

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1903.

No. 10

THE LILY POND.

"Just a wee bit farther, Ned," cries baby Bess. "Oh! what lovely ones! See! One, two, free, seven, eleven." So the little one counts, in her strange enumeration.

Brother Ned gives one more stroke of the oar, while cousin Helen pulls the rudder string a little to the left.

"There you are," cry all our children at once.

"Now, Ned, gather as fast as you can, but Bess, darling, don't you touch them, because water-lilies have great, long stems which reach 'way down to the bottom of the pond, and if you pulled too hard, you might fall out."

So little Bess sat patiently in the bow of the boat, obeying her sister Marjorie's command.

Helen and Ned gathered in the lovely waxen lilies, while Marjorie decorated the sides of the boat with them.

Little Bess did her part, too, for she discovered two beauties hidden behind the reeds, which the other children didn't notice.

Down went Ned's arm again—and a good thing it was that his sleeve was well rolled up—and triumphantly he pulled up the big white flower that had been hiding shyly from sight. Another plunge and the other one was seized.

"These are for baby Bess," said Ned.

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie and Helen, "because she spied them first, and besides, she was a jewel to sit so quietly."

"Alwite," lisped little Bess. "Ise'll take 'em, 'cause I'm going to s'prise fader and mudder with 'em," and that morning for breakfast, what do you suppose Mr.

THE IDOL-BREAKING BOY.

A little boy, the son of a heathen father, once broke, with a stick, all his images, except the largest; then he put the stick into the hands of the idol that was left.

When his father saw it he exclaimed:

"Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense!" said the father; "you did it! And to pay you I'll beat you with the same stick."

"But," said the boy, gently, "how can you trust to a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose that if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can of you and of the world?"

The heathen stopped to think. Then he broke his great idol, and knelt down to pray to the true God; and called him "my Father."

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She talked as if she were a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After a while she looked toward the door, and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She

thought Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.



THE LILY POND.

and Mrs. Kerr found before their places at table? Why, sure enough, there were their porridge plates, but instead of the porridge and cream, the dish was filled with water on which floated Bess' lilies.

THE CORAL.

Under the sea, in its sandy bed,
Grow beautiful corals, white and red;
Baby's rattle and necklace, too,
Once far down in the ocean grow.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,
Which people prize and so often wear.
But did you know in each starry cell
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony,
And build their cities under the sea,
Coral cities, of white and red,
Under the sea in its sandy bed.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1903.

SUNSHINE.

There was a poor widow once living on a stony little farm a great way from any neighbours. She had an idiot boy to care for, and a great deal of work to do, and but little money, and few friends, and a great deal of trouble. And you could always see by her face that she was not happy; her skin was wrinkled, and she had scarcely ever a smile for any one, but wore a dark, sad look all the time, that made one feel like crying just to see her.

She didn't get to church very often, partly because she had so much to do and partly because she was so unhappy, she did not care to go. One pleasant morning, however, in the summer-time, she went, but felt so strange that she sat down in a corner, where she thought no one would see her.

But Mrs. Noble saw her in the lone corner; as soon as the meeting was over she hastened, with her cheery step, to shake hands with her and bid her good morning.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Barnes, and how is your boy? I'm glad to see you out."

"Here you come, smiling at everybody," said Mrs. Barnes, without trying to answer Mrs. Noble's questions. "You seem just like a streak of sunshine. It does me good to look at you, but I don't see how you manage it; for you've plenty of trouble, like other folks. But you never let anybody see it; you hide it all away."

"That's the right way."

"Well, I can't do it," said the poor woman. "I'm just bent double with my burdens, and everybody has to see how I go hobbling along."

"You are not honouring the Lord in that way," said Mrs. Noble. "He invites you to cast your burdens on him." "I know it, but I can't seem to do it. I wonder if that's the reason you are always like sunshine?"

"It's the only right way for us, my friend." And then she talked to the poor woman about the dear Saviour who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well, I'll think over what you've said and I'll try," and Mrs. Barnes turned towards her home.

If she does what Mrs. Noble has told her about, she'll find the sunshine in her own poor little home, as well as in her friend's bright, cheerful face. The sun always shines where Jesus is. He is himself the Sun, and if we will open our hearts and let him come in and live there, as he wants to, we may carry the sunshine about with us wherever we go.

CALLING THE ANGELS.

"Deed, mamma, we didn't mean to be rough," said one of a bright-eyed little group: "but we's so many of us together that if one of us says a teensy-weensy mad word, all the rest must say one, too; and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little angels that just hate quarrels; and if you will call one of them, he will fly away with the ugly words."

"But, O, mumpsy, how can we call him?" asked another.

"Listen now, and I will call one!" and the mother began to sing:

There is a happy land
Far, far away.

In a minute five little voices joined hers; and when they had sung the last "aye," every face was bright and smiling.

The next day mother heard a clatter in the nursery, and presently one little voice piped up:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand.

These verses were sung through, but

some of the voices kept up the debate as well.

No sooner had "Drops of Water" died away than another voice began, "Where, O Where Are the Hebrew Children?" and as none of them could keep from singing the chorus, no more quarrelling was heard.

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job," said one of mamma's boys afterwards.

OPENING THE HEART.

I knew a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart if you wished him to come in?"

He answered, "I'd say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in!'"

The next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face, that made my father ask: "Robert, what makes you look so glad and joyful to-day?"

He replied joyfully: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance into it. I said to him, 'Lord Jesus, come in!' I think he has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep him outside so long!"

THE QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There once was a little brown hen,
A dear little, queer little hen,

Her work was to lay

Just one egg every day;

And she did it, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right then,
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,

Her egg she would lay,

Her one egg every day,

This good little, queer little hen.

'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say
Lay an egg from a tree every day,

And what good was the egg?

Just tell that, I beg—

That fell from a tree in that way.

But some people do things just as queer,
I know it: I've seen it, my dear.

They have a good thought,

But it just comes to naught;

From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.

If we do a right thing,

If a good thought we bring,

Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
 With life, little man?
 I will tell you a wonderful trick
 That will bring you contentment,
 If anything can—
 Do something for somebody, quick;
 Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
 With play, little girl?
 Weary, discouraged and sick?
 I'll tell you the loveliest
 Game in the world—
 Do something for somebody, quick;
 Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
 Of the flood, little man,
 And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
 You can make the sun shine
 In your soul, little man—
 Do something for somebody, quick;
 Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass,
 Overhead, little girl,
 And the walk like a well-heated brick,
 And are earthly affairs
 In a terrible whirl?
 Do something for somebody, quick;
 Do something for somebody, quick!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON VII. [May 17.]

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Acts 24. 10-16, 24-26. Mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.—Psa. 23. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Paul was being hurried away through the night from Jerusalem to Casarea, protected by hundreds of armed soldiers, he must have been resting in his soul, for had not the Lord stood by him in the night, promising that he should yet be a witness for him at Rome? He knew that he would be protected by his best Friend, and so when, after five days, his accusers came from Jerusalem—the high priest and the elders and an orator to speak for them—and they were brought before Felix, the governor, Paul had no fear. After the orator had brought his false charges against Paul, the governor beckoned to him to rise, and answer them, which he did in a simple, manly way, confessing his faith in God and in the resurrection. Then Felix said he would do nothing more until the chief captain should come, and he gave him his liberty, with a centurion to guard him. After

a few days, Felix sent for Paul again to talk with him, and also with his wife Drusilla, about faith in Christ. That was a great opportunity for Paul, and he made the most of it, reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, until Felix trembled. But he dared not do right. "Go thy way for this time," he said; "when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Paul taken? To Casarea.
 Who by? A company of soldiers.
 To whom was he taken? To Felix, the governor.
 Who had sent him? The chief captain.
 Who came soon after? The men who accused Paul.
 What did they say of Paul? False things.
 How did Paul speak. Like a Christian.
 Was he sentenced? No.
 Whom did he talk with afterward? Felix and Drusilla.
 What about? About faith in Christ.
 What did Felix do? He trembled.
 What did he say? "Go thy way for this time."

LESSON VIII. [May 24.]

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Acts 26. 19-29. Memorize vs. 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts 26. 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was a prisoner in Casarea for two years, because Felix did not wish to displease the Jews, but when he went away, and a new governor, called Festus, came, the chief priests tried again to have Paul sent to Jerusalem. Festus would not do this. He said they would have to come to Casarea. When they came he asked Paul if he would go to Jerusalem to be judged, but Paul said he would not be judged by the Jews, but would go to Rome to be judged by the emperor. "I appeal to Caesar," he said, and Festus said he should go to Caesar, for he was a Roman citizen. So the priests went back angry and disappointed. While Paul was waiting for the ship, Herod Agrippa, a proud king, with his sister, Berenice, came to visit Festus, and, hearing about Paul, said that he would like to hear him speak. So he came before the king and the princess and the governor, and chief men of the city, chained to the soldier who kept him, and made one of the most wonderful speeches that has ever been uttered. Festus told Paul that much learning had made him mad, but Agrippa said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Was he jesting or in earnest? We cannot tell. (Read Paul's beautiful reply to him in verse 29.)

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the new governor? Festus.
 What did the Jews try to do? Get Paul to Jerusalem.
 Why? That they might kill him on the way.
 What did Festus say? He left it to Paul.
 What did Paul choose? To be tried at Rome.
 Who came about this time. King Agrippa.
 What did he wish to hear? To hear Paul speak.
 What did Paul speak about? His conversion.
 What did the king say to Paul? (Verse 28.)
 Did Agrippa ever become a Christian? No.
 What did they say of Paul? That he had done no crime.
 What did he wait for? A ship going toward Rome.

AN IRON EGG.

In a certain museum in Germany there is to be seen a large iron egg, now very rusty. The story about this egg is that there was once a German prince about to marry, and a little time before the ceremony, the expected present from the prince was delivered to the young lady, who was very eager to see it; but when she opened it, to her astonishment and disgust, she saw a large iron egg. She threw it down in a passion, but when it struck the floor, a secret spring was pressed, the egg flew open, and a silver yolk came out. This pleased her better, so she picked it up, and, touching another secret spring, out of the silver yolk came a golden yolk. This she fingered until another spring was pressed, and then a beautiful jewelled crown came out of the golden yolk. Again there was a secret spring in the crown, and out of that came an engagement ring. Imagine the lady's great joy and delight that the ugly iron egg should have conveyed such a lovely present to her. Some people treat their Bibles like iron eggs, and never find the jewels inside.

A SAILOR'S PLEDGE.

Returning recently from Hong-Kong, an old sailor had an accident, and was badly scalded; he was very ill. When he began to recover, the doctor said: "You must take some port wine." "No," said the old sailor, "I am a teetotaler." "But," said the doctor, "you need it to strengthen you." "Doctor," said the old man, "do you think I will die if I don't take the wine?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then," said the sailor, "when you get into St. Katherine's docks, go round to the little temperance room and tell them that the old man died sober." But he did not die!

A PRIZE BOY.

He wouldn't burst in with an Indian yell,
And shy his hat up at a peg—

O, no!

He never came near tumbling into a well
While tempting the brink on one leg—

That's so!

The boy that I tell of is different, quite:
He couldn't your feelings annoy;

He never does anything but what is
right—

This wonderful, good little boy:

He doesn't drum tattoos on table and
pane,

Nor squirm like an eel on a hook—

O, no!

He studies his lessons again and again,
No matter how hard is his book—

That's so!

The treasure I mention no faults ever
hid;

He shines a perpetual joy!

But he doesn't live anywhere here—if he
did,

O, wouldn't he be a prize boy!

THE TEMPTATION.

No person can go through life without having temptation of some sort placed in his way. We may not all of us be tempted to steal, but, in one form or another, it is sure to come. No doubt this poor boy in our picture feels the temptation very strongly. One of the ladies we see in front has dropped her purse, and this penniless fellow sees it. "If there's money in that purse," he thinks, "I shall be able to get some food for mother and the little ones at home, and have a good meal myself, into the bargain." We are sorry for the lad, for it must be very hard to resist. However, we believe that, in the end, his nobler feelings prevail, and he runs after the ladies and restores the lost article. We feel sure that the kind lady, when she gets her purse back again, will reward him handsomely for his honesty, and that his wants will thus be satisfied.

THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.

Susie wanted to join a picnic. She wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let

her go, but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said, "No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see her daughter look disappointed; instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you disappointed," said her mother, much relieved to see her daughter's cheerfulness.

"I have got the 'thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child, sweetly.

NOT QUITE A QUARREL.

The grown folks didn't care for music, so they left the little folks to themselves. Robbie Chandler visited Hazel Adams every day when Hazel didn't visit him. They were neighbours and great friends. Robbie was a real gentleman, though he forgot to remove his cap that morning. It was because of the flute.

"Where did you get it?" said Hazel, with wonder in her brown eyes.

"Uncle Rod comed last night and gived it to me, and teached me how to play. I can mos' play a tune. See?"

Robbie set his feet on the chair, puffed



THE TEMPTATION.

out his cheeks, and blew hard. Sure enough. Hazel hadn't words for her delight. It was just then that the stupid older people ran away.

"Could I do it? May I try it?" Hazel asked timidly.

"Y-e-es. Your fingers won't go right first time.

It seemed a doubtful thing to give his dear flute into other hands. But Robbie did it like a little man. Then, O! some way it had dropped, and some way Hazel had stepped upon it; and it lay a poor, flattened flute, with the music crushed out of it.

"Oh, dear!" screamed Robbie; "you've broken my flute—you—you!"

The two mammas, who were also great

friends, rushed to the door, but halted. They saw this picture: Hazel crying, cowering before Robbie, whose eyes flashed, whose fist was clenched to strike.

"Stop!" the mammas whispered. For as they looked they saw Robbie controlling himself by an effort which shook his small frame. His face softened, his fist relaxed.

"There, there, it was an accident; you didn't mean to do it."

"No, I didn't, Robbie; and I'll buy another; I've got forty cents. Do you s'pose it would cost more than that?"

The two mammas slipped back unseen, thankful that their children had already learned lessons of self-control, justice and generosity.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I guess this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose that you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing, but you are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pouring. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face. One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day."

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty. After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went down-stairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day, that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine, and will you not help to make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones?

HINTS FOR CHILDREN.

Hear what others speak. Do not interrupt them till they are done. Fear God. Honour all men. Render thanks for all favours. Reverence superiors. Respect equals. Be courteous to inferiors. Do not contradict your elders. Regard religious worship. Do not pry into secrets. Do not tell tales. Do as you would be done by. Love God with all your heart. Love your neighbour as yourself.