

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 167

## THE SECRET.

What a quaint, pretty room our picture shows us; everything in it speaks of comfort and happiness, especially old Puss and her kitten, who seem to be enjoying themselves very much, each after its own fashion. But both grandmother and Minnie have forgotten either cat or kitten, and grandmother's ball of yarn makes a nice plaything for the little kit in the meantime, for Minnie has a secret which she is whispering into grandmother's ear, and neither are thinking of anything else just now. What do you suppose Minnie's secret is? Nothing wrong about that secret, I know, or it would never be confided to good old grandmother, nor would the old lady's face wear the pleasant smile it does now. I shouldn't wonder if some one in that family were to be pleasantly surprised before long, but no one will know anything about it in the meantime but Minnie and grandmother.

## TOM'S OFFERING.

There was a loud knock heard upon the door; and it was the very door, too, upon which a piece of black crape fluttered.

The ladies within house were a little startled, for it was an unusual occurrence for

any one to knock upon the front door. There was a bell in plain sight, and it was customary for people to ring it very softly when the sign of death was placed so very near it. Indeed it seemed almost irre-

verent for any one to knock in that way upon the door, while little Annie, the household idol, was lying still and cold in the room close to the door.

"Some tramp, I guess," one of the

"Are you Annie's mother?" he asked, in an eager voice.

"No," the lady answered; and then she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tom Brady, and I want to see her," he answered, quickly.

The lady hesitated, and was about to say to him that Annie's mother was in deep affliction and could not see him, when the lady in question came to the door herself.

"What do you want, little boy?" she asked, kindly.

"Are you her?" asked the little fellow, with tears in his eyes. "I mean, be you Annie's mother?" he explained.

"Yes," was the low answer.

"Well, I heard that she died, and I brought these flowers to put upon her coffin," he said, while the tears came larger and brighter into his eyes.

"What made you bring them, little boy?" the mother asked, while the tears came into her own eyes.

"'Cause she always said 'Good mornin'' to me when she passed our house upon her way to school, and she never called me 'Ragged Tom,' like other girls. She gave me this cap and coat, and they were good and whole when she gave them to me; and then,

when our little Jean died, she brought us a bunch of flowers to put on his coffin, and some to hold in his hand. It was winter then, and I don't know where she got the flowers. They looked very pretty in Jean's



THE SECRET.

ladies said, "I will tell him to go to the back door," she added, going to where the knock was heard. To her surprise she found a little ragged boy standing there, with a few wild flowers in his hand.

hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple-trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us; but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You see it is too early for them; but I found two or three upon a high rock, where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?"

And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes," the mother answered in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked, in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1903.

### A PURE HEART.

A lady picked up a ring in the street, and took it to a jeweller to know if it were of any value. He decided that it was gold, but to make sure for her, said: "I will put it in acid; if real, there will be no change;

if imitation, the acid will corrode and destroy it." The ring was dropped in, the lady watched anxiously, and received back her treasure uninjured, only purer and brighter for the testing.

In this way our hearts are sometimes tested in this sinful world. Pure hearts will stand the test and come out bright and clear. We ought to often examine our hearts to see if they are the pure metal that can go through this world without being corrupted. A pure heart is an invaluable jewel.

### THE STORY OF BANBEE.

Banbee was a little heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol that was in her home. It was a very dreadful-looking thing, with a face that made one want to turn away from it at once. But notwithstanding the idol was such a fright, little Banbee prayed to it, and gave it food and some of her few little treasures. Often when very hungry the poor little girl would offer all her dinner to the god, thinking it would do her soul good.

One day she hurt her hand with a piece of glass, and when the blood flowed she became frightened and ran to the idol asking it to help her. When her hand grew worse she laid it on the stiff, wooden fingers of the god, expecting every moment the pain would be gone. But the pain increased, and little Banbee cried, but still she did not lose faith in the god.

At last Banbee's arm began to look red, and sharp, cruel pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her finger. This new trouble the little girl showed to the idol, but the great dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her. At this time a good missionary was going home from visiting some sick people, and hearing some one moaning, she went to the hut where Banbee lived, and there she saw a little child, thin and suffering, sitting close to an ugly idol, begging him to stop the pain in her hand. She would hold her little brown hand in the well one, and then lift it close to the great staring eyes, saying words little folks in this country could not understand—for Banbee lived in India—but which meant, "See, see! help poor Banbee!"

The missionary had medicine with her in a case, for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the poor heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went into the hut, and, taking the poor, aching hand, said, "Little girl, I am your friend."

Banbee was not afraid, for she had seen "the clean mamma," as they called the missionary, going through the village a number of times. She watched her with interest when she opened a bottle and bathed so very gently the wounded finger and then the whole hand in a cool wash. And as she bathed it and the pain lessened Banbee listened to the story of Jesus' great love for little children; how he

came to earth just to save such little ones as Banbee. And then the lady told the little girl how useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood, which had once been a senseless tree.

It was a wonderful story for Banbee to hear, and Jesus seemed just the friend she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. But it was quite a time before Banbee could entirely give up her wooden god. She would often, after talking with her new friend, the kind missionary, creep into the room where it was and pray to it. But at last Banbee took Jesus for her best friend, and said she loved the far-away Christians, because they sent "the clean mamma" to tell her of Jesus.

### SHINING THROUGH.

The stars that shine so brightly  
Up in the heavens above  
They twinkle through the darkness,  
And tell us of God's love.

The sun that beams so warmly  
Upon the earth below,  
While waking flower and streamlet,  
To us God's love doth show.

And even little children,  
When loving, kind, and true,  
Show in their deeds and actions  
God's love is shining through.

We thank the heavenly Father,  
For stars and sun above,  
For flowers and little children,  
That tell us of God's love.

—Jewels.

### HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know it is only when you do not work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying  
That is altogether true ;  
My little boy, my little girl,  
The saying is for you.  
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,  
And gray—so deep and bright :  
No child in all this careless world  
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum  
Entice your feet to stray.  
Some one is always watching you,  
And, whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood acts  
Are honest, brave, and true ;  
And, watchful more than mortal kind,  
God's angels, pure and white,  
In gladness or in sorrowing,  
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one—  
And let your mark be high !  
You do whatever thing you do  
Beneath some seeing eye  
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,  
And keep your good name bright,  
No child upon this round, round earth  
Is ever out of sight.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI. [August 9.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 38-49. Memorize verses 45-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us ?  
—Rom. 8. 31.

THE LESSON STORY.

Saul was troubled because he was dark in his own soul. He had no hope, and his servants begged him to have a man to play well upon the harp when he was troubled. They spoke of David, and David came, and Saul was at first helped by him to a better mind. Then came war with the Philistines, and Saul went to battle, and David went back to his sheep. But he could not stay there. He knew that he could help his people, and so he was glad when his father sent him with food to his brothers. He saw the giant Goliath, who was calling every day for some one to come and fight with him, and he longed to conquer him as he had slain the lion and the bear in his father's fields. But his brothers laughed

at him, because he was the youngest. Saul thought him too young to go, but finally gave him his own armour. David put it off because he was not used to it, and just took his shepherd's staff and five smooth stones from the brook and went to meet the giant. The giant jeered at David because he was so young and without arms, but David made a noble speech to him about the strength in which he came, which was from the God of the armies of Israel. As he ran toward the giant, who was striding toward him, he put a stone in his sling, and in a moment it went spinning toward Goliath's head and sank into his forehead, and he fell flat upon his face. Then there was a great shout from Israel as David slew the giant, and the Philistines fled.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Why was Saul gloomy ? Because the Lord had rejected him.

Who helped him ? David, by playing the harp.

What soon called Saul ? War with the Philistines.

Where did David go ? To his sheep-folds.

Where did his father send him ? To his brothers with food.

Where were they ? In Saul's army.

What did David want to do ? Kill Goliath.

What did Saul do ? Gave David his armour.

Did he use it ? No; he took a staff and five smooth stones.

In whose strength did he go ? In the strength of God.

What did he do ? Killed Goliath with a pebble from his sling.

What became of the Philistines ? They fled.

LESSON VII. [August 16.

SAUL TRIES TO KILL DAVID.

1 Sam. 18. 5-16. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

After David's victory over Goliath, Saul sent for him and made him one of his household again. Jonathan, Saul's own son, grew very fond of David, and "loved him as his own soul," and gave him his own princely robe to wear, and his sword and bow and girdle. He was given a place over the men of war, and was very much looked up to. One day Saul was made very jealous of the honours given to David when he heard the women, who came singing and dancing to meet him, cry, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." Then an evil spirit came upon Saul, and David tried to send it away by playing on the harp as he used to do; but, instead, he tried to kill David by throwing at him the short spear that he held in his hand. David was protected

by the Lord, so that the spear missed its mark. He made David captain over a thousand after this, and put him away from his house; but nothing could cure the jealousy, because Saul knew that the Lord was with David, and had departed from him. He tried once more to kill David with his spear, but could not, and sent messengers to take him when he ran away. He went himself, also; but the Lord would not let him have his way.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did David go to live ? In Saul's house.

What dear friend did he have ? The king's son.

What was his name ? Jonathan.

Did Saul love David ? No.

Why ? He was jealous of the honours paid him.

What did he know ? That David would be king.

What did he try to do ? To kill David.

When ? When David was playing on the harp for him.

How ? He threw a spear at him.

Could he kill David ? No; for God was guarding him.

Where did he send him ? Into battle.

What had Saul lost ? The presence of God.

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

"I wonder why Samuel Darrow is so much loved?" said a visitor at the house of a friend of the Darrows.

"I know," piped a little voice; "it's 'cause Sam loves everybody."

"How do you know that Sam loves everybody?"

"'Cause I sees he does. Now, there's little Jim Blake; his father drinks, and sometimes Jim don't bring any lunch to school. Then Sam divides his lunch with little Jim always; and when the boys made fun of Jim Short because his elbows were out, Sam gave 'em a look that they won't forget."

"A look! What would boys care for a look?"

"Well, sir, if you'd seen Sam's look, you'd understand. It was just as if he'd said: "Now, ain't you 'shamed of yourselves, making fun of a poor little fellow who wears the best he's got?"

"Doesn't that look of Sam's make the boys angry?"

"No, sir, it makes 'em ashamed, and they like Sam all the better for it."

"What else does Sam do?"

"O, I couldn't begin to tell you all that he does, but he's for ever doin' something for somebody. That day tiny Dick Mills got hurt, Sam carried him all the way home in his arms, an' Dick just loves Sam. When Burt Brown broke his leg, Sam went to see him every day; and when Billy Chester was sick, you'd ought to've seen the nice things Sam took him."



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed with strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy !  
Let the million-dollared ride !  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the wood-chuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,

Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans !—  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks ;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone gray and rude !  
O'er me like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frog's orchestra ;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch : pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can !  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through

Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil ;  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground ;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

That is what we sometimes call our Rob,  
for he is a boy who thinks a good deal.  
Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself, and he manages to solve some problems which would seem almost too difficult for such a little fellow.

Rob is the owner of a foot-rule and yard-stick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short, and at other times very long. Presently, however, he discovered it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day (once in the morning and once in the afternoon) the shadow was exactly of the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near our house, which runs up tall and slim. Rob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow ? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was now longer than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Rob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the poplar. He was delighted with his discovery. He talked about it a great deal, and said some day he should try to measure the distance up to the moon !

Little children can best please Jesus by pleasing father and mother.