

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1902.

No. 2.

THE EMPEROR.

We call him the emperor, because he rules everybody in the house. We all have to rise early because the emperor will have it so. He likes his breakfast at half-past six o'clock; and he wants all his subjects to be present when he takes his breakfast of bread and milk.

If papa is not in his seat, the emperor will refuse to eat. In vain does Lucy say, "Here, you little tyrant, take your milk." "No, no," says the emperor, sternly. "Papa, papa!"

So upstairs I run, and say, "Are you almost ready, sir? Baby is calling you. He won't taste a drop of milk, because you are not in your seat."

"Tell his Majesty that, as soon as I can put on my boots, I will be present," says papa, laughing, "I felt at one time as if I could head a rebellion to put down the emperor; but soon I found that early rising was really doing me good; and now I am one of his most loyal subjects."

When papa appears at the breakfast-table, he kneels down; and the emperor, with a vigorous cry of "Papa, papa!" flourishes his spoon, and gives him a kiss; whereupon papa rises, cries, "*Vive l'empereur!*" (Live the Emperor!) and sits down to his coffee.

The emperor is very gracious to his sister Emma. Our girl Lucy, who takes care of him, says that Emma rules the emperor as no one else can. Unlike most emperors, he is very tender-hearted, and would not hurt a fly. The cat likes him, because he never pulls her tail, or tries to choke her.

HOW EDITH HELPED.

Edith's sister, Mildred, sat in the fire-light in her own pleasant room rocking and thinking. She had a great deal to think about, because she had been away on a very queer visit. She had been taking her turn at a College Settlement. Perhaps

you don't know what that is, so I will put it into the little words that seem to be made purposely for boys and girls in the First Reader.

You know that in every great city there are ever so many boys and girls who are dirty and very poor, and, I am afraid, very wicked, too.

Now, I do not know just how it first began, but at any rate some of these

so bright and pretty that the little neighbours will love to come to see us. And we will make it so clean that they will want to make themselves neat and clean. So little by little we will help these brothers and sisters of ours to know the Christ child and grow like him." And it is these houses that are called College Settlements.

When the college girls have their long vacations, or after they are through studying all the wise books which we could not understand even if we were in the Sixth Reader, they take turns in going to live among these poor little boys and girls.

Now you see why Edith's sister, Mildred, had so much to think of that she did not hear the pit-pat of little bare feet, until a soft hand touched her.

"You little ghost! Why aren't you in dreamland this minute?" said this dear, big sister, gathering the small ghost in her arms.

"Oh, sister, I have been thinking about Jinksie, and Patsie and Reddie, and all the rest, until there isn't the least bit of sleep in me. Please tell me more about them."

"Dear, your eyes are wide as owls' eyes now, and if I tell you more stories your head will be so full that it will toss about all night. The best thing to do is to ask the good Father in heaven to take care of his little ones to-night wherever they are sleeping, and then go to sleep yourself, so that your body and mind will grow strong. Then some time you can help wonderfully."

"Yes! but I want to help now!" said Edith, laying a coaxing hand upon her sister's neck.

"That will not be hard to do, dear. Tomorrow we will work for Jinksie Crane. Jinksie is the lame one, you know. I can think of something we can both do for him; but not one word will I tell you about it unless you spend the whole long night in the Land of Nod!"

In another minute Edith was carried in



THE EMPEROR.

grown-up girls in colleges got to thinking. Maybe the ones who began the thinking had little brothers and sisters at home. Or maybe it was only because they loved a little Child, who was put into a manger bed when he was a baby. But at last from thinking they went to doing. "Why not put our spending-money together," they said, "and get a house right where these poor little people live? We will make it

Mildred's strong arms back to her little white bed. She was sure she could not sleep a wink, but of course she did. In five minutes she was dreaming that she was walking in a beautiful garden and saw Jinksie Crane there, too, walking with a golden eruteh.

I can't tell you the whole story of the next two days; they were so very busy. But at last an expressman came and took away a bundle. In the bundle there was a soft, warm overcoat for Jinksie Crane, besides some other things. But I tell you about the coat because it was made from one of Mildred's old ulsters, and Edith ripped all the seams herself.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Hammer, 65 pp., 8v., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 40
5 copies and over	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUENTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1902.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

"I'm going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John; "I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'"

"There is only one way!" they all cried out.

"No; there are many ways," replied Uncle John.

It seemed as if supper time would never come; but it came at last, and so did Uncle John. Sitting down, he looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Have you been a good boy to-day, Harry?" he asked.

"Yes—no," said Harry; "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't take a dare."

Uncle John then asked Bob: "Have you had a good day to-day, my boy?"

"I haven't had fun enough," answered Bob. "It's all Joe's fault. We boys wanted the pond all to ourselves for one

day; and we intended, when the girls came, to clear them off. But Joe——"

"I think it is Joe's turn," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, my boy?"

"Why," said Joe, "I thought the girls had as much right to the pond as the boys; so I spoke to one or two of the others, and wouldn't let them drive the girls away. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

The next minute the skates were on Joe's knee. "Joe has won the prize," said Uncle John. "Then he continued, speaking very gravely: 'Boys, we've been spelling 'man' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it. Think it over, and remember that the one perfect Man carried God's law of obedience and unselfishness into everything.'—Westminster Junior Quarterly.

HIS PROMISE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The school was out, and down the street
The noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't; I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout
Of boisterous derision,
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other,
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't; I promised mother."

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

DO YOU DO ANY OF THESE THINGS?

Do you always bow your head while prayer is being offered, or do you look around to see who has on a new dress or coat, or whether Mary and Jack are bowing their heads during prayer? Worse than all, do you laugh and whisper while God's blessing is being asked on all assembled in his house? Do you think that you are deserving a blessing when you are thoughtless and irreverent?

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE TRUSTED.

Harvey held up his fingers, as if there were something in them, saying, "Speak for it!" then waited for his dog to take a seat on his hind feet and bark a request for it, but the dog did no such thing. Instead, he poked his nose between the rails of the fence and looked surly.

"Why, what a dog!" said Harry Wheeler, who was on a visit to Harvey, and waiting to see the dog perform. "Now, my Trusty, the minute I bring him anything and hold it up so, will speak just as plain. Everybody knows what he says."

"This dog used to do so," Harvey said, looking crossly at him. "I'm sure that I don't know what's got into him; he doesn't mind at all. He ought to be whipped."

Just then Miss Lilie Barr came out to see the fun. She was Harvey's sister. She was in time to hear what was said. "I know just what's got into him, Harvey Barr," she said; "and if I were a dog, I would do exactly so. He doesn't believe a word you say. You cheat him all the time. You snap your fingers and say, 'Speak for it!' and you haven't got a thing for him, and he knows it. What would he speak for? If I had a dog, I wouldn't cheat him."

"Pshaw!" said Harvey; "as if a dog knew when he was cheated!"

"Why, of course he does. If he doesn't, why wouldn't he mind when you spoke to him? He used to ask so nicely for things but now he knows you are just doing it to fool him."

"Well, he ought to mind, whether I have anything or not," Harvey said. "A dog ought to mind. Anybody who wouldn't mind isn't worth a penny. Papa makes us mind, whether he has anything for us or not."

"O Harvey, as if papa ever cheated us! You never heard him say, 'Come here, and I'll give you something,' and then not do it after all."

"I don't care; if he *did* say so, we would have to mind him."

"But he *won't* say so ever, because it isn't right; and I don't think that it is right to treat a dog so. It just ruins him; mamma said so. Mamma said that Aunt Hattie was bringing up her Tommy just as you bring up your dog. She tells him to be a good boy, and she will bring him something; but she always forgets it, and Tommy knows that she will. He says: 'O pooh, she won't!' I suppose that is exactly what your dog is saying to himself now."

"Boys are boys, and dogs are dogs," said Harvey; but he jumped down from the fence, and went away. He had made up his mind that there was no use in trying to have the dog "speak." Whether it was bad bringing up or not, he *wouldn't* mind.—Our Boys and Girls.

THE BOY WHO HELPED JESUS.

We do not even know his name,
His lineage, or his age ;
And yet he lives in deathless fame
Upon the gospel page.

The people round the Master pressed
The sick, the poor, the sad ;
He stands distinct from all the rest,
The little fisher-lad.

We cannot guess what prompts his
thought,
That those five loaves he brings,
Two fish he may himself have caught
He carries on his strings.

He waits with patient, upraised head,
The hungry crowd he sees ;
The fish are here, the barley bread,
And yet what use are these ?

Still all he has his Lord may take,
And then it must be well.
The Master took and blessed and brake,
And wrought his miracle.

O glad child-heart, so pure and swift
The perfect way to choose !
O happy hands that bore the gift
The Master deigned to use !

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON IV. [January 26.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-10. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Exod. 15. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

The disciples had seen Jesus go away from the sight of their eyes, but they had since received him back again into their hearts. He was nearer to them now than he was before, and he made them wise to speak and strong to do his work. About three o'clock one afternoon Peter and John went to the temple to worship. As they were entering the gate that was called "Beautiful" because it was made of costly brasswork, they saw a lame man lying there. He could not walk, though he was forty years old. His friends brought him there every day to beg for money. When he saw Peter and John he held out his hand, and Peter said, "Look on us," and the beggar looked, thinking to get a piece of money ; but Peter said : "Silver and gold have I none ; but such as I have give I thee : in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." He took him by the hand, and the beggar rose and went into the temple praising God. The

people looked at Peter and John as though by their own power they had done this wonderful work, but Peter preached again, and told them that it was the Lord Jesus alone who had done this miracle.

There is a wonderful picture-lesson in this story. It is the picture of salvation. God has this great gift for every one, but all do not receive it. Do you know why ? Some do not want it enough to ask for it. Some will not reach out the hand of faith to take it even after they have asked for it. The gift is waiting for you, and your Father earnestly desires you to have it. Will you take it ?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What was the "hour of prayer" spoken of ? Three o'clock.

What was done then ? A lamb was offered in sacrifice.

Who lay at the temple gate ? A beggar.

Could he go in to pray ? No, he could not walk.

Who came to the gate ? Peter and John.

What did the beggar ask of them ? Money.

Were Peter and John rich ? Yes, but not in money.

What did they give the beggar ? Strength to walk.

Was it their own gift ? No, it was the gift of God.

In whose name did they give it ? In Jesus' name.

What did the man do ? He went into the temple to thank God.

To whom did Peter and John give all praise. To the Lord Jesus.

LESSON V. [February 2.

THE FIRST PERSECUTION.

Acts 4. 1-12. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter preached his first sermon in the street, but this, his second, was preached in the temple. Many priests and Sadducees who hated Jesus heard it, and they took Peter and John and put them into prison near by, for it was too late to bring them to court that day. Early in the morning they were taken before the Sanhedrin, in the hall of judgment, close by the temple. The judges sat in the half-circle around the wall, Caiaphas, and Annas, and many more. Peter and John stood before them, and the man who had been a lame beggar was there too. He was not lame now, and he did not beg. He looked very happy. When the judges asked Peter and John in whose name and by whose power they had cured this man, they answered quickly that it was in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom they had crucified, that the man

had been healed. Then the judges told them to speak no more in that name, but Peter and John could not promise this, for they must first obey God. Then they were allowed to go away. Do you wonder why the name of Jesus has such power in it ? You know the name of a great and good man is powerful. Sometimes the Governor-General of Canada, by signing his name, can give life and freedom to a prisoner who has been condemned to die. How much greater is the name of Jesus, the Son of God, than even the greatest human name ! There are many promises of life and freedom from sin in the Bible, given by Jesus, and they are made to us.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who wanted to hear about Jesus ? The people.

Who were angry when they heard his name ? The priests and elders.

Were the apostles afraid of them ? They were not.

Why ? Because they had the Holy Spirit to make them brave.

What was done to Peter and John ? They were put into prison.

What was done next day ? They were tried in court.

Were they afraid then ? Not at all.

Who stood beside them ? The man who had been lame.

What did the Jews tell the apostles ? To say no more about Jesus.

Did they promise this ? No, they said they must obey God.

What was done to Peter and John ? They were set free.

Who stands by his friends in trouble ? The Lord Jesus.

HOW THE DRUNKARD BEGAN.

Once a man was sitting in a saloon. He had an old battered hat on his head, a short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt, and ragged clothes, and downtrodden shoes on. But he had not always been like that ; he had seen better days also. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug, while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them sadly, and then he said with a sigh : "Ah, that's how I began, and I can't leave it off now."

NOT WORTH WHILE.

It is never worth while to be cross. Do you know why ? For one thing, it makes you a coward. If you have a trouble and are cross, it shows you are not bold enough to meet it. If you are cross with those who love you, it proves that you do not appreciate their kindness. So it goes on ; it is never worth while to be cross, no matter what happens.



THE LAME MAN HEALED BY PETER.

RACIE'S DREAM.

Racie's work every morning was to get up early enough to dress herself, and then dress Wilfred, before the prayer-bell rang.

Mamma was busy getting breakfast, and papa was out seeing the cattle fed on the farm, and the two little folks had the upstairs to themselves.

Sometimes it was a nice time, and sometimes it wasn't. When Racie did not dawdle too much over her own dressing, and then hurry too much over Wilfred's, they had merry laughs and "pretends."

But for some mornings Racie had been staying in bed a while after mamma called her, and that put her in a fluster, and put Wilfred in a fret, and the times were growing stormy.

One morning sister dressed herself very quickly, and then said, "Come, Billy boy, get up, up, up, right quick, quick, quick, and get in the tub, tub, tub."

"I don't want to get up," said Wilfred ;

"you'll wash me too hard, and pull my hair."

"Just try me," said Racie, "and see if I don't dress you as nice and easy as mamma."

This got Wilfred up in a jiffy, and sure enough, dressing was good fun that morning.

"Don't you want to know what makes me so nice to-day?" asked Racie, as she coaxed the comb through the baby's tangles.

"Yes; what?"

"Well; I dreamed last night that God sent his angel to take you up to heaven, and when I found you were gone I cried and cried because I hadn't let you play with my blocks yesterday. So when I woke up and found you asleep in your crib I was as happy as anything, and I made up my mind to be real nice to you."

"But I don't want to go to heaven yet," said Wilfred, looking troubled.

"Oh dear, no," cried Racie; "dreams don't mean that. But I guess Conscience got dired talking to me in the day-time, 'cause I wouldn't listen, and she just put that little dream in my head at night."

"And I can play with your blocks to-day?" said Wilfred; he didn't know much about Conscience, but he could understand blocks.

"Yes," said Racie, with a little sigh; she thought Conscience was rather hard on her about the blocks, "but Conscience must know best," she said to herself resolutely.

BOYS, BE WORTHY BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys;
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming";
If fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

THE GREATER LOVE.

There was an Arab sheik who lived in an oasis in the desert. He had everything in his tents that heart could wish. He did not know for himself what thirst and hunger meant. But one morning a servant came and said: "Master, yonder, ten miles distant, where the caravan path crosses the desert, we have found a man dead from hunger and thirst and the scorching heat." That night the sheik could not sleep. Early the next morning he sent his servants to the spot where the man had died. They bore two leather bottles of water and a basket of figs and grapes. The next thirsty traveller who crossed the desert found a small tent which sheltered two water-bottles sunk in the sand. Beside them was the basket of fruit. On a scroll he read: "While God gives me life, each day shall a man be as springs of water in a desert place." God's beloved Son saw our need, and could not rest in heaven, but came himself to our help.

If we would have our Lord abide with us, we must solicit his presence; he tarries only where his presence is desired.