

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1904.

No. 6.

JESUS' LOVE TO CHILDREN.

When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

HOW GEORGE GREW.

"I mean to grow real fast when you're gone," said George when his Uncle John was about to sail for India, "so please bring me home a little heathen boy. Guess I'll be big enough to take care of him. Tell him he'll soon get used to the snow over here and have some jolly slides. I'll give him some of my playthings. And tell him that he shall go to school with me, and learn to be good."

But when Uncle John came back he was all alone.

"Where's my little heathen boy?" asked George. "Didn't you try to get him?"

"Yes; I wanted to bring home a very bright little fellow. He was helping about loading my ship. And the man he was working under was very cruel and used to beat him. When I told him about you, and that he could go home with me,

he repented, 'because I have a little sister here, and she would miss me all the time. I must stay and help her all that I can.' And then he rubbed his eyes with both his brown hands so as to get all the tears out of them and looked very brave."

"Why, Uncle John, is that the way little heathen boys feel—liking their sisters so that they can't leave them when they have such a nice chance, and when they get beaten so hard over there? I kind of thought they were like little trees that you take up and put down in the garden without it seeming to hurt them the least bit."

"I thought that way a little until I came to get over there," said Uncle John. "Now I always take along all the nicest things for them that I can."

George looked at his old skates for a little while, and then he asked: "Does it hurt real hard to get used to the heat over there? Is it worse than cold?"

"Oh, no, my boy."

"Well, then, just as soon as I get big enough I'm going over there to help the little heathen boys and girls all that I can. I'd go if 'twas all the time as the First of July. And I'm not going to buy any new skates this winter—nor have a new overcoat. The money for all them shall go right off to India. Don't you think that will help me to grow a piece of an inch, Uncle John?"

"Indeed you do look taller," uncle laughed. "And I'm sure your heart has grown much larger, which is the best thing of all."

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.



his eyes just sparkled. Then in a few moments he looked quite sad. "I cannot go," he said, shaking his head.

"Hope he wasn't scared of the snow, Uncle John."

"He didn't say anything about it, for his whole heart seemed to be full of something else. 'I cannot go home with you,

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scornful, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive. *

LITTLE THINGS.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket will soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give,
But as pennies make the dollars,
It will help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
Some toys—they were not new—
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say,
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

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Happy Days.

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THE BEST GOD COULD DO.

It had been a sad, hard winter for Mrs. Throp and little Benny. Whooping-cough and bronchitis had seized the little fellow like two cruel gaolers, and held on to him all winter. These gaolers could not let him rest by day, they would not let him sleep at night; they would not let him eat his breakfast in peace; they often made him lose his dinner; they shook him; they racked him; they made him sad and tired; oh, it was a hard time for Benny, and a harder time for Benny's mother.

One day a postman, in a big overcoat, with a cape to it, came pounding at their little door, and left a letter for "Mrs. Amelia Throp, No. 49, East Front Street."

What do you suppose that letter held? Bushels and bushels of sunshine, white and yellow daisies, butterflies, and birds!

How small one little letter carry so much! Why, there was money in it from Cousin James, to bring mother and Benny down to Georgia, where springtime had come already, though we were walking on snow and ice.

When Cousin Susie first carried Benny in her strong, young arms, out to the sunny Georgia field, and he felt the sweet, soft air, heard the mocking-bird singing like a choir, and saw the yellow jessamine running mad over everything, he laughed aloud with delight, then, drawing his thin, white little face into soberness, "Cousin Susie," he said, "I don't believe God can make any place prettier than this, do you?"

But Benny will know some day, when his time comes to cross the river of death, that God has made our heavenly home more sweet and beautiful than we can ever think or imagine here.

HOW ONE HARD VERSE WAS LEARNED.

BY PANSY.

In Miss Alice's class a strange thing happened. There were thirty little girls and boys, one Sunday, who did not know the golden text. "What can be the reason?" asked the teacher, and many voices answered:

"It's too hard, Miss Alice; my mother says so."

"It's a great long verse, Miss Alice; too long for us little folks; my father says so."

"Dear me!" said Miss Alice; "then let us learn pieces of it. Is there any scholar here too little to learn one word?"

"Oh, no!" they laughed, and were sure there was not. So the thirty that did not know the golden text were formed in a line.

"Now," said Miss Alice, "I'll give you each a word. Little Belle is the youngest here, so she may take that little word 'if.' Keep saying it over to yourself, dear, until I am ready for it. Her brother Johnnie may take the word 'ye,' and Clara may take 'then.' She went through the verse until each child had a word. Then she called upon each to give his word back to her, and went down the long line gathering them.

"If—ye—then—being—evil—know how—to—give—good—gifts—unto your—children—how—much—more—shall—your—heavenly—Father—give—the—Holy—Spirit—to—them—that ask—him?" There were just enough words for each to have one, and not one of the thirty forgot his word.

Suddenly the boy that had said the verse was too hard called out, "Miss Alice,

I know all the words!" and he repeated them.

"Why, so he does!" said Miss Alice, "and he is one of our younger scholars. I wonder if any others know it?" There were four or five who did; then six, then seven.

"I will write the verse in dashes on the board," said Miss Alice, "and see who can read it for me." So she made a row of dashes like these — — — — — and after a little, nearly every scholar could "read" the verse!

"Now," said Miss Alice, "let's see if we can learn what the verse means. How many children have had 'good gifts' from their fathers? Why, you all have! Yet your fathers are not nearly so wise nor so strong as your heavenly Father. If they are so good to you, what will he be? There is one wise good Friend strong enough to help us always; his name is Holy Spirit. The heavenly Father is willing to give him to some people; I wonder to whom?" A dozen little voices said, "To them that ask him."

"Yes," said Miss Alice. "Shall we ask our heavenly Father to give each of us this gift of the Holy Spirit in our hearts?" Then they bowed their heads, and Miss Alice prayed.

JOHNNIE'S GROWTH.

Lay away the little shirt-waist

That our darling boy once wore;

In the rag-bag gently shove it,
He won't need it any more.

With a pair of red suspenders

We must soon our boy endow,

For the fact is most apparent—

Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

Lay aside the knickerbockers

With the fringe around the knees;

Take the marbles from the pocket,

All the strings and nails and keys.

Buy him socks instead of stockings,

Or the boy will raise a row;

For our darling has been growing—

Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

SHE TOLD HER SO.

Little Alice came running into the room where her mother was sewing, and exclaimed as she threw herself into a chair with a sigh of satisfaction: "Oh, mamma, I did have such a good time at Aunt Ella's, and I told her so before I came away."

"I'm glad you did," her mother replied. "Your aunt tried to make a pleasant afternoon for you, and it was quite right for you to tell her she had succeeded."

Of course it was right. One should never be chary of words of thanks and encouragement; they help wonderfully to keep folks sweet.—Selected.



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 20.

JESUS FEEDS THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Matt. 14. 13-23. Memorize verses 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

THE LESSON STORY.

Why did the people leave their homes to follow Jesus to the fields, the seaside, and the mountain? Because they were hungry in their hearts for life—eternal life—and their teachers, the Pharisees and elders, had nothing to give them. They also hoped to be made well and strong, for many were sick. They once followed him to a lonely place near the lake, where a green field lay at the foot of a rocky hill. There were so many that the heart of Jesus was full of pity for them, for there was no place for them to get food, and the way home was long. All he could do was to walk about among them and heal the sick and give words of comfort and teachings of truth to the great crowd. They stayed until the sunset, and

the disciples would have sent them away, but Jesus said, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." How strange it must have seemed to the disciples when there were only five barley loaves as small as biscuits and two small fishes, and these had been brought by a boy, possibly for his own luncheon. But Jesus said, "Bring them to me," and after making the people sit down on the grass he took the loaves and the fishes (probably small dried fishes) and, looking up to heaven, blessed and broke them, and then gave them to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. In a way that we cannot understand the food grew in the hands of Jesus, and it was given to the astonished people until they were all fed, and they gathered up twelve baskets of fragments. There were about five thousand men, besides the women and children.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus sometimes go? To a desert place.

What does that mean? A quiet, lonely place.

Who followed him there one day? A great crowd of people.

What did they want? To be taught and to be cured.

How long did they stay? All day.

Could they get food? No, for no one lived there.

How did Jesus feel about it? He pitied them.

What had a boy done? Brought a lunch of bread and dried fish.

What did Jesus do with it? Blessed it and divided it.

What did he then do? He gave it to the disciples to give to the people.

How many were fed? More than five thousand.

How much was left? Twelve baskets full.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 27.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus went about Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.—Matt. 4. 23.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The B. of J. And Jesus—
2. The P. of J. the B. Repent ye: for—
3. B. and T. of J. And lo a voice—
4. J. R. at N. He came unto his
5. J. C. F. D. If ye continue—
6. A. S. in C. He laid his hand
7. J. F. S. The Son of man—
8. J. and the S. It is lawful to—
9. H. and D. of W. Be ye doers of—
10. J. C. the S. He maketh the—
11. D. of J. the B. Be thou faithful—
12. J. F. the F. T. Jesus said unto—

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BATHE.

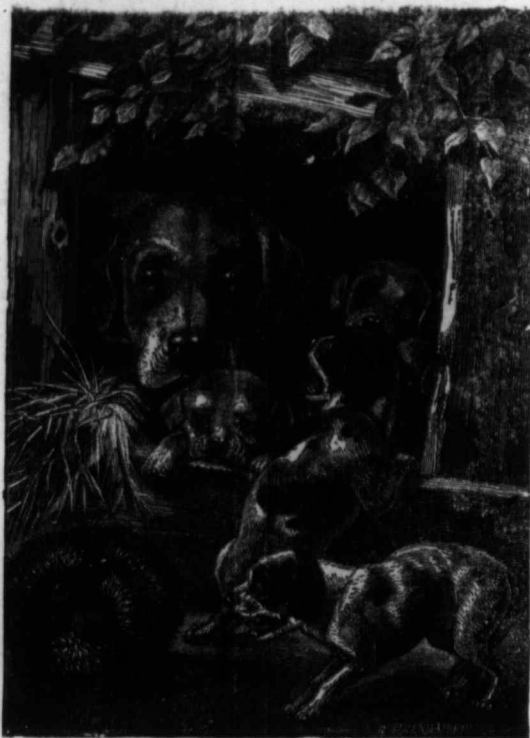
Somebody shook and shivered,
Somebody sobbed and cried,
While the Sponge and the Soap stood
waiting,
The nursery bath beside.

Why should she wash this morning?
Each day she said the same,
And nurse, who was tired of her crying,
Quite vexed with her became.

Never a bit of washing
Somebody got that day,
And the evening fell, and her father came
To have a game of play.

Black was her face—he could not
Its grimy surface kiss;
At washings she never has grumbled,
From that sad day to this.

Children, have you the love of God in your hearts that enables you to love your enemies? Do you do all you can to make your brothers, sisters, and playmates happy, and would you give up having a good time in order to make them happy?



SNIP AND THE HEDGEHOG.

SNIP'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE HEDGEHOG.

The hedgehog is a queer little animal with short limbs. It feeds mostly on insects. It has its body covered with sharp spines instead of hairs, and can roll itself up into a ball, and thus show an array of prickles pointing in every direction.

Slow of foot, this little creature cannot flee from danger; but in the sharp, hard, and rough prickles of its coat, it has a safeguard better than the teeth and claws of the wildcat, or the fleetness of the hare.

The hedgehog has powerful muscles beneath the skin of his back, and by the aid of these, on the slightest alarm, it rolls itself up so as to have its head and legs hidden in the middle of the ball it thus makes of itself.

Little Snip, one of old Rover's pups, saw a hedgehog the other day, for the first time. As soon as it saw him, the little creature seemed to change from a living thing into a ball. Snip did not know what to make of it. His curiosity was much excited. He went up and

looked at it. If the two could have spoken, I think this would have been their talk.

Snip.—“Of all the queer things I ever saw, you are the queerest. What are you anyhow?”

Hedgehog.—“Suppose you put out your paw and try.”

Snip.—“I don't like the look of those prickles.”

Hedgehog.—“Don't be a coward, Snip! Put your nose down and feel of my nice soft back.”

Whether the cunning hedgehog really cheated him by any such remarks as these, I cannot say; but Snip at last mustered courage enough to put his nose down to the ball. Rash Snip! Up rose the bristles and pricked him so that he ran back to his little brothers, howling and yelping as if he had been shot.

Having put Snip to flight, the hedgehog quietly unrolled itself, thrust out its queer little head with the long snout, and crept along on its way rejoicing. As for Snip, I am quite sure he will never put his nose to the back of a hedgehog again as long as he lives; and if his brothers have sense enough to

profit from the sad experience of Snip they will never do so either.

TRUE BEAUTY.

“Handsome they that handsome do,”
Grandma said to little Sue;
And the dull gray eyes grew bright,
Kindled with an eager light.
From that hour she strove to make
Herself more fair for others' sake.

Though no roses decked her cheek,
She grew gentle, kind, and meek;
And her voice soon found a tone,
Which, till then, it had not known.
And, at length, her playmates all,
Their “best friend” did Susie call.

Then no longer did she sigh
For snowy brow and sparkling eye;
Well content that those she knew
Should find her ever good and true.
And the maxim grandma taught,
Often was in Susie's thought.

THE SPIDER THAT LIVED IN THE ATTIC.

There was an old spider living in the corner of the attic who had a fine ear for music. He never felt so happy as when he heard the buzzing of wings. Then he knew that a fly was near, and he watched, out of one of his eight eyes, to see her get caught in his web.

One day he heard a loud singing, and looked out with every one of his eight eyes for a big blue fly, but could not find her. Then he ran down a thread to his web and saw a man with a queer instrument in his hand.

It was the professor who lived in the house, and who wrote books about all kinds of insects. He wanted to be sure that the spider could hear, or at least feel sounds, but the spider did not care for the tuning fork, with which the professor touched her web, for it was not good to eat.

After a while a mosquito came singing around. But mosquitoes are much wiser than flies and so it did not get its wings caught in the web, though it came very near, and at last the old spider grew tired of watching and went to sleep.

Then the mosquito stopped singing, and climbed the long thread and looked into the spider's parlour where he lay asleep, but he was not caught; he flew away to sing around the head of a sleeping child.

If you will watch the spiders, the ants, the bees, the butterflies, and the beetles, as the professor did, you will find out some things you would like to know.

Do a few things well, and you will be better able to do more and greater things by and by.

