

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1901.

No. 12

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

In the hot summer months a good many persons go to the country or to the sea-side for the good of their health. The little fellow in the picture seems to be having a good time of it. It is such rare fun to dig in the sand and to make harbours and docks for a tiny toy fleet, and then to go sailing in the fishers' boats and paddle in the water and lie upon the sand. But for those who cannot go to the sea I think it is even better to roll in the clover, and ride on the hay-cart and gather flowers in the meadows. God has made this world very beautiful both by sea and land.

HIS OBEDIENCE.

Stephen Girard, the famous Philadelphia philanthropist, was a very rich and very eccentric old man. He had a nephew whom he had told to come to him when he was twenty-one years old, and perhaps he might then do something for him. Years went by, and one day a young man walked into Mr. Girard's office, and when the old gentleman looked up from his ledger he saw his nephew standing before him.

"How old are you?" inquired Girard.

"Twenty-one, sir."

"And I promised that if you would come to me I might do something for you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the nephew.

"Well, go make me a barrel."

This was an astonishing command. To make a barrel the young man would have to learn the trade of a cooper. To learn

the trade properly, so that he could make a thoroughly good barrel, would require a long time. Bidding Mr. Girard "Good day," the young man left the office, the incident has it, and engaged himself as an apprentice to a cooper. A year or more went by; and then the merchant

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go into my office."

The young man went into the office and there had a long talk with his uncle. Mr. Girard was so well satisfied that he at once gave him money to start in business. He had told him to make the

barrel in order to learn whether he was willing to work, and whether, if he were willing, he could learn to work; also to learn if he had any false pride about him. When he was satisfied on all these points, he was ready to place the young man in a high place of usefulness.

Now, so it is when Jesus calls us. If we obey the first call, we show that we love him and are willing to give up everything for him. Then he at once gives us something to do for him. It may be a very small task, and it usually is. If we discharge that duty faithfully, then he calls us to something higher.—*Sel.*

HEAVEN BEGUN.

It was said of an old Puritan that heaven was in him before he was in heaven. That is necessary for us all; we must have heaven in us before we can get to heaven. If we do not get to heaven before we die, we shall never get

there afterwards. An old Scotchman was asked whether he expected to go to heaven. "Why, man, I live there," was his quaint reply. Let us all live in those spiritual things which are the essential features of heaven.—*Spurgeon.*

Dare to be honest, good and sincere.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

saw the young man coming toward his office trundling a wheelbarrow, on which lay a fine barrel.

"Here's the barrel, uncle," he quickly said.

"Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without help from any one?"

A QUEER BIRD.

I hardly think I am a bird,
And I will tell you why:
I've not one feather in my wings,
Although I flit and fly.
When other birds have gone to bed,
All but my friend the owl;
Like him, among the ruins old
I love to pry and prowl.

From ancient tower and hollow tree
I sometimes venture down,
To flutter, like a butterfly,
Above some little town.
When to my dark and dreary home
I go to seek repose,
I want no pillow for my head;
I hang upon my toes. (A Bat.)

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1901.

HAROLD'S LESSON ON
FORGIVENESS.

BY HELEN RASMUSSEN.

"Meow-ow!" said Duffy. "Meow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Harold!" This time it was his mother's voice. "Let go of Duffy's tail this minute! Go upstairs and take off your clothes," she added.

As his mother pulled off a stocking, Harold cried out: "O, be careful; that is my sore knee! Harry Lloyd pushed me down and hurt it;" and at the thought he cried harder than ever.

"Just think how poor Duffy's tail hurts," said his mother, severely.

"Duffy's tail does 't hurt," said Harold.

"Yes, it does; it hurts just as much as your knee, Harold."

When Harold was ready for bed, his

mother said: "Now ask God to forgive you for hurting Duffy."

After he had finished the Lord's Prayer, she said, again: "Did you mean what you said when you repeated, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?' Did you mean that you forgave Harry Lloyd for hurting you, and wanted God to forgive you for hurting Duffy?"

Harold hesitated. There was a bit of a struggle in his heart; but at last the good conquered, and he said: "I'll forgive Harry." Then, as he jumped into bed he asked: "Will God forgive me now?"

"Yes, dear; he will," said his mother, kissing him good night.

Some time later, as his mother went into the room, Harold turned to her and said: "I'm so glad because I forgave Harry and God forgave me. I am not going to hurt Duffy any more; and, mother, I don't think Harry meant to hurt me."

True to his word, Harold hasn't pulled Duffy's tail since he received his lesson on forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS.

"I'm mad at Harriet Todd! I shan't speak to her again so long as I live!" Mary Hepburn burst into the library with these words, her face flushed with anger.

Mary's gentle-eyed mother looked up in surprise. A strange smile dwelt on her lips as she said: "I'm sorry for you."

Mary turned in astonishment. She had expected sympathy, or at least an invitation to relate her grievances. This was a queer sort of sympathy, indeed.

In answer to her daughter's inquiring glance, Mrs. Hepburn continued: "I'm truly sorry for you—sorry that you will miss Harriet's company, for you always have had good times together. Then I'm sorry that you'll not let her forgive you."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mary, still puzzled.

"Well, you know we must forgive before we can be forgiven, and that is true outside of the Bible as well as in. So long as you feel as you do about Harriet, of course you cannot expect her to forgive you."

Then Mrs. Hepburn gathered up her sewing and went to the kitchen, ending the conversation at a very strange point. Mary thought. Nothing more was said on the subject, until that night, when Mary kissed her mother good night.

Instead of "pleasant dreams," Mrs. Hepburn's words were: "I am sorry that you cannot say your prayers to-night."

"Why, of course, I shall say my prayers!" said Mary.

"How will it sound to say, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,' when in your heart you have not forgiven Harriet Todd? Surely, you do not want

God to forgive you as you are forgiving Harriet Todd. My little daughter seems to forget that forgiveness is one of the conditions of honest prayer. We can never truly pray as long as in our hearts we cherish an enmity against anybody."

Mary coloured, and for a moment she sat in embarrassed silence and thought. "Well, I'll forgive her this once!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"How many times did Peter think he should forgive his brother?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, with an odd twinkle in her eyes.

"Seven," replied Mary, mechanically. "And how many times did Jesus say he should forgive him?"

"Seventy times seven."

"And that means—"

"Why, I guess that means as many times as he needed forgiveness."

"And my girlie is going to forgive her chum only once?"

"O, mother, I was very foolish and very naughty! I'm sorry."

"Then suppose you tell God that to-night, and thank him, too, that you have learned that we must forgive our enemies as often as they need forgiveness. And I suppose," with a light laugh, which restored Mary's spirits wonderfully, "there will be no very great difficulty about making up with Harriet in the morning." —Selected.

FOOLED THE BEARS.

To creatures incapable of understanding their use, the first telegraph poles were naturally misleading. A London paper is authority for the statement that when these useful articles were introduced into Norway, they had a disquieting effect on the bears.

The bears heard the moaning of the wind in the wires, and proceeded to put two and two together. Such a buzzing as this had been heard before. It was associated in the minds of the bears with a sweet morsel. The poles must be gigantic hives. So the bears set to work to root the poles out of the ground.

The woodpeckers also listened to the humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles; therefore they also went to work to find the treasure, boring holes to extract the insects.

In time birds and animals became wiser, and the telegraph pole or wire is used by more than one bird as a safe place for its nest. There is a small bird in Natal that used to build its cradle-shaped nest in the branches of the trees; but as soon as the telegraph wires were set up, it changed the location of its house-keeping, and built on the wires, so that snakes could not molest its treasures.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening in the side farthest from the overhanging branch.—Selected.

LITTLE THINGS.

If little falling drops of rain
The lakes and rivers fill;
If little grains of earth and sand
Make mountain, plain, and hill;

If little moments as they pass,
Make hours and days and years—
Then little sins of every kind
Should fill our hearts with fears.

For little sins, if once allowed,
To greater sins will grow;
And, if not stopped by grace divine,
Will lead to endless woe.

Great God, then fill each of our hearts
With love and fear of thee;
And to us all thy Spirit give,
That we may holy be.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON XI. [June 16.]

JESUS APPEARS TO JOHN.

Rev. 1. 9-20. Memory verses, 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.—Heb. 13. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

You remember John, "the Beloved Disciple." When he was old, God gave him a vision of things which would come to pass, and in our lesson John tells us the beginning of the vision. It is all told in the last book of the Bible, which is called "The Revelation of St. John the Divine."

John had been sent to an island named Patmos. The enemies of Jesus did not want John preaching about him, and getting people to believe in his love and power, so they made him a prisoner and sent him to Patmos.

Read what happened on the Lord's day in verses 10 and 11. Do you wonder that John "fell at his feet as dead" when he heard the voice once more of his dear Lord? How sweet and comforting were the words Jesus spoke! Find some other time when Jesus said to the disciples, "Fear not." You will see that Jesus here bears witness to his own death and resurrection. (Learn the 18th verse.) Then see that he had something for John to do, even if he was shut away from teaching and preaching, and learn that if we are true lovers and servers of Jesus he will always and everywhere find work for us to do for him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is John sometimes called?
"The Beloved Disciple."

What did he do as long as he lived?
Tell about Jesus.

Who did not want him to do this?
Bad men.

Where was he sent? To the isle of Patmos.

Who found him there? Jesus.

When did he appear to John? On the Lord's day.

What did John see? A glorious sight.

Who was in the midst of the glory?
Jesus.

What did John do? Fell down like a dead man.

What did Jesus say? "Fear not."

What did he tell John? That he was alive.

Is he still living? Yes, he is alive for evermore.

LESSON XII. [June 23.]

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

Rev. 21. 1-7, 22-27. Mem. ver., 3, 4, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—Rev. 21. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

John saw many beautiful and wonderful things in his vision. But perhaps nothing is so beautiful as the sight of the holy city, which was given to him. You should read it carefully, beginning with the tenth verse of the lesson chapter, and going on to the sixth verse of the next chapter. Do not forget that the holy city comes "down from God out of heaven." All that is good and pure comes from God.

Have you ever thought that each one of us has a part to do in helping to bring the holy city down to this earth? The third verse of this chapter tells an easy way to do our part—to let God dwell with us and be our God. When we do not drive his Spirit away by our naughty, selfish thoughts and ways he will build a holy place in our hearts, and those who see it will want him to come and dwell in them perhaps. How beautiful this world would be if there were no sin! Remember, where God is there can be no sin. If we let the holy One come to live in us, then we shall know what this lesson means.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did John have one Lord's day?
A vision.

Who sent it to him? God.

What did he see? A holy city.

Whence did it come? Out of heaven.

What did John hear? A heavenly voice.

What did the voice say? That God is here.

What does God give? Peace and joy.

What cannot stay where he is? Sin.

Who may enter the holy city? The good and true.

Who is Alpha? The beginning of all things.

Who is Omega? The end of all things.

Who calls himself by these names?
Jesus.

WHY FELIX AND MARY ANN WENT HUNGRY.

BY ARIANA HERMAN.

"Meow!" said Felix, "I want my supper."

"Meow, meow," said Mary Ann more softly, "I want my supper."

"Meow!" said Felix again; "where can the little mistress be? The white folks are done eating, and I hear Sarah washing the cups and saucers in the kitchen."

"She has forgotten how hungry we are," sobbed Mary Ann; "let's go to sleep and then we'll not mind."

So Lucia's two kittens cuddled down together into one furry mass, and went to sleep hungry. Poor little kittens!

But where was Lucia? Ah, this little girl was tired of doing her own work, and had undertaken to do somebody's else! When supper was over, it was always Lucia's duty to carry a little tin pail out to the pantry, and fill it with milk for Felix and Mary Ann; but to-night the little girl's head was full of doing something very clever, "s'prising" mother.

There was to be company in the parlour presently, and out in a little cool back room there was a box of roses and smilax waiting to adorn the mirrored mantel. Lucia slipped down from her place at the supper table, and stole away without being noticed.

"I know I can fix 'em jes' booful," Lucia was saying to herself, as she lugged the big box along, stepping very softly past the dining-room door, well knowing that mother and Auntie would not agree with her about this.

Mother and auntie, chatting over their fruit, did not hear the slippered feet pass the door, but they did hear, presently—oh my! my! such a crash, and cry, and wail; and when they flew to the parlour, there, on the tiled hearth, and the fur rug, was a heap of broken china, crushed roses, and a bruised and bleeding little girl!

I suppose the "company" came that evening—companies are hard to stop—but there was a large wet spot on the floor, and a chipped place on the tiles, and a bare place on the mantel, and a little tied-up and court-plastered girl in the nursery bed, and a very unhappy mother, and a flustered auntie, and two hungry kittens!

Do you see how many wrong things would not have happened if one little girl had done her own nice little duty, instead of reaching out after mother's and auntie's grown-up duty?

But Felix and Mary Ann never knew why they had no supper that night.



IS SHE SICK OR ONLY PLAYING?

IS SHE SICK OR ONLY PLAYING?

I can't make out whether this little girl is an invalid propped up in a cushioned chair, or whether she is only playing the part of grandmother with her glasses. She looks almost too grave to be playing. Yet she does not look very sick, and such young girls do not often wear pinch-nose glasses.

HELEN KELLER.

"I cannot see the bright faces of the flowers when I walk in the garden, but I know they are all around me, because I have touched them many times and because the air is full of their fragrance. Mother has some beautiful lilies now. Can you hear the lily-bells when they whisper together very softly?"

These words were written by Helen Keller, the wonderful child, whose heart is full of beauty and love, although she, too, is called deaf, dumb, and blind. But when we read the charming letters she writes, and the beautiful stories, it seems

as if she could see better than those who have eyes.

She is now eleven years old, and has learned so many things from talking with all the people who come to see her, and from reading all the books she can get, that she is able to write wonderful compositions and stories. I am sure you will be glad to read what she wrote once about her dog, Lioness.

THE DOG.

Come here, Lioness, I have many strange things to tell you about yourself. You may not believe it all, but it is true, and you must be still like a good dog, and listen to what I have to say.

Of course you know that you belong to the animal kingdom. You never could have thought you were a plant or a mineral, and everything else in the world belongs to the animal kingdom. You have a backbone, and that is why you are called a vertebrate; and when you have some cunning little puppies, you will feed them with milk, as other mammals do, and that is why the wise men put you in

the class Mammalia. Then, Lioness, you know perfectly well that you like raw meat better than anything else; and animals that eat raw meat are carnivorous.

How many feet have you? Can't you count four? See, here are your two fore-paws, and there are your two hind legs; and animals which have four feet are quadrupeds.

Your chest is broad and deep, so that you can take a good breath when you wish to run swiftly. Your mouth is filled with powerful teeth, similar in shape to the cat's teeth. You must not pull away your head so, for it is true! You are like Pussy in many things. Your tongue is soft, and you use it to lap up liquids. You never perspire through your skin as other animals do. When your body is heated, the moisture passes off from your tongue. That is why you always run with your tongue hanging out of your mouth. The under parts of your feet are padded, like a cat's. There are five toes on your forefeet, and five on your hind feet. The two middle ones are longest and equal. The fifth toes of your hind feet never touch the ground. Each toe has a strong, blunt claw. Hence you cannot walk as noiselessly as the kitty. Your claws are better fitted for digging than holding.

Your senses of sight, hearing and smell are very perfect, but your sense of taste is not well developed. If you are hungry you will eat things which are not good at all. You can live a long time without food or drink. You have relations in all countries. Wherever there is a man, the dog is his best friend. You love people much better than the place where you live; but I am afraid, dear, you dislike cats. You turn many times before you lie down. Can you tell me why? You prick up your ears, and bark at the least noise; and I am sure there never was such a brave and faithful dog as you are, my own Lioness.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Let the little children come
To a Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Perhaps amidst the crowding throng
No one else might see
That some little faces asked:
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.