

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1903.

No. 9.

NINA TREW.

No better girl than Nina Trew lived at Wenton. She was the comfort of her mother's life. People said they could not tell how Widow Trew would have got over the loss of her husband and kept the little business going, if it had not been for her only child, Nina.

Joseph Trew had been a worthy, hard-working man, but death overtook him early; and he left his widow with a hard battle to fight and one child to provide for. She managed fairly well until Nina was about ten years old, when Mrs. Trew's health failed. But her little daughter was a good mother's help. She kept the house clean; served the customers in the village shop; went to the market town once a week, made her purchases, and was as staid as a woman, and a great deal wiser than some. Her journeys to the town were always made in their cart. They kept a donkey. He might have taken a prize for his good looks and good condition. He was a great favourite with Nina, and in a donkey's way he showed his friendship for her. All the neighbours had a good word for Nina; and

some of the boys who liked the donkey immensely and Nina a little, were quite delighted because they were allowed to ride about with him and to groom him. Old Mr. Gladheart, when he saw Nina in the cart one day, said to his wife: "Depend upon it, my dear, we shall see that girl in heaven in fifty or sixty years from now;

for so good a girl, so loving to her mother, attentive to duty, and kind to animals, must go there."

CONQUERED BY A SONG.

Leaning over a fence one day, a little fellow was seen amusing himself in the

and to mark down anything that might attract my attention; and now I give you what I noted down. The youth was amusing himself in the grass, watching the birds, but he did not see me. At length a fine blackbird perched himself on a low bough of an apple-tree, but whether he saw

the boy or not I cannot tell. I fancy the bird did not see him. It was, however, very clear that the boy saw the bird, for he was only a few yards off, and he very quietly picked up a stone and prepared, with his best aim, to strike him off the bough and kill him on the spot. At the very moment the stone was about to leave the fingers that held it the bird's throat swelled, and one of the finest of nature's songs began that ever delighted the human ear. I stood perfectly still to see the effect, and was delighted to find the bird's song had conquered the boy's cruelty. The music caught the boy's ear, he stayed his hand, and by the time the song was over the boy's arm had dropped, and the stone had fallen to the ground. The bird had charmed his would-be murderer, saved his life by his song, and had now

taken wing to give delight to other ears. The boy looked a little troubled, and I thought I would try and find out the cause of the cloud on the young countenance, and asked, "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." He thought a moment, and with a look of mingled shame

The Road to Slumberland.

What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low:
He goes through the dreamy land of Nod,
To music of lullaby,
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
Under the evening sky.



Some baby words that are drowsily whispered
In the tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear.



A soft little night gown ever so white,
A face washed sweet and fair;
Another brushing the tangles out
From the sunny golden hair,
Two little tired tiny feet
From the shoe and the stocking free,
Two little palms together clasped
At the loving mother's knee.



(Ct. issued on last page.)

orchard. Pear-trees, apple-trees, and trees of other fruits were growing, and among the trees were birds of various kinds, some full of frolic and some full of song. It was really delightful to hear and see all that was going on in the orchard, and to enjoy the delight of it a little more I went towards the trees to listen and to watch,

and sorrow, said: "I couldn't, sir, because he sang so beautifully." Melody thus awakened humanity, and humanity aroused mercy.

GOOD-MORNING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Beaming little blue eyes,
Cheeks so round and rosy,
Baby out upon a ride,
Snug and warm and cosy.

Merry chat and laughter,
Little dimples plenty,
One within and one without—
Fun enough for twenty.

Bonny little Tiptoe,
Reaching up her kisses—
Was a picture ever seen
Cunninger than this is?

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Happy Days.

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GROWING A NAME.

Little Charlie Hays came home from school one day very proud of the fact that he could write his name. He brought his slate to show to his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Would you like to make your name grow, Charlie?" asked his mother.

"I don't know how it could," said Charlie, "I never saw a name grow."

Then his mother took him out in the garden, where a new fresh bed of black, rich earth had been made. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and told him to write his name in large letters in the middle of the bed.

Charlie did so, and then his mother sowed mignonette seed all along the letters.

"Now," she said, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Charlie went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden to see if his name had grown. And there it was, "Charlie Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it.

Charlie was so pleased with it that after that he sowed his name every spring in a different seed.

TELLING A SECRET TO SISTER.

There was not much to tell, but Johnnie Wilson called it a secret, and told it to his sister. Now Johnnie was only eight, but his sister was eighteen, yet they were great friends; so whether in joy or trouble Johnnie told her his secrets. She listened patiently, and perhaps would have said something about it, but restless Johnnie said:

"Now, Agnes, you tell me a secret."

"Well, I will," she said; "I will tell you one of the great secrets that it would do most boys good to know."

"You don't mean—"

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"
do you?" cried Johnnie, rather impatiently.

"No, I was not thinking about that," replied Agnes; "but I am glad you know it."

"Oh, yes, but I want you to tell me one of your own secrets, you know; something about something or about somebody that you have not told any one else."

"Well, I will tell you my secret by first of all telling you a short, true story. You have heard that Christopher Columbus discovered America, and, of course, he knew a great many people, and had a great many friends. But one day, when he talked to one of his young sons, he told him that he himself had had ten brothers, and they had been the very best friends he had ever known; and so Columbus advised his boy to love his brothers, and make them his chief friends. And what I want to tell you, Johnnie, as a secret worth knowing, is this, that you should always tell your secrets to your loving sister, and never say or do anything you could be ashamed of her knowing."

"Oh, is that all?" said Johnnie.

"Yes; but it is a great deal," Agnes replied; "and I will give you a little verse to learn; it will be better than a foolish secret:

"Friend and brother wouldst thou find?
Hearts of love around thee bind?
Be thyself a heart of home:
To gentle heart, hearts gentle come."

A "GREAT BIG ALL."

BY PANSY.

Rolf sat on the floor putting on his stockings and shoes. At least that was what he ought to have been doing; as a matter of fact, he was playing with his toes.

"Rolf," said his mother, "you will be late to breakfast." Then Rolf pulled one stocking part way on and played that it was a wolf who had come to swallow his toes. When he should have been brushing his hair he was looking at the pictures in his new book. When at last he got downstairs his father had finished breakfast.

"What has become of my kiss this morning?" he asked, and Rolf looked sober, for he knew when he was late to breakfast, through his own fault, he lost his father's kiss.

As soon as his own breakfast was eaten, his mother said, "Now, Rolf, it is late; you will have to hurry."

"All right," said Rolf. But just then Buff, the dog, came in with a queer-looking bone, and Rolf had to examine it. In the yard was a strange cat that he stopped to chase. When he reached the school-house the sound of singing came to him, and Rolf knew he was late and had lost his recess.

At night he talked things over with his mother.

"I know what was the matter," said his mother; "my little boy did not put his whole heart into anything that he had to do."

"My heart isn't in pieces, is it?" asked Rolf.

"There is a sense in which it is; you put only a little piece of it into your work; you did what you wanted to do instead of what you ought."

"But I wanted to get to prayers and to breakfast and to get my kiss," said Rolf.

"Not so much as you wanted to play. Don't you see how it was? You put a little piece of your heart on those wants, and a great big piece on the play with your toes and picture book. And you kept right on in that way; you wanted to get to school in time, but not so much as you wanted to chase the cat. All your heart wasn't in the wish to do right."

Rolf sat looking at the moon and was still. Suddenly he asked, "Mother, do you know my to-day's verse?"

"I think not."

"Well, you have talked it! 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' that's what it is. There's a great big 'All' in that, isn't there?"

"I think there is," said his mother. "And if my little Rolf had been obeying it he would have had a good day."

As God's light shines into your heart, you will see more and more of your depravity, and your absolute need of Christ.

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY.

"I never can do it," the little kite said, As he looked at the others high over his head;
 "I know I should fall if I tried to fly." "Try," said the big kite: "only try! Or I fear you never will learn at all." But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."
 The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-bye: I'm off," and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
 Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight, And trembling he shook himself free for flight, First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
 Up, up he rose through the air alone, Till the big kite, looking down, could see The little one rising steadily.
 Then how the little kite thrilled with pride, As he sailed with the big kite, side by side!
 While far below he could see the ground, And the boys, like small spots, moving round.
 They rest high in the quiet air, And only the birds and clouds were there. "Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;
 "And all because I was brave, and tried."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON V. [May 3.]

PAUL ARRESTED.

Acts 21. 30-39. Memorize verses 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—1 Peter 4. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul and his friends came to Jerusalem and were received gladly by the brethren, who had some talk with him about keeping the Jewish laws, and then he went into the temple with others who wished to make an offering. There the Jews laid hands on him and stirred up a strong feeling against him in the temple, so that the people ran together, and all the city was moved. They dragged him out of the temple and came very near killing him, but the chief captain, with his band, took him away from the people and bound him with two chains, just as Agabus the prophet had said, and commanded that he be taken to the Tower of Antonia, which was on the north-western corner of the temple area, and connected with it by staircases.

Up these stairs the soldiers carried Paul to keep him from the violence of the people, but Paul was brave and would speak. The captain thought he was an Egyptian who had been at the head of four thousand brigands in the desert; but Paul showed him that he could speak either Greek or Hebrew, and asked to speak to the people. He gave him permission. So there on the stairs he stood waving his hand until the people listened, and he spoke to them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What came to Paul at Jerusalem? He was arrested.
 Where? In the temple.
 By whom? By the Jews.
 What was stirred up? A great tumult.
 What did the Jews try to do? To kill him.
 Who took him away from them? The captain of the band.
 Where did they take him? To the Tower of Antonia.
 Where was it? Near the temple.
 What did Paul want to do? To speak.
 Why? That he might speak for his Master.
 Did the captain allow it? Yes.
 Where did he stand? On the staircase.

LESSON VI. [May 10.]

THE PLOT AGAINST PAUL.

Acts 23. 12-22. Memorize verses 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer.—Acts 23. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul made a brave speech as he stood high on the stairs that led from the temple area to the tower, an angry mob below him. They listened because they wanted to know what he had to say, but soon cried out upon him when he spoke of going to the Gentiles. There was much trouble until the captain knew that he was a Roman, and then they brought him before the council, where the captain was obliged to save him once more from his enemies. But the Lord stood by him that night and said, "Be of good cheer. Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." About forty Jews bound themselves by an oath, saying they would not eat or drink until they had killed Paul, and they tried to get Paul called before the council again that they might lie in wait for him and kill him; but Paul's nephew heard of the plot and told Paul, and Paul sent him to tell the captain. Then the captain made ready a company of about five hundred soldiers to take Paul away to Caesarea, by night, to Felix, the governor, with a letter explaining why he was sent. Paul was called a prisoner, but he was God's freeman.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Paul make a speech? On the prison stairs.
 Who heard it? A crowd of angry people.
 Who saved Paul from them? The chief captain.
 Who stood by him that night? The Lord.
 What did he say to Paul? "Be of good cheer."
 What did some bad men do? Promise to kill Paul.
 Who heard about it? Paul's nephew.
 What did the captain do? Sent Paul away by night.
 How many soldiers went with him? Nearly five hundred.
 Who did they take him to? To Felix, the governor.
 Where did he live? At Caesarea.
 Who also went with Paul? His Lord and Master.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

The little word "again" has apparently nothing humorous about it, but it once threw an assembly into fits of laughter.

It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned a little subdued mirth, especially as the unfortunate divine was very tall, and seemed to cover the whole platform in his frantic efforts to rise.

When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "Mr. R. will again take the floor."

Clapping, stamping, and laughter reigned for several minutes. The reverend gentleman had never before met with so enthusiastic a reception.

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to hear and understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones, and, when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says; for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.

A little boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?

A NOBLE BOY.

It is delightful to turn from the too frequently sad example of dime novel-bitten, runaway boys, bringing themselves and their parents to grief, to a pure picture of filial love and duty. Says a letter written from a western city:

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad about seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and the general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he got the money. He answered: "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked him about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave the following narrative:

"I am the eldest of five children. I father is a drinking man, and often would return home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help mother, brothers sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when all is ready, will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother; it will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and, I hope, become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing attend your efforts to help and honour your father and mother."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said:

"At last I have a home for my mother."

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

We heard lately of the death of a woman in Connecticut who had fed the wild birds under the window of her house every day for thirty years. There were hundreds of the little feathered alms-takers, and their noisy chirping could be heard a great distance. After gathering the shower of crumbs tossed to them, they perched on the window-sills of the house and on the fences near by and had a regular thanksgiving of song.

After their good friend died there was no one to feed them, but they still gathered

resided in a house near by, began to feed them from her window at her own expense; and when she died she left a large sum of money to be devoted to that purpose and no other. So the pigeons are still fed in the square of St. Mark at two o'clock every afternoon, and crowds of people, especially strangers in the city, go to see them eat their dinner. They are so tame they do not seem to mind the many people about, and no one molests them. I don't know what would become of the boy or girl that should attempt to disturb them or frighten them away.



A little round head which nestles at last
Close to the mother's breast?
And then the lullaby, soft and low,
Singing the song of rest?

And close and closer the blue-veins
Are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland
The dear little traveller hies;
For this is the way, through mother's arms,
All dear little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland
When the sun is sinking low.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it! When I draw it through the board it's 'most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That is the friction," said Frank.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No! what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there is no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on: "There is an old proverb, which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it gets.'"

"O mother!" said a dear little girl, "it seems when I lay my head on the pillow, and am going to sleep, as if God was speaking sweet to me." How blessed to go to sleep so!

A small boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.

under the window daily and seemed to express their sorrow in mournful tones.

This reminds us of the pigeons that are daily fed in the square of St. Mark in Venice. A great many years ago a fair was held in the square, consisting of movable shops, each of which was sheltered by a large umbrella. The Government granted a certain man money to feed the pigeons that came around these booths at two o'clock every day.

The pigeons came every afternoon and the numbers increased. It was a pretty sight. But after a while there was a change in the Government, and there was no one to feed the pigeons. Then a noble woman named Signora Polcastro, who