and do,  
 This be my part.

**LESSON V. [Oct. 31.]**

**PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.**

Acts 27. 13-26. Memory verses, 21-25.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—Acts. 27. 25.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Hopeless Condition, v. 13-20.
2. The Comforting Message, v. 21-26.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

At last Paul was sailing toward Rome. Two of his friends were with him, Aristarchus, a man of Macedonia, and Luke. There were many other prisoners besides Paul, and all were in charge of a centurion and his soldiers. The centurion

was named Julius, and he treated Paul with courtesy and kindness.

After a long time the ship went into a harbour, because the summer was past, and it was dangerous to sail. Some wanted to stay there all winter, and others wanted to go on. Paul said they would better stay there. But they set sail again, and soon a dangerous wind arose, and the ship was tossed about like a plaything. It was a terrible storm, and it lasted day after day, until nearly all lost hope of being saved. Paul knew that he should not die now, and he prayed constantly that all might be saved. In the nighttime God sent an angel to comfort him, and then he spoke to the frightened men on shipboard, and told them that God had said that all should be saved, but they must first be cast upon a certain island.

They could all see now that Paul was a prophet, and do you not think he would tell them about Jesus, who loved them enough to die for them?

**LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.**

- Mon.* Read about the first part of Paul's voyage. Acts 27. 1-12.  
*Tues.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 27. 13-26.  
*Wed.* Learn how Paul's words were fulfilled. Acts 27. 27-44.  
*Thur.* Find some comforting words about angels. Job 1. 14.  
*Fri.* Learn Paul's reason for hope. Golden Text.  
*Sat.* Learn what comes from believing God. Luke 1. 45.  
*Sun.* Tell some one the story of the shipwreck.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.**

Who sailed with Paul toward Rome? In whose care were all the prisoners? Why had the sailing now become dangerous? What was Paul's advice? Why was Paul's advice not taken? Verse 11. What terrible wind arose? What did the sailors do to save the ship? Did everybody lose hope? What did Paul feel sure of? What did he ask of God? Who came to comfort him? What promise did he make Paul? What reason did Paul give for believing they would be saved?

**IN TIME OF DANGER—**

Call upon God earnestly.  
 Think more of others than of self.  
 Believe God will help, because he says so.

**WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.**

I can tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good things I have or do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can help others in trouble. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can trust him for strength to do it. I can listen to the voice of conscience.

## NANNY AND JACK.

Her uncle gave little Nanny  
A Jack-in-the box with a squeak;  
But the squeak of the Jack was nothing  
To Nanny's terrified shriek.

But soon she conquered her terrors,  
And spoke like a brave little tot.  
You think you are real," said Nanny:  
"But, truly, you know you're not!"

## "MISS FANNY."

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"What is this little picture about?"  
Janey paused before a small pencil sketch  
hanging over the mantel along with half  
a dozen precious miniatures. "Is it the  
house you and papa lived in when you  
were little?"

"No; that is Lone Hill School, where  
we were taught geography  
and history by beautiful  
Miss Fanny Barstow."

Delicious scents came in  
at the open window, for the  
violets in the borders, and  
the sweet olives, were blossoming  
in the court. It all seemed like  
enchantment to orphaned, ten-year-old  
Janey Wright, come all the way  
from Maine to live in the  
old French quarter of New  
Orleans with her father's  
sister, Mrs Dupre.

"Lone Hill was the summer  
home of the Barstows," resumed  
Mrs. Dupre, after a moment, "and a  
charming, spacious mansion it must  
have been in the old days before  
the war. In winter the judge and  
his family, like my parents, removed  
to Richmond. All this was, of course,  
before 1861. Well, at the battle of  
Bull Run Miss Fanny's two brothers  
fell on the Union side, and John  
Luce, whom she was to have married,  
fell on the Confederate side, and  
when the old Judge, her father,  
heard the news he sank back in  
his chair helpless, from apoplexy.  
He died within the year, and just  
before the negroes were made free  
Mrs. Barstow died. Your grandpapa  
was with Longstreet, and for economy  
we had remained in the country,  
and I well remember that strange  
time, when the house servants  
melted away till no one was left,  
save the very old and the very  
dull-witted. Of course the Barstow  
negroes also drifted away, and  
Miss Fanny, a young girl of twenty,  
was alone with half a dozen feeble  
old people. It was that spring she  
opened her school. She had been  
carefully educated in the North,  
and in Paris, and could play upon  
the harp and sing charmingly.  
A second cousin in Washington  
had got word to her and had begged her

to come and share her home with her.  
But Miss Fanny said: "No. Nobody  
here can afford to send the children  
away to school, and tutors or  
governesses are not to be thought  
of. I am happy doing my little  
best for my friends and neighbours,  
and in a way, serving Virginia.  
Her verandahs and roof leaked,  
rotted and fell in. The roof was  
cobbled up by a dozen old negroes  
who made a bee for the purpose.  
Raiders from both armies burned  
up her fences, and the choice trees  
in her park, and carried off every  
living thing upon the place. The  
children brought her birds and  
fish, and her old servants kept  
something growing in the gardens.  
Besides teaching, she often  
prescribed for the sick, black as  
well as white, and many is the  
funeral she attended for folk too  
poor or so situated they could not  
send away for a minister."

"And is she dead?" asked Janey,  
after her aunt had been for some  
time silent.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

"She died quite suddenly the year  
we removed to the North. It was  
during the session of the school,  
and Friday afternoon when she  
always gave us a little talk  
about the work of the past week.

"O children! strive for something  
higher than scholarship," she said.  
We had been bickering outside.  
'A man may be a brave gentleman,  
remember, and not know how to  
read, but he must love God and  
his fellows.' She leaned back in  
her chair, her hand upon her heart.  
Those were her last words. It is  
twenty-five years since that day,  
but her influence is potent still.  
Indeed, it will still be felt when  
the white stone her friends set  
above her will have dropped away  
to dust."

## BLOWING BUBBLES.

Did you ever blow bubbles? If not,  
I would advise you to try it for I  
am sure you will find it lots of  
fun. Get a bowl or cup, and put  
in it some warm water, a little  
soap, a small quantity of glycerine  
which will add to the beauty of  
the bubbles. Then buy a clay pipe  
and you have a complete outfit  
for making pretty soap-bubbles.  
Then, too, this is a better use to  
put clay pipes to, isn't it, than  
to use them for smoking  
poisonous tobacco.

## TATTERS.

Tatters lives in New York, and  
the people who own him think he  
is the greatest dog in the world.  
His mother was a particular  
friend of "Tip," the great big,  
wicked, man-killing elephant.  
But one day Tatters was stolen  
and put into the pocket of a  
man's overcoat. He behaved

well at first, but after a time  
he jumped from the overcoat  
pocket in the elevated train,  
seized a muff belonging to a  
lady, and treated it as though  
it were a rat. Later he became  
a member of a family, and there  
he he jolly made himself a  
necessity. When there is fun  
and laughter, Tatters barks  
and jumps about in a wild  
state of excitement; and when  
there is sorrow, he is very still,  
and tries to make it plain to  
everybody that he knows they  
are in trouble. He is very  
punctual in his habits, is  
Tatters, and when his bedtime  
comes he takes his mistress's  
gown by the hem in his mouth  
and insists on her taking him  
to his basket. He remains there  
quietly till morning, and then  
he insists on getting into bed,  
his basket suits him no longer.  
He was very ill, and the doctor  
cured him by giving him pills,  
and now when he sees the doctor  
he insists on having some  
medicine.

But Tatters has one bad habit.  
He will kill cats.

"My son," said an Arab chief,  
"bring me a basket of water from  
the spring." The boy tried and  
tried to fill the basket, but  
before he could get back to his  
father's tent the water leaked  
out. At last he returned and  
said, "Father, I have tried to  
fill the basket, but the water  
will not stay in." "My son,"  
said the old chief, "what you  
say is true. The water did not  
stay in, but see how clean the  
basket is. So will it be with  
your heart. You may not be  
able to remember all the good  
words you hear, but keep trying  
to treasure them and they will  
make your heart clean and pure."