

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1902.

No. 8.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years was passing the old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning to her from behind a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after that, she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner each time a book to read, from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of those she has helped, six hundred are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives.

Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her merciful work with interest. And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.



THE FIRST STEP.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Jezebel was not only the daughter of a king, but she was also the wife and mother of a king. Yet she was a bad woman.

She had a good name, but her character

was unlike her name. We have known girls named "Grace" who have not been at all gracious, and others named "Mercy" have been harsh and unjust, and others named "Charity" have been often unkind. A good name does not make a good boy or girl.

Jezebel died a horrible death. Jehu wished her body to be buried decently, and the reason he gave was that "she was a king's daughter."

King's children may be either good or bad. You are all King's sons and daughters—sons and daughters of King Jesus. And yet I fear many of you are not good. You may have good names, but you may not have good habits. Billy Gray called himself "The King's son"; so may you. Billy Gray lived the life of a "King's son," and so may every boy.

King's children have a beautiful home. Heaven is the beautiful home for King's children. A little girl was one night gazing at the sky when all the stars were shining brightly, and on being asked what she was thinking about, replied: "Oh, mamma, I was thinking, if the outside of Heaven is so beautiful, how very

beautiful it must be inside." Quite right, little one, only the inside is far more beautiful than the outside can suggest to us.

How should a King's sons and daughters live? You must learn to be generous. Children always think that kings

are rich, and that young princes and princesses are well-dressed, well-behaved, and liberal. Certainly the sons and daughters of King Jesus, who receive so many blessings from Him, should be ready to give freely. Florrie was allowed to invite several little friends to her birthday party. She made up her mind not to invite those who often went to parties, but those who had very little happiness in life. So she asked the poor blind girl, the little lame boy, her old nurse, the girl who helped her mother at home, and deaf and dumb Tommy. They all came, or were brought, and they had a good time together. That is the way in which King's sons and daughters should act. Be generous and kind.

Learn to be noble. You may all be real princes and princesses, belonging to the great palace of your King. Should you not try to live like little princes and princesses? You must try.

The best way of learning how to be and do all this, is to try never to displease your King. Jesus cares for all his children, and if he sees that you are trying to be like him, he will help you; and every day the King will watch over all his little princes and princesses, and assist you to become good and noble King's sons and King's daughters.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era.....	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 63 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 50
5 copies and over.....	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 24
Over 20 copies.....	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 08
Dew Drops, weekly.....	0 20
Herman Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 05
Herman Leaf, monthly.....	0 06
Herman Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 29 to 35 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1902.

A LESSON TAUGHT BY A CHILD.

A little girl was poring over her textbook with a puzzled face. "What does this mean, father?" she asked at last: "'Give me thine heart.'"

Mr. Gordon laid down his book, and turned to his little daughter with a look of loving interest, but did not immediately

reply. After a brief silence he said: "I will try to explain these words to you very soon, dear. Meanwhile, you have a purse, I think; have you not? Will you give it to me?"

Unhesitatingly the child produced a purse, which contained just two and a half pence, a great treasure in her estimation. "Here it is, father," she said cheerfully; for Margaret, though but a little girl, was old enough to trust her father and to understand that he would not act in this way without some good reason.

A day or two after this incident Mr. Gordon called Margaret to him, and said: "My dear, did you not give me your purse the other day?"

"Yes, father."

"And why do you think I wanted it?"

"I think, perhaps," said the little girl, smiling, "that you meant to put something into it."

"That is just what I have done," said her father, laying his hand on her curly head. "And does my little girl see that when God asks us to give our hearts into His keeping it is because he wants to put something into them? We are empty and poor, having nothing good of our own. Christ wants to make us happy and holy too; and he only can make us rich in goodness and in love, and in all that is most precious and beautiful. We may always trust him when he asks us to give up anything to him; it is only that he may restore it to us enriched a thousandfold."—*Exchange.*

BIRDS REMEMBER.

Some years ago two boys, while playing upon a cliff near the sea, found a young sea-bird which a dog was worrying. It would have been killed but for them. They drove away the dog and carried the bird, nearly as large as a goose, safely home. There it was shut up in a coop, like the hens and chickens, fed and kindly cared for. It soon became quite tame, and manifested constant affection for its little masters, who felt quite proud of the result of their care. And thus weeks and months rolled on. In the fall of the year the bird became very tame, the coop was occasionally opened, and the prisoner permitted to go to the coast near which the boys lived. But it came regularly home at night, receiving its supper along with the rest of the birdies, and crept to its nest to repose. So the cold winter passed away, and the spring came. One night the bird which had been cared for so well was missed. It did not come home. The next day and the next went by, and still the coop was empty. The fact was, the boys' bird had been coaxed away. I cannot really say into bad company, but it had joined a flock on its way north, and flown with the rest. Presently the boys began to comprehend the difficulty, and as a matter

of course they had to have a good cry about it. They had really learned to love their bird, and to part with it, for them, was a severe trial. That is all very natural, for kindness, no matter upon what creature bestowed, ever begets kindness, and to part with an object that we love is ever painful.

One cold autumn day, as the boys were playing, they saw a flock of sea birds coming towards them. Nearer and nearer they came, until at last, to their great surprise, the whole flock settled upon the ground close at hand, and the largest waddled towards them, quacking most curiously as she came. It was the bird which had flown away in the spring now returned with her young ones to claim hospitality for the winter. You may imagine, if you can, the delight of the boys, and indeed that of their parents, at this instance of affection. Words cannot describe it. You may make up your mind that the flock was not turned adrift, though for a long time the young ones were pretty wild, and did not take as kindly to the boys as the mother did. Ah! well; they did not know them as well.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Little All-Aloney's feet
Pitter-patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear,
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call,
"All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall,
Neither threatening bump nor fall
Little All-Aloney fears,
But with sweet bravado steers
Whither comes that cheery call,
"All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
When he shares of sorrow's store,
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome
And his heart is sore,
Would that he could hear once more,
The gentle voice he used to hear—
Divine with mother love and cheer—
Calling from yonder spirit shore,
"All, all alone!"

A great part of philosophy consists in knowing how to do without things. A horse, for example, enjoys his food best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know.

Does he live at the north or south?

Or is it a lady fair to see,

Whose name is in every one's mouth?

For Meg says: "Somebody Else will sing;"

Or, "Somebody Else can play."

And Jack says: "Please let Somebody Else

Do some of the errands to-day."

The words of cheer for a stranger lad

This Somebody Else will speak,

And the poor and helpless who need a friend

Good Somebody Else must seek.

The cup of cold water in Jesus' name,

O, Somebody Else will offer,

And cords of love for a broken heart

Brave Somebody Else will proffer.

There are battles in life we only can fight,

And victories, too, to win;

And Somebody Else cannot take our place

When we shall have "entered in."

But if Somebody Else has done this work,

While we for our ease have striven,

'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward

To Somebody Else is given.

—Union Signal.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON III. [April 20.]

PETER AND CORNELIUS.

Acts 10. 34-44. Memorize verses 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10. 34.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter like all Jews had been taught to believe that all people who were not Jews were unholy, and that God did not love them. They were called Gentiles. God taught Peter a lesson about this by means of a vision. (Read Acts 10. 9-16.) And now he was glad to tell all people about Jesus and count them among the Lord's people. Two days before a Gentile named Cornelius, who lived in Casarea, fifty miles away, had a vision from the Lord also. He was told to send for Peter to teach him what he ought to do. So he sent three men for him, and Peter, taking six of his friends with him, went to Casarea. There they found Cornelius, a Roman captain, with his friends. Cornelius told him about his vision, and told him that they all wished to hear what he could tell them. Then Peter preached the Gospel of Jesus to this little company, and Cornelius, who was a good man with an open heart toward God, was converted,

and the Holy Spirit came upon all who heard the word. Read Peter's sermon, which is in the lesson verses, very carefully. What good news this was to Gentiles!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Cornelius? A Gentile.

What is a Gentile? One who is not a Jew.

What did the Jews think? That God loved only Jews.

Was Peter a Jew? Yes.

What did the Lord teach him? That he loved everybody.

How did he teach him this? By a vision.

What did the Lord tell Cornelius? To send for Peter.

What did Peter do? He went and preached to Gentiles.

What did they believe? All his words about Jesus.

What did they want? To be baptized.

What did God give to them? His Holy Spirit.

What had Peter learned? A new lesson of love.

LESSON IV. [April 27.]

GENTILES RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH.

Acts 11. 4-15.

Memorize verses 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10. 43.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Peter had been to Casarea, and had baptized Cornelius and his friends, the disciples in Judea heard of it and were troubled, and when Peter came to Jerusalem they found fault with him for going to people who were not Jews; but Peter told them all about his vision. He said that when he was in the city of Joppa praying he saw in a vision a great sheet let down from heaven, full of all kinds of wild beasts, creeping things and fowls and a voice told him to "slay and eat." He did not want to do this, for he had never eaten anything common or unclean, but the voice said, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." This was done three times and then the sheet was drawn up into heaven. Then, Peter said, three men from Casarea came into the house and asked him to go to Casarea and tell their master the good news of the Gospel. The story of Peter's preaching in the house of Cornelius was told in our last lesson. This Peter told to the disciples, and when they saw that God had given his Holy Spirit to Gentiles as well as to the Jews they thanked God and were glad.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were many disciples of Jesus? In Judea.

What did they think about Peter? That he had done wrong.

In what way? In preaching to Gentiles.

What did Peter tell them? The story of the vision.

What more did he tell them? The story of Cornelius.

What did he say God gave the Gentiles? The Holy Spirit.

What lesson did Peter say he had learned? That God loved everybody.

Why does God teach us lessons? So that we may teach others.

Did the disciples learn from Peter? Yes, and praised God.

Who are God's children? Those who love and obey him.

Where are they? In every land and nation.

When is God not pleased? When we think we are better than others.

MARJORIE'S BIRTHDAY TEXT.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

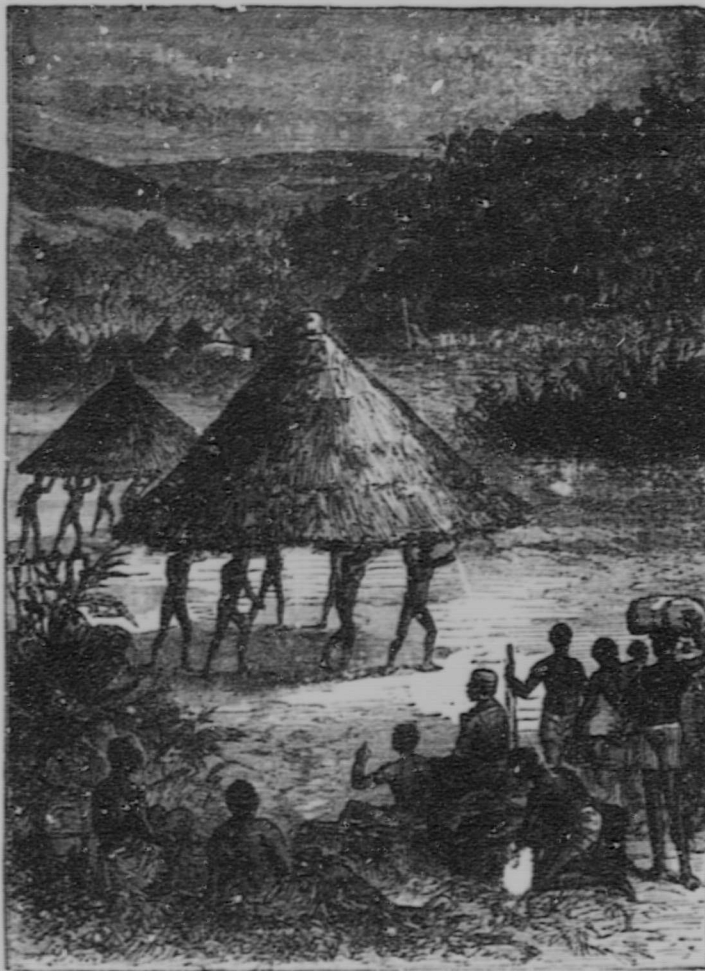
It was not a very long nor a very hard text, and it did not take many minutes for Marjorie to learn it as she stood by Aunt Katie's knee, and repeated it after her again and again.

"That is a beautiful text, darling, with which to begin a new year," said Aunt Kate, kissing the dear little upturned face. "A burden is a trouble of any kind that people have to bear; and if every time you see any one in trouble and try to help them in any way that a little girl can, then you will be helping to bear their burdens, and fulfilling the law of Christ."

Shall I tell you how even a little seven-year-old girl was a burden-bearer that day? She helped to hunt for brother Fred's missing geography and discovered it when he had given it up; she went with willing feet on grandfather's errands, for his rheumatism made it very hard for him to move about; she made grandmother happy by reading a Psalm to her—the beautiful twenty-third Psalm, which Marjorie could repeat as well as read; when an old woman in the street dropped a basket of apples, the willing little maiden overtook her, and helped her to pick them up; she helped a blind man across the street and told a lost child which way to go home; and when mother's head ached, she played so nicely with baby that mother could rest until her head was better.

Do you not think that she helped to bear many a burden, even though she was only a little child?

Boys, whatever else you fail in, do not fail in gallantry to your mothers. You will find it a measure of policy as well as duty. It will do your mother good, ennoble your own character, and raise you in the eyes of all beholders. All the world loves the boy who is his mother's lover.



MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

EVENING SONG.

Shut your eyes, my darling!
When the shadows creep,
When the flowers are closing
Little ones must sleep.

Don't be frightened, Dolly!
In my arms you lie;
Nestle down and slumber
To my lullaby.

Hush thee now, my dearest,
To my slumber song;
Children lose their roses
Sitting up too long.

PLAY FAIR.

Play is a good thing in its place. We love to see children play and enjoy themselves (and grown people, too) by way of change and recreation from more serious duties. The way people play also shows character. If any one is fair, truthful, honest, and good-tempered in play, he is likely to be the same in other things, and so the reverse. Good, earnest play has its temptations and dangers as well as other things, and our young friends have need to be cautioned against yielding to them. To be cheating, mean, and full of ill-temper when beaten, or ugly when things do not go as desired, is very improper.

Disputes and quarrels may easily arise, and of these every one should beware. Play, but always play fair; keep in good temper, avoid wrangling and disputes, and play will be a good and healthful thing.

MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

Our picture represents the natives of Eastern Africa moving a hut from one village to another. These huts are made of bamboo canes and covered with grass. The roof which we see the natives carrying on their heads, will shed water quite well, and protect the inmates from the scorching rays of the sun quite as well or better than a roof of wood or iron. The material does not last long in that hot climate, but it is abundant, and the natives have plenty of time to make houses. So if a house decays in a year it is easy to make another. The walls of the house are made of bamboo canes woven together to make a strong support for the roof and a protection from rain and sun. Thus, in a land where the natives are not intelligent enough to build houses of wood or brick, the Lord has provided abundance of material from which they can construct in a simple manner houses that will protect them from the heavy rains and scorching sun. The Lord is raising up missionaries to go to Africa to teach the natives about Jesus, and to show them how to build

better houses and to do other things that pertain to Christian civilization. We hope our readers will help all they can.

HOW JOSEY WAS CAUGHT.

Josey liked to keep office for his "Uncle Doctor," as he called him. But the doctor did not always like to trust him there when he was called away; for Josey had a habit of looking into things that made the doctor fear he might get injured, as Josey was a meddlesome boy. One day, however, he found himself alone, and began to look at everything on the table. The electric battery pleased him most. "O, I know how to fix this!" he cried. "If any man came in that wanted electric treatment, I could do it as well as Uncle Doctor. There! Now it's all right! Now you take hold of these handles." The taking hold was easy enough, but the letting go was quite another matter. Any little boy or girl who has ever tried it will know how Josey's arm tingled and ached, but he had to hold on; he could not let go. "You got caught this time, Josey," said his uncle when he had set him free. "Now, remember that bad habits hold fast to a boy worse than an electric battery does, and are harder to get rid of, and meddling is a very bad habit." "I won't have anything more to do with either of them," said Josey.—*Sunbeam.*

KIT'S ADOPTED BABIES.

The two little babies Kit had had died. Kit was Uncle Frank's imported spaniel, and she had most beautiful brown eyes.

"I don't know what sh' ll do, poor thing!" exclaimed Uncle Frank at breakfast.

But Kit, if she didn't know then, did something very queer before her master came in from the store at noon.

"Have you seen Kit's basket?" asked Dorothy, eagerly, as they were sitting down to dinner. "Then you can't guess what funny babies she's adopted—never!"

Uncle Frank guessed almost everything that a dog might drag into her nest, but Dorothy shook her head to everything that he suggested.

"I guess I'll have to wait and see," laughed Uncle Frank, curiously.

Before he went down town he took a peep at Kit, and there she was licking ever so fondly his two leather slippers. "Well, well, well!" he exclaimed; "I guess this means that I've got to go without slippers till the adopted babies are weaned."

But he didn't, for Aunt Lucy knew where he had another pair of worsted ones; and Uncle Frank wore them a whole month until one evening, when he found his leather pair at the head of his bed, brought back by Kit and left where she had found them just four weeks before.—*Sunbeam.*