



HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

No. 20.

FLOWER MISSION.

Perhaps you children who can see plenty of flowers don't know how glad some lonely hearts are to get even one of the beautiful little things. It is to help to send them to the poor, sick and shut-in people that the Flower Missions have been started. Flowers are God's smiles, they say, and what would the world be without them? Oh, children, don't be weary of God's smiles, if you have any; and don't be chary of your own. You will know how a smile has power to let a sad, weary, and often a stained heart shine into the sunshine. This boy in the picture comes every Thursday afternoon, after school, to help his sister and the other young ladies to give away the flowers in the little bunches; then when they are ready to show a basketful to the hospital, they have no idea how glad the sick people are to see him.



FLOWER MISSIONS.

TWO FACES.

I know a little girl who has two faces.

When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. For

she expects that the ladies who call on her mother will say, "What a little darling" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, and perhaps give her some sweets.

And the ladies who praise her think she is very lady-like too, for she always says, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she ought, and says, "Thank you" so sweetly when anything is given to her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. If she cannot have what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes, then she will pout and scream; and no one would ever think of kissing her; and no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaves so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress; the other she wears when she is

alone with her mother. I know another little girl who has only one face, and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The

one with two faces, or the one who has but one? And which will you be like?

THE ROBIN AND THE LARK.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

A robin met a meadow-lark;
"Good morning, friend," said he;
"I've just come from my little nest
Up in a cherry-tree.

"My wife is sitting on our eggs;
They're such a pretty blue,
I really think that I would like
'o show them all to you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Meadow-Lark
"I've something, too, to tell;
This very morning on the grass
My babies chipped the shell."

And then their secrets being told,
They said they couldn't wait,
And each one went to seek a worm
To bring to his dear mate.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

OPENING THE HEART.

I knew a little boy—he was my own brother, in fact—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered, "I would say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him, "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made his father ask, "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied, "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said to the Lord Jesus, 'Come,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."

GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading a part of the story, she made a pause, according to her usual practice, to put a few questions. "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh," replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because, if they caught us, they would send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, "because God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said her mother. "What God commands, we are bound to do; and what he forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his words. If ever you are asked why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me! Because God says we mustn't."
Early Days.

"MISS POSITIVE."

The girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker up her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tones:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley.

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"

"Miss Hartley, there isn't! is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that far as she had read the Bible or heard read, she certainly had never heard such a verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible; in the book of Proverbs, and could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, pointing her finger in triumph to the words in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?" "Oh, yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is of the Bible, every word of it; don't see it says Proverbs on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise saying of different men, and that they were called proverbs, because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

NO JOKE TO BE A BABY.

Now, I suppose you think, because never see me do anything but feed sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken. How should you like every morning have your nose washed up instead down? How should you like to have pin put through your dress into the back and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the that your eyes were half scorched on your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have great fly light on your nose and not know how to take aim at him with your fat, useless fingers? How should you like to tire yourself out, crawling away at the carpet, to pick up a pretty button, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you enough to ruin any baby's temper.

A little boy who loved big words said to his mother one day and said:

"I wish we had a refrigerator in our house."

"Why, my son?"

"Instead of stoves, to keep us warm, you know."

Of course every one laughed. Looking very indignant, said:

"You need not all laugh so, I know enough to say invigorator if I had words to."

LITTLE BOYS' TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

Some people laugh and wonder
 What little boys can do
 To help this temperance thunder
 Roll all the big world through;
 I'd have them look behind them,
 When they were small, and then
 I'd just like to remind them
 That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
 The acorn grows a tree,
 The minutes make the hour—
 'Tis just the same with me.
 I'm small, but I am growing
 As quickly as I can;
 And a Temperance boy like me is bound
 To make a Temperance man.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
 ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 2.

ELISHA SUCCEEDS ELIJAH.

Kings 2. 19-22. Memorize verses 19-14.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.—2 Kings 2. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

That was a wonderful lesson that we had three weeks ago about the prophet who did not seem to die as other people died, but was taken up by a whirlwind in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire. It looked like fire to Elisha, but he could not otherwise describe the light of heaven and heavenly things. When Elisha saw it he cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" He rent his own garment in two pieces, but he took up the mantle that fell from Elijah and went back over Jordan just as Elijah had crossed it, by smiting the waters. He cried, "Where is the Lord God of Elisha?" and the waters parted at the touch of Elijah's mantle, and he went over. When the young men of the Jericho school of the prophets saw Elisha they came to meet him, bowing to the ground and saying, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha."

The young men were afraid that Elijah had been taken to some mountain or valley by the Spirit of the Lord, and they wanted to try to find him. Though Elisha knew that he could not be found, and though fifty men searched for three days, it was just as Elisha had told them. The men of Jericho wanted Elisha to stay in their city, though the water was not good and the ground was barren. But

Elisha asked for a new cruse, or water-bottle, with salt in it, and he went out and cast salt into the spring, and the waters were made good, for the Lord had healed the waters. They caused no more death or barren land.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who sent for Elijah? God.
 What did he send? A chariot and horses as bright as the sun.
 Who saw him go? Elisha.
 What did he cry out? "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."
 What did Elijah leave for Elisha? His mantle.
 What did it do for Elisha? It made a way across Jordan for him.
 Who met Elisha? The sons of the prophets.
 What did they want to do? To hunt for Elijah.
 Could they find him? No.
 What did the men of Jericho ask Elisha? To live with them.
 What did he do for them? He made the bad waters good.
 How? By casting in salt, yet it was the Lord alone who did it.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 9.

THE WIDOW'S OIL INCREASED.

2 Kings 4. 1-7. Memorize verses 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Psa. 37. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

A woman once came to Elisha for help. Her husband, who was one of the sons of the prophets, and Elisha's disciple, had died and left her and her two sons with nothing to live upon, and a creditor was coming to take away her sons and make slaves of them. The prophet Elisha pitied the woman and said, "What shall I do for thee? Tell me, what hast thou in the house?" She said she had nothing but a pot of oil. Then he told her to go and borrow pots and pans of her neighbors—a good many of them. "And when thou art come in," he said, "and thou shalt shut the door upon thee, and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and then shalt set aside that which is full."

So she did as the prophet told her to do, and when she had filled all the pans and jars she asked one of her boys to bring her yet another vessel, but there was not one more. Then the oil stayed, and she went and told Elisha all about it. He knew the miracle that would be wrought for her, so he said, "Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." Like the woman of Zarephath, who had a little meal and

oil which was made to last a year, the little oil that this woman had was made to increase for her support. So if we have a little love or faith God will increase it and make it our life.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Was Elisha kind to the poor? Yes.
 What poor woman came to him? A prophet's widow.
 What was her trouble? She was in debt and could not pay.
 What were her creditors going to do? Sell her sons as slaves.
 What did Elisha ask her? What she had in her house.
 What did she say? A pot of oil.
 What did he tell her to do? Borrow many vessels.
 What did he tell her to do with them? Fill them with oil.
 How could she? She could not, but God could.
 Were they all filled? Yes.
 What did Elisha tell her to do with it? Sell it to pay her debt.
 What did she do with what was left? Lived from it.

"DID GOD MAKE RUM?"

"What for," asked a poor little boy of his Sabbath-school teacher, "did God make rum? Didn't he know it makes poor little boys' fathers drunk, and swears, and cursers, and idle, and their families ragged, and nothing hardly to eat? It's awful." "God never made rum," answered his teacher. "God makes the beautiful fields of wheat and grain for bread to feed us with, but never turns them into rum."

"He that does it is wicked—is awfully wicked," answered the boy, his eyes filling with tears. "What will he say when God shows him all the hurt he's done?" A solemn question and a terrible sight will that be.

THE BEST WAY.

Jack and Nellie help to shell peas and beans. One day Nellie said:

"How nicely God puts the peas in the pods!"

"Yes," said her mother, "God keeps things in order. Each bit of grass and each leaf has its place. I wish you would learn to do the same."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Jack.

"How many different places do you have for your hat?" said mother. "One time it is on the porch, and another time on the fence, and another time on the kitchen table."

"That's so," said Jack, looking ashamed. "I never know where to find my things, but I'll try to do better, mother."



BY THE LAKE.

BY THE LAKE.

What a happy group of little children sitting on the lake shore. Mary, who is the eldest, is reading Charles Kingsley's pretty stories to them about water babies who live under the water, and by and by when it is not quite so hot papa is going to take them for a nice row on the beautiful rippling water which is dancing in the sunlight and looks, the children fancy, like the water babies Mary had been reading to them about.

PHILIP'S TRUE STORY.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Then it was Philip's turn. "Well," he said, "I will tell a truly honest story, a very truly honest one. Once on a time there was a cat that was very fond of a mouse"—

"Philip Patten, you said 'twas a true story!"

"Very fond of a mouse," continued the little story-teller, calmly. "It was a big black cat with yellow freckles, and the mouse was gray. That's my firsty. Secondly"—

Philip put his hands squarely on his knees manwise.

"Secondly, once on a time there was a fox that was very fond of a little, soft, tender chicken"—

"Why, Phil-ip Pat-ten!"

"Oh, how I should think your conscience'd ache!"

"He was very fond of that little chickie, you know. Thirdly, once on a time there was a roaring, raging wolf that was very fond of a little cosset lamb"—

Madge put her fingers in her ears, but mamma was watching the little mischief-twinkles gather in Philip's eyes, and waited.

"How fond that wolf was of the cosset lambie! Lastly, once on a time there was a little girl that was very fond of blue-b'ry jam. Oh, my, how fond she was!"

Philip's voice was impressively solemn, but the mischief-twinkles danced. He looked right at Madge.

"It was very nice jam, and the little girl was nice too. She had crinkles in her hair, and she b'longed to a brother that told truly honest stories. Wait! I'm not done. I've got to tell how the cat was so fond of the mouse she ate him up, and the fox was so fond he ate the chicken up, and the roaring wolf ate up the cosset lamb 'cause he was so fond of him, and the little girl"—

"Oh, my!" laughed madge; "I ate up the blueb'ry jam! What a comical story, Philip Patton!"

"And a 'truly honest' one, too," mamma said, clapping her hands in applause.

CAREFULLY GUARDED.

In the great Paris Exposition some years ago there was on exhibition a diamond of extraordinary size and value. The weight of the gem was one hundred and eighty carats, or about an ounce and three-quarters. Its estimated value was three million dollars. It was kept in a strong glass case, and on account of its great value was most carefully guarded by special policemen night and day.

Do my readers think of anything in their own possession of even greater value than this? We must understand that God, who made the worlds and all that in them is, understands values better than men. And Jesus, in comparing things said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in ex-

change for his soul?" If this earth gem, brilliant and beautiful, is reckoned at so high a value, and guarded with so great vigilance, of how much higher value should each one esteem his own soul, and with what sleepless care should he guard its welfare. Wealth, diamonds, and all costly worldly gems shall have perished, the soul will shine and sparkle on for ever.

HOW HE LOST HIS SITUATION.

"Experience keeps a dear school. It is a pity that young people will not believe it when others tell them, without going to the expense of testing it for themselves. A gentleman said to his nephew, "How came you, James, to lose your place?"

"Well, I'll you," was the reply. "I had an easy berth; got my seven dollars a month; had an assistant didn't have to get down until eight the morning; left at five; had a chance to take life easy, but gradually began

to take it too easy—didn't get down until nine in the morning instead of eight; waited to smoke two cigars instead of one; grew careless of my money—used four dollars where I had been using two. First, I knew my salary was cut down a little, and then a little more; but I could take the hint, but fretted about my position; and one morning I waked up after a single night's spree, and, lo! didn't have any situation at all. But tell you what I did have, uncle—I had experience."

That youth is working at forty-dollar a month now instead of seven dollars, but he already has six hundred dollars in the bank. Would that more of our youths might be profited by his experience.

LIKE MOTHER.

We have all read and been touched the story of the little boy who told his mother that when he grew up he was going to marry a lady just like her. We think the following incident is equally touching and beautiful:

Little Arthur B—, a three-year-old child watching his mother at her household work, and looking up affectionately at her, remarked, "I hope I'll grow up to be a lady!"

"Why," said the mother, "do you think ladies better than men?"

"Ye-es!" was the answer.

"Well," said his mother, "if you grow up to be a man perhaps you can get a nice lady to come and live with you; but that is the way men do."

He looked up with a bright face and said: "Will 'oo come and live with me when I am a man?"