

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 17.

## REMEMBER.

We wonder what mother is saying to her little daughter as she holds her hand and gives her a last word of caution and advice. The little girl has been listening to a long list of things she has to do in the village, such as giving messages, making purchases, and perhaps getting medicine in that long-necked bottle in the basket, and her mother is just now saying, "Remember this, and remember that," and the child, with thoughtful face, is going over in her little head all she has been told. You may be quite sure she will forget nothing, and will come back in a short time with a smiling face and tell her mother all the results of her little journey. What a queer, old-fashioned dress the mother and child wear. They are probably Germans, as the carved wood and iron hinges seem to indicate.

It is a pleasure to obey those we love. Their commands we do not forget. If we love God, we will keep his commandments.



## REMEMBER!

### FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

I remember a young woman who came to me in great trouble; told me that her father was drunk two or three times a week; that he insisted on having a large

part of her earnings to spend in drink; and that when he came home at night he often beat her. Life was becoming intolerable to her. She wanted to know whether it would be right for her to leave him. Her mother was dead; her father, if she left him, would be alone; was it her duty to stay? I told her that, in my judgment, his treatment of her had released her from the obligation; but I asked her whether it would be possible for her to be happy at night if she went elsewhere; whether she would not be always thinking that in his drunken fits her father might come to harm; and whether she could not regard the care of this unhappy man, with all the suffering and misery it brought upon her, as the special service to which Christ had appointed her. She looked up, hesitated a moment, said: "I will." I do not think she would have made a good model for an artist painting a saint; she did not live in a picturesque monastery, but in a back court in Birmingham; her dress was not pictur-

esque, but the somewhat unlovely dress of a poor working girl. Yet that seems to me to be the true imitation of Christ. Let me finish the story. She came to me three months later, and told me, with the light of joy on her face, that her father had never come home drunk since that night she had resolved to care for him for Christ's sake.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1904.

### LEARN TO OBEY CHEERFULLY.

"When I got to be a man, I mean to do just as I please."

I suppose every boy thinks that; but I wonder how many men will say that they do, or ever have done, just as they please. The truth is that as long as we live—and that is for ever—we shall have to obey. That is the reason, doubtless, why we have to begin life as helpless babies, so that we can learn obedience the first thing.

If we shall always have to obey, it will be well to learn to do it gracefully. At first we must obey parents, then teachers, then laws, and over and above all the laws of God.

Boys often think it manly to rebel; but the greatest men have been those most obedient to proper authority. General Grant was one day walking on a government wharf, smoking, when the guard said to him that smoking was not allowed there. Grant did not rebel because he was a general and the command had been given him by a subordinate. He at once threw away his cigar, remarking that it was a very good order. You see, he knew the dignity of obedience.

General Sherman did not approve General Grant's plan for taking Vicksburg, and wrote a protest. Then he obeyed Grant's orders as heartily as if he himself had conceived the plan, and Grant said that Sherman was a hero. Boys think it grand to be soldiers, but they must obey before they can command. Sheridan was so prompt to obey orders that he was advanced to the command of a large part of the Army of the Potomac, and Warren, who did not obey promptly, was superseded. Boys sometimes question the wisdom of their father's commands, but they should obey cheerfully.

### WHAT FRUIT IS GROWING IN YOUR GARDEN?

When we visit a friend who lives in the country, we are almost sure to ask him what kind of fruit is growing in his garden. If he takes much interest in his garden, and works hard to raise fine fruit, he will probably name a dozen different kinds that he is raising.

Now, whether we live in the country or the city, we have each one of us a garden to care for, and the Great Gardener to whom we belong is looking to see if we are bringing forth the right kind of fruit.

Our heart is God's garden, and in the Bible he tells us what kind of fruit he wants us to produce. Listen! These are the fruits that God wants to see us bearing in our hearts and lives—Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, and Temperance.

Are you bearing these beautiful fruits in your life, my dear little reader? Do not think that you must work all alone in bringing them forth. The Apostle Paul tells us that these are the fruits of the Spirit, and if we ask our Heavenly Father to help us, he will surely send his Holy Spirit to aid us.—Ex.

### BABIES IN CHINA.

A gentleman who made a tour through China on a bicycle, tells of some curious things he saw in out-of-the-way districts which travellers do not usually visit. One of these was a company of babies picketed out in a field like so many goats or calves. Each baby had a belt about the waist; into this belt behind was tied a string about ten feet long, the other end of which was fastened to a stake. The stakes were set so far apart that there was no danger of the strings getting tangled up as the babies crept or ran about. Some of them were creeping on all fours; some of them were making their first attempt at standing by balancing against the stakes, while older ones were running or playing in the grass. All seemed good-natured and happy, and, though they gazed at the queer-looking stranger and his wheels

with an expression of surprise, they did not cry or seem in the least frightened. Nobody seemed paying any attention to the babies, but, as the mothers were working in a rice-field a little way off they would, of course, have come to the had there been any need. The babies had plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and were perhaps as well off as some more petted ones at home.

### THE KING OF CANDY LAND.

Have you heard of the King of Candy Land?

Well, listen while I sing:  
He has pages on every hand,  
For he is a mighty king.  
And thousands of children bend the knee  
And bow to this ruler of high degree.

He has a smile, oh, like the sun,  
'And his face is crowned and bland;  
His bright eyes twinkle and glow with fun,

As the children kiss his hand;  
And everything toothsome, melting sweet  
He scatters freely before their feet.

But woe for the children who follow him

With loving praise and laughter!  
For he is a monster, ugly and grim,  
That they go running after;  
And when they get well into the chase,  
He lifts his mask and shows his face.

And oh, that is a gruesome sight  
For the followers of the king;  
The cheeks grow pale that once were bright,

And they sob instead of sing;  
And their teeth drop out and their eyes grow red  
And they cannot sleep when they go to bed.

And often they see the monster's face—  
They have no peaceful hour;  
They have aches in every place,  
And what was sweet seems sour.

Oh, woe for that foolish, sorrowful band  
Who follow the King of Candy Land!

### "GOD CAN'T WAIT."

A bright four-year-old boy in a friend's family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close, and came to his mother that night saying his evening prayer before going to bed. "Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother; "I am busy writing a letter all day. When that is done you may say your prayers, my dear." The little fellow waited a minute or two very patiently, and then, coming back to his mother, said, "Mamma, God can't wait." Ernie's mother laid aside her letter at the first rebuke, and the evening prayer took its right place first. We should "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

A LITTLE SERMON.

Never a day is lost, dear,  
If at night you can truly say  
You've done one kindly deed, dear,  
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,  
Where the sunshine of home may fall,  
And where the sweet home voices  
May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,  
If it brings at set of sun  
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,  
And a thought of work well done.  
—Our Young Folks.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM  
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

Kings 18. 30-46. Memorize verses 36-39.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Lord be God, follow him.—1  
Kings 18, 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

We left Elijah in our last lesson on his way to see Ahab. Ahab went to meet Elijah, and said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" "I have not troubled Israel," said brave Elijah, "but thou and by father's house, . . . thou hast followed Baalim."

Then he told Ahab to gather all Israel together at Mount Carmel, with eight hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal and the groves which were kept by Jezebel. So Ahab brought them all together on the beautiful mount that looks out upon the great sea, and there Elijah said to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." But no one answered Elijah. Then he called for two bullocks, that there might be one for the prophets of Baal, and one for himself to offer up. "The God that answers by fire, let him be God," said Elijah. This pleased the people, and all day long, through the hot noon, and down to the time of the evening sacrifice, the false prophets cried to Baal to send fire upon their altar, but there was no answer. Then Elijah called the people near to him and repaired the altar of the God that was broken down, and made a trench around it, and laid the wood and the bullock upon it. Then he had four barrels of water brought three times and

poured over the sacrifice until the trench was filled. Then he cried to the Lord to answer by fire, and the fire came and consumed the sacrifice and the altar and the water in the trench. Then the false prophets were slain, and Elijah told Ahab that the rain was at hand. He saw a little cloud rise out of the sea, which soon spread over the sky, and Ahab rode back to his palace, and there was a great rain.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who went to meet Elijah? Ahab.  
What did he say? "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

How did Elijah answer? Like a born prophet of the Lord.

What did he ask to have done? To have all Israel called to Mount Carmel.

And who with them? The prophets of Baal.

What did he ask Israel then? To choose between God and Baal.

Who would offer burnt sacrifices? Elijah and the prophets of Baal.

What would they pray for? Fire from heaven.

How long did the prophets of Baal pray? All day.

Whose sacrifice was burned by fire from heaven? Elijah's.

What became of the prophets of Baal? They were destroyed.

What then came? A great rain.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 28.

ELIJAH DISCOURAGED.

1 Kings 19. 1-8. Memorize verses 3, 4.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.—Psa. 120. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Can you think how furious, Jezebel must have been when she heard that all her prophets had been destroyed, and the people had seen that it was not Baal, but the God of Israel that could send fire from heaven. She rose up with a great threat to kill him, so that Elijah went for his life, and leaving his servant at Beer-sheba, on the southern border of Israel, he went a day's journey into the wilderness. There he sat down under a juniper tree, and his heart grew faint within him. Would you think that Elijah could fear a woman more than he feared the king or all the priests of Baal? Yet he said, "It is enough. Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Perhaps he was discouraged because he was tired and hungry, for he fell asleep, and when he awoke it was because an angel touched him, saying, "Arise and eat," and he looked, and there was a cake just baked on the hot coals and a bottle of water close beside him. So he ate and drank, but he was not yet rested and he fell asleep again. The angel

waked him the second time, telling him to eat and drink, for the journey was too great for him. Then he ate and drank again, and went in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, till he came to Horeb, the Mount of God, where long before the Ten Commandments had been given to Israel by the hand of Moses, and there he lodged in a cave.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What sent Elijah into the wilderness? The anger of Jezebel.

Why was she angry? Because he had killed the prophets of Baal.

Where did he go? Southward from Judah.

Where did he sit down to rest? Under a juniper tree.

How did he feel? He was discouraged.

What helped him? He fell asleep.

Who awakened him? An angel.

What did he find? A baked cake and water.

What happened after he had slept again? The same thing.

What was he strengthened for? A long journey.

Where did he go? To Horeb, the Mount of God.

Where did he live there? In a cave.

A MUSICAL CANINE.

A writer in the *Boston Gazette* tells a wonderful story of a French musical critic, related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him, and who have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name in public was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuilleries Palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances, and, after the parade, disappeared, to return promptly at parade-time the next day. Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and was a pleasant guest.

It was discovered that after dinner he always attended a concert, where he seated himself calmly in the corner of the orchestra, and listened critically to the music. If a new piece was played, he noticed it instantly, and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine, melodious passages, he showed his joy to the best of his doggyish ability; but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting, he yawned, stared at the house, and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

## HER PARTY.

She twirled upon her tip-toes light,  
Tossed back her tangled tresses bright,  
And cried, "I'm truly tired of play;  
I'll have a tea-party to-day!"  
She set the table 'neath a tree,  
With tempting tarts, and toast and tea,  
Ten tiny cups upon the tray,  
Ten plates and spoons in trim array,  
Ten twinkling tapers thin and tall,  
And then the feast was ready all.

The thrushes trilled and twittered sweet,  
The turf was tender 'neath her feet.  
"Now here am I and here's the treat!"  
She cried, "But

who is there to  
eat?  
I am very thirsty  
for my tea;  
I think I'll be the  
company."  
And sipping now  
and tasting  
then,  
She ate and drank  
for all the ten!

## TRAMPS.

Just look at those  
dreadful-looking  
men, you say.  
Where do they come  
from, and where  
are they going?  
We don't know ex-  
actly where they  
come from, and they  
do not know them-  
selves where they  
are going. Poor men,  
perhaps they once  
had happy homes,  
loving wives and  
children, pleasant  
faces, and better clothes than they have  
now. What has made the change, you  
ask? Just look at them and think. Don't  
you know what is the only thing that can  
bring men to look like that? Why, of  
course, it is drink. They did not change  
all at once, you know. Perhaps a little  
whiskey shop was opened near their homes,  
and they began to go in just once a week  
or so for a little chat with a friend. That  
was the case with one of them, we know,  
the first of the five, and we may safely  
conclude that it was the same with all.  
This one, Bill Smith, found that he was  
beginning to like the tavern better than  
ever all the time, till by and by he spent  
most of his time there, and then his home  
was gone, his poor, hard-working wife  
died, the children were scattered, and he  
was left to wander alone. Poor, poor  
men! Don't you pity them? and won't  
you make up your minds, boys and girls,  
to do all you can to stamp out this dread-

ful thing that has such power to ruin men,  
body and soul?

## MARY'S LESSON.

Little Mary Bevan had learned one  
lesson, which all through her life was to  
be a help to her. It was hard to learn, to  
be sure, and sometimes tried her very  
much; but she found herself happier for  
it in the long run, and by it she became  
"Little Sunshine" in the home. This is  
what they called her, "Little Sunshine,"  
and that name stuck to her till she grew  
to be a woman.

Can you guess what this lesson was? It

three when we take in Mr. Owens. What  
shall we do then?"

"I don't know, father," was the quick  
reply, "unless I get out to make room."

"Well, then," said he, "we will  
when we get there; but if it is too crowded,  
I should like for you to give up your  
for this time, as it is necessary that  
Owens should go with me."

"All right, father, I will," said  
dear child.

Sure enough, when they reached the  
neighbor's it was discovered there was  
not room for three, and Mary obeyed her  
father without saying another word. S



TRAMPS.

helped her to learn easily how to be a  
Christian and live to please God. And it  
was something the lack of which has put  
many a poor boy and girl in prison cells.

Just a little incident, perhaps, will help  
you to understand this blessed lesson  
which Mary learned so well.

One day, lovely and bright with spring  
sunshine—and there was no school that  
day—Mary's father invited her to take a  
ride with him, as he was going far up into  
the country to look after some wood land.  
But he was to call for another man, a  
neighbor, who had the promise of going,  
too. The little girl was delighted, and  
dressing herself quickly, she helped her  
father to harness the horse and fix the car-  
riage. She thought she was a great help,  
and so she was, for she brushed out the  
carriage very neatly, and held the harness,  
piece by piece, for her father, to save his  
steps, as he was lame. It was a narrow  
buggy, and her father said, "Mary, per-  
haps we shall find there isn't room for

stayed and played with Ella Owens  
the carriage came back, and had a beau-  
tiful time.

This was a good example for Ella,  
she was not in the habit of minding  
easily. "I should think you would  
a fuss," said she, "unless you didn't re-  
want to go."

Mary's answer was, "I wanted to  
just as my father wanted me to."

Happy Mary! This loving obedient  
her father helped her to exercise the  
towards her Heavenly Father, and  
grew up to be a sweet Christian woman.

## CLIMBING.

"There is but one way great heights  
climb.

And that is to take them a step  
time."

The love of heaven makes one heaven

