

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1904.

No. 9

SPRING FLOWERS.

Of all the flowers that bloom here there are none sweeter or more beautiful than the first modest little blossoms that come with the early spring. Boys and girls always seem to know just where they are going to creep through the ground by some peculiar instinct. These little flowers are very shy, however, and have a habit of hiding beneath a number of moist, dead leaves of the last fall, or of growing with drooping heads beneath a large protecting green leaf to make the search for them more interesting. The children in our picture have had a very successful hunt and are coming home with a large number of bright dandelions and with the very fine breath. In our Canadian woods there to be found many pretty kinds of spring flowers—the little white bells of the "Lamb's Slipper," blue and pinkish white violets, known as the "Dog's Tooth Violet," the fragrant purple violets, the marsh marigold and lovely three-leaved trillium. Each of these flowers is given a number of names by our boys and girls, who have



SPRING FLOWERS.

a happy way of christening these objects of their love to suit themselves.

The man who pities himself never gets much sympathy from others.

ROOM FOR

ALL.
"Mother," said Fred, "I can't love God and you both, so I'll choose you. The Bible says that I must love God with all my heart, and there is but one 'all' to it; so if I love God with all, there'll not be one bit left for you."

Fred's mother told him to fill a large pan with potatoes.

"Here," said he, piling on the last one, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered mother, as she took a bag of beans and shook them into the crevices between the potatoes. "Not full yet," she said, and dropped two shovelfuls of sand into the pan. "Not full yet," and she took a cup and poured several quarts of water into the pan. "Now," she said, "you see how a thing can be full and hold more—of something else. Your heart may be full of love for God and yet, have plenty of room left for father and me, for sister, for books, and for whatsoever else God wishes you to love."—*Selected.*

What you do, do cheerfully.

THE HOUSE-CLEANERS.

Four queer little folks were left one fine day

Alone in their mother's cottage to play,
For mother had gone to the market-town
To buy some cloth for a new Sunday gown.

Said Tom with a twinkle in both his eyes;
"Let's give our mother a pleasant surprise,
And clean up the house before she comes back."
"Oh, won't it be fun?" cried Ella and Jack.

Tom went to the sweep and borrowed a broom,
And they swept the chimney in every room;
They took up the soot with the garden spade,
And a terrible mess the sweepers made.

Nell dug the garden with father's umbrella,
Jack painted the walls—and his sister Ella!
"O she'll be pleased!" they cried; but instead
She sent those house-cleaners all to bed.

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MAYBE I DO LIKE CIDER.

The brave little people who wish to do right can say, "Maybe I do like cider, but since there is so much risk of danger I'll have none of it. No one shall have a chance to say I am a cider drinker. I'll take mine in the apples, just as God gives

them to me. I'll grind them up in my own little cider mill with its white grinders made for just such uses, and I will press out the juice before it has a chance to ferment. In that way I'll keep on the safe side of the line and not see how near I can go to the cider trap without being caught by it."

I have heard of boys when they first came to the city and saw the sign, "New cider," in some runshop who went in and took it and did not stop to think that it could not be new in the winter or spring. It often has so much alcohol in it by that time that they want more and more, till at last they take it every day and are partly tipsy all the time, and then they are of no use to themselves or others. No matter how much I may like cider, there is no reason for taking it. I like safety far better than I like cider.—Er.

NOTHING SAVED.

A little boy was walking with his father one day. As they trudged along, the father saw an old horseshoe lying in the road, and bade the boy pick it up and take it along.

The lad looked at the shoe carelessly and replied that it was not worth carrying, whereupon the father said nothing more, but quietly picked it up himself. He pretty soon sold the old iron for a penny at a roadside smithy, and invested the coin in cherries.

The day was hot, and presently the man noticed that his son was beginning to cast longing eyes upon the box of cherries, but did not offer any to him. He made pretence of eating them, and dropped one to the ground as if by accident. The boy picked it up and ate it with a relish. A little further on another one dropped, and this, too, the lad lost no time in securing. So, one by one, all the cherries were dropped and picked up.

"Well," remarked the father, when the last one had been eaten, "it did not pay to pick up that horseshoe, perhaps, but if you had stopped once for that, you wouldn't have needed to bend twenty times for the cherries."

HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT.

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog," a very handsome hunter, and I must tell you how he was spoiled for hunting—it was so funny a circumstance that his master always laughed when he told the story, although he was much vexed to lose so good a game dog. His housekeeper had a parrot given to her, and the first time the dog came into the room where the bird was he stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly crossed the room and came up in front of the dog, and looked him square in the eye, and then, after a moment,

said, "You're a rascal!" The dog was so much astonished to hear the bird speak that he dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled about, and ran away; and from that day to this he has never been known to "point" at a bird.—Our Little Men and Women.

"GOD'S LITTLE ERRAND GIRL."

Little Hester loved Jesus, and tried to do his will. One day she and her mother had been talking together about their heavenly Father, and Hester said: "Why mother, God, is sending us on errands all the time! O, it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl!" There are many things that an errand-girl or errand-boy can do which are very important. To do errands properly one must be attentive, and learn just what needs to be done; must be prompt, and go at once to do the errands; and must be careful and faithful, and be sure to do the errand right.

OUR OWN WAY.

A girl wishing to let her canary fly through the room for a short time opened the door of its cage. The bird, frightened by seeing her hand, flew against the bar of the cage, trying to escape; but by and by, weary of its useless efforts, it came gently out through the door. "Mother," said the little girl, "why did not the canary come out at the door at first when I opened it?" The mother replied: "Because it was trying to get out by a way of its own." Many people are trying to get to heaven by a way of their own.

BESSIE'S TALK TO DOLLY.

Mamma overheard Bessie talking to her doll one day, and this was what she said: "Learn your lesson, Dolly. Don't you see the letters? Now say 'A is for apple, B is for ball,' like a good girl. You know you must learn your letters, Dolly, or you will not know how to read; and then how foolish you will be! You won't know any thing. And then you won't be able to read the Bible; and how will you know what God wants you to do? So be a good girl, Dolly, and study hard. You must be very industrious; that is what my mamma says to me, and you know you are my child."

The boys and girls who are going to heaven do not travel the same direction as go in the same crowd with the boys and girls who are on the road to ruin.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till to-morrow; if you are to do a noble thing do it now.

FOUR TO ONE.

BY HAROLD F. FARRINGTON.

"I'm sorry," said Mary, "It's rainy to-day;
When I want it pleasant, it's always the way:
It rains, rains, rains!"

"To-day I can finish my book," said Dean;
"It's the jolliest one I ever have seen;
For it rains, rains, rains!"

"It will fill up the swimming hole, p'rhaps," said Ted.
"I can dive like a frog if it's over my head:
Glad it rains, rains, rains!"

"To-day," said Herr Steuber, "my plants I'll set out;
I feared they would die because of the drought.
Ha! it rains, rains, rains!"

"The weather'll be cooler, and Aunt Polly Haynes
May get over her fever," said Lou, "if it rains,
If it rains, rains, rains!"

"I am so glad, since such good can be done,"
Said Mary, her face bright as yesterday's sun,
"That it rains, rains, rains!"
—S. S. Visitor.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPSIS GOSPELS.

LESSON V.—MAY 1.
PRAYER AND PROMISE.

Luke 11. 1-13. Memorize verses 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.—Luke, 11. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the disciples saw Jesus in prayer, as he sometimes was all night among the mountains, perhaps they wondered what he said. They knew he would not make the prayers that the Pharisees made standing at the street corners or in the temple. One day, Jesus being in prayer, one of his disciples came near, and when the prayer ceased he asked Jesus to teach them to pray, as John taught his disciples. So Jesus at once taught them a very beautiful prayer that is now used by all Christians around the world. It is called the "Lord's Prayer," but is really the disciples' prayer, taught them by their

Master, while the real "Lord's Prayer" is the seventeenth chapter of John. This wonderful little prayer may also be called the "child's prayer," for little children all over the world have been taught to say it in the church and in the home. It holds deep and wonderful meanings that reveal themselves as we grow up, if we grow also toward God.

There is a little parable in this lesson about a man who asked at midnight at a friend's door for three loaves of bread. It teaches that we should ask until we receive. Then Jesus tells us plainly "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Ask your mother to read to you those wonderful words of Jesus about parents giving gifts to their children. (Verse 13.)

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who has taught us to pray? Jesus. Where are we also taught to pray in the Old Testament? In the Psalms.

Why did the Pharisees pray? To be seen of men.

What did Jesus teach us about prayer? To be earnest.

What prayer did he teach his disciples? The Lord's Prayer.

How does it begin? "Our Father which art in heaven."

Of whom is he the Father? Of all the souls he has made.

What would he have them all do? Pray to him.

What does he wish to do for us? Feed our souls and bodies.

What is his promise? "Ask, and it shall be given you."

What does the parable teach us? To expect an answer to prayer.

What does God most wish to give us? His Holy Spirit.

LESSON VI.—MAY 8.

WATCHFULNESS.

Luke 12. 35-48. Memorize verses 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.—Luke 12. 37.

THE LESSON STORY.

In our last lesson, you may remember, our Lord told a very short story after he had taught the disciples to pray. The little story—only four verses long—taught a great truth, as do all the parables our Lord gave. Here is another about being faithful. Jesus compared those to whom he was speaking—and he also speaks to us—to servants having charge of their master's house while he goes away to be married. Not one of them knows when he will come home, whether by day or by night, at midnight or morn-

ing. A good servant would be ready at any hour, his work all done and well done, and the house ready to light up for the master and his bride. And the Lord said, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." Peter wondered if his Master was speaking to the disciples only or to all, and Jesus' words after this show that he was speaking to all who lived and should live to hear the Gospel. He spoke also of those servants who know their Master's will and do not obey it, and must suffer for it. He meant that those who live for themselves alone, and eat and drink intemperately, and are unkind to those around them, are like the unfaithful servant who did so because his master was away; but the master, coming suddenly, cast out the servant he could not trust. Even a child may be faithful, and the Lord sees and loves and rewards such.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is the story in our lesson about? A master and his servants.

Who is our Master? The Lord Jesus.

Why did he tell this story? That we might learn to be faithful.

What does he say of the faithful? That they are "blessed."

Why is our Lord like a master on a journey? Because we cannot see him.

When may he come for us? At any time.

How should we live? So that we may be ready for him.

Does he know if we are trying to be good? Yes.

What will become of a bad servant? He will be cast out.

What has our Master given us to care for? Our bodies, minds, and spirits.

Can we use them for our own pleasure only? No.

For whom shall we use them? For God and our neighbour.

COATS AND CHARACTERS.

"What a splendid fellow!" said a tadpole to a minnow as they met on a stone at the bottom of a clear stream. "Did you ever see anything like him? It dazzles one's eyes to look at his jacket in the sun."

"That kingfisher?" asked the minnow. "I don't know the gentleman's name," said the tadpole; "I've never seen him before."

"Ah, well, I have; and I don't care if I never see him again. He may be good-looking, but I've lost half my friends since he came to live in that bank; and to tell the truth, I don't quite like the way he's looking at the now, so I think I'll wish you good morning. By the time you're a frog you'll know that there are things more important than the colour of your coat."
—Our Boys and Girls.



A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.
BY CELIA THAXTER.

The shower had ceased, but the city street
Was flooded still with drenching rain,
Though men and horses with hurrying
feet
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
By the clean-washed pavement fast it
rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a
leap
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue
Crossed over the way to the gutter's
brink;
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,
She seemed at the edge to shudder and
shrink.

And there she stood, while her piteous
cries
Were all unheard by the heedless
throng,
Looking across with such longing eyes;
But the torrent was all too swift and
strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,
Wandered our prince from Newfound-
land,
Stately, and careless, and dignified,
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
And his beautiful eyes, so soft and
brown,
With quiet, observant glance took note
Of all that was passing him, up and
down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and
mewed,
Stopped to look and investigate.
The whole situation understood,
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,
Up to the poor little trembling waif,
Lifted her gently and carefully,
And carried her over the water safe,

And set her down on the longed for
shore.
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
Left her and went on his way once more,
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?
Could a human being understand
And be more kind in a human way
Than this fine old Prince of Newfound-
land?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet;
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
We should be gentle enough to treat
All creatures with kindness and
courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one
Who such an example could withstand;
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone
By a princely dog from Newfound-
land!

BABY GRACE AND BABY VIOLET.

When Mother Brown came home she
brought a rag doll for Baby Grace, such
a chubby rag baby, and as large as Baby
Grace herself. She had soft golden hair,
and her face was painted in a very rosy,
natural way. Mother thought the new
doll much too cunning to be dressed in
calico and a sunbonnet, so she made dainty
clothes, just like Baby Grace's own, and
named the rag doll Violet, because her
eyes were blue. Baby Grace loved Violet
dearly, and they were seen together every
day.

The rag baby looked so real in her
pretty clothes that the neighbours were
often puzzled to know which baby was
alive. When grandfather saw them com-
ing in the carriage he hurried to put on
his spectacles to see which was Grace;
and one day Uncle Jack actually waved
his hat and kissed his hand to the rag
baby, who was sitting in the window, as he
went by. Father and mother laughed over
these funny things. They wondered how
any rag doll could be mistaken for their
bright little daughter.

One day as father entered the hall he
caught sight of a white dress and baby
shoes just at the top of the stairs. "My
baby!" he cried, and rushed upstairs two
steps at a time to save his darling child,
who at any moment might turn and fall.
Mother, who had heard father's cry of
distress, hurried after him. They met
at the head of the stairs and saved—the
rag baby.—*Babyland.*

YOU PROMISED.

A little boy, after having performed
his allotted task, comes to his father for
his promised reward. His father is busy,
and puts him off first with this excuse
and then with that, and finally speaks in
a way that almost silences his loved child.
The little fellow, looking up to his father,
the tears starting in his eyes, replies
"But, father, you promised."

The father cannot refuse that plea.
So our heavenly Father will hear his
children if they will do his work and
plead his promises.

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He
keeps a sharp lookout for the boys. There
is nothing too mean for him to do to win
them, and then, when he gets them into
trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves
them. "What did you do it for?" he
whispers; "you might have known
better."

