

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1905.

No. 12.

THE KITE.

That looks like a very fine kite, and evidently the boys think so. That is Jimmy sitting with the paint-brush in his hand. He has been trying his skill as an artist, to the satisfaction and delight of himself and his friends—the bird in the centre calling forth a special amount of admiration. This kite is a joint-stock affair, each of the boys having contributed some portion of it. Harry is so busy getting the string ready he has no time for anything else just now. Pretty soon their kite will be ready, and will be sailing like a bird itself away over the houses and trees; then, boys, you had better take a firm grip of that string.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

The spring sunbeams felt that they were the busiest and the happiest sunbeams of all the year. They always began their work on the earth by having a frolic with Jack Frost. It was great fun.

"Suppose they do melt the snow on the roofs of the houses," thought he, "I can freeze it into icicles as it drips over the eaves." So he chose the shady side of



THE KITE.

the house, and went to work. The icicles grew longer and longer. "They don't know where I am, and not a bit of noise will I make, for I don't want them to find me."

He was so intent upon his work that he did not notice that the sunbeams were creeping round the corner of the house (he

could not hear them, for they knew how to work quietly, too), until suddenly they shone right upon the icicles. How the icicles sparkled and twinkled in the sunlight, and looked so brilliant that Jack Frost almost forgave them for finding out his hiding place.

Then as soon as the spring sunbeams had driven Jack Frost and the March winds away, they had a great many different kinds of work to do. Each bud on every tree had to be encouraged to take off its winter jacket and let the leaves and blossoms come out and begin to grow, and the ground must be warmed for the little seeds.

When the children noticed the grass in sheltered places, they shouted to one another, "See how green the grass is! Surely spring has come. Let us go down to the brook

and see if the pussy willows are out."

They were children with very bright eyes, and they looked at every tree and bush, and saw all the different kinds of buds. Then they took sticks and gently pushed the dry leaves away, and found the fresh green leaves.

That pleased the sunbeams very much.

"DANIEL PURPOSED IN HIS HEART."

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

I have made up my mind, God helping me,

That I will not stain my lips
With the ruby wine, with its sparkle and shine,
No, not in the tiniest sips!

I have made up my mind—for I can choose—

That I'll keep God's temple pure,
As Daniel of old, of whom we are told,
Who was brave and strong to endure.

I have made up my mind, yes, once for all,
I've a purpose high and grand.

In myself I'm weak, but His strength I seek
Who is able to make me stand.

I have made up my mind, 'tis not so hard,
If a boy in time begins.

In the battle of life, in the toil and strife,
'Tis the brave "I will" that wins.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1905.

DOLEFUL DOTTY.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALEE.

"How do you, Dotty Dumps?" cried father, coming into the dusk of the sitting-room, and finding a forlorn little figure on a chair. "Do you know where my little girl is, the one who runs to meet me?"

The cross Dotty scorned to answer. He called, "Dotty, Dotty, dear! where are you hiding?"

He opened closets and looked behind curtains and then sat down and pretended

to cry. "My dear, lost Dotty! What shall I do without your bright face?"

Dotty laughed in spite of herself. "Silly father!" she said.

"Why, there you are!" cried father, rushing to catch her in his arms before the laugh faded. "I thought this was some strange little cross-patch!"

"I am cross," said Dotty.

"Pray, why?" asked father, surprised.

"Boy Blue broke my doll."

"That's too bad," said father, "but not worth being miserable about. Did baby mean to do it?"

"No," admitted Dotty. "He wanted to hold Blanche, and I let him, and he dropped her."

"What did you do?"

"I scolded."

"And poor baby was frightened and cried, and mother ran to take him from his cross sister, and she sat here and pouted."

"How did you know?" wondered Dotty.

"I know," said father.

"I didn't want my doll broken," said Dotty.

"Suppose it was Boy Blue, or mother, or father?"

"You couldn't be broken," laughed Dotty.

"We might be sick or hurt. Haven't you much to be glad about?"

Dotty suddenly felt ashamed. "I'll run kiss baby. I'm glad it isn't Boy Blue!"

DAISY'S WAY.

BY M. E. KENNEY.

The sky was clouded, and it was a dreary gray day out of doors—and within doors, too, for that matter, for Daisy had the measles, and so she could not go out and play; nor could she have any of her little friends come and play with her, for she did not want to share the measles with them, and they were not very anxious to divide with her. She could not use her eyes, for they were weak, and she did not want to have nurse read aloud to her. She did not feel able to play with her dolls; so you can see that, altogether, she was not in a very happy frame of mind.

"O dear! It is so dreadful to have the measles and not be able to go out and have a good time!" she said to the doctor.

"I suppose it isn't very pleasant," the doctor answered; "but I don't think that you have very much to complain about, when you have so much to make you happy and so many to do all they can to pass the time away. Now if you were the little girl I am going to see next, you might think that you had something to complain of."

"Why?" asked Daisy, "has she got the measles, too?"

"Yes; she has the measles," the doctor

answered; "and she is quite ill with the disease, so that she has to stay in bed. Her mother has to go to work in a factory every morning, and leaves Nannie alone all day.

"Why, who takes care of her?" asked Daisy, in surprise.

"She has to take care of herself," the doctor answered. "Before her mother goes away in the morning she puts everything Nannie is likely to want during the day on a chair by the bedside; and when Nannie wants anything, she reaches over and gets it. Sometimes one of the neighbors comes in and sits with her for a while, but not often, because all the people in the house where Nannie lives are too busy with their own work to have an time to spare to take care of a little sick girl, unless she should need them very much indeed."

"Oh, that must be perfectly dreadful!" said Daisy. "I wouldn't like that one single bit. It's bad enough to have the measles, when you have plenty of folks to take care of you, but I don't know what I should do if I had to do as Nannie does. Does she cry all the time?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the doctor.

"She is the bravest, brightest little patient I have; and whenever she has anything at all that she can give away, she tries to make a little sunshine for some one else. The other day a lady sent her some oranges, and she knew that I was going to see some other sick children who did not often get fruit or have any friends to send them some, and so she made me take half of the oranges to the other children, and it seemed to make her happier than if she had eaten them herself."

"I believe I will try to make some sunshine for Nannie," said Daisy, thoughtfully. "Would you mind taking her some things to-morrow, doctor, when you go to see her?"

"No; I should like to take them very much indeed," the good doctor answered; "and I think you will have a happier day in trying to make some one else happy than if you fretted about yourself."

All the rest of the day, when Daisy felt strong enough to do anything, she looked over her treasures, and picked out things to send patient little Nannie; and when the doctor came next morning, he smiled to see what a collection she had made.

"Now didn't you make sunshine for yourself when you were trying to make it for Nannie?" he asked, as he pocked the last of the pretty picture-books into his bag, and looked up at Daisy with a smile.

"Yes, indeed," Daisy answered.

"It's a rule that always holds good," the doctor went on. "If you are not happy the way to become so is to make some one else happy. It is a rule I never knew to fail, and I have seen it tried a great many times."

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

BY HAROLD FARRINGTON.

One wore the finest ruffles,
And the daintiest little hat,
The sweetest bit of laces,
And ribbons and all that.
Yet so very impolite was she,
So cross—and such a frown!
The people never noticed
The beauty of her gown.

Another little maiden
Had on a calico;
She hadn't any ruffles,
And not a single bow.
Yet her manner was so lovable,
No one would ever guess
This little maiden didn't wear
The costliest of dress!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20. 31.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
J. the G. S.	I am the—
The R. of L.	Jesus said—
The I. at B.	She hath—
The E. of J. into J.	Blessed is he—
E. L.	He is risen—
J. W. the D. F.	By love—
The V. and the B.	Herein is—
J. P. for His F.	I pray—
J. B. P.	Everyone that—
The C.	Christ died—
The R.	But now is—
The M. of the R. C.	I am he—
The H. H.	To him that—

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON I.—JULY 2.

SENNACHERIB'S INVASION.

2 Chron. 32. 9-23. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.—2 Chron. 32. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Have you sometimes wondered why very good people have many great trials, while others who are not good have few? Hezekiah was a good and faithful king, and

the Lord showed, by bringing a great enemy to his gates, and then destroying him in answer to Hezekiah's prayer, that it is better to have great trials, if we overcome them by faith, than to have none. Sennacherib, the heathen king of Assyria, seemed to have such belief in his own power that he sent boasting messages to Hezekiah, telling him to get ready to become the slave of Assyria. There was only one thing for Hezekiah to do, and that was to go directly to his God and tell him all about it. And his friend, the prophet Isaiah, did the same thing—they "cried to heaven."

Then the word of the Lord came to Isaiah. God had a message to give to the king. He said he had heard the prayer of Hezekiah, and he promised to lead the Assyrian king back by the way he came, "for I will defend this city," he said, "for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake."

That night the angel of the Lord went over the sleeping camp of the Assyrians, and there was no sound, but in the morning a hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers lay dead upon the field. Then Sennacherib turned his face toward Nineveh, and never returned to fight against Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was a great boaster? Sennacherib, king of Assyria.
2. To whom did he boast? To Hezekiah, king of Judah.
3. What did he threaten? To take Jerusalem.
4. What did Hezekiah do? He prayed to his God.
5. Who prayed also? Isaiah the prophet.
6. What did Hezekiah say to the people? Golden Text.
7. What did God promise? To defend Jerusalem.
8. Who came to the Assyrian camp that night? An angel.
9. What happened to the army? Death fell upon it.
10. How many died? One hundred and eighty-five thousand.
11. What did Sennacherib do? He went home.
12. What soon happened? He was slain by his sons.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit out of all the money he made, and then always felt hap-

pier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me; and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, which never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them.'"

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.

A CONSTANT SONG.

There were two birdies, so the folks say,
Who sat on a tree one bright autumn day;
And one was as thankless as thankless
could be.

The world might be fair, but what cared
he?

And one looked up to the sky above,
And sang such a song of grateful love
That it thrilled the hearts of the passers-by,
And made them, too, look up to the sky.
And thank the Giver of all good things—
For he who is grateful always sings.

AN ABLE CRITIC.

An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work, says East and West, maintains that his most valuable critic is his son—a boy of twelve.

"He knows little about drawing," says the artist; "but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene, and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

"He surveyed it a minute, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said, 'The people are all right, but where's the dog?'"

"The dog? I inquired. 'What dog?'"

"Any dog," he said, in a tone of pity for my dulness. 'Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?'"

"When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in."



A STORK'S NEST IN NUREMBERG.

THE STORK FAMILY.

In many families the stork family is held in high honor. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reason, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they regain health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

HOW TO DO.

One of the happiest girls I ever knew was probably the poorest girl in her class. She might have made herself wretched over the shabby, awkward, "made-over" clothes that were undoubtedly conspicuous among the pretty dresses of her school-mates; but she never seemed to give the matter a thought. It was real things that she was seeking—friends and knowledge, and days to make happy memories

—and she found them all. When she left school she was rich in friendship, both with teachers and pupils; the books she had studied had become part of her life; and among all the girls none had more keenly enjoyed the clubs and papers and harmless happy nonsense of the school jokes and merry-makings than this girl. Yet she had neither money, beauty, nor fascination—she had only a brave, sunny common sense. She would not see any difference between herself and others, and so—there was no difference!

We are what our thoughts make us. The law is as fixed as gravitation. If your thoughts centre always upon yourself, worrying, tormenting, envying, grieving, year by year the strange, invisible walls of your "difference" will rise higher, shutting out more and more of the world God meant for you. But if you resolutely turn from yourself and think instead for the lives about you, then slowly, perhaps, but surely, strange and beautiful things will happen. For under the gay or careless, weary or hard masks that hide them, you will see souls, and to see the soul is to love it; and to love souls deeply, unselfishly, unflinchingly, is to break down all the morbid "differences" for ever.

CHURNING.

We have heard this remark from people who wished to express their dislike of some duty required of them: "I would rather churn before breakfast." Only those who have tried it know what a task that is. And young people who have gone through this ordeal by candle-light with sleepy heads and sharp appetites know best of all how disagreeable it is. But what it would be with such a churn as that woman in the picture is using we can faintly imagine. "Churn!" some of you are ready to exclaim, "Why I don't see any churn!" Well, really, some explanation seems to be necessary. Instead of vessels like those with which we are familiar, these strange folks use a goat-skin, or leather "bottle," as it is called in Scripture. When the cream is poured in, the skin is hung up and vigorously shaken from side to side until the butter comes. If, as some wise men insist, slow churning—occupying from forty to sixty minutes—makes the best butter, a goat-skin churn with a lazy boy for a dasher would beat all the patent machines in the market. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate demand for butter produced in this way, so our young friends in the country may rest easy. If this sketch

shall lead any to consider the great advantages of living in a Gospel land its purpose will be accomplished. A residence of a few months in those countries where Christianity is not known would be an effectual remedy for those who are disposed to complain of the obligations which Christianity imposes. There is a blessing connected with everything Jesus requires of us. Obedience will save us from a multitude of unknown evils.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

BY HARRIETT PEARL SKINNER.

Behind two gates of flaming red,
And doors of gleaming white,
A little Busybody lives,
Who works with main and might.

He labors at his daily task
Of making words, my dears;
And holidays have been to him
Unknown for months and years.

From Busybody's little shop
Come words most excellent;
Too good and strong and sweet are they
To ever cause complaint.

But sometimes, in a naughty mood,
He'll make the words all wrong;
With edges sharp enough to cut,
And slivers rough and long.

Oh! is it not deplorable
That he should be unkind;
Allowing words to hurt his friends,
And seeming not to mind?

So watch him, that no one receives
A word that scorns, berates;
And when you see him angry grow,
Shut quickly doors and gates.



CHURNING IN PALESTINE.