

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

No. 3.

HER ANGEL.

Margery cowered and crouched in the door of the beautiful porch,
There were beautiful people in there, and they all "belonged to the church,"
But Margery waited without; she did not "belong" anywhere
Except in the dear Lord's bosom, who taketh the children there.
And through the open doorway came floating a lovely sound;
She shut her eyes and imagined how the angels stood around
With their harps like St. Cecilia's in the picture on the wall—
Ah, Margery did not doubt that so looked the singers all.
"Suffer the little children!" sang a heavenly voice somewhere,
Or the soul of a voice that was winging away in the upper air;
"Let the children come to me!" sang the "angel" in her place.
And Margery, listening, stood with upturned eyes and face.
"Let them come! let them come to me!" And up the aisle she sped
With eyes that sought for the Voice, to follow where it led.
She did not say to herself: "I'm coming! Wait for me!"
But it shone in her face, and it leaped in her eyes, dear Margery!
Up the stair to the singer she ran—she touched the hem of her dress.
But the choir were bending their heads, the preacher had risen to bless
The reverent throng, and—alas, bewildered Margery,
The voice has ceased, and the singers have turned their eyes on thee.
Thy look with surprise at her feet, and again at her ragged gown,

And one by one they pass with a careless nod or a frown;
But the sweetest face bent near, and—"I came," said Margery.
"For I thought 'twas an angel sang. 'Let the children come to me.'"
With a tender sigh the singer took the child on her knee;



HER ANGEL.

"I sang the words for the dear Lord Christ, my Margery,
And so, for the dear Lord Christ, I take thee home with me!"
—"It was an angel sang!" sobs little Margery.

When you are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself if you have not done the same many times.

ANOTHER MIRACLE.

The boys were studying their Bible verse, and little Elizabeth was listening. Over and over she heard the words: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

There were many hard words in the verse, Elizabeth thought. By and by she asked a question: "What is a miracle?"
The boys did not answer, but after a minute Aunt Helen said: "It is something that only God can do."
This interested Elizabeth: she tried to think of things that only God could do.
"He can make it snow," she said, watching the flakes chase each other down from the sky.

Mr. Murphy was in town and there were big temperance meetings in the daytime as well as the evening. Elizabeth went to one with her mother. Coming home in the street-car she heard some men talking about her father.

"It would be a miracle if that man should give up drinking," one of them said. She knew he meant her father, because he had spoken his name but a minute before. It gave Elizabeth a new thought. Father ought to give up drinking; it made him cross sometimes, and it made mother cry. God was the one who did miracles, and when you wanted any thing of God you must ask him. Elizabeth resolved to ask God "to do a miracle" to her father. Her prayer that night made mother cry again, though Elizabeth did not know it. The next day she was very happy. When father went into the library after dinner, she followed him and climbed onto his lap to tell her secret.

"Father," she whispered, "there is going to be another miracle! I asked God to do it; he is the one who can, you know."
"This is very interesting," said father;

"tell me quick what the miracle is to be." Then Elizabeth told it all, and repeated her question:

"Don't you feel sure he will do it, father?"

But father put her down without answering and went out of the library. Elizabeth did not see him again until the next morning, when he came to kiss her good-bye before he went down town. Between the kisses she asked her question:

"Father, don't you feel sure that Jesus will do my miracle?"

"Yes," he said, and he kissed her twice more; "I am sure, dear daughter, he has done it; father will never drink any more liquor."

"It seems like a miracle!" said Aunt Helen, tears of joy in her eyes.

"Why, it was!" said little Elizabeth. "I knew there was to be one."

Then Uncle Robert said softly: "And his disciples believed on him."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

GOD'S WORD TO CHILDREN.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee."—Deut. 5, 16.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."—Prov. 1, 8, 9.

"A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10, 1.

"For God commanded, saying, 'Honor thy father and mother,' and he that

curseth father and mother, let him die the death."—Matt. 15, 4.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."—Eph. 6, 1.

"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."—Col. 3, 20.

Now, my young friends, let me ask whether you will please me, and do yourselves a favor by committing all these Scripture passages thoroughly to memory. You know what I mean by "thoroughly." If you learn them in that manner, you will not hesitate at a single word, but be able to repeat them throughout, plainly and understandingly. Also, be able to tell where each passage is found. Who will do this? Please do not defer, or lay the paper aside. If you do either, you will be likely to forget all about my kind request.

TAKE CARE.

"Take care, Bessie! take care!" said papa. First, Bessie tried the sharp points of the saw; then she took the pincers, and tried them on her fat fingers; then the bright chisel was in her hand; until at last her papa laid all the sharp tools out of her reach. Why, do you ask? Because she kept going a little further and a little further all the time, and he knew that by and by she would be hurt if she did not "take care." Isn't that the way some children do with little sins? Somebody says, "Take care," but they go on trying and trying, all the time getting hurt a little, until at last a big hurt comes; for no one can put these sins out of reach but the Lord Jesus, and the only safe way is to ask him to take care of them all for us! That is not only the safe way but the pleasant way!

HIDING THE BIBLE.

Once a Bible was baked in a loaf of bread. That was in a far-away country called Austria. Some wicked men came into the house to find the Bible and to burn it up, but the woman who owned it was just going to bake bread; so she rolled her Bible up in a big loaf and put it in the oven. When the men went away she took out the loaf, and it was not hurt a bit. That was a good place to hide a Bible, wasn't it? But I'll tell you of a better place still. David knew of that place when he said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

A LONELY POST-OFFICE.

There is one spot, out at sea, where there is a post-office. It is only a painted barrel, chained to a rock so that it floats. Every ship passing by takes the letters out for the place to which it is going, and puts others in, for some other ship to carry home.

AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSON.

On a cloudy Sunday morning in November last, the writer left his home to go to Sunday-school. Just as he entered upon the road he met a little boy and girl with bright eyes and smiling faces. Each wore a Tam o' Shanter cap and was neatly and comfortably clad.

"Good morning, my little folks!"

"Good morning, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"Going? Why going to Sunday-school! Where do you think we are going?" was the quick reply.

"Do you like to go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Glad to hear you say that. But who is this?"

"Oh! that's Floss."

"Why, you are not going to take her with you, are you? We don't want dogs in Sunday-school."

"Oh, no! We tried to make her go back, but she wouldn't, and there she's coming right along."

We did not let Floss go into the school with us, and she looked very much disappointed. Soon after others came in, and in came Floss, too. Some thought the boys let her in for mischief. She was asked to leave, but declined politely, by wagging her tail. The superintendent went to put her out, and she ran under a seat and lay down all cuddled up in a little heap, and looked so pleadingly, as much as to say, "Do let me stay. I want to take care of Collie and Aggie. I'll be good; I won't make any noise." So the superintendent consented, and Floss kept her promise until Collie went round to take up the collection and came where she was. Then she could not be still any longer, but went with him to his seat and got up beside him, and the scholars all laughed to see Floss so glad.

After the school was dismissed Floss jumped about and made such a fuss, ran on ahead and looked back so pleased, as if to say, "Come on, now, it's all right. We are going home." I could not help but notice the change in Floss. Going to school, she was following after; going home, leading the way, and I wondered if Floss thought when these little ones left home that morning they were going astray and that she would go, and take care of them. If so, don't you think this was very kind of Floss and that they should love her in return?

Now is there not One who loves us with a greater love than any earthly friend, One who left his home in heaven and came down to earth to bring back the wandering one, and reclaim the lost. For we all like sheep have gone astray, and Christ is the Good Shepherd who will lead us into green pastures and home to God. Will we be his children and follow him?

HELLO! HELLO!

Hello, little Indian maiden,
Away in the far-off West,
I wish I could clasp your slim brown hand
And touch your embroidered vest.

Do you get very sad and lonesome?
And wear little moccasin shoes?
Out in the woods do you play all day,
And do whatever you choose?

Do they put your hair up in papers
To make it curl at night?
Do you know any fairy stories
Of brownies and pixies bright?

Hello, little fair-faced maiden,
In the East so far away,
Indian children have work to do,
And cannot always play.

If only you'd come to see me,
I'd tell you some stories queer,
Of the ways of the wood and the river,
The ways of the fish and the deer.

But better than any other
Is a story I have heard;
It was told by a white-faced brother;
He said 'twas the Father's word—

That all white-faced and brown-faced
children
Were made by the Father above.
So you are my own little sister;
Will you not give me your love?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19.

JESUS AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

John 5. 1-15. Memorize verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles.—John 6. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

After the miracle at Cana, when the nobleman's son was cured, there was a feast at Jerusalem, which was probably the passover feast, and Jesus went up there. Of course he did not need to go for the reasons that led others to go, yet he thought it was better to set a good example for the sake of others. He was always the Good Shepherd looking for the poor souls who were his sick or wandering sheep, and he looked for them everywhere. Now, there was by the sheep gate (or sheep market) a pool, called Bethesda. It had above it a roof for shelter, and five porches in which a great many helpless people lay waiting for the bubbling up of the waters, which came at certain times. We have in

our own country springs that bubble or leap up at times, but many believed that it was an angel that troubled the waters of Bethesda and that whoever first stepped in after the troubling of the waters would be cured of their diseases. The blind, the lame, the paralyzed lay here, and one of them had waited thirty-eight years hoping for a cure. When Jesus saw him he said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The man said he had no one to help him into the pool when the waters moved, and always some one stepped in before him. Then Jesus said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk;" and the man rose, well and strong, and carried the little rug or mattress that was under him. It was the Sabbath day, and some Jews told him he must not be carrying his bed on that day. Jesus met him afterward in the temple, and told him to sin no more, lest a worse thing should come unto him. Then the man knew that it was Jesus, and told others so.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To what feast did Jesus go? The passover feast.

Where was it always held? At Jerusalem.

Why did Jesus go? To find his lost sheep.

Where did he find some? At Bethesda, by the sheep gate.

What kind of people were they? Helpless people.

Where did they hope to get help? In the waters of Bethesda.

What did Jesus want to do? Give them his own life.

Which one did Jesus help? The one who had waited longest.

What could he do at once? Take up his bed and walk.

What day was it? The Sabbath.

Did this displease the Jews? Yes.

What did Jesus tell the man? To sin no more.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 26.

THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

John 6. 1-14. Memorize verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.—John 6. 51.

THE LESSON STORY.

We love the Sea of Galilee, because Jesus lived around it, and sailed upon it. When it is called the Sea of Tiberias you may know that it is the Roman name for it. Jesus and his disciples, who had crossed it in a boat, sat one spring morning on the east side of this lake and saw hundreds of people coming from the west side, seeking Jesus. Jesus said to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" He already knew what he would do for this great company, but he wanted to try Philip. Philip found that thirty-four dollars' worth of bread would

not feed all these. (The Roman penny is worth about seventeen cents.) Then Andrew, who was always bringing some one to Jesus, said there was a boy among them with five barley loaves and two small fishes. "But what are they among so many?" he said.

But Jesus first fed the people with the bread of life and healed their sick; then he told his disciples to make them sit down upon the grass, and so they did. Mark says that they sat in companies of fifty and a hundred on the green grass, like "flower beds" (Greek) in their bright-colored garments. Then Jesus took the loaves and the fishes (how glad that little boy must have been that he had them!) and gave thanks, and broke them and gave them to the disciples, and the disciples went all about among the "flower beds" of people, giving them as much as they wished. Where did it all come from? From the hand of Him who "was in the beginning with God" and "who was God." He could create the bread as well as the wheat that it was made from. After all were filled they gathered up twelve baskets of broken bread and fish.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go with his disciples? To the east side of the Sea of Galilee.

What is the lake called in our lesson? Tiberias.

Who followed Jesus there? A great many people.

What did they want? Teaching and healing.

Would they stay all day? Yes.

Had they any food? One boy had a little.

What was it? Five barley loaves and two small fishes.

What did Jesus do with these? He fed five thousand people.

How could he do it? He is Creator as well as Redeemer.

How did he do it? He gave thanks, broke it, and gave to his disciples.

What had the disciples to give? Enough to feed them all.

How much was left? Twelve baskets of fragments.

Poor little Tom learned a trick which every one thought "so cute and cunning." You could never guess what it was. He learned to smoke his papa's pipe. The baby, sitting on his little stool, with the nasty old pipe in his sweet little mouth, was the wonder of the neighborhood; and the foolish parents and the foolish neighbors all laughed at the little smoker.

But poor Tommy was very sick. The doctor came, and said nicotine poison from the pipe was the cause, and the poor baby must die.

When he lay cold and white in his little coffin, no one laughed; for he found death in the pipe.



EASTERN MOURNERS.

EASTERN MOURNERS.

The people of the East have a very demonstrative way of expressing their grief. Often a band of hired mourners are engaged for a funeral, and their outcries and lamentations are very distressing to hear. The picture shows a scene in India, but the same custom prevailed in Palestine, and many allusions are made to it in Scripture. It will be a good plan to turn to them and read what is said about the custom.

THE RAINDROP'S JOURNEY.

It was pretty hard to find it raining. Wednesday morning; I am not surprised that little Mabel, who was only four years old, should stand at the nursery window, with the eye-drops falling as fast as the sky drops.

For this was the day the "Little Gleaners" were to meet, and Mabel was going to "join." Miss Nettie Palmer had come herself to ask mother, and mother had said yes. But now she could not go, for Mabel was a crouny little girl and could never go out in the rain.

And oh! what a long time she would have to wait, for the "Little Gleaners" only met once in two weeks.

"Two Sundays and two Mondays and two Tuesdays," Mabel was saying, with tears trickling through her small fingers, when mother came up to the window beside her and tapped on the pane.

"How do you do, raindrops?" mother cried. "Aren't you tired taking such a long journey?" And "Patter, patter," answered the raindrops as they ran merrily down the glass.

Mabel uncovered her eyes and raised the wet lashes. "What journey do you mean, mother?" she asked.

"From the clouds, to be sure; these

little raindrop friends of ours must have taken an early start to get here before breakfast."

A pale, wintry little smile glinted across Mabel's face.

"They've stopped now, down in our front yard," she said, looking down at the wet, glistening sods.

"Not a bit of it," said mother; "that is only one station on their round-about journey; they will go on and on, for some of these raindrops will have to travel to the sea."

"To the sea!" echoed Mabel.

"Yes," said her mother; "they sink down, down, till they find some spring; they travel along in company with its water-drops, till it empties into the river; then our raindrops rush along with the great river, till it empties into the Chesapeake Bay; and then they glide more slowly and grandly with its waves out to the deep blue sea."

"And then they are done travelling," said Mabel, watching the downpour with great interest.

"No, indeed," said mother; "the great sun sends a chariot—a winged chariot—down for them, and up fly our raindrops, miles and miles into the air, to make the clouds that float above us."

"And then?" cried Mabel.

"Then they come back and make another rainy day and spoil a little girl's plans."

Mother was smiling now, and Mabel smiled too, although a little mournfully.

"God sends every one of these raindrops on its journey, Mabel, and takes care of it. Do you think he sends them at a wrong time?"

Mabel shook her head.

"He has errands for little girls, too, as well as raindrops," said mother gently,

"and we will see if we cannot find some of them to-day inside the house, for my little Mabel to do."

WHAT ELSIE HEARD AS SHE LAY ON THE GRASS.

"Come, come, my darlings," Dame Nature said;

"Come, come, little ones; it is time for bed."

And all the blossoms began to weep;
'No, no, dear mother; don't put us to sleep."

"But hark, my children, the sunbeams soon

Will grow as cold as the light of the moon.
The dear little birds have gone to stay
Far away down south where warm breezes play.

"Then off with your pretty gowns of green;

Next summer in new ones you shall be seen.

When the north wind rushes round your beds,

He'll find a warm blanket over your heads.

"The clouds have woven it high in the blue,

Downy and soft and white just for you."
Then the flowers shut their bright eyes tight,

Crying, "Good-night, dear mother, good-night."

SEEK YE FIRST.

I am glad, dear children, to know that there are so many "Little Workers" in the missionary cause; glad, too, that you are learning not only of the work and its needs, but how to carry it on. These privileges were denied us who are older. We who are mothers and housekeepers have had to inform ourselves on the great subject of missions amidst the cares and responsibilities of life. You are being trained to the work, and thus you will be saved the embarrassment consequent upon ignorance. I would be glad to know that every little missionary worker was truly converted.

While you are sending the Gospel to others, have you each one accepted it for yourself? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." "They that seek me early shall find me." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." All these admonitions are found in the Bible.

We need Jesus every step of the way in this life, as our Guide, Protector, Comforter, our ever-present Help.

Home is the centre of attraction in this world, if ruled by love. God is the centre of attraction in heaven, because he is love.