

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1901.

No. 8.

## A LITTLE TALK.

BY M. L. C.

Our little friends are engaged in earnest talk, and from their looks we may suppose them to be intimate friends "telling secrets."

Very soberly Laura tells her story, and Emma is full of interest in every word that is spoken, and is also ready to give her opinion of the matter as soon as the tale is finished. I hope it is something good that Laura has to tell. It must be, for both look like good little girls.

I have met with little folks who want to repeat everything they hear; and when they are not talking about somebody they are listening to all that may be said, hoping to find something to tell. I hope there are none of these among my little readers, for don't you know that such talkers are the most uncomfortable people in this world? It is all right for Emma and Laura to tell one another of all their



A LITTLE TALK.

plans and pleasures, and also their little trials and troubles. But suppose they begin to talk about May or Julia, or some-

body else who is not present to hear it; then a little troubler comes right into both their hearts, and changes their harmless

mal, nor poverty take away from us, houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

conversation into that commonly known as gossip, which nearly always ends in evil speaking.

Perhaps the safest rule for every one of us to follow will be never to talk about absent persons, or if we must speak of them let it be nothing but good. But if your friends want to tell you a story about somebody, unless you are sure it is something good tell them that you cannot afford to listen.

## PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

We may make ourselves nests of kind or pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for we have not been taught in our early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings—treasure-houses of restful and pleasant thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make dis-

THE SNAIL'S LESSON.

"O Mr. Snail," said wee Bessie,  
"If I were no larger than you,  
I don't know—I really don't, truly,  
Know what in the world I could do!

"I couldn't run, climb, or play 'I spy,'  
I couldn't give mother a kiss,  
I couldn't be helpful to others—  
Why, everything good I should miss!"

Then Mr. Snail said very softly,  
"Perhaps it may seem rather queer,  
But I have a lesson to teach folks—  
To go slow, but sure—that's it, dear!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1901.

THE TESTIMONY OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"O, my people!" cried the preacher stretching out his hands to the room full of stolid hearers, "awake! awake, ye that love the Lord! This is not a time for sleeping! What more can this tongue say to you? Awake! awake, O foolish, sleeping children!"

In the instant pause that followed the earnest call, patter, patter, patter—the sound of little bare feet up the church aisle. The Rev. John Easton saw who was running to him—his four-year-old daughter, escaped somehow from the guard of the home nest that warm summer night, clad only in her trailing, dainty "nighty."

Without a word the little one clambered up the steep pulpit steps, grasping her white gown in her two chubby fists. What to her were the amused, watching people, the solemn hour? To papa she had run—papa's safe arms she would reach.

John Easton was a perfectly natural man. Therefore he was not easily disturbed. He stood still now and waited.

The last step overcome, the baby dropped the folds of her gown and held up her chubby hands to be "taken."

"Here I is, papa preacher! Did you want Effel? I's awake!"

The clear little voice had no "naughty" tone in it and not one quiver of self-consciousness.

"Papa preacher" lifted the wee lass in his arms. His sermon was certainly closed for that time. Perhaps it was just as well. Despite the warmth of his own spirit it had been like preaching to stones.

"Now, Ethel," he said, in a voice entirely new to the audience, "you interrupted papa. Are you ready to help him?" The bright head nodded gravely.

"Then let me hear you say what you can of the 'many mansions' chapter. Speak loudly so our friends can hear."

The people were awake now.

One hand tucked away in papa's thick curls—for papa and Ethel were closely alike—the other held fast in the big palm where it loved to nestle, the sleep-flushed, dimpled, serious, lovely face turned to "our friends," Ethel began:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in—"

the sweet voice faltered and then went bravely on, "believe also in the Good Shepherd. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you all about it. I go to prepare a place for you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, and do not be afraid." Shall I say my verses, too, papa preacher?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Jesus takes care of the children,  
Keepeth them all through the night,  
Angels watch over their slumbers,  
Until the glad morning light.  
Why do you not trust the Saviour?  
Hark! he is calling for you!  
He who takes care of the children  
Cares for the big people too!"

Then a sweet-faced woman came hurriedly but softly up the pulpit steps and took "Effel" in her arms.

"Good-night, papa preacher! I'm sorry I interrupted. I won't do it any more, truly!"

When the church doors had closed behind mother and child the preacher looked earnestly over the faces before him. The coldness, the hardness, the indifference had fled. Just as if he had not been "interrupted" he said:

"My people:

"Why do you not trust the Saviour?  
Hark! he is calling for you!  
He who takes care of the children  
Cares for the big people too!"

"Will you answer that call? Will you believe the testimony of a little child? Will you become as that little child, simple in trust and faith, sincere in love? 'Hark! he is calling for you,' that Good Shepherd who never yet led lamb or sheep astray. If it were not so, he 'would

have told you all about it.' Will you accept him now?"

And that night there were added unto the church invisible a host of rejoicing souls.—*The Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WHEN MABEL WAS ILL.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

When Mabel caught a severe cold she had to stay in her bed for a whole week. She was very quiet and good, however, because she did not wish to annoy her mother; and everybody brought her pictures and toys, and nice things to eat.

Still, the last few days were very dismal ones, with the rain pattering against the windows, and if it had not been for Aunt Belle, Mabel must have grown restless and very lonely in her pretty room.

One afternoon auntie came in with some coloured paper and two pairs of scissors. "You and I are going to make some dollies for another little sick girl," she explained; "not a rich girl with a nice little brass bed and all the pretty things you have, but a very poor one, and her name is Katie. Her arm is broken, and she has no mother to take care of her. She is in a big hospital, round the corner."

Mabel was interested now. She and Aunt Belle cut a large number of dollies—blue and white and red—and Mabel made a bear and a fox, and then had to write their names on them for fear that the other little girl would not know what they were meant to be. Then mother brought a pretty basket, and into this were put the paper things, and an orange and a glass of jelly and some white grapes; and that afternoon Aunt Belle carried it to the hospital and gave it to the little girl who had the broken arm.

Mabel declares that that afternoon was one of the nicest she ever spent, and I, for one, believe it.

WHAT A LITTLE BROOK DID.

One spring day Ruth and Rex went for a run in the fields. The sun was warm, and the grass was springing green everywhere, and full of violets. They went to the meadow spring, from which a brook ran down a little hill and across the meadow into the fields beyond.

"Let's run a race with the brook!" said Rex, and so, taking hold of hands, they started. It was so narrow that Rex ran on one side of the brook and Ruth on the other. By and by the brook grew wider, and they had to stretch their arms, and Ruth slipped into the water once or twice, and then they parted hands and ran by themselves. After a while Ruth stopped and looked troubled.

"I cannot get to you now," she said. "But I can get to you," said Rex, and he gave a great leap and—fell in the brook!

Mamma did not scold her wet children, but she said, "Children, the brook that parted you is like a little unloving feeling that comes between your hearts sometimes. You must keep on the same side, and never let each other go, or there will be trouble."

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Luke 24.

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FOR MY SAKE.

For my sake, not thine, O Lord of glory,  
Thou didst lay thy regal raiment by;  
For my sake, not thine, O wondrous story,  
Came to suffer and for me to die!

Lo, the King, with love supreme and  
endless.  
Did the office of a servant bear—  
Crowned with thorns and buffeted, and  
friendless,  
That I might be made a king'y heir!

Turn, O man, the world's historic pages,  
Scan each noble and heroic deed;  
Can ye find, in all recording ages,  
Such a love to meet so sore a need?

Not in old, or new, or mystic story,  
Is there that ye may with this compare;  
King of kings! who put aside his glory,  
That I might a crown of glory wear!

For my sake, O Lord, this oblation,  
When thine angels stood from thee  
apart;  
For my sake the death and desolation!—  
Peace, my wondering and perplexed  
heart!

Here so much as this to the unfolding—  
More than this the human could not  
bear;  
And the rest, when thou his face be-  
holding,  
Shalt the fulness of his glory share!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON III. [April 21.]

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Luke 24. 13-35. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Did not our heart burn within us, while  
he talked with us by the way?—Luke  
24. 32.

THE LESSON STORY.

Perhaps one reason why the disciples  
could not believe that Jesus was alive  
again was because it seemed too good to  
be true: we cannot imagine how great was  
their sorrow and disappointment. They  
had learned to lean on him so much, and  
to feel that he had all power, and when  
they saw him led to death and actually  
dying on the cross their faith and hope  
came near dying. Read carefully the  
beautiful story of the walk to Emmaus,  
and about the stranger who joined them  
as they walked and talked. Do you  
wonder that they did not know it was  
Jesus? Notice how he made himself  
known to them? It is in the little every-  
day ways of life now that we oftenest  
"see Jesus." Still he talks to us by the

way, when we will listen, and shows us  
the meaning of the holy Scriptures.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did two disciples go the day  
Jesus rose? To Emmaus.  
What place was this? A village near  
Jerusalem.  
Of whom did they talk? Of Jesus.  
How did they look and feel? Very  
sad.  
Who came and walked with them?  
A stranger.  
Of whom did they tell him? Of Jesus.  
What did he show them? The mean-  
ing of the Scriptures.  
What did they feel for him? A great  
love.  
What did they want him to do? Eat  
supper with them.  
What did he do at the table? Blessed  
the bread and brake it.  
What did they know then? Who he  
was.  
Where did Jesus go then? Out of  
their sight.

LESSON IV. [April 28.]

JESUS APPEARS TO THE APOSTLES.

John 20. 19-29. Memory verses, 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and  
yet have believed.—John 20. 29.

THE LESSON STORY.

The two disciples who had seen Jesus  
on the way to Emmaus could not stay  
there. They hurried back to Jerusalem,  
and there they found the other disciples  
still together in the "upper room." It  
was a glad company, for faith and hope  
had come back to their sad hearts.

You remember how Peter had denied  
his Lord, and you know how sad and  
ashamed he must have been. How kind  
it was of Jesus to come to him first, of all  
the apostles! Learn how we know this is  
so (Luke 24. 34, and 1 Cor. 15. 7). Now  
can you imagine how Peter felt and  
looked that night in the upper room?

And now Jesus was standing among  
them and saying, "Peace be unto you"  
Learn all you can about the gift he  
brought to them that night—the power to  
be his messengers and to do the kind of  
work he had done.

There were only ten apostles there that  
night. Thomas was away, and when he  
heard that Jesus came to the upper room,  
he could not believe it. See what sorrow  
he made for himself all that week by his  
unbelief! But Jesus was patient with his  
unbelieving child, and came again on the  
next Lord's day. Thomas said then, "My  
Lord and my God."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the apostles gathered that  
first evening? In an upper room.  
Who came and stood in their midst?  
Jesus.  
What did he say? "Peace be unto  
you."

What did he breathe upon them? The  
Holy Ghost.

What did he give them to do? Work  
for him.

Who was not there that night? Thomas.  
What did the others tell him? That  
they had seen Jesus.

What did Thomas say? He could not  
believe it.

Did Jesus know his unbelief? Yes; he  
knows all hearts.

When did Jesus appear again? The  
next Lord's day.

What did Thomas see? The wounded  
hands and feet.

What did he say? "My Lord and my  
God."

What is better than seeing? Believing.

IN ALASKA.

If you were an Eskimo, and lived in  
Alaska, you would probably be going out  
some of these fine days for a drive; and if  
you did, you would go in a queer convey-  
ance, and you yourself would be a funny-  
looking object. You would put on first an  
undershirt of bird skins; next comes a  
coat which fits very loosely, and on this  
coat, or "kapetah," a fur hood is fastened  
for the head; then there are loose trousers  
of bear skin, short socks of bird skin,  
with soles of padded grass, and bearskin  
leggings. Your hands would be covered  
with sealskin mittens; and if the wind  
were blowing, you might hold a fox's tail  
between your teeth to protect the nose and  
lips. Instead of horses you have four or  
six Eskimo dogs, and your carriage would  
be a long sled. In place of harness with  
traces and reins and bridles and straps,  
you would only have the traces and one  
rein. This rein is thrown over the left or  
right side when the driver wants the dogs  
to go to the left or right. The people in  
the Arctic regions would find it hard to  
live without these dogs, as they are very  
strong and active, and get over the snow  
much faster than horses. They are not of  
a very happy disposition, however. They  
hate to do anything, and always howl in  
the most melancholy way when they are  
harnessed.

LITTLE POLLY MARY.

Little Polly Mary all the morning hour  
Doted on her bonnet with its bright new  
flower,  
Wondered if the next day would be bright  
and clear,  
Wished the jolly holidays came twenty  
times a year,  
Looked without the window when teacher  
didn't see,  
Watched a golden robin building in the  
tree—

AND—

When the hour came all too quick for  
Polly to recite,  
Will you believe? she never got a single  
answer right.  
So for failure on the record book her  
name, alas! was starred;  
But was it 'cause, as Polly thought, the  
lesson was so hard?



A PATIENT MOTHER.

## PATIENT MOTHER.

We wonder if this interested lad would submit to interruption in his work, for amusement of a silly kitten and an idle boy, just as amiably as his good mother is doing? Most likely he would behave very differently, for he could scarcely have the self-forgetful feelings which the mother's love inspires. Although she of course, finds no pleasure in watching kitty's pranks, she is well content to let her thread get tangled.

## THE BOY WHO WAS HUMBLED.

"Halloo!" said Fred Harper, "supper's ready; let's sit down. I'll sit here by the cake."

"Fred Harper!" said his sister Margaret, "you ought not to sit down to the table; mother hasn't called us yet; and I don't believe you are to sit there anyway."

"I believe I am," said Fred. "It's the nicest seat in the whole room, and this is my birthday supper. Who should have the nicest place if I didn't? Sit down, all of you; supper is all ready, I tell you. Don't you see what a lot of nice things are here? You needn't mind Margaret; she al-

ways thinks she knows more than anybody else. You can't sit at this end, Margaret; you are to go away down to the foot of the table. I'm going to have everything fixed just as I please. We'll begin supper right away; there's no use in waiting. We'll have cake first. Who wants any of their old sandwiches? Cakes and candies and ice-cream are the things I want. Here, little Nannie, you may sit next to me, and I'll give you the biggest piece of cake—next to mine."

"No," said Nannie, drawing back. "I don't want to sit down until your mother comes; and I would rather not have a piece of cake until it is passed round."

"Oh, pooh!" said Fred, "you are a little ninny! I tell you I'm master here, tonight, and things are to be as I say."

"Fred," said his sister Margaret, "you are acting awfully! What will father say?"

"Who's the oldest, I'd like to know," said Fred, "you or I?"

At that moment the door opened and Kate, the cook, came in. "Mr. Frederick," she said, "you are not in your right place; you ought to have waited until you were called. Miss Margaret is to sit there, and you are to go to the other end."

"I don't mean to do any such thing!" said Fred; "I like this seat best, and I'm going to stay here."

Then the curtains between the dining-room and sitting-room were pushed aside, and Fred's father came in. "Frederick," he said, "I have been listening to you, and I don't think you know how to behave well enough to be trusted at this table; you may go up-stairs and wait there until I send for you."

"Wasn't it too bad!" said Cora, when she and the others talked over the birthday supper that night after they went home. "I felt really sorry for Fred, though he did act dreadfully."

"He ought to have studied his Sunday-school lesson," said grandmother.

"Why?" asked Harry. "He isn't in the Sunday-school lesson, is he?"

"Don't you remember the Golden Text? 'Whoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Fred was after the best place, and as nearly as I can find out, was thinking of himself all the time; and his father had to humble him for it before them all."

"I didn't understand the Golden Text very well," said Nannie. "Is that what it means?"

## A TURN FOR SPEED.

"It is because I have a turn for speed," said Grandma Walton, when the young people begged to know how she managed to do her own work, to be an active member in the church, president of the missionary society, and the helpful friend of all who were in trouble.

"What a quaint expression it is—'a turn for speed,'" said one of the grandchildren, thoughtfully. "I am not quite sure what it means."

The old lady drew her knitting from the deep pocket in her apron before she spoke. Then as the gleaming needles began to fly, she said:

"A turn for speed means the habit for doing things swiftly. Many people move slowly, and do their work in an absent-minded way. My plan is to bend my best energies, both mental and physical, to the task on hand, and to carry it through in as short a time as possible.

"Secondly," and the old lady pointed her little sermon by gesticulating with a shining needle, "I fill in the chinks of time that lie between my appointed tasks. Much of the work that you wonder at is done at these times.

"And thirdly," said the dear old lady, in her gentlest tones, "I always keep in mind the fact that time is a great and ever new gift from my heavenly Father, and that I will some day have to render him an account of the wasted days of my life. That thought alone," she added, with a benevolent glance that included the ring of upturned faces about her, "is quite enough to give to the most sluggishly minded the desire to cultivate a 'turn for speed.'"—*Young People.*