

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 17.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY B. W. FIELDER.

I am going to tell you a true story of a lost little girl. Her father lived on the Iron Mountain in Virginia, near the line between Wythe and Grayson counties.

He owned a pretty little farm high on the level mountain-top. From his home, on the south, you could see the meadows and fields, with cattle and sheep here and there, down in the valley, and in the distance a neat church surrounded by trees.

Mr. Rhudy—for this was the gentleman's name—had fields of corn and rye and wheat growing in abundance. His family lived in a neat log-cabin with vines running over the doors and windows. All around the house were apple-trees and cherry-trees and peach-trees which the father had planted, and a cold spring of water in the yard, which was neatly swept and covered with green grass. Now, the little girl I tell of lived in this quiet, happy mountain home. She was five years old, and her name was Amelia. One day in June she wandered away and became lost. She went in the afternoon, and late in the day was missed, and search was made all night long. Next day a great many persons came, and we continued hunting in the unbroken forest north of her home. About five miles away a track was found in the sand near a little brook which had gone dry in the summer. Amelia had gone away bare-footed and bare-headed, and we felt sure

that we would soon find the little girl, but some thought that she would not be alive. At last we came suddenly upon her, with some round pebbles in one hand and a wild honeysuckle in the other. She was

sitting down on the ground playing, and laughed and said something about sleeping the night before under a big tree, and also something about wild strawberries which she had found.

The stars were out and shining when we

Amelia Rhudy is now no longer a little child but a young lady.

REALLY IN EARNEST.

There was a little girl in Vermont who had been taught to have faith that God would answer her prayers.

One night, when her sister was sick and not expected to live, she went to her room, and prayed long and earnestly that God would spare her and make her well. Then she came out and asked her mother if her sister was better.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "she is no better, but worse."

"Then," said the little girl, "I guess the Lord wants to know if I am really in earnest."

So she went back and prayed until midnight, when a change came and her sister began to recover. The Lord heard her prayer because she was really in earnest.

He regards only those who diligently seek him. Elijah was in earnest when he prayed seven times for rain, and God heard him. 1 Kings 18. 41-45. The blind men were in earnest when they wanted their eyes opened, and Jesus heard and answered their prayers. Dear young friends, the Lord is just as willing to hear your prayers when you ask him to help you to overcome your wicked ways, to forgive your sins, and help you to do right. Only you must be really in earnest.

Boys, obey your parents; honour age and womanhood; be polite always; allow no profane word or filthy jest to pass your lips; do not idle away your time; be industrious and frugal; be pure and strictly virtuous—purity uplifts, vice degrades.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

carried the little girl to her home where she could sleep in her warm bed, and our hearts could not contain their joy when the lost was found.

This all happened ten years ago, and

A SCHOLAR'S CHOICE.

"Though I were sleepy as a cat,"
The little scholar said,
"I would not care to take a nap
In any river's bed.

"And, though I were so starved I scarce
Had strength enough to stand,
I'd beg through all the valley ere
I sought a table land.

"But, oh, what jolly times I'd have!
I'd play and never stop,
If I could only take a string
And spin a mountain-top."

—*The Independent.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 16, 1902.

THE HEART OPENED.

A little boy in Scotland became blind. His parents sent him to school to keep him out of mischief. The only reading book that the scholars used was the Bible. As they read this they repeated the number of each chapter and each verse. By constantly hearing these readings the boy Aleck soon learned many of the verses, and could tell where they were. When he grew up to be a man he knew the whole of the Bible by heart. If a person repeated any passage of Scripture, he would tell them chapter and verse. One day a man repeated a verse, with a slight change in it. Aleck told him where it was, but said that he had not correctly repeated it. The man asked him for the nineteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Aleck said: "You are fooling me, sir; there is no such verse; that chapter has but eighty-nine verses." Although his eyes were blind, God had opened the

eyes of his heart so that he could see and understand his holy Word much better than many people who had two good eyes. This is what David meant when he said: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

A BRAVE COWARD

BY FREDRICA BALLARD WESTERVELT.

If one is brave on the outside, quite brave in doing what is right, does it matter if, inside, one is full of fear? I think not.

Now Archibald was afraid of many things,—of the dark, for one thing; and of going alone from his house to grandmother's, for another. Yet Archibald would go upstairs at supper time, when no one else was there, and there was no light, but many dark corners all about, and reach his small hand into the closet, which was even darker than the hall and the room, catch up father's slippers, and then run downstairs with them to where father was waiting in the sitting-room, by the bright lamp, to change them for his heavy business shoes. Archibald would come bursting into the pleasant room with his eyes shining and his breath coming quick, and set down the slippers with an air of triumph.

"Thank you, my boy," father would say.

Archibald would beam with pleasure. He never told how afraid he was of the dark hall. He did not know what it was that frightened him, but the furniture did not look as it did in the daytime, and the clothes hanging in the closet would brush against him as he opened the door in a dreadful manner,—not at all as they did in daylight.

Archibald was only five. It was four blocks from his house to grandmother's. Grandmother's house had a big yard, and steps up from the pavement, and tall, white columns at the porch, with green vines all twined round them. There were flowers in the oval beds in the grass; and in the hall a glass case holding many gay-feathered birds brought from southern lands; and in the parlour shells and coral and sea-weed from a far-away ocean; and in the dining-room caraway-seed cookies in the great tureen. Could a little boy go to a nicer house than that to spend the day? Besides, there was grandmother herself, always ready to tell stories about when she was a little girl.

Now, when Archibald was four, his mother decided that he was old enough to go alone to grandmother's. Every one on the route to his grandmother's knew Archibald. So how could he get lost, with so many kind people on the way?

When told he might go to grandmother's all alone, and stay for dinner, and carry this little note from mother, Archibald swallowed hard. He was ashamed to say that he was afraid to walk there alone, but he was. He started bravely off, just

the same; for he was a brave coward, you see,—which is an excellent kind. He looked back at mother's smiling face in the window, and tried to smile in return. Then he ran as fast as he could, and never stopped until he was safely inside grandmother's gate. He knew this time what he was afraid of. Some one had said there were rats in the cellar of Mr. Bell's grocery store.

Grandmother saw how out of breath he was, and asked the reason. Then Archibald, who was only four then, burst out crying, and confessed about being afraid of Mr. Bell's rats.

"But I came, grandma, I came," he said between sobs.

"So you did," said grandma. "Any one can be brave when they're not afraid, but I call it a fine thing to be brave even when you are afraid. Now, Archibald, I will tell you what I will do. I will write a letter to those rats, and tell them to let my grandson alone."

After a happy day, grandmother handed him a little three-cornered note directed to "All Rats in Mr. Bell's Cellar." Inside she had written, "Rats, do not hurt my grandson Archibald, for he is a good boy."

Archibald walked proudly home, and even as he passed the grocery store he held his head high and did not run, though his eyes shone and his breath came quick. He treasured the note, and carried it every time he passed Mr. Bell's.

No one knew he was afraid of the dark hall, so no one gave him a note to the shadows. He kept on doing the thing he was afraid of in spite of being afraid. Except about those rats, he never told any one. I do not know what he is afraid of now, for he is a tall man, with boys of his own; but, if he is a coward, he is a brave one, I am sure of that.

A SECRET.

I know a secret that I learned from a dear old Scotch woman, of how we can always have good neighbours. Shall I whisper it to you? "Take a good neighbour with you, my dear," was what she told me.

She meant that if I would be kind, and thoughtful, and considerate to my neighbours, they would be the same to me. Do you want to have kind and friendly playmates? Give them a kind and friendly playmate, my dear.

The boy who can control himself has made himself master of the situation. We all know what a mean, contemptible feeling comes over us after our anger has cooled, when we have failed in this respect. But the one who has learned forbearance saves his self-respect, and has naught to repent of afterwards.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the town of
Nogood,

On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometime or Other scents the
air,

Where the soft Geocacias grow?

It lies in the Valley of Whatstheuse,

In the province of Letterslide,
That Tiredfeeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idon'tcare,
Where the Givecitups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,
And is easy to reach, I declare;
You've only to fold your hands and glide
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan
slide

To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years.
It is wrapped in the fog of idlers' dreams,
Its streets are paved with discarded
schemes,

And sprinkled with useless tears.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about

By the mountains of Despair.
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town No-
good

If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good and
ill,

Take this for your motto: "I can, I will,"
And live up to it each day.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VIII. [August 24.]

REPORT OF THE SPIES.

Num. 13. 26 to 14. 4. Mem. vs. 30-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is that man that maketh the
Lord his trust.—Psa. 40. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

While they were camped in the Wilder-
ness of Paran the Lord told Moses to send
men to spy out the land of Canaan. He
told him to send one from each tribe—
each one a ruler among them. So Moses
chose twelve men, all of them heads of
their tribes, and sent them to the land of
Canaan, toward which God was leading
them. After forty days they came back,
and brought to Moses and the people some
of the fruits of the land—pomegranates,
figs, and a cluster of grapes so large that

two of them bore it between them on a
staff. They said they had found a fruit-
ful land full of all good things, but there
were great walled cities there, and a
strong people—sons of the giants, who
were very powerful in war.

When the people heard this they were
troubled, but Caleb, of the tribe of Judah,
stilled them and said, "Let us go up at
once and possess it, for we are well able
to overcome it;" but others of the spies
said they were not able. Then all the
people wept. They wept all night, and
wished that they had died in Egypt, or in
the wilderness, and they were almost
ready to choose a captain and return to
the land of Egypt and to slavery, so much
afraid were they of the giants of Canaan,
And of the spies only Caleb and Joshua
were strong and full of courage.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the Israelites going? To
Canaan.

What was this? A beautiful country.
What had God promised? To give it
to them for a home.

Where were they now? Nearly home.
Whom did Moses send ahead. Twelve
men.

What for? To see what the land was
like.

How long were they gone. Forty days.
What did they bring back? Beautiful
fruits.

What had they seen? Walled cities.
What had made them afraid? The
giants they saw.

Who were not afraid? Caleb and
Joshua.

What did this show? That they trusted
God.

LESSON IX. [August 31.]

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

Num. 21. 1-9. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in
the wilderness, even so must the Son of
man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth
in him should not perish, but have eternal
life.—John 3. 14, 15.

THE LESSON STORY.

Because the Israelites would not trust
the heavenly Father who had fed them
with bread from heaven, and led them
by his cloud by day and his light by
night, they could not enter the promised
land, but were still wanderers in the
wilderness, and at Mount Hor Aaron
died. Once a king of Canaan came out
to fight with them, and they promised the
Lord to destroy the cities of the enemy
if he would help them to conquer
them, and so they did. They journeyed
from Mount Hor around the land of
Edom, but they were still no nearer the
land to which they journeyed, and they
were discouraged. They spoke against

God and against Moses, and asked him
why he had brought them out of Egypt
to die in the wilderness. They also said
they did not like the "light bread" that
they gathered each morning.

They had rebelled so many times that
God could only make them sorry by send-
ing some trouble upon them. He sent
fiery serpents among them, and they bit
the people so that many died. Then
they came to Moses and said, "We have
sinned, for we have spoken against God
and against thee." And they begged him
to pray the Lord to take the serpents
away. So the Lord heard, and told Moses
to make a brazen serpent and put it upon
a pole, so that every one bitten of a serpent
might look upon it and live. And this
was done, but the people who looked and
lived did not know that it was a sign of
the lifting upon the cross of the Redeemer
who was to come.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What comes from not trusting God?
Trouble.

Where were the Israelites now? Still
wandering around.

Why did they not enter Canaan? They
were afraid.

What did they begin to do? To com-
plain to God.

Of what were they tired? The manna
God sent.

What is very wrong? To find fault
with what God gives us.

What did God send to punish them?
Fiery serpents.

From what did many die? The bite
of the serpents.

What did God tell Moses to make? A
serpent of brass.

What did this do? It cured all who
looked at it.

Of what was it a sign? Of Jesus on
the cross.

Who were willing to look at it? All
who believed in God.

"I AM NOT AFRAID OF HIM."

A little boy came to his father, looking
very much in earnest, and asked, "Father,
is Satan bigger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy," said the father.

"Is he bigger than you, father?"

"Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your
father."

The boy looked surprised, but thought
again, and asked, "Is he bigger than
Jesus?"

"No, my boy," answered the father;
"Jesus is bigger than he is."

The little fellow, as he turned away with
a smile, said, "Then I am not afraid of
him."—*Selected.*

I'm a young abstainer,
And I take my stand
With the many thousands,
In the temperance band.



THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

One of the drollest of all the spider family is that represented in the picture above. It is seen in its hole excavated in the ground, with its head upwards, and numerous forelegs, extended forward, and two on each side backward; just beneath the orifice of its smooth, circular, and deep passage, leading directly downward—often a foot or more in the ground—to a beautiful nest at the bottom. At the top of its hole it constructs a cover out of dirt, made into paste with saliva and a silk material which serves alike for braces and office of a hinge. This lid, or door, fits so close to the opening as to be water-tight, and in appearance is so nearly like the common ground about it as to escape detection. On each side of the opening occupied are two others; one of these is shut up, and the other with its lid open. When the spider passes inward, and when it leaves the nest, the lid is closed; but when it watches for its prey it rests just inside the open door, as now seen. When within reach of an insect, it springs, tiger-like, upon its victim, and kills it by bites with its powerful mandibles. Its nest and the passage thereto are worth examining for their very beautiful structure. They are not only faultlessly smooth of surface, but lined throughout by a beautiful silken tissue, which excludes water and dust from the nest.

Good temper, like a summer day, sheds a brightness over everything."—*Selected.*

ARROWS OF GOLD.

He who hath lost God hath nothing more to lose—he hath lost all; but he that hath gained God hath nothing more to gain—he hath got all.

The motto of St. Edmund of Canterbury was: "Work as though you would live for ever; live as though you would die to-day."

It isn't wise to say always all that you think, but it is wise always to think carefully over everything you say.

The man who is unfaithful with one talent wouldn't do any better if he had a hundred.

THE ELEPHANT'S FRIEND.

Here is a story about a young elephant who was being trained to have the howdah on his back so that people could ride in it. The keepers did not treat him very well and were at times even cruel. The man who owned the elephant was called a zemindar, and his daughter, a little girl of fourteen, was very kind to the animal, and every day very regularly fed the beast with cakes. Thus a strong affection sprang up between the animal and the girl.

At last, one day, annoyed at being struck with a chain, the elephant broke loose and ran away into the jungle. For two days it was absent, when one evening it appeared near the village well. It happened that at that time the zemindar's daughter was drawing water. The elephant approached her, gently raised her

with his trunk and with loud trumpeting, made away into the jungle two miles from the village and there deposited her. He had made this place his home. The girl was, of course, dreadfully frightened, and ran back to her village immediately. Perhaps the elephant felt lonely and so wanted to have with him one person who had been kind to him.—*Congregationalist.*

RHYMING BLANKS.

Many good people now when invited to dine,
Think it's far better form not to drink any —,
And when they unite in the company's cheer,
Best enjoy their good dinner without any —.

And if to their homes they invite you to come,
You'll see no such things as decanters of —;
You can have a good time and be merry and frisky
Without hurting your stomach with the rank poison, —.

And should they imagine you look thin and pale,
They'd ne'er recommend daily glasses of —,
For they very well know that if once you begin,
You'll want something stronger, like — or —.

They teach the dear children ever so small
To refuse every drink which contains —;
And this is their toast, for son or for daughter,
"I'll drink to your health in a glass of cold —!"

Martin Luther, it is said, used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: First, to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly, word by word; for he said: "It is like a person shaking a fruit-tree. First shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch." Suppose you try reading the Bible this way.

Here is a prophecy that will probably be fulfilled. A little girl went home from a missionary meeting and said to her mother: "There are only eight missionaries in Siam, but when I grow up there is going to be one more."

It is said, by one who knows, that the little wild Malay children, the little brown people who live over on the other side of the world, rarely quarrel.