

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 11.

## HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

A quaint middle-aged maiden lady said to me once: "If I had my life to live over again, I would be just hansum." I could not repress a flicker of a smile, which seemed to be expected, and was received in good faith; but she repeated: "Yes, real hansum; but it's too late now. You have to begin when you are real little, and never let angry thoughts or selfishness or meanness of any kind get a-hold of your heart."

Many a time since have I thought of this saying and watched the faces in the crowded thoroughfares and street-cars, and I am convinced that it is true, and it is such faces that leave a benediction with you and haunt your memory.

In these days of massage and aids to beautify, I believe we think too little of the deep lines and ineradicable furrows traced by the thoughts that are untrue to our better natures. The girl who would never think of exposing her delicate skin to rough winds and driving storms fills full the dark paint-pots of worry and peevishness, and leaves lines on her face that cosmetics cannot hide or toilet-water wash away.

A smile lifts all the lines of the face and gives a glitter to the eye that belladonna cannot even imitate; and, aside from the good it does to the beholder, it reacts on the one who smiles, and leaves touches like the brush of the finest portrait painter, scarcely seen at first, but by and by leaving the face a



THE THRUSH.

"Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill."

"I play to please myself, albeit ill;  
And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,  
My singing pleases all the world as well."

—Montgomery.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,

Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,  
See aged winter, mid his surly reign.

At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

—Robert Burns.

growing smoother, the mouth will have a more pleasing expression, the eyes will have a charming expression, and the whole effect will be better and brighter.

Smile? Why, all the massage in the world cannot make you as beautiful as that will, even though the manipulator be genuine Russian or Turkish. I only wish I could advertise as fluently as they, that this great beauty producer might be appreciated and every one believe in it. I do not mean you shall grin like a Cheshire cat; far from it. A grin is felicitately put on, like a mask; a smile bubbles up from the heart.

Then smiles are contagious; and besides beautifying your own face, you are adding an effective stroke here and there to other faces, until gradually—well, what? I guess the millennium will come.

## A STOLEN DRINK

In a railway car a waggish young man, noticing an elderly gentleman trying to put on a light dust-coat, went to his assistance. While thus engaged, the young man observed a good-sized whisky flask protruding from one of the old gentleman's pockets, and thought it a good opportunity for a joke. Having helped the stranger on with his coat, therefore, he pulled out the flask and said: "Will you take a drink?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle, and, drawing himself up, remarked, rather severely: "No, sir; I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman,

Try it for a month, and let a smile be always ready instead of a frown; then consult your mirror, and convince yourself that this is true. You will find your face

speaking loud enough for all in the car to hear, "if you persist in drinking whisky, you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside, and say: 'John, promise me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"

"O, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself;" whereupon, suiting the action to the words, he pulled out the cork and took a good drink. A moment later he dropped the bottle, with an exclamation which certainly did not sound like a blessing, and yelled: "Ugh, ugh! My mouth's all raw!"

Then it was that the old gentleman discovered his loss, and, to the amusement of the other passengers, said: "Ah, young man, you will be careful before you take another man's property again. I am Dr. —, and that bottle contained some quinine and iron for one of my patients."

The young man got out at the next station.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1906.

### GIVING A GRANDMOTHER.

There was an orphan boy in one of the large city asylums who was greatly envied by the other boys because he had a grandmother who came to see him, and whom he visited occasionally. This grandmother was like the grandmother in story-books. She could do many things that no one else could do. She could cut marvellous things out of paper; make delicious small cakes, just the size for small boys; and she could tell stories. She not only could do these things, but she did them. Whenever this small boy came back from

his visits, he was the hero for days of all the little people who did not visit that big and wonderful world outside the fence of the asylum.

Perhaps the thing that made him the most popular boy was his ability to repeat the wonderful stories his grandmother told him. He would sit in the centre of a group and repeat these stories over and over again. No matter how interesting the story, the most interesting thing in the story was the grandmother who knew so much and could do so many things. One day the small boy sat with five little boys, telling his never-failing story of this grandmother, his wonderful possession. "I wish I had a grandmother," said the smallest boy.

"You can have part of mine," said the fortunate possessor. "All of mine can have a part. She likes boys."

A great wave of happiness moved each small boy nearer to this generous giver.

"How can we belong to her?" at last one small boy asked, despairingly.

"Why, some day we'll slip out and go to her," was the reply, with absolute trust in his ability to carry out his plan.

He did, too. No one knows how it was accomplished; but one day, on the top floor of a tall tenement, five small boys—very tired, but very happy—stood outside of the grandmother's door. Suddenly a whirlwind threw itself on grandmother, sewing by the window, saying: "These are all your boys! I brought them. Tell us a story! Here are your scissors, and— and—" looking about, "get that paper over there."

The grandmother kissed the tired boy who clung to her, looked at the other tired boys, and kissed each of them. They knew then that they belonged to her, and they clung to her every step she took while washing each face and combing each boy's hair.

"You like boys, don't you?" asked the grandmother's boy, puzzled by the expression in his grandmother's face.

"Very much, dear. I'm glad you all came right here," said the grandmother, patting his head.

When they all were clean and tidy, the grandmother told them to sit on the floor until she came back.

They saw her go to a brown teapot and take out some money.

The grandmother's boy gave a triumphant glance at the newly adopted boys, saying: "What did I tell you? Isn't she wonderful?"

Then the grandmother left them and came back with several parcels.

But if the grandmother was too poor to take care of one little boy whom she loved dearly, she could not take care of five. She knew how frightened the people at the asylum would be when the boys were missed, so she sent word to them where the boys were when she went out.

When she got back to the five boys, a supper of crackers, milk, and oranges came first; then followed the story-telling and the wonderful paper-cutting. Never had the grandmother been so successful, and never had five small boys been happier. The grandmother herself was startled, so happy was she, when a knock at the door called forth her "Come in," and one of the teachers from the asylum walked gently in.

Then five little boys awoke from a beautiful dream. They knew at once what must follow.

The toys were packed; each boy had an orange, and the little procession started back comforted and enriched far beyond their dreams by the grandmother's kisses, and her promise that each boy would be hers and all could call her "grandmother," and that she would tell a story when she came to the asylum on visiting days.

### LITTLE FEET.

BY M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

They have travelled only such a little way  
Upon this changeful, mystic scene of  
life;

They know so little of its thorn-strown  
paths,

Its by-ways, seeming fair, yet with evil  
rife;

Such tender little feet, that scarce have  
known,

As yet, the need of sandal or of shoon.

Small hesitating feet! How much they  
need

Wise guidance and a tender, watchful  
care;

For even for such guileless innocence

The tempter waits with many a pleas-  
ing snare.

And those small feet follow ours so trust-  
ingly—

O Father, may our every step lead up to  
thee.

Dear, inexperienced feet! we cannot know  
What lies before them in the untried  
way;

But powers of good and evil will contend

O'er every step to gain the mastery.

They must move on; either upward to  
their God,

Or else—sad thought—pursue the down-  
ward road.

Oh, precious feet! Wisdom and love,  
divine

We surely need, who have them in our  
care,

To temper their sweet restlessness, and  
their needs

Upon our hearts, in earnest pleading  
bear

To Him who too was once a little child,  
Whose grace alone can keep them unde-  
filed.

**THE THREE LITTLE DOGS.**

Three little dogs were talking  
As they trotted along the road;  
And the subject of speech,  
With all and with each,  
Was what bad folks were abroad.

Said the first: "You would hardly believe it,  
But I can assure you it's true,  
A man with a pail  
Threw suds on my tail!  
Now I think that's cruel, don't you?"

Said the second: "That's very atrocious;  
But a worse thing happened to me:  
A boy with a stone  
Almost broke my backbone!  
Now, what think you of that?" said he.

Said the third: "My fate was the hardest,  
And I can prove it just now:  
A man knocked me flat  
When I looked at a cat!  
Wasn't that too bad? Bow-wow!"

But the three little dogs did not mention,  
The first had stolen some sprats;  
The next, that he ran  
At a poor blind man;  
And the third, that he'd hunted the cats.

Thus, these three little dogs were talking,  
And many small folk do the same;  
They tell of a story  
That redounds to their glory,  
But forget where they well deserve blame.

—Union Signal.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

**LESSON XI.—JUNE 10.**

PETER'S GREAT CONFESSION.

Matt. 16. 13-28. Memory verses; 24, 25.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

**LESSON STORY.**

As Jesus taught and wrought miracles among the people, they saw plainly that he was no ordinary man. Some thought he was John the Baptist, some Elias, and some Jeremiah or some other prophet. Jesus one day asked his disciples whom they thought he was. Peter, who was always the first to answer, replied: "Thou

art the Christ, the Son of the living God." From that time on Jesus began to let his disciples know that his end was not far off. When he spoke of the manner of it, of the suffering and insult, they were grieved, and Peter said: "This must not happen to thee." Here Jesus was saddened to think he was so little understood. Then he explained the beautiful truths that one must deny himself and take up his cross and follow Jesus, and that if one loses his life for Christ's sake he shall find it. For what profit to gain the whole world at the expense of one's soul.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

1. Whom did some people think Jesus was? John the Baptist, Elias, Jeremiah, or some other prophet.
2. Whom did the disciples say he was? The Son of God.
3. Did they understand the meaning and reason of his death? No.
4. What must we do? Deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow Jesus.
5. Who will save his life for ever? He who gives it up for Jesus' sake.
6. Which is most important, the whole world or our soul? Our soul.
7. What can a man give in exchange for his soul? Nothing.

**LESSON XII.—JUNE 17.**

**THE TRANSFIGURATION.**

Luke 9. 28-36. Memory verses, 30, 31.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9. 35.

**LESSON STORY.**

What a wonderful sight it must have been for Peter and John and James to see the transfiguration of Jesus. He had taken these three faithful disciples up into the mountain with him. It was his custom to go there to pray, and now that the time of his death was drawing near he felt the need of much prayer with God.

Suddenly a great brightness shone around Jesus, and his long white cloak glistened like silver and was almost dazzling. At first the disciples were sleepy and did not see him. But afterwards they beheld him with Elias and Moses on either side. The disciples were entranced and asked Jesus if they might build three tabernacles for him and his heavenly companions.

Just then a voice came out of a cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

1. Where did Jesus go? Up the mountain side.
2. What did he go for? To pray.
3. Who went with him? Peter, John and James.

4. What happened? A great light shone about Jesus, and his clothing glittered.

5. Who appeared with him? Elias and Moses.

6. What did a voice in a cloud say? "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

**A GENTLEMANLY DOG.**

Prince Stranach was purchased from a dog-fancier named Butler, in the city of New York. He was a pure St. Bernard. I had a nice kennel made for his use, which he had occupied but a short time before a Brahma hen laid an egg in his ledding, and for some time continued to deposit an egg daily. On each occasion the dog bore the egg in his mouth to a chicken-house near by, and placed it in a nest he selected. This continued for some time until the hen concluded to set, when, by her continued presence in the kennel, or instinct, the dog surmised such was the case. Anyway, he bore back the eggs to her, and, like a true gentleman, gave up his house completely until she came off with her brood, when he seemed quite rejoiced; and I have every reason to believe the old hen appreciated him.

"Charlie, I will tell you how you can be useful: You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool, that she may put her foot on it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters; and make your mother happy by being a good boy."

**GIVE THEM NOW.**

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,  
To spare for me; if you have tears to shed  
That I have suffered, keep them not, I pray,  
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give—fair lily buds,  
Pink roses, daisies (meadow stars that be  
Mine own dear namesakes)—let them bloom and make  
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.

For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness;  
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast;  
And words of praise—alas!—can naught avail  
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms—what can they suffice,  
Offered to one who can no longer gaze  
Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid  
Impart no sweetness to departed days.





A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

## WHENCE THEY CAME.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;  
 Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;  
 French beans, low growing on the earth,  
 To distant India trace their birth;  
 But scarlet runners, gay and tall,  
 That climb upon your garden wall—  
 A cheerful sight to all around—  
 In South America were found.  
 The onion travelled here from Spain;  
 The leek from Switzerland we gain,  
 Garlic from Sicily obtain,  
 Spinach in fair Syria grows;  
 Two hundred years ago or more  
 Brazil the artichoke sent o'er.  
 And Southern Europe's seacoast shore  
 Beetroot on us bestows.  
 When 'Lizabeth was reigning here,  
 Peas came from Holland, and were dear.  
 The south of Europe lays its claim  
 To beans; but some from Egypt came.  
 The radishes, both thin and stout,  
 Natives of China are, no doubt;  
 But turnips, carrots, and sea kale,  
 With celery, so crisp and pale,  
 Are products of our own fair land,  
 And cabbages, a goodly tribe,  
 Which abler pens might well describe,  
 Are also ours, I understand.

Being generous grows on one just as being mean does. The disposition to be kind to others should be inculcated and fostered in children. It is the way to improve the world, and make happy the people who are in it.

## HOW AUSTIN GOT HOME.

It was getting dark; it was also getting chilly. Fleet, the Texas pony, had made good time, and yet the little boy on his back did not seem to be any nearer home than when he started.

"You must cross the creek at the mill, you know, Austin," Uncle John had said: "turn to the right, go up a long hill, and at the top you will find a five-barred gate; go through that and you will find a straight road home."

So the little boy crossed the creek, turned to the right, went up a long hill, but where was the five-barred gate? He couldn't find it. He never did find it. The fact is there were two long up-hill roads after he crossed the creek and after he turned to the right. Uncle John had forgotten that, and Austin took the wrong one that didn't have a five-barred gate on it. And now, as I said, it was getting dark, it was getting chilly, and Austin brought Fleet to a standstill.

"I have lost my way," said the little boy to himself, feeling the cold chills run down his back. "What am I going to do?" He turned in his saddle and looked all around. There was a rim of light

along the horizon, and bats were wheeling in circles between him and that far rim; but no other living thing was in sight.

"God knows the way, of course," said Austin; "I'd better just ask him to show Fleet."

He dropped the reins on the pony's neck, folded his hands, and asked God to take him home.

No sooner did Fleet feel the reins on his neck, and no ignorant little hand guiding him the wrong way, than he turned right around in his track, trotted down the long wrong hill, up to the long right hill, waited till Austin opened the five-barred gate, and soon the home lights twinkled through the gathering shadows.

So God had answered Austin's prayer. True, the instinct to find the way home had come to the pony through hundreds of generations of ponies. But God had put it there in the first place, and had used it now, as often before, to help his children when they lost their way.

## CHRIST A FRIEND.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had none.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is

away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely that he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, he says he will, and that's enough for me."

## NOBODY.

"Nobody b'oke it! It cracked itself, It was clear away on the topmost shelf, I—perhaps the kitty-cat knows!"

Says poor little Ned,  
 With his eyes as red  
 As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully  
 Put my cap just where it ought to be,  
 (No, 'tisn't ahind the door).

And it went and hid;  
 Why, of course it did,  
 For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things will  
 Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone-  
 still!

I was jumping over the fence—  
 There's some spikes on top,  
 And you have to drop  
 Before you half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!  
 Playing such tricks on my children three!  
 If I but set eyes on you,

You should find what you've lost!  
 But that, to my cost,  
 I never am like to do!

