

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1905.

No. 6.

THREADING MOTHER'S NEEDLE.

Little Jennie is not very old, but she is a great help to her mother in many ways. She is trying to help by threading her needle.

Her mother is busy sewing, and she likes to have Jennie learn how to help. There is always a great deal of sewing to do, and it takes so much time to stop every little while to thread a needle, that mother is very glad to have Jennie within easy reach, so that she can call her whenever she wants her help.

There is another reason why mother likes to have Jennie thread her needle, and it is this: because Jennie's eyes are sharp and she can easily find the right place for the thread to go, whereas mother's eyes are not so bright as they were once, and sometimes it is hard work for her to find the eye of the needle.



THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Threading the needle is Jennie's first step towards learning to sew. She is anxious to learn, so that she may know how to make clothes for her dolls. And when she grows older, she will make her own dresses, and she will be able to sew pretty gifts for her friends, as well as to make clothes for the poor people who are in want of them.

There is a beautiful story told in the New Testament of a woman named Doreas. She was a woman who loved Jesus and used to sew for the poor people of those days. She was loved by all, and when she died, God restored her again to life by the hand of Peter. Sewing societies are often called Doreas societies, after the name of that good woman.

Perhaps when Jennie grows up to be a woman, she will have a Doreas society which will be a great help to many poor people.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow.
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may
guess.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1905.

BREAKING A WISHBONE.

"Will you break this wishbone with me, mamma?" said the little girl, as she held up the well-dried bone of the fowl left from the dinner the day before.

Mamma broke the bone with her little daughter, after they had both made their wishes in silence. The little girl got the wish.

"What was your wish, dear?" asked mamma.

"I don't like to tell," replied the little one.

"As long as you have the wish, it does not matter if you tell it, dear."

With some hesitancy, the child said: "I wished that papa would go to church with you to-night."

The mother was astonished. She supposed, of course, that the child had wished for something specially for herself. A short time before, in the child's presence, the mother had been asking her husband to go to church with her that evening, and he had slightly demurred. Lying on the couch in the next room, the father heard the conversation about the wishbone, and was as much surprised at the wish his child had made as the mother was.

After the little girl had told her wish, she said: "Now, mamma, we will see for sure if chicken wishbone wishes come true."

The wish did come true. Papa went to church that night with mamma.

A NOBLE BOY.

Off the coast of the State of Maine is a rocky island called Saddleback Ledge, on which is a lighthouse. There is a story told about this lighthouse that is well worth repeating, for it shows the bravery of a boy who was only fifteen years old.

One day he was left in charge of the lighthouse, while his father went ashore to buy the food that was needed. A storm sprang up, and the sea was so rough for the next three weeks that the father could not return. Meanwhile the boy in the lighthouse away on that lonely rock kept the light burning brightly every night, but it was hard work, and when at last the storm had ceased and his father was able to return, he found his boy so weak that he could hardly speak. Yet it was a proud father and a happy boy that met that day on the rocky ledge of Saddleback, for the boy had done his duty and the father knew that his son could always be trusted, even in the midst of storm and danger.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

A horse was standing quite still on a very busy street. His master was nearly beside himself. Every new driver or motorman who came in sight called, "Get out of the way there!" He was in a hurry, too, to get the load of stone to the end of its journey. Ah, the load of stone was all the trouble! It was very heavy. Poor Bones, all given out, had stopped to rest a minute, and then his master's blows and hard words had made him not much care whether he went again or not. Just how long he would have stood, quietly keeping all these busy people at a standstill, nobody knows, for presently a little girl came to everybody's help. "Please let me try to make him go," she said timidly to the cross driver. She only patted the horse on the head, and called him "Poor fellow!" "Nice old horse!" and gave him a handful of grass, and an apple she was eating, and walked a few steps coaxing him, when, sure enough, on again the old horse moved.

TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us; he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself; "if I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A number of boys were playing "hide and seek" on the streets of a city. A large joint of sewer-pipe lay above ground. One of the little urchins was looking for a hiding-place. He came up to the pipe, looked in and thought a moment. It was dark and deep. "What a splendid place to hide!" he whispered to himself. He tried to drag himself in out of sight. The pipe seemed small, but on he went. The middle was reached. There he lay, still as death. His playmates were searching for Johnnie, but the boy could not be found. He thought it time to bestir himself, but in neither direction could he move. He began to yell most loudly. His companions heard him, but none of them could go in for him. Then they brought a rope, and threw it in. He grasped it, they pulled, and soon Johnnie was once more enjoying freedom.

He had learned a lesson. Let all the boys learn it. Keep out of tight places. And no place is so tight as a bad habit. Chewing tobacco, drinking beer, reading bad books, using bad words—get caught in any of these, and you cannot get out, nor can your best friend pull you out. Christ alone can help you.

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THE LITTLE ONES HE BLESSES.

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered far astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at
evening,

Soft smoothing the silk tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the
shelter,

Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the day of grey hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were given
Were laid on their heads when Christ
uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in
heaven

If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON I.—APRIL 2.

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 7-18. Memorize verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was teaching one day near Jerusalem. Perhaps it was near sunset, and some shepherd was leading his little flock out of the pasture into the fold. As the sheep went through the door in the stone wall Jesus showed those who were with him how we must enter in by the one door if we would really enter the Church. Christ himself is the only door to the kingdom of heaven. To climb in some other way is being a thief and a robber. There are under-shepherds, as the pastor, the

Sunday-school superintendent, the teacher, but our Lord alone is the Chief Shepherd, or the Good Shepherd. He also says, "I am the door." It is not by coming to the Sunday-school or joining the church that we come to Christ, but it is through Christ that we enter the church. The true church you cannot see, for it is spiritual; yet you may see the building where the people who have Christ in their hearts come together for worship and teaching. Our Lord says we are saved if we enter in through him, for he came that we might have fullness of life. As the Good Shepherd, he lays down his life to defend us from harm. A hired shepherd would not do this, for if he should see the wolf coming he would run away to save his own life. But as young David slew a lion and a bear that attacked his father's flock, so does our Shepherd destroy our enemies within us. He promises, too, that some day there shall be "one fold and one Shepherd," instead of so many folds divided from each other.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Jesus often see? Shepherds with their flocks.

What did he use them for? A parable.

What did he say the sheepfold meant? The church.

What was the door of the sheepfold? Himself.

Can we enter his fold by any other way? No.

What else does he call himself? The Good Shepherd.

What will he do for his flock? Lay down his life to save them.

What would a stranger do? Run away and leave them in danger.

Who does he have to help him? Faithful under-shepherds.

What are they called? Pastors and teachers.

What will the Great Shepherd do some time? Gather all his flocks together.

What will there be then? "One fold and one Shepherd."

LESSON II.—APRIL 9.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 32-45. Memorize verses 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life.—John 11. 25.

THE LESSON STORY.

You know how tenderly Jesus loved Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus, just as he now loves the families of his kingdom all around the world. When Lazarus died, Jesus and some of his disciples came to Bethany, where Mary and Martha and their friends were mourning for the dead. Martha went to meet him, for she was always the active one; but Mary sat still in the house until Martha came back and said that the Master had come and was calling for her. Then she

gladly ran and fell at his feet, and said, as Martha had done, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Jesus had said that he was to awaken him out of sleep, and that he was "the resurrection and the life." Yet no one thought that he could call a soul back from God.

He went weeping to the tomb, for his heart was moved with pity for the sorrow of the sisters. He asked that the stone might be taken away, but careful Martha said that the body was decaying, as he had been dead four days. Then Jesus spoke plainly: "Said I not unto thee that if thou believedst thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Then they took away the stone, and Jesus, after a little prayer of thanks, called with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" And so he came, bound hand and foot, and even about his face, with grave-clothes. Jesus told them to loose him and let him go, and so Mary and Martha had their brother again. What a supper that must have been when they had Lazarus and his Saviour both at the table in the little home in Bethany! In this way our Lord gives us back our dear ones who have been dead in sin, and there is joy not only in heaven, but here in our homes, "over one sinner that repenteth."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who lived at Bethany? Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

Why did Jesus often go there? They were his disciples.

Why did he go at this time? Lazarus was dead.

Who came to meet him? Martha.

Who afterwards met him? Mary.

What did Jesus do? "Jesus wept."

Why? He was sorry for Mary and Martha.

What did he ask them to have done? To have the stone taken from the tomb.

What did he then say? "Lazarus, come forth."

Did he hear the voice of Jesus? He heard, and came forth.

What did Jesus say? "Loose him, and let him go."

How does our Lord now raise the dead? From sin to righteousness.

HELPING SOMEWHERE.

"Is your father at home?" asked somebody of the little boy playing on the village doctor's doorstep.

"No," was the answer, "he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well," answered the little boy thoughtfully, "you've got to look some place where people are sick or hurt or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

What a beautiful thought of his father that boy had all the time. Surely, as he grows up, he, too, will be found helping somewhere.



SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

A young gentleman bought a hunting-mare from a farmer at Malton, in England, and took her with him to Whitby, a distance of nearly sixty miles. One Wednesday morning the mare was missing from the field where her owner had placed her. A search was made for her, but with no success.

The next day the search was renewed. The owner and his groom went some ten miles, and were told that the mare had crossed the railway the morning before. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high-road to her old home at Malton.

Six men had tried, but in vain, to stop her. At a place called Pickering, she jumped the railway gates, and then, finding herself in her old hunting country, made a bee-line for home. In doing this, she had to swim two rivers, and cross a railway.

She was found at her old home, rather lame, and with one shoe off, but otherwise no worse for her gallop of nearly sixty miles across the country—all done in one day, for her old owner found her on Wednesday night, standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for two previous years. Was she not a pretty clever horse?

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Ralph could hardly put his mind on his lessons, he was thinking so much of the new suit of clothes that would be his after school.

New suits did not fall to Ralph's lot very often. His father had been dead several years, and his mother had to support her boy and herself by taking in sewing.

Sometimes the brave boy felt as though things were not quite right when he saw the good clothing of the other boys, and looked at his own shabby clothes, or watched his playmates' mothers as they read or entertained, and remembered his own mother sewing hard at home.

Ralph was such a merry, good-hearted boy that the wealthier boys preferred his company to others of their own rank.

Miss Dale, the teacher, looked uneasily at the corner where Ralph and his friends sat. They were all such mischievous boys, and yet they generally recited their lessons fairly well.

"I forbid any whispering or communication whatever this afternoon," she said, as they took out their books.

The boys looked disappointed. Ralph put his head down and prepared to study.

"Say, Ralph, can you come up after tea to-night?" whispered one boy, after a silence of a few minutes.

Ralph had forgotten the teacher's injunction. "I guess so. What are you going to do?" he whispered back.

"Oh, it's a kind of surprise; mother won't tell us anything about it."

"I'll be on hand, if mother doesn't need me," Ralph said, as he turned back to his lesson.

Miss Dale had been watching that particular corner all the afternoon. She had seen who whispered and who did not. The school bell rang out clearly at half after three o'clock.

Every boy and girl sat in readiness to rise at the three taps of the bell on Miss Dale's desk. Miss Dale rose and stood before them. "All who have communicated with their classmates this afternoon may stand," she said.

That meant a whole hour after school of sitting quietly with one's arms folded. To

Ralph it meant waiting two or three weeks longer for his suit, for his mother could not leave her work again very soon; but it also meant a falsehood if he did not stand.

"I'd rather wait a year for it than do that," Ralph thought bravely, although it was hard work to keep the tears back.

"Keep your seat, Ralph; she'll never know the difference. We are not going to stand," the boys whispered as he half rose in his seat.

But Ralph stood erect. Not another boy or girl was standing.

"I am sorry if you made all that disturbance, Ralph," Miss Dale said, gravely; but Ralph never flinched.

"Tom Bailey, Ed. Sampson, Taylor Horton, and Sam Finch may remain after the rest have passed out. The school is dismissed;" and Miss Dale tapped her bell and smiled at Ralph.

Ralph hurried home. "I'd never tell a lie, mother, for such a little thing. I hope I'll never tell one," he said, after telling the incident to his mother.

"I hope you will not, my boy. Even if one is not rewarded here as you have been, one will surely gain a better reward above," his mother said.

Ralph quite agreed with her.

A PET COW.

We have all heard of pet dogs and pet cats and pet birds, but I read of a cow, not long ago, that was really a pet. She looked just like an ordinary black cow, it is said. She followed her owner's children around but she behaved in the strangest way, for like a dog, and would not be separated from them if she could possibly help it. When the children were at home, the cow would stay quietly in the pasture. But when the children went out, she would leave the pasture and follow behind them, even jumping over fences so that she might be with them.

THE RAINBOW.

Look up to the sky, little sister!
Do you see the rainbow, set
With orange and blue and yellow,
With green and with violet?

Do you think when the dear, dear Father
Put the shining bow up there,
He made it in beautiful colors
To show us how heaven is fair?

The streets of the city are yellow,
And the tree of life is green,
And the light is as clear as crystal
That shines through a golden sheen.

And in purple and blue and crimson
The wonderful walls uprising,
While through pearly gates like the clouds
are,
We shall enter into the skies.