

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1905.

No. 9.

A KING'S VISIT.

There was a whole long hour to wait before Aunt Nan could possibly come driving up from Union Station. The house was all in order for her visit; Jenny and little Nan had on their Sunday dresses, and began to get very restless. They had never seen Aunt Nan, who lived in a great city, and who, they thought, must be very fine indeed.

"I 'spect Aunt Nan will think we live in a mighty little house," suggested her namesake, who was sitting on Jenny's knee and gazing down the busy street.

"I wish I had a dress with silver buttons, like the picture of Aunt Nan's little girl," said Jenny, taking a rather gloomy view of her plain blue merino.

There was a restless silence for ten minutes, and Jenny began again in the same tone:

"Won't Aunt Nan feel queer not to have any waiter at tea? Mamma said there was a fine man in a black coat waiting on her table."

"Lassies!" said mamma, suddenly, and both little girls started and turned away from the window; they had not known that mamma was in the room at all. "We don't know," said mamma, "just what Aunt Nan is going to think or say or ask of us; but we are going to have a visit some day from a King."

"A king, mamma!" they cried; "is a king coming? What is his name? and when is he coming?"

"I will answer your last question," said mamma, "and see if you can't answer the first one yourself. We don't know when our King is coming, but he

our lips; if we do unto others as we would have them do unto us; if we have pure hearts and right thoughts."

"It is Jesus, isn't it mamma?" asked Jenny.

"It is Jesus, my darling—the Lord of heaven and earth; he has promised to come back, and he surely will come, and his coming will make all his children happy."

The two little girls forgot then about their little house and old clothes and plain fare; they even forgot how long the hour would be in trying to stretch their little minds to take in the thought of the coming of the Lord Jesus.

A LITTLE LESSON.

"O Miss May, I think Florence is a horrid little girl."

"But do you love her?"

"Love her? But how can I when she is so horrid?"

"But Jesus loves her."

"But Jesus loves everybody."

"And we try to do as Jesus does, and as he wants us to do, don't we?"

The little girl looked away at a



WAITING FOR AUNTIE.

house across the street. "Let me tell you something," said Miss May earnestly: "If you begin with loving people, you will never know whether they are horrid or not. Will you try to think of that when the 'can't bear' feeling comes?"

"I'll try."

THE BEST BEAUTY.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish,
If he cannot have his way;
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see,
But that we never think of—
So kind and brave is he.
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you,
And that you can't deny.
The plainest face has beauty
If the owner's kind and true;
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1906.

ONE OF THE WONDERS.

Do you know how the Laplanders got the Bible? It is a strange story. A young rioter named Lars Heatta was imprisoned for life for murder. His youth made his keeper lenient, and the orison chaplain taught the lad to read and write.

The Bible interested him greatly; he pored over it day after day, and finally formed the high purpose of translating it into his native tongue. Think of the

weariness of labor. Lars was a poor scholar, and the Lapp language not an easy one to handle. But the work was accomplished; the Bible was printed in the Lapp language, and Lars was given his freedom.

As late as 1870 the old man was still living, supporting himself by acting as a guide for travellers.

HOW LUCY CAME TO CHRIST.

"Lucy, Lucy, wait!" cried Lillie Watson, running very fast to catch up with her friend on the way home from school.

"I want to ask you something."
"Well," said Lucy, as the two met, "what is it?"

"Will you come for me to go to meeting to-night?"

"Me? Oh, no!" answered Lucy, with a toss of her curly pate. "I'm not going to meeting myself."

"Oh, why not, Lucy? You know Mr. Sutton was anxious to have every one of his class attend the revival services."

"Oh, yes, he's always preaching. But I had rather have a good time than go to a poky old meeting. When I get older I may join the church, but at present—no, thank you. I'm going out sleigh-riding to-night."

"Oh, Lucy, put it off just this one night, and go to church. Won't you?" pleaded Lillie.

"Indeed I won't. I'd go sleighing to-night if it took the roof off the old church. I'm in for fun and a good time, I tell you. Come, go with us, Lil."

But Lillie shook her head sadly, and seeing it was no use to urge the wilful girl, said no more, and left her at the corner where her road turned.

That night at church Mr. Sutton offered an earnest prayer that every member of his Sabbath-school class might be brought to Christ before the series of meetings closed.

While he prayed, Lucy Somerville, with a gay party, was flying along the road behind two mettlesome young horses, taking the ride she had vowed she would have in spite of anything. The road crossed the railroad at a short distance from the village and the shrieking engine dashed by just as they reached the spot; the wild little beasts took fright and ran away, throwing the entire party from the sleigh. Some were slightly hurt, some not at all, but poor Lucy was taken up dead, and sadly borne back to the home she had left so gaily only an hour ago.

By morning the news had gone all over the town that Lucy would live, but might never walk alone again as a result of that sleigh-ride. Among the friends who called at her home, Mr. Sutton went often, and with kindest words tried to lead the poor child to the Lamb of God. But still Lucy turned a deaf ear.

"No, no! it was cruel in God to let me be hurt so. I cannot love him when I must always be a prisoner in the house, and see other girls run about as I used to. Oh, I can never be happy again!"

"Dear Lucy, I fear you can never be really happy unless you give your heart to Jesus," said Mr. Sutton.

"I can't; I don't love him," was her only reply.

Her mother and grandmother tried to lead her into peace, but it seemed as if there was no peace for her.

But one morning she awoke with a strange light in her face, and called her mother to her bedside.

"Oh, mamma, it is all right now!" she said sweetly. "I am willing to bear everything the Saviour sends upon me, for I do love him because he forgives my wickedness. Won't you send for Mr. Sutton? I want to tell him too."

The joyful mother was only too glad to send for the good teacher; and when he came, Lucy raised herself in her chair and cried out: "Oh, be glad with me; for I have found Jesus at last!"

And Mr. Sutton, coming to her side, dropped upon his knees, and fervently said: "Let us thank God, for our lamb which was lost is found."

MINDING BABY.

Now, baby dear, you need not fear,
Though mother is not nigh;
I mean to nestle very near,
So do not cry.

I've left my doll, I left my book,
I've left my sewing too;
For mother said that I must look,
Well after you.

I'm glad my mother trusts me so,
Her bidding I'll obey;
I'm getting on for seven, you know—
I'm seven in May.

I ought to help, I ought to try
How useful I can be;
Now, baby, close each little eye!
I'll sing to thee.

I'll sing the hymn dear mother sang
When I was tiny too;
Time after time the sweet words rang
Till all I knew.

"Now, hush thee, hush thee, do not weep,
My little lamb, my dove;
The little children safely sleep,
Whom Christ doth love!"

A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company; but a little later and they mingle.

GRANDMA AND I.

My grandma talks of the "good old days"
To me and my little brother Ben;
But if you won't tell, I'll whisper to you
That I'm awfully glad I didn't live
then.

My grandma's doll couldn't shut her eyes.
For you see they were only daubs of
paint!

And her hair was made of ravelled yarn,
I tell you, I'm glad that my doll's ain't!

Such funny books as they used to have,
And the pictures weren't pretty a single
bit;

The old New England Primer was one—
I guess you'd laugh if you looked at it.

There weren't any furnaces in church,
And sometimes grandma would almost
freeze;

And she says, when she was a child like
me,
She never had seen any Christmas trees.

My grandma is dear, and wise, and good,
And I love her a lot, but anyhow,
I think that the good new times are the
best,
And I'm glad that Benny and I live
now.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13.

A FIERCE DEMONIAK HEALED.

Mark 5. 1-20. Memory verse, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends and tell them
how great things the Lord hath done for
thee.—Mark 5. 19.

LESSON STORY.

This is a strange story of how Jesus
healed the poor man who was tormented
with devils. He was a poor crazy fellow
for whom nobody could do anything.
They had tried to chain him, but he
always broke loose. He lived in a wild,
dreary place among the rocks by the sea
shore. There were sorts of caves where
people buried their dead.

When the poor demoniac saw Jesus he
cried out and ran and worshipped him.
He said he was possessed with hundreds
of devils and prayed Jesus to cast them
into the swine. This was done. The man
was saved from his torments. Then the
swine tore off madly to the sea and were
drowned. When the news of his great
change to the mad man came to be known

many went out to see and were amazed to
find him clothed and in his right mind.
Jesus bade him go home and tell his
people what the Lord had done for him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who met Jesus when he got out of the ship? A poor crazy man.
2. Where did he live? In caves by the sea shore.
3. Was he dangerous? Yes, no one could chain him.
4. What happened him? Jesus cast the evil spirits out of him.
5. Where did they go? Into the swine.
6. What did the man then do? Praised God and told what he had done for him.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Mark 6. 14-29. Memory verse, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.—Eph. 2. 18.

LESSON STORY.

It is a sad, tragic story, that of the death of John the Baptist.

Herod, the king, gave a great dinner on his birthday. Of course everything was very grand. There were many costly things to eat and drink. After the meal was eaten the king and his friends sat around the table and drank wine until they were drunk and excited. Then the daughter of the king's brother's wife came in and danced very prettily. The king was so pleased with her that in his drunken jollity he promised her anything she asked, even to the half of his kingdom. The damsel ran off to her mother, who, having a grudge for John the Baptist, had had him put in prison. He had been brave enough to say it was wrong of her to marry Herod. The Queen soon said, "Ask for the head of John the Baptist." When the young girl told Herod what was her request he was sorry, but as he was proud, and ashamed to show pity before his guests, he ordered the poor prisoner's head cut off. And it was handed to the wicked queen on a silver tray.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who gave a grand dinner? Herod, on his birthday.
2. What happened? He got foolish with wine.
3. Who danced? A young damsel.
4. What did he promise her? Anything she asked.
5. What did she ask? The head of John the Baptist.
6. Who told her to? Her wicked mother.

The man who walks with God must do so with clean feet.

BIRDS AND BUGS.

Bugs kill the plants, birds kill the bugs; but boys kill the birds. Then the bugs multiply; for the birds cannot keep them down; and then the boys and the men have to spend their time killing bugs, or lose their crops. The Lord has arranged this world very wisely, and if men do not meddle with it too much, it runs very well; but when they interfere with the Lord's arrangements they are sure to have a great amount of trouble.

We knew a little boy who saw an old-fashioned clock, the weights of which were tin cylinders filled with sand; and on top of one of them lay a piece of lead. The boy did not see the use of that lead, the clock would not go right, for the weight was not heavy enough. The lead had been put on to make up for the lack of weight. The boy did not know enough to let things alone, but he was speedily found out, and was taught a useful lesson.

Many little things which we do are far-reaching in their results; therefore we should be very careful how we meddle with things which do not concern us, or try to interfere with things we do not in the least understand. Let the birds alone.

THE TUG OF WAR.

It was recess at Primary School No. 10. That is what they called the school to which all the little tots in the west end of the town went to learn to read, write and spell, to add, subtract, multiply and divide, and to learn that "This world is a ball," and all such useful things. There was a great green playground for the little ones to run and tumble upon. Somehow the little folks did not seem to mind how often they tumbled out on the soft grass, but how they would cry at home if they happened to fall on the softest of carpets!

There was one game that they were very fond of. It was called "Tug of War," and I saw them play it to-day at recess.

One of the biggest children stood out and said: "Choose sides for 'Tug of War.' It's my first choice to-day—Sadie Jones."

Sadie, with a pleased look, walked proudly up and stood beside the one who chose her. Then the next big child called "Eddie Brown," and so the two called turn about until there was an even number on each side.

How hard they pulled! Of course the little ones fell down first, and all the others on top of them.

"Didn't they cry?" Bless your hearts, of course not. The one who cried would not be chosen next time, and that was a disgrace. Somehow, I never liked the game, but it does help to teach little folks to bear little hurts without crying, which is always a good thing.



THE CATTLE-TRAIN.

COUNTING THE STEPS.

"Oh, how many steps there are to take!"

Said Madge, in her own sweet way;

"There are steps for baby and grand-mamma,

And it's nothing but steps all day.

"Now papa calls, I must surely go,

And Tommy says, 'Find my ball,'

But the steps I take for you, mamma,
I never count them at all."

"And why does my darling never count
The steps that she takes for me?"

"Because," and closing her lips with a
kiss,

"I love you so, don't you see?"

She drew away, but the tears ran fast

From the eyes that had weary grown;

For I had so long been counting the steps,

As I took them one by one—

A child of His, yet needing to learn,

With so many steps to take,

We need never count them as we go,

When taken for Christ's own sake.

THE CATTLE TRAIN.

The following incident was related some time ago by Miss L. M. Alcott, the well-known author:

"Somewhere about Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station. I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train, and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars, and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now or then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How the

animals must have suffered—in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their mouths!

"The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while that I was tempted to get out and see

what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up, and while I hesitated two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said, but as they worked away so heartily their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it and drank the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for them, and, having no pail, filled her 'picking dish' with water to throw on the poor, dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their

compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

THE BOOK IN THE FIELD.

Some careless reader has left this book in the field. It must have been left there a long time ago, before the flowers had begun to send their tiny sprouts out of the ground. Now that they are in bloom we find it beautifully decorated. See how prettily the vines have grown between the pages and the lovely blossoms peep out at the edges! The butterflies light upon its cover and a saucy bug trots gaily over its pages, utterly careless of the solemn and profound truths they may contain. A busy ant hurries past, not having time to see what this strange object in the field is.

Though the book makes a very pretty picture as it lies there on the ground surrounded by the wild flowers, it is not serving the purpose for which it was made. It makes us think of some people we occasionally meet, who are always beautifully dressed, and we admire their appearance very much, for they make a pretty picture, but who are living comparatively useless lives and are not doing the work which they were intended to do.



THE BOOK IN THE FIELD.