

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVII

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

No. 3.

## DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get that great pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day, and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us; but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood, little by little. Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes, ask again. He will give all that we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little-by-little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."

A little gain in patience to-day, a little

more trust to-morrow—that's the way a Christian life grows.

## NUMBER ONE.

"He is a number one boy," said grand-

"But what a pity it is that he is blind!"

"Blind?" exclaimed grandmother; and the number one boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John, what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the number one boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all afternoon, never seeing you nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then, when your glasses were misaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he was so busy reading," apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run errands," said "Number One."

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on round him? I am glad to see you fond of

books; but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."



MORNING PRAYER.

mother, proudly. "A great boy for his book; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John.

## GOD ALWAYS NEAR.

God is always near me,  
Hearing what I say,  
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,  
All my work and play.

God is always near me ;  
In the darkest night  
He can see me just the same  
As by mid-day light.

God is always near me,  
Though so young and small ;  
Not a look or word or thought,  
But God knows it all.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

## A BLIND LAMB.

One cold winter day a little boy found a poor, half-starved, blind lamb wandering on a bleak mountain. For some days it had been wandering there, lost from the other sheep. Very gently he took it in his arms, wrapped his warm coat about it, and carried it home. He gave it warm sweet milk to drink and a bed of straw to sleep on. Soon its pitiful cries were hushed, and it slept. Every day the boy nursed and fed it carefully, and it grew fat and frolicsome.

One day he went as usual to feed it, but the lamb was gone. Dark clouds were rolling overhead; a storm was coming; great drops of rain and snow were already falling. Quickly the boy ran over the mountain calling his lost lamb. At last the sound of feeble bleating reached his ears. Nearer and nearer the sound came, until at last he saw the poor creature in the bottom of a pit between two rocks. It recognized his voice as he reached down

and took it up in his loving arms. Closely it nestled its little head against his shoulder, and he stroked the wet fleece as he carried it home.

Years afterwards, when this bright and beautiful boy had grown to be a man, a great storm was coming. No; he was not a good man. For years he had been wandering in darkness, and now his sins were threatening him as a great storm. All around him they hung like black clouds, and he could not find his way out. At last a voice that he recognized called to him; and great, loving arms reached down and lifted him up out of the darkness into light.

Just as the little boy had saved his lamb years before, so now God had saved him.

## "I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go, and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury who had just brought in a verdict for a crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin!

## MARGERY'S TRAMP.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALKER.

"Margery!" called Nurse Robin.

But Margery's face was down in the clover, so she didn't hear.

Nurse came up breathless; she had caught a glimpse of white from an upper window.

"Here I am, nurse," said Margery, sweetly.

"Naughty child! Tramps might steal you."

"What tramps?" asked Margery.

"Ragged men that walk the roads—bad men."

"I's just talkin' to one," said Margery, calmly. "He didn't steal me."

"With a tramp?"

"Yes; he'd a ragged coat, an' hat, an' holes in his shoes."

"Is that truth, Margery Lee?" for Margery sometimes thought things true that only came into her busy brain.

"Yes, Nurse Robin," she said. "I's watchin' the clovers noldin' to each other, an' I heard some one say, 'Hullo, little girl!'"

"He had a way-down voice 'at scared me; but he said 'I won't hurt you, missy. What you doin'?"

"I told him I's thinkin' how good God was."

"Ven he said, 'How's he good?'"

"An' I told, to give me mamma, and papa, an' baby with cunnin' dimples, an' nurse, an' Trot, an' Shag."

"Ven he said, 'S'pose you lived in a little room, 'thout any grass, and your brother died 'cause it was hot, would you think God was good? That's my little girl!'"

"I's awful sorry, an' I said my papa'd make it right. He gave me this to show where his little girl lives," and Margery waved a dirty paper.

"The child'll get cholera," cried nurse.

But Margery didn't, and her papa did find the poor child. Still better, he helped make her papa a good man, and his home sweeter.

## HOW MOLLIE HELPED.

There was once a bright, spirited little girl, whose hard-working father was taken suddenly away from his little family, leaving the whole burden of the support on the mother. A kind lady questioned this child, but six years old, as to how they got along.

"Oh," said little Mollie, "mother and I do all the work now, and we do it first-rate."

"But what can you do to help, with such little hands as those?" asked the lady.

Mollie held up her plump little hands, and, turnin'g them over and over again, said: "O, I can do lots and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes, and shake up the cradle pillow, and blow the whistle for the baby. Sometimes mamma gets tired washing, and she cries. Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle (he's awful heavy), and hold him right up before mamma. Then she always laughs and takes him, and that rests her, you see."—*Little Christian*.

The mother knows that her little child loves her, yet she delights in hearing from the sweet lips every day, and almost hourly through the day, repeated confessions of that love. "Do you love me?" and the little prattler answers, "I do." So it is very pleasing to our blessed Master to hear us say: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

## LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
 But sturdy and staunch he stands ;  
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
 And his musket moulds in his hands.  
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
 And the soldier was passing fair,  
 And that was the time when our Little  
 Boy Blue  
 Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
 "And don't you make any noise!"  
 So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
 And as he was dreaming an angel song  
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
 But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they  
 stand,  
 Each in the same old place,  
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
 The smile of a little face.  
 And they wonder, as waiting these long  
 years through,  
 In the dust of that little chair,  
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

## LESSON VI. [February 9.]

## THE SIN OF LYING.

Acts 5. 1-11. Memorize verses 3-5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour.—  
 Eph. 4. 25.

## THE LESSON STORY.

The little Church of the Lord Jesus Christ had grown from one hundred and twenty to more than eight thousand. Three thousand were baptized on the Day of Pentecost, and five thousand were converted after Peter had preached in the temple. They were happy in their new faith, and the Jews were afraid to harm them after the great signs and wonders that came at the crucifixion of Jesus.

The rich and the poor lived together in peace and joy, for they no longer loved their money and houses and lands more than they loved their risen Lord. A good man named Barnabas brought all he had after selling his land and gave it to the apostles. Then came Ananias, another rich man, but he talked with his wife Sapphira, and they agreed to keep a part of the price of their land, yet act as if they were giving all. But God gave Peter power to read the heart of Ananias, and he saw a lie there, for to act a lie is just as

bad as to speak it. Peter told Ananias that he had not lied to men, but to God, and while he was speaking Ananias fell down and died. So also did his wife, who came in afterward. Ananias was not worse than others who deceive, but the young Church needed to learn this lesson—to fear to be false.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who were Ananias and Sapphira? Members of the first Christian Church.

What did they love very much? Their riches.

What did they love a little? The Church of Christ.

Why did they give money to the Church? So as to be praised.

What did they pretend to do? To give all they had.

What did they really do? They kept a part.

What was this? Acting a lie.

What is as bad as a spoken lie? One which is acted.



DEATH OF SAPPHIRA.

Who showed Peter the lie? The Holy Spirit.

What did he tell Ananias? That he had lied to God.

What became of Ananias and his wife? God took them away.

What for? To show how dreadful deceit is.

## LESSON VII. [Feb. 16.]

## THE SECOND PERSECUTION.

Acts 5. 33-42. Memorize verses 40-42.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 5. 10.

## THE LESSON STORY.

The apostles worked many miracles in the name of Jesus, and this showed that their words were true, and that Jesus was truly the Son of God. But the priests grew more and more angry with them,

and at last had them put in prison. They did not understand that no man can lock doors against God! An angel came and brought Peter and John out, and he told them to go and preach in the temple "all the words of this life." Early in the morning they were teaching in the temple while the officers were looking for them in the prison. The judges sat waiting for the prisoners, when a man came and told them what the apostles were doing. After this they were brought before the judges again, but they were afraid to treat them harshly, on account of the people. When the high priest asked why they kept on preaching about Jesus, Peter answered that they must obey God rather than men, and told them again that the Jesus whom they had crucified was the Son of God and the Saviour of men. The judges were angry when they heard this, but Gamaliel, a wise and great man among them, told them to leave these men alone, for if their works were not from God they would do no harm, but if they were it would be a mistake to fight against them. So they were set free, and went on preaching the new Gospel.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the apostles one night? In prison.

Who put them there? The high priest.

Who brought them out? An angel of God.

What did he tell them to do? Go preach in the temple.

Where did the judges look for them? In prison.

Where were they found? In the temple.

Where were they taken then? Before the judges.

How had they disobeyed the high priest? By preaching.

Why? They wanted to obey God.

Who was Gamaliel? A wise and good judge.

What did he advise? To set the apostles free.

Is it of any use to fight against God? Never.

Up in the North seas lives the Walrus. It is a large animal, very awkward on land, as it has a huge body and short legs which flap about like fins. Every year, hunters with long spears kill a great many walruses. Fine ivory is made from the tusks, and the flesh is boiled for oil. In the water a walrus can move very fast, and will sometimes fight to save the life of her young one, which she holds tight with her fin-like foot. A walrus seems a strange animal to have for a pet, but some years ago one was captured and taken to a city and placed in a large tank of water. It soon became tame and was so fond of the woman who fed it that it would come and lay its head in her lap. She petted it and talked to it as if it were a little lap-dog.



THE CAT AND THE CRAB.

## THE CAT AND THE CRAB.

Whatever do I see,  
Coming up to me?  
Some dreadful thing I know:  
My heart is thumping so.

So many creeping paws—  
Or, I suppose, they're claws!—  
And has it mouth or eyes?  
Its body's all one size.

I ought to run—oh, dear!  
I'm really weak with fear!  
I heard my mistress say  
She always ran away  
From bears, or snakes, or frogs,  
And t'is is worse than—dogs.

## THE TWO VOICES.

Dearly did Kitty love to go out on the lake with her grandfather in his boat; and as they crossed over to the village, or floated about on the quiet water in the sunset, he used to tell her the most delightful stories of the sea, for he had been a sailor the greater part of his life.

One morning Kitty was in a great hurry to get over to the other side; for you see they were going to the village, and grandpa had given her five pennies to spend at the shop, and she could hardly wait to get there, and thought that grandpa must be rowing much more slowly than usual. And now something happened to try the little girl very much. She was sitting in the stern of the boat with the basket close beside her, and as she was looking about she suddenly spied a white cloth waving from old Mrs. Palmer's little cottage way up at the head of the lake. Kitty knew

what that meant directly she saw it; she knew that Mrs. Palmer, who lived quite alone, wanted them to come to her.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Kitty to herself, "It will take so long to go way up there, and I can hardly wait to get to the shop. I'm going to beg grandpa to wait till we get back." But when she glanced at her grandfather she saw that he had not noticed the signal.

"Kitty," a voice seemed to say, "he doesn't see it; make believe that you don't see it either."

So Kitty shut her eyes tight and turned her head away. But then another voice seemed to speak in the other ear.

"Kitty, Kitty, listen to me; don't you know that that will be acting a story even if you are not speaking it with your lips? Tell your grandfather, like a good

girl. I am the good voice, Kitty, listen to me!"

Kitty opened her eyes. "Grandpa," she said, "old Mrs. Palmer is waving."

"Why, bless my heart! so she is," said her grandfather, and, turning the boat with a strong stroke, they were soon knocking at the door.

"O, Mr. Gray, I am thankful that you have come," said Mrs. Palmer; "I was so afraid that you would not see my flag on your way over, and coming back would have been too late. I have been very sick all night." And indeed she did look very ill as her head fell back on the pillow of her chair.

"And you want me to catch the doctor before he starts out, and to send some one over from the village to stay with you? Bless my heart! how fortunate that my little maid has such sharp eyes; I should not have seen the flag but for her. Come right along, Kitty, the sooner we go the sooner Mrs. Palmer will have the doctor."

And Kitty? Who can tell how thankful she was that she had listened to the good voice. The first penny she spent was for an apple for Mrs. Palmer: "To roast for her tupper," she

said. And there never was a happier little maid than Kitty while spending the other pennies.

## THE SNOW-BIRDS AND BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

Where do the snow-birds come from and where do they go? That is the question put by a friend who has been observing the movements of these little winter wanderers of the feathered tribe. He says a dozen or so of greyish white and brown little beauties, will come twittering and chirping for a few moments about the yard, or near the door of a friendly kitchen, and then away they go. The sky—before cloudless—darkens, and soon the flakes fall thick and fast. Search for them—the yards, the woods, the swamps—but you fail to discover one of the little prophets. The falling mercury in the barometer indicates that a storm of some kind is near; but the presence of snow-birds presages a snow-storm always. Each winter the snow-birds are particularly zealous in giving their timely warning of the snow-storms which often follow each other so rapidly and have thus kept the highways so nicely covered for the convenience and pleasure of man.

Who has not often in winter noticed the poor little birds, just after a snow-storm, vainly endeavouring to look for food? How forlorn they look, as one in this picture does! And how one longs to give them a few crumbs! They, too, on their part, eagerly dart about, seeking for the least sign of anything that looks like food on the road, or in the yard or stable. Alas! how often fruitless is their search! And as for water, all is frozen; and then, there are no fountains for them, or for dogs or horses!

No man is truly penitent who does not begin to lead a better life.



BIRDS IN THE SNOW.