

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1908.

No. 14.

ONE KIND OF FRUIT.

One day Elizabeth had a party. Forty-nine little girls were invited. Elizabeth made the fiftieth. Uncle Fred had planned the party, and grandmother and Huldah and Aunt Annie had helped. Little cakes and creams and candies had been made for it. They all liked to do whatever Uncle Fred wanted done.

"I wish I could come to the party," said John, looking very sober. "I asked Elizabeth to my party."

"Very well," said Uncle Fred. "You and little Ted may come if you will fit in. We are going to use a banner that says, 'By love serve one another,' and if you will promise to be on the watch all the afternoon to help somebody, we will let you in."

So John and little Ted came to the party. Letty was not there. Elizabeth wanted to have her brought over on a cot; but Uncle Fred said there were reasons why she could not come this time, and they were for her good. Elizabeth could not understand how this could be, but her uncle told her she must trust him.

What fun they had! Uncle Fred played games with them as though he were nine instead of twenty-nine, as grandmother said. Supper was served at five o'clock

under the grape arbor. It was then that Uncle Fred told them a story about a grapevine whose branches would not grow

any fruit. He asked what such branches were good for, and the children agreed that they ought to be cut off and thrown away.

"What do you suppose," said Uncle Fred, "made me think of that story? As I sat looking at these branches all getting ready



LITTLE MISS VANITY.

to take care of the grapes, I remembered that the Lord Jesus had called himself a Vine, and said that his children were the branches, and the way for them to honor him was to bear fruit. Then I wondered how many of us were ready to grow fruit for him, and I thought of one kind that I should like to raise, and to have you help me. You all know little lame Letty, and you saw what joy she had in riding in the wheel chair. I wonder if we should like, all of us, to deny ourselves some candy, or toy, or story book and save the money to help buy a wheel chair for Letty to use every day. As many as should like to help raise such fruit as that, if their mothers are willing, may raise their hands."

Up went every little hand, each child there raising both hands.

"It is better," said Elizabeth, "than a hundred thousand grapes. O Uncle Fred, I know now why you did not want Letty to come to-day; it is to be a surprise to her; isn't it?"

Not a single little girl forgot her pledge; and not a mother but was glad to let her help. All the next week the money came rolling in,—ten-cent pieces, twenty-five-cent pieces, fifty-cent pieces, now and then a whole dollar, and once a five-dollar gold piece. What was lacking when all the gifts were in Uncle Fred made up, and three weeks from the day of the party Letty Wheeler came to Sunday-school in her own wheel chair, the happiest little girl in the world.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1905.

BETTIE'S BIT OF HELP.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Bettie Armitage had not been a Christian very long. From early childhood she had gone to church, and had read her Bible,

and said her prayers; had been a dear little daughter, and then growing up a sweet and graceful elder sister and lovable young girl, all without consciously giving herself up to Christ, and fully resolving to take him for her Master and Friend.

But one day a new life dawned upon Betty. Light flooded her soul. She learned what it means to belong to Christ, "to follow him whithersoever he goeth."

Then straightway she longed for opportunities to show her love. She felt an urgent impulse to become a missionary. She felt that there could not be a field so hard that she would shrink from it, a people so lonely and degraded that she would not rejoice to go to them and tell them of her Saviour and his love.

Meanwhile the way to the mission field beyond her own home was hedged up. Her father said she could not be spared; her mother looked perplexed and pained and even bewildered as Betty unfolded her plans and dwelt upon her wishes. Betty, more and more anxious and in earnest, felt limited and caged. It seemed to her as if she were doing nothing for the Master, when she wished supremely to be doing some great thing. She felt discontented and unhappy.

"But, Betty," said her friend, Jane Page, "when our Lord wants us in any place he goes before us and opens the way. It may be there is some sphere of service right here which only you can fill, and until that is filled Christ will not send you elsewhere."

Betty went home carrying this simple thought. Jane Page had intuitions, perhaps, because she daily asked to be filled with the Spirit, and kept herself always ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it might be, not caring whether the errand on which he sent her was a lofty or a lowly one.

Bettie turned her latch-key and ran upstairs to her own beautiful room on the third floor. As she passed grandmother's door, at the top of the first landing, it stood ajar, and she glanced in.

Grandmother was sitting as usual, her dim eyes patiently closed, her thin hands folded in her lap. Her room was sunny and pleasant, with flowers in the windows, which grandmother, having cataract, could not see, but which diffused a delicate fragrance.

It suddenly struck Betty that grandmother must have many tedious hours. Necessarily, she had supposed, grandmother was often alone. How could it be helped? Mother had her housekeeping and her clubs. The younger children went to school, father was at his office, and Betty herself had a dozen engagements for every day. They had all been kind, deferential, and amiable in their behaviour to grandmother, but she had been as it were left on a side-track, while their busy lives went whirling on.

All this passed through Betty's mind in a flash of clear insight, as she tapped on grandmother's door.

"Come in, dearie," said the sweet old voice. The face, so quiet a moment ago, stirred and lit up with a pleasant welcome.

"Is it you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, dear grandmother," answered Betty. "May I come in and talk to you awhile?"

"Surely, dear; I am glad to have company."

Betty sat down and talked to grandmother, charmingly, entertainingly, described a procession she had seen down town, gave grandmother the news of the cousins and aunts; finally read to her for awhile, and before either of them was aware the morning had slipped by, and the maid came to say that luncheon was ready.

"I have had a beautiful time, Elizabeth," said grandmother; "and I was just then thinking as if the Lord had forgotten that I was old, and blind, and weak, when he sent you in to cheer me and make me strong."

So Betty discovered that she did not need to look for distant service just yet. Here, in her own home, was an aged servant of Christ who was in special want of special ministry. Jesus meant his young disciple to be eyes and feet and hands for awhile to this dear older one.

"And I was ashamed, Jane," she said afterwards, "to have it revealed to me that I had never given grandmother a thought. She wasn't a pauper, she was just grandmother—so unobtrusive and sweet, and so little given to asking for attention, that I had forgotten how heavily the time must hang on her hands—she who used to be so active, and who must now be so often laid aside."

"Do not feel ashamed, my dear," said Jane Page. "You show your willingness to do what Christ desires by just taking hold of this little bit of helplessness."

To every one of us, younger, and beginning to walk in the blessed way, or older, and far on the road, the lesson comes in endless repetition to do the next thing. That next thing may carry you to a hospital to nurse the sick; it may send you to a zenana in distant India; it may lead you into city slums; it may guide you into a room in your own house, where one of Christ's little ones needs you. But serve him with a loving heart and a willing mind, and a blessing will be yours as you sit at his feet.

WOOD NOTES.

Ah, the sunshine falls, and the winds are blowing

Through the sifted gold of the woodlands here,

And the gypsy autumn, in beauty glowing,

Is treading the courts of the royal year.

The brown hawk sails with the king-birds after,

And the hazels dream of their winter's gold;

The beech-nuts fall, and the children's laughter

Is mellow and sweet as in days of old.

FOUR LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

Mary Alicia set forth for the east,
To see where the sun comes up;
And Edward Delaney went straight toward
the north
To search for a polar pup.
Margaret Anna repaired to the south,
Where oranges flourish, you know;
And Thomas Augustus struck out for the
west,
Where gold mines and buffaloes grow.
'Tis a very strange thing that I have to
relate
Concerning these travelled young folk—
But the very next morning they all of
them found
They were safe in their beds when they
woke.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.

Isa. 55, 1-13. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.
—Isa. 55, 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

The prophet Isaiah was a poet. He made pictures with words, and they were written down by scribes and kept through all the ages for the comfort and the warning of God's people. He lived through the reigns of four kings of Judah, but the last one was the good king Hezekiah, who tried to lead his people in the ways of truth. Once when Isaiah was in the temple he saw a glorious vision (which you may find in the sixth chapter), and an angel touched his lips with a live coal from the Lord's altar, so that he was then ready to go anywhere, or speak any words, if sent by the Lord. Perhaps it was a sign that God was giving him the great gifts that we call poetry and vision. The gifts of God come to souls that are willing to do his work and speak his words. Sometimes Isaiah had to speak hard and stern words to people who needed them, and again he was full of cheering and gracious words for those who needed hope and courage. These two kinds of words are so different that many say that there were two Isaiahs, but we know that the word of God is one, and the mouth that spoke it was only his instrument.

In our lesson, which we hope your teacher will read to you in a voice of hope and encouragement, the Lord is calling to the people who are longing for something they know not what, to come to him and be satisfied, as one who is thirsty goes to a spring of living water, or as one who is

hungry seeks food. He tells them that they spend their money for things that do not satisfy, when they might come to him and find all. He cannot tell them all he has for them, for they could not understand. "For," he said, "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Then he tells them how sure his word is, so that they may trust him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is our lesson? A song of hope.
2. Who sang it? Isaiah the prophet.
3. Who gave him the words? The Lord.
4. What were they for? To call tired and hungry and thirsty people to him.
5. What would he give them? The bread and the water of life.
6. What are some of Isaiah's writings? Stern words to the wicked.
7. What are the others? Gracious words to the good.
8. How could Isaiah say such divine words? An angel had touched his lips.
9. What with? With a coal from the Lord's altar.
10. What could he then do? Anything that the Lord told him to do.
11. What could he speak? The Lord's words.
12. Who was his good friend? Hezekiah, king of Judah.

LESSON V.—JULY 30.

MANASSEH'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.

2 Chron. 33, 1-13. Memorize verses 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. 14, 34.

THE LESSON STORY.

The good king Hezekiah had a son named Manasseh. He was only twelve years old when his father died, but he was made king and reigned fifty-five years. We do not know what kind of a woman was Hephzibah, his mother, but for some reason this poor boy, who was too young to be a king, went as far away from his father's way of life as he possibly could. He built up the heathen altars that his father had torn down, offered sacrifices to Baal and to the stars, and, worse than all, built altars to them in the house of the Lord and in the two courts of it. He was also full of interest in witchcraft, evil spirits, and enchantment, and even made his children to pass through the fire before an idol, so leading his people into a worship that was worse than that of the heathen.

As he would not listen to the word of the Lord, he had to learn by great pains and sorrows. The Lord allowed the hosts of Assyria to come against Jerusalem, and Manasseh, who had fled among the thorns, was taken and bound with chains and carried away to Babylon. Then he had time to think about the God of his father. He grew very humble then, for he saw that all his idol worship had been of no use to

keep him out of trouble. It is written that "he humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers," and God heard his prayer and brought him out of Babylon and back to Jerusalem and into his kingdom. It was also written that "then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God.

It is added that Manasseh went about taking down altars and idols, and that he repaired the Lord's altar and offered peace offerings and thank offerings there, and commanded his people to serve the Lord God of Israel. We are glad of all this, but we wish he had given his youth to God!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. How old was the young king Manasseh? Twelve years old.
2. Who was his father? Hezekiah.
3. Was Manasseh old enough to be a king? No.
4. What did he do? He went far from the right way.
5. What did he build? Altars to heathen gods.
6. Where did he build some of them? In the Lord's house.
7. What was his worst act? He made his children go through fire in idol worship.
8. What did the Lord do for him? Sent him into captivity.
9. What did he think about there? The God of his fathers.
10. What did he do? He began to humbly pray to him.
11. What was done for him? God brought him home.
12. What did he do at home? Brought back the true worship.

THE MENAGERIE.

Oh, look at my menagerie
And see the funny things!
They are the wildest animals
With horns and tails and wings.

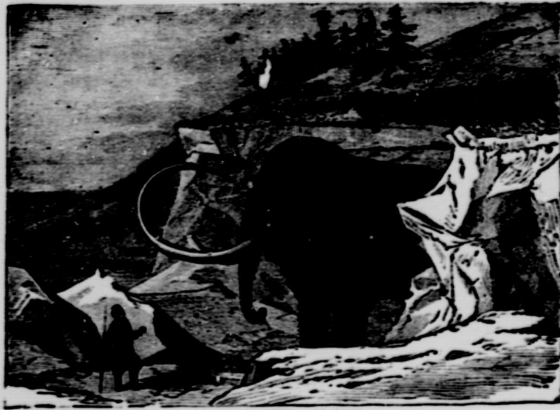
The beetle is a 'noceros,
This bug's a buffalo,
I call the mole my elephant
Because he's big and slow.

The spotted yellow ladybug
A lovely leopard makes;
This monster fishworm is a boa,
These caterpillars, snakes.

The grasshopper's a kangaroo
(You know they both can jump),
The snail's a camel, for his shell
Is just a truly hump.

I dared to catch a bumblebee
And keep him in a cage
Of morning glory; he's a lion,
Just hear him roar and rage.

The lizard is a 'potamus,
The hop toad is a bear;
Oh, look at my menagerie,
But not too near—take care!



MAMMOTH ON ICE.

WELL-PRESERVED MEAT.

The River Viloui, in the North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire mammoth was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great mammoth was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native, and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a Government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed. Only its head and feet remained, which are now preserved in one of the great museums of Russia.—St. Nicholas.

THE END OF A BLANKET STORY.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

"Grandfather," said Lillian, "please tell me a soldier story."

Grandfather didn't tell soldier stories very often, even to Lillian. Somehow the old soldiers who have known the horrors of the war do not like to speak of it. But to-day, leaning back in a most comfortable armchair on the hotel piazza, after the best possible dinner, and with the cool lake breeze blowing Lillian's pretty curls

softly, he was ready to do almost anything. He fixed his eyes on the dancing waves and began, half to himself:

"I'll tell you about a man I have tried to find for forty years. He lent me something once, something that was worth more than all the money I had, and I never paid him back."

"What was it grandpa?" asked Lillian. "It was a blanket."

"A blanket! How funny!"

"Oh, no, it wasn't funny, at all. It was the only blanket in the company, and he had carried it miles through mud so deep that we had to drag one foot out after the other all the way. It was when we were marching from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson. We marched all day through roads that were awful. First it rained, then it turned bitter cold, and began to snow, and we had thrown away our blankets and overcoats."

"Why did you do that?" asked Lillian.

"We couldn't march over those roads and carry the heavy things. We piled them up in a heap, and carts were ordered to bring them after us. But the carts went wrong and we never saw our blankets and overcoats again. The rain had soaked the ground, and the falling snow was covering it; but we had no other place to sleep. I think I was never so cold in my life. My teeth chattered, and it seemed to me the ground shook under me with my shivering. One man, Flint, had carried his blanket instead of piling it with the rest. We had laughed at him all through the march, but now we envied him."

"Some of the boys who had money offered Flint any amount for his blanket; but he would not take it. Indeed, I do not think any amount of money would have been worth what the blanket was just then. I was only eighteen—a good deal of a spoiled boy, not used to hardships, and really sick with fatigue. I would drop asleep and then wake up because I was so cold. Then I got to dreaming that I was home and sat up and whined like a child, 'Mother, bring me some more bedclothes, I'm cold!'"

"How the boys laughed and gayed me! But Flint did not laugh. Instead he brought me the heavy blanket he had staggered under all day. I protested sleepily, but he said: 'No, keep it. I'm more used to cold than you.' In the morning I looked for Flint to give him back his

blanket. But I never found him. There had been night firing and he had been wounded. He recovered from his wound, I learned, but I never could find where he went."

An old soldier came limping toward the steps of the hotel, leaning on his cane.

"That's poor old Flint," said a voice. "He has lost all his property. He has tried hard to support himself, but he is really too disabled to work. I am afraid he will have to go to the poorhouse."

Lillian's grandfather stared. Then he sprang up.

"Why, Flint! Is it you? I've looked for you everywhere," he said. "Lillian, this is the man that gave me the blanket."

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and limited vegetation. The cocoanut palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The people are naturally hardy, savage and quarrelsome. While not cannibals in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, yet it is said that on some of the Islands there is probably not an adult male who has not tasted human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend entirely on foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and labored on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged, in self-preservation, to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly in health, they were compelled to take up their residence in Honolulu, where they still continue their labors of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as laborers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet passed.



GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.