

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1904.

No. 11.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

The world undergoes a good many changes in the space of a generation, and a son loves to listen to the tales his father can tell him of what was done in the days of his youth, when things were so different. Here, in the sunny courtyard of an old French chateau, with his grandchildren around him, the old grandfather, who has seen so much of the world's ways, tells them a story of the past that happened to him long ago. Already the outline of it is beginning to fade in his memory. One day the handsome little fellow, who seems to be listening so attentively, will himself be the owner of those grey old walls and of the many wide acres which stretch away outside, and then in his turn he will tell to his sons and grandsons stories of the far-distant past, when his old grandfather was alive. And he will point out the very spot to his wondering little ones, where the old gentleman used to sit and relate his long tales that were so fascinating. So the world goes on from one generation to another, and, although we may think that things change very much, yet they remain



A STORY OF THE PAST.

much the same as they always were, while in reality it is we ourselves who change.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

DON AND LADY.

Don and Lady were two little canaries who lived in the same cage, and were as happy as two little prisoners could be. Every day while the windows were closed the cage door was opened, and the birdies were allowed to come out and hop round the room or fly about as they liked.

One day a visitor, not knowing little Don was anywhere near, accidentally rocked on his foot. He was always lame afterwards, though he did not seem to suffer. His great distress was that he could no longer hop in and out of the bath tub. When Lady got in he would go off in a corner and tuck his head down among his feathers, and flutter his wings with a plaintive sound like a grumbling child.

This disturbed Lady greatly. She could not half enjoy her own bath. She would hop out, hover about him, chirping cheerily, and then hop again into the water, looking back with a coaxing little sound, as if she thought he

had forgotten how and only needed to be encouraged to try again.

At last one day the little mistress, who had been quite as much distressed over

Don's trouble as Lady, heard such a joyous chirping from the cage that she ran to see what had happened.

The two little bird heads had solved the problem beautifully.

Don was standing as close as possible to the bath tub, and Lady, in the water, was splashing with all her might, so that a perfect shower bath was falling over the little cripple; he was making the best of it by turning and fluttering and spreading his wings and fluffing his feathers, so that every part of him was as thoroughly drenched as if he had been in the tub. They took their bath together in this way every-morning afterwards.—Ex.

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A BOY'S RELIGION.

It was the late Henry Drummond who once said to a great company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart; for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities, if they take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are

to be happy in the way that God intended all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I know is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, to Sunday-school, and to prayer-meeting. He is at the same time such a good ball-player that he is always chosen first when the boys are choosing sides for a game. And no boy of his age can excel him at football or at tennis. And they always say to him: "Harry plays fair; he does!"

He is the life of the social gatherings he attends, and his reputation for absolute truthfulness is such that the teacher of the school he attends told me, not long ago, that on one occasion, when the boys on the playground were hotly discussing a certain matter, and there had been charges of falsehood made and still more hotly refuted, one of the boys said:

"Let Harry M— tell the straight of the story. He knows all about it, and he'll tell the exact truth."

It is a fine thing for a boy to have a reputation like that in the community in which he lives.

At another time, the pupils in Harry's room had met to select some one of their number to present a certain request to the principal of the school, and Harry was immediately chosen, "because he is so sort of gentlemanly," as one of the boys said.

This was a tribute of the unflinching power and influence of real courtesy, and true courtesy is a marked trait of Christian character.

Harry is a Christian boy in a boyish way, which is quite as charming and impressive as the grandmotherly way of being a Christian. All Christianity is based on right thinking and right living, without regard to age. Each decade of life has its own particular joys in the Christian life. They are all God-given, and none are sweeter than the joys of true Christian boyhood.

WHERE IT IS SAFE.

"Auntie," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"

Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place their money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And, Auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe; and I've given it to Jesus, and feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear; it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her auntie.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

It is not much that we can give
 In doing good to others;
 But we in joy and peace can live
 With sisters and with brothers.
 To playmates all we can be kind,
 Nor fill their hearts with sadness;
 Our parents' wishes we can mind,
 And crown their lives with gladness.

But, more than all, we can obey
 The precepts of our Saviour,
 And prove our love to him each day,
 By goodness of behaviour.
 So whether short or whether long
 The life that is assigned us,
 A mem'ry like a pleasant song
 We all may leave behind us,

NOT ONE HOUR'S PLEASURE.

A boy about fourteen years old had been so selfish, so rude, and so disobedient that his father had to say to him one day "Charles, I have never had one hour's pleasure in you."

Those words cut like a sword into the boy's soul. Wherever he went he could see that sad look on his father's face and hear the burning words: "I have never had one hour's pleasure in you." And by and by he went to his room and wept bitter tears, and asked Jesus to give him a new heart, so that he might give pleasure to his father.

Would your papa or mamma have to say this of you if, they should speak the real truth?—Selected.

DOING THESE THINGS.

"What is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to a friend.

"Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the other. "I began this very day I mean to be somebody."

Aston looked George in the face. "Be gan to-day? What do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, by God's help, and s grow to be a Christian man," said George. "I believe that is the greatest, somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood; and it is in the power of every boy to reach that. Every boy cannot be rich; every boy cannot be a king; every boy cannot be a lord; but God asks you all to a Christian manhood—to be his sons; and so, with his Son, Jesus Christ to be heirs of heaven.

We shall always accomplish more with the assistance of God, even though we have few in number, than we will without his aid, even though we be a large army.

Two-thirds of the human race have yet not even heard of the Gospel.

LITTLE PINS.

MINNIE L. UPTON.

In a great factory

All the wheels were whirring,
And the buzz and the hum
And the busy stirring
Of the spindles and the shafts,
Shining, swift and ready,
Made a music of their own
In their labour steady.

Suddenly all was changed

Stopped the merry chatter;
Slower went the wheels, and stopped—
What could be the matter?
Only one little pin
Failed to do its work;
Dropped from its humble place,
And turned into a shirk.

Little folk, little folk,

I wonder if you know
You are God's little pins;
And O, he trusts you so!
Little pins, little pins,
Listen just a minute:
Humble though your work may be,
Aye be faithful in it.

Only the Master

Watching over you
Knows how important
Is the work you do,
But you will find, dears,
This is surely true:
If you fail, then quickly
Others will fail, too.

Little pins little pins,

Never shirk a minute;
Humble though your work may be,
Aye be faithful in it—

—*Epworth Herald.*

be the last time. He told them to go to a certain man and say, "The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the Passover at thy house with my disciples." It was all done as he had planned, and in the evening he sat down at the table with the twelve. He told them that one of them would be false to him, and they were very much troubled, each one saying, "Is it I?" Even Judas asked, though he knew, and Jesus said, "Thou hast said." Then he took the bread, and blessed it, and divided it and gave to his disciples, saying, "Take, eat, this is my body." He meant that his heart was soon to be broken for them, and this was the sign by which they could remember it. He also gave them the cup of wine, telling them it was his blood, "shed for them for the putting away of sin." Even then it meant more than his flesh and blood—it meant the great love that broke his heart and the great life he was pouring out upon a dying world. When you are older you will understand how wonderful are His love and his life.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is the Passover? A feast of the Jews. What is it in memory of? Of the coming out of Egypt. Who were to eat it together? Jesus and his disciples. Where did they meet? Where the Lord had chosen.—What did Jesus say? That one of them should betray him. Which one went away? Judas. What did Jesus bless? The bread. What did he call it? His body. What did he say of the wine? That it was his blood. What did he mean? That they were a sign of his love and his life. What is the Lord's Supper sometimes called? The Communion, or sharing together. How did they close the feast? They sang a hymn.

LESSON X.—JUNE 5.

CHRIST'S TRIAL BEFORE PILATE.

Mark 15. 1-15. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man."—Luke 23. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

After the Passover feast, the last supper that Jesus ate with his disciples, he went down through a valley to a garden of olives, where he prayed in great agony of soul, his three friends, Peter and James and John, waiting near him. Then came Judas, leading a band of men who arrested Jesus and took him away to the high priest. John and Peter followed. There they questioned and insulted the One who had come to be their Saviour, and because he said that he was the Christ they condemned him to death. They had spent the night doing this, and in the morning they took Jesus and led

him bound to Pilate, the Roman governor, for without the consent of the governor no man could be put to death. Now, Pilate was not a good man, but he had a sense of justice, and he did not believe what the Jews said about Jesus. He saw something strange and pure and heavenly in his face that he did not see in the faces of the priests and Pharisees. He remembered that at the Passover a prisoner could always be set free, and he asked if they would not like to ask for the release of this prisoner. If he had asked the honest Jews of all the country they would have said, "Yes," but these men cried, "No!" and pointing to Jesus, cried, "Crucify him! crucify him!" They asked that Barabbas, a robber, might be set free instead of Jesus, and Pilate, weak and selfish and wicked, gave Jesus up to the cruel Jews! He feared to displease the Jews, and so lose his office.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go after the Passover feast? To Gethsemane. Why did he suffer there? He bore the burden of our sins. Who betrayed him there? Judas. To whom was he taken? To the high priest. Who followed him? Peter and John. What was done to him? He was sentenced to death. Where did they take him then? To Pilate, the governor. What did Pilate wish to do? To set him free. What did the Jews want? To crucify him. What prisoner did they ask for? Barabbas, a robber. What did Pilate do with Jesus? Gave him over to the Jews. Why? He was afraid to displease them.

BY THE CAT'S EYE.

Over in China, where the people are very poor and can't afford to own clocks, how do you suppose they know when to go to dinner?

Why, by looking at the cat's eye. Pussy, in China, is not only a mouser and a pet, but a clock. So, when John Chinaman wants to know the time, he runs to the household Tabby, opens her eyes, and at once tells the time.

This he does by looking at the pupils of the cat's eye, which he has discovered to vary in size at different hours of the day, being affected by the position of the sun, even when the day is cloudy.

Have any of you, dear children, ever tried to make a nest like a bird's nest? If you have tried, you have not succeeded, we are sure; and it must make you very humble to think that your little fingers, nimble though they may be, and your busy brain, wise as you may think it, cannot do as much as the bill and the will of one of God's little birds. He has given varied gifts to each of his little creatures, and his love is abundant to us all.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS

LESSON IX.—MAY 29.

THE PASSOVER.

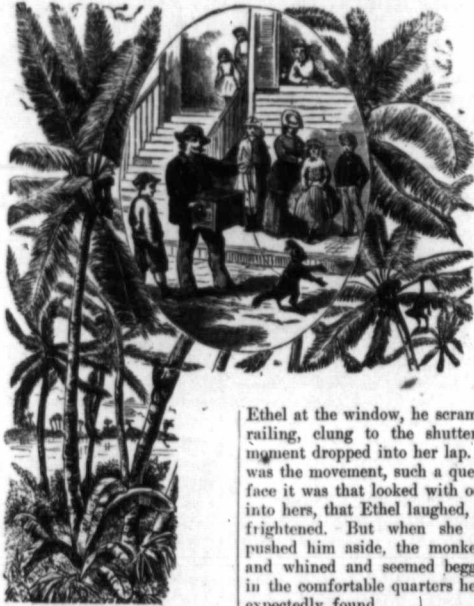
Matt. 26. 17-30. Memorize verses 26-29

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

The passover is the great feast of the Jews. It is kept that they may never forget that they were brought out of Egypt, and that the angel passed over their homes when he entered to take the first-born of every Egyptian. Jesus always kept this feast, and though he knew that he was soon to be arrested and put to death, he was ready to hold the Passover feast with his disciples, for it would



"TENTING."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

The summer air was bright with sunshine and fragrant with blossoms, but Ethel, sitting by her open window with hands dropped listlessly in her lap, looked out wearily upon all the beauty of earth and sky. Up the street a hand-organ was grinding out "Sweet Home," and the girl's eyes filled with tears as she caught the strains. She was not longing for her home—in other circumstances she would have enjoyed this visit to a quiet Southern town—but she was home-sick for the old free, active life before she became an invalid.

Aunt Jane, Ethel's attendant and censor, was constantly reminding her that she "ought to be thankful it was not something likely to last always, after having had such a fall," instead of an injury which the physicians thought a year of rest might wholly overcome. But a year appeared a great deal to take out of her busy young life just when—so it seemed to Ethel—she needed it most. No school for her in all that time, and the other girls would gain so much.

"It is so much taken out of my life!" sighed Ethel.

Nearer came the organ, until it stopped before Ethel's window, and began playing "Sweet Home" once more, while its owner sent a dejected-looking monkey around to collect pennies. The little creature ran here and there among the group on the sidewalk; then, spying

Ethel at the window, he scrambled up the railing, clung to the shutter, and in a moment dropped into her lap. So sudden was the movement, such a queer, old little face it was that looked with odd grimaces into hers, that Ethel laughed, though half frightened. But when she would have pushed him aside, the monkey chattered and whined and seemed begging to stay in the comfortable quarters he had so unexpectedly found.

"Poor fellow! Has the music made you, too, home-sick for the old free days?" said Ethel.

The monkey whined and laid his hand on his head, as if he were trying to recollect old times; but an impatient twitch of his cord from the master outside reminded him forcibly of the present, and he departed as he had come.

The incident had aroused Ethel a little, and she leaned forward and looked from the window. The organ had changed its music to "Tenting To-night," but the girl had heard the tune with the words of an old hymn, and these came back to her now:

"Many are the voices calling us away
Calling to the better land.

"Once they were mourners here below
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
'With doubts and griefs and fears,"

she hummed softly, under her breath.

"Fears and griefs not so very unmine, either—some of them," she murmured. "There were such long waiting-places some of their lives also—Noah in the ark, Elijah alone on the mount, and Moses those forty years of keeping sheep in the desert must have seemed a dreadful large portion of his life, and after he had been fitting himself for such great things, too! But then God was fitting him for still greater things, and by the very means, though he could not know then. It was not loss; it was gain."

The organ-grinder completed his song and moved on, but Ethel still sat busily thinking. Aunt Jane, coming in a little later, found Ethel gathering books and writing-materials about her and cheerfully taking up what she could do.

"Well!" exclaimed that worthy lady in astonishment. "If I had known that monkey and an organ-grinder were all you needed to cheer you up, I'd have hired something of the sort long ago."

Ethel only laughed, but years after, her busy, useful life, she traced her most efficient preparation and drill, for her work back to that long season when she was "only encamped and waiting for marching-orders."

SLEEPING IN JAPAN.

We look at the picture and think very strange. The bed is a mat laid up the floor, and the pillow is a small wooden block upon which the head just at the neck rests. Our own customs, modes of sleeping, eating, dressing, etc., are being introduced into Japan, and, best of all, they are being taught about our Jesus.



SLEEPING IN JAPAN.

