

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1901.

No. 15.

SPURGEON AND THE BOY.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

We went into the cool, sweet chamber, and there lay the boy. He was very much excited when he saw Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat by his side, and I cannot describe the scene. Holding the boy's hand in his, he said: "Well, my dear, you have some precious promises in sight all around the room. Now, dear, you are going to die. You are very tired of lying here, and soon you will be free from all pain, and you will rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?"

"He coughed very much."

"Ah, my dear boy, it seems very hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough all night. Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes."

"Jesus loves you. He bought you with his precious blood, and he knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play; but soon Jesus will take you home, and then he will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad." Then laying his hand on the boy, without the formality of kneeling, he said: "O Jesus, Master,



THE NEWSBOY.

this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find thine. Touch him, dear Saviour, with thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river, that his feet be not chilled by the water of

death; take him home in thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes. Show him thyself as he lies here, and let him see thee and know thee more and more as his loving Saviour." After a moment's pause, he said: "Now, dear, is there anything you would like? Should you like a little canary in a cage to hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, see that he has a canary to-morrow morning. Good bye, my dear. You will see the Saviour, perhaps, before I shall."

I had seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power sixty-five hundred persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man, universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will.

There is a lazy little bird called the cuckoo, that never will build a nest for itself, but lays its eggs in some other bird's home for the other birds to take care of. We think some people are a good deal like the cuckoo.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID TO WALTER.

Walter in the window,
Have you wings like ours?
How, then, did you fly so far
To the land of flowers?

In the north we knew you,
And we built our nest
In the spreading oak tree
That you love the best.

We were there and saw you
On that summer day
When you fell beneath it
And were borne away.

We will come each morning
While you're weak and ill,
And we thank you for the crumbs
On the window-sill.

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Happy Days.

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FRANK'S VERSE.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." This was the Camp children's text that Saturday morning, and they read it from the family Bible that always lay on the parlour table. Carl, Bessie and Kate could read nicely, and even Frank, just three years old, knew the big letters, and was able to spell out the words of the verse for himself. After mamma had made it plain by telling a beautiful story, she said: "Now, children, I hope you will all try to live up to your text to-day. If anything goes wrong and you are tempted to speak unkindly, run in here, and take down this book, and read your verse over; then kneel down and ask Jesus to help you keep it. See, I leave a mark in the place."

For some time all went well, and then Carl chanced to upset Frank's play-house. "You mean thing!" cried the little fellow.

"What about your text?" asked Bessie. For a moment the baby stood still, then he hurried into the house. Pushing the parlour door open, he went to the table, and, standing on tiptoe, lifted the Bible to the floor. Kneeling beside it, he spelled out the text, and then repeated the little prayer his mother had taught him that morning.

When noon came Frank was missing, and a peep into every place where a little boy could lose himself failed to find him. The children knew nothing about him since he had slipped in at the side door too angry to play. This made mamma think of the morning's lesson; and going to the parlour, she found the little truant sound asleep, with his head upon the open Bible.

MOTHER NATURE'S TALK.

One bright morning in autumn I was sitting in one of Mother Nature's big rooms. There was a soft, mossy carpet on the floor. Many lovely pictures could be seen on all the walls. What do you think they were? The daintiest of perfume and the sweetest of music filled the air.

This "big room" was a beautiful wood, where many kinds of trees were to be found. The maples had put on their dresses of red and gold; the oaks wore rich browns and reds; the elms donned pretty brown dresses trimmed with dainty yellow. Mother Nature, busy and happy, was joyfully singing and chattering with her many children as she prepared them for bed and their long winter sleep and rest. It seemed to me as I listened that she spoke thus:

"Little mosses, tiny grasses, and dainty flower roots, cuddle yourselves carefully into the soft, brown earth and go to sleep. Soon the trees will send a covering of bright leaves to keep you warm. When Jack Frost comes and you need warmer covering, he will send you a shining blanket of pure white. Dear little birdlings, sing me a sweet song, and then away to the southland ere Jack Frost comes to harm you.

"Mamma Turtle and your little ones, where will you hide to keep from the cold? In a sheltered place at the root of a tree?"

"No, mother dear, we will go into the sand at the bottom of the brook; there we will be nice and warm."

"Mr. Frog, will you go with the turtles?"

"We will rest in the mud of the pond."

"Here is one of my big, strong children, with a nice, warm fur coat on. You, Mr. Bear, will not fear Jack Frost."

"O, no; but there is no work for me to do, so I will find a nice hollow log,

and, using it for a cradle, will sleep there all winter."

"Here are the beautiful dragon-flies, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the gnats, the flies, the grasshoppers, and the katy-dids—all the tiny insects. What will you do?"

"Dear Mother Nature," said the grasshopper, "we have done nothing but play all the summer, and now when Jack Frost comes we must die, because we have stored no food."

"Good-bye, dears. I love you all, but cannot help those who have not helped themselves."—*Normal Instructor.*

WHAT IS IT?

The twins, Frank and Fannie, were all alone in the nursery. Nurse was out that afternoon, and mamma had been called downstairs a few moments.

"What's that thing on the floor a-crawling?" asked Fannie of Frank.

"I think it is a fairy," said Fanny.

"Humph, 'tain't neither. Fairies are little bits of girls with wings on."

"Well, then, what is it, if it isn't a fairy?"

"I guess it's a biter. Let's kill it. Here's the tongs and poker."

Frankie tried to catch it, but it crawled away too fast. At last it raised its wings and flew across the room.

"O Frankie, it is a fairy! It is! it is! I saw its wings. It's a fairy in a waterproof."

Just then mamma came in, and the excited twins told her all about it. When she saw the fairy in a waterproof, she laughed and laughed.

"It's only a beetle," she said, and the twins were dreadfully disappointed.

WRITTEN.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out. And did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

"All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God, and you can't rub them out. What you write on the minds of others will stay there, but what is written in God's book may and can be blotted out.

"You can't rub it out, but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry and ask him. Go then, my child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God."

—*Golden Censer.*

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

The Lord is my Shepherd, and I am his lamb;

One of the smallest and weakest I am,
Yet by his bounty daily I'm fed,
In his green pastures tenderly led.
Kind is my Shepherd and large is the fold
To which he calleth the young and the old.
In daylight or darkness, awake or asleep,
Over us, evermore, guard he doth keep.

When I have wandered away from his side
Into the paths which the sinning have
tried,

He, o'er each step of sin's rugged track,
Patiently, lovingly, guideth me back.
Sometimes the way where he leadeth his
sheep

Grows for my tired feet dark and too
steep;

Then doth he lift me up close to his breast,
Bearing me onward to places of rest.

He hath green pastures lying afar,
Needing no sunlight, needing no star;
There from his presence the lambs never
stray,

Thither he guideth me nearer each day.
But nearer than meadows brightened by
faith,

Lieth the valley of silence and death;
Seeing its shadows, yet fearless I am.
For the Lord is my Shepherd, and I am
his lamb.

—Child's Book.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE
PATRIARCHS.

LESSON IV. [July 28.]

GOD CALLS ABRAM.

Gen. 12. 1-9. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will bless thee, and make thy name
great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—
Gen. 12. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

A long time after the great flood a good
man lived in the land of Ur. It was about
two thousand years since the creation, and
many people had gone away from God
and learned to worship idols. The people
of Ur were idol worshippers, but Abram
worshipped the true God.

God spoke to Abram to leave his home
in Ur and go to live in another land. He
told Abram that he would make him the
father of a great nation and a blessing to
many people. Abram believed God, and
with his wife, Sarai, and his nephew,
Lot, he started to go to a land of which he
knew nothing. Most people would not
have dared to go to a strange land in this
way, but Abram trusted God, and was not
afraid. The journey was long and the
country was wild and lonely, but God took

care of Abram and brought him to a beautiful
country called Canaan. We call
this "the Promised Land," because God
promised to give it to Abram.

Abram came first to Shechem, a city,
and he built there an altar to the Lord.
By and by he went to a mountain east of
Bethel, and he built an altar there and
worshipped the true God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Abram? A good man of Ur.
What kind of people lived in Ur? Bad
people.

What did God tell Abram to do? To
go to another land.

Did Abram obey? Yes; quickly.
Who went with him? His wife and
Lot.

Who was Lot? Abram's nephew.
What did Abram not know? Where he
was going.

Who did know? God.
To what land did he come? Canaan.
What did he build when he stopped?
An altar.

What did it mean? Worship.
Where will God lead us if we let him?
To heaven.

LESSON V. [August 4.]

ABRAM AND LOT.

Gen. 13. 7-18. Memory verses, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever ye would that men should
do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt.
7. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Abram had been in Canaan a
little while there was a famine in the land,
and he took his family and flocks and
went to Egypt. While he was there he
was treated so well by the king that he
grew rich, and when he went back to
Canaan he had an abundance of cattle, and
of silver and gold.

If you will find Ur, Abram's old home,
on the map, and then find Bethel, where he
came from Egypt, you will now see that he
had journeyed far at God's command.

Notice how wise and kind Abram was
in the trouble that came up between his
own and Lot's servants. He said nothing
about his "rights," although the Lord had
given the land to him in an especial man-
ner. He was the older man, too, and
Lot's uncle, and yet he gave Lot his choice
of the land. It is easy to see that Lot was
a selfish man, or he would not have taken
the first choice. It is plain, too, that he
did not put God first in his life, or he
would not have been so ready to go and
live among the wicked people of Sodom.
Read carefully the Lord's rich promises
to Abram, and see how wise it is to be
faithful to him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Abram go from Canaan?
To Egypt.

What sent him there? A famine.

When did he come back to Canaan?
When the famine was over.

Where did he go then? To Bethel.
Who were very rich? Abram and Lot.
What did Abram say they would do?
Separate.

What did he offer Lot? The first
choice of the land.

What did this show? Abram's unself-
ishness.

To whom had the Lord given the land?
To Abram.

What did Lot choose? The best for
himself.

Where was he willing to live? With
wicked people.

What was in Abram's heart? The
spirit of peace.

HAD NOT LEARNED IT.

The boy or girl with pleasing habits is
pretty sure to be chosen in preference to
the one who is rude in address and man-
ners, if both are seeking the same situa-
tion; and the same is true throughout
life.

A gentleman stood in a shop the other
day, when a boy came in and applied for
a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" he was
asked.

"Ya-as."
"Good at figures?"
"Ya-as."

"That will do. I do not want you,"
said the merchant.

"But," said the gentleman when the
boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an
honest, industrious boy. Why don't you
give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say,
'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers
me as he did when applying for a situa-
tion, how will he answer customers after
being here a month?"

The gentleman was silent. The boy
had been weighed in the balance and
because of his lack of politeness had been
found wanting. It pays to be thoughtful
and pleasant.—*Our Young Folks.*

MADGE MADCAP.

Little Madge Madcap got her second
name because she was such a wild, harum-
scarum little thing. Her hair always
looked as if it had not been combed for a
week, and she was a regular romp and
tomboy, tearing her clothes and breaking
her toys. Instead of sitting down on the
swing, as any sensible child would, she
used always to stand up, and one day she
got a terrible fall. But nothing cured
her, and I am afraid Madcap Madge will
come to a terrible end some day if she
doesn't take care.

A dear little boy, who was sick one
night, asked his papa for a drink of water.
When he brought it to him, he asked if
he did not want to drink first. Are you
always so thoughtful of your parents?



OUR BABY.

Patter, patter, patter
Of the sweetest feet,
Shining of two blue eyes
Raised for mine to greet.

Dearest little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven
My glad heart to dower.

Oh! that head so radiant,
With its sunny hair;
Oh! those eyes so star-like,
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.

Dearest little laddie,
Darling little boy,
God himself looks on thee
As a wondrous joy.

And in heaven the angels
Sweeter sing for thee,
And the gentle Jesus
Loves thee tenderly.

And on earth the flowers
Put on colours gay
For the little laddie
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth:

All things dark must
vanish
By your baby
mirth.

Loved beyond de-
scription,
Loved beyond com-
pare;
No one else can
rival
Baby anywhere.

A SHEPHERD- BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was
keeping his sheep
one Sunday morn-
ing. The bells were
ringing for church,
and the people were
going over the
fields when the lit-
tle fellow began to
think that he too
would like to pray
to God. But what
could he say? for
he had never learn-
ed any prayer. So
he knelt down and
commenced the al-
phabet—A, B, C, D,
and so on to Z. A

gentleman happened to pass on the other
side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice,
and looking through the bushes saw the
little fellow kneeling, with folded hands
and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"
The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I
was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters
for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only
I felt that I wanted God to take care of
me and help me take care of the sheep.
So I thought if I said all I knew he would
put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man! he
will, he will, he will. When the heart
speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

A BIG BIRD.

The apple trees were in full bloom, and
the robin redbreasts were very busy
indeed building their nests in the old
apple orchard.

Over by the high fence a pair of birds
had selected the very place for their nest.
They had looked it over carefully and de-
cided that an open view of the country
was better than to be shut in by other
trees.

"Here, my love," said Mr. Robin, "is
just the spot. In this crotch is a nice hol-
low to hold the mud, and here are three
or four twigs growing around it on which
we can fasten strings and grass. The
wind and rain cannot harm you here.
Then, too, we can see right over into the

garden. There will be plenty of worms
and bugs and caterpillars, so that I need
never leave you long to search for food."

"Very well, my love, just as you say,
Robin dear," answered the little wife.

"I saw a beautiful bunch of string over
behind that house, let us go and get it be-
fore any of our neighbours discover it."

"Yes, let us hurry," said Mrs. Robin;
so away they flew. But while they were
gone a strange thing happened. The
bunch of string was fastened to a pole,
and they worked and pulled and tugged a
long time before they could get a bit off.

At last both Mr. and Mrs. Robin se-
cured a big piece, and away they flew to
the apple tree near the fence.

Suddenly Mr. Robin stopped, alarmed.

"My dear, our tree is taken. The very
largest bird I ever saw is standing
directly underneath the branch we chose."

"That isn't a bird, dear. It's a crea-
ture they call a girl. She will not hurt us.
Let us wait a few minutes and she will go
away. If it were a boy—then indeed we
might be afraid."

Just then a voice called, "Amy! Amy!"
The little girl slid down the tree, and an-
swered, "Yes, mother, I'm coming."

"There! I told you so. Now we can
begin our nest," said Mrs. Robin.

SOMEBODY'S BAIRN.

"I remember hearing," says Thomas
Guthrie, "the story of a little incident
that occurred in Edinburgh some years
ago.

"A coach was going rapidly down one
of the narrow streets of the town. A
poor little child of some two years of age
crept into the middle of the road, and
there it was in utter helplessness, stand-
ing by itself, while the galloping horses
were drawing nearer and nearer every
moment.

"Just as the horses approached the
spot where the poor little helpless infant
was standing, a woman who had happened
to come to the door of her house darted
forth like a flash of lightning, grasped
the child in her arms, and, at the peril of
her own life, saved it from imminent
destruction.

"A passer-by remarked to the poor,
terrified woman when she reached the
other side: 'Well, woman, is that your
child?'

"'Na, na,' she said; 'it's nae my
bairn.'

"'Well, woman,' he said, 'what for
did you risk your life for a child when
it was na yours?'

"With a beaming smile and a flushed
face, the noble woman replied: 'Aye, but
it's somebody's bairn.'"—*Sunday-school
Messenger.*

"At the day's beginning
Do you kneel and pray,
'Keep me, Lord, from sinning,
Give me help this day?'"