

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1903.

No. 3.

FAST FRIENDS.

It is difficult from the picture to say which of the two appears most interested in the book before them—the dog or his little mistress. There they are, both sitting over the open book, and one of them, at least, absorbed in its contents.

It is very sure that the collie dog, with his handsome face, cares very little for the contents of the book so long as he can be in the presence of the little girl.

He is evidently an unselfish dog, for he is willing to give up his romp in the open air because of his love for her.

But it will not be long before the chapter will be finished and his mistress will then get up and go out for a run in the fields, and the faithful animal will be thoroughly rewarded for his patience, and in his joy will forget all about the dull moments he spent over a book he could not understand.

What a good example of a true and unselfish friendship.

THREE FRIENDS.

"I like to play with Edwin," said Frank; "he knows how to do everything."

"Yes," said Mary, "and he isn't a bit cross."

"He can swim," said Frank, "and he can milk the cows, and he knows the names of all the trees—"

"And just where to find the ripe blackberries," said Mary.

While Frank and Mary were talking Edwin came round the corner of the house, and they ran to meet him.

Frank and Mary lived in a large city, but they had been taken by their parents

to pass some time in the beautiful little village of Plane. Edwin was the son of a farmer who lived in Plane. All his life he had been familiar with trees and brooks, birds and squirrels, and the city children were eager to hear about these things.

Edwin paid the blacksmith for some work which he had done for his father, and then the children started to walk back. When they reached the brook Edwin jumped up on the stone wall which was built between the reek and the road, and easily walked on it. He knew just how to balance himself, for he had done it many times. Frank followed him, but he could not go as fast as Edwin, for his shoes slipped and he did not feel confident, and when he looked back and saw Mary climbing up, he called out,

"Mary'll fall into the water if she gets up here: won't she, Edwin?"

"To be sure she will," said Edwin, jumping down into the road, where the others followed him.

He picked up a pebble and threw it into the brook. Frank also threw one in. "What pretty circles it makes!" said he. "See, they're getting wider and wider!"

Frank was quite right. The pebble made only a little ripple when it struck the water, but this was followed by another somewhat wider, and this by a third still larger, till the motion extended quite across the brook.

Just so it is with your actions. They do not end as soon as they are performed, but go on in ever-widening

circles, influencing your friends and playmates. When you speak a wrong word the boy who hears it may take it up, and so the boy who hears him, until your one word may make a hundred. And good words grow just in the same way. Do not forget this.



FAST FRIENDS.

"Where are you going?" called Frank, as he ran towards Edwin.

"Down to the blacksmith's," said Edwin. "Come along."

"Come, Mary," said Frank, and taking his sister's hand they walked along by Edwin's side.

"I like this place," said Frank, as they reached the house where they were staying. "O how I should like to see the city," said Edwin; "the trolley cars and the electric lights, and all those things!"

"Come and see us," said Frank, "and we will show them all to you."

"Yes, I will," said Edwin, "if I can."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1903.

A TOOTH AND A SERMON.

Robbie Burton thought that he should be the happiest boy alive, if only he were rid of his one trouble. It was a very small thing that caused all the mischief; but small as it was, it was quite able, at any time, to interfere with any particularly delightful plan, and to turn what had been expected to be the brightest of days into the most forlorn and miserable that one could imagine. It had kept him wretched at home on the very Saturday afternoon, of all others, when the whole school were going to have a holiday; it had utterly spoiled for him his brother Harry's birthday party, to which both the boys had looked anxiously forward for weeks before; it had quite taken the taste out of all the delicious sweetmeats that Uncle Fred sent from the city; worst of all, as Robbie thought, it had been his miserable unwelcome companion through many long, sleepless hours, when he sat up in bed with a handkerchief knotted about his head, his night-light burning dimly. A glance at his troubled face would have told you already the source of his affliction—an aching tooth!

Yet, strange as it may seem, the single sure remedy which papa, mamma, Uncle Ben, and all his other friends urged over

and over again, was the very one of which Robbie persistently refused to avail himself.

"I can't have it out, papa—indeed I can't!" he would answer in so piteous a tone that, whether wisely or not, Mr. Burton could not bring himself to insist upon the little visit to the dentist which would so soon have put an end to the trouble.

But the day came when the pain had grown absolutely unbearable, and after some tears, many misgivings and quick throbbings of the heart, Robbie was at last seated in one of the great reclining chairs which suggest such a sad irony of comfort. His papa stood on one side, holding his hand, with a firm yet sympathetic face; the skilful dentist selected an instrument as hastily as possible, lest Robbie's good resolutions should cool by delay; there was a single instant of horrible anticipation as the cold steel settled to its hold, one dreadful, crashing wrench—and Robbie beheld with grim and triumphant satisfaction the offending bit of bone, the cause of such long anguish, held aloft in the glittering forceps.

He flew home, as if on wings, and bursting into the parlour to tell the good news of his deliverance, he saw Uncle Ben reading in an easy chair before the grate.

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Ben, clapping his hands, while his newspaper fell upon the carpet. "I was sure that my boy was something better than a coward afraid of a moment's suffering. Aren't you paid for it already, my boy?"

"Yes, indeed, uncle. I don't know how I could have been so silly."

"Silly or not, you were not alone in it. There are a great many things worse than the toothache that people—grown-up people, too—are even slower to get rid of."

"What are they?" asked Rob.

"I'll tell you after a bit, my boy. But first, let me ask you a question: I suppose no sort of pain seems a very good thing to you, does it?"

"Why, no, uncle. Does it to anybody?"

"That depends on whether one understands what pain really means. Pain is only a warning—a danger-signal. It says something is wrong. Something must be put out of the way. If you thrust your hand into the fire, pain cries, 'Take it away!' If there is a thorn in your finger, pain says, 'Pull it out!' All this suffering of yours tacitly, 'Get rid of the tooth that is making soreness and inflammation.'

"Now there is another kind of trouble very much worse than anything that can happen to your body. It is the mischief that sin makes. Every wrong act done, every evil habit indulged in, hurts. And the hurt means, 'Get rid of the wrong; pluck it up by the roots!' It is tough work sometimes, my boy. To loosen the hold of a wicked habit is a great deal harder than tooth-pulling, but it pays a thousand times better. And nobody need

try alone. You know who it is that will help."

ELSIE'S ADVICE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Now, Maud Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and listen to me. I have something to say to you; something you should be glad to hear."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already sitting up very straight indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes staring right out in front of her.

"I've got some good advice to give you," Elsie went on, "for your manners. There's company manners and there's home-folks manners. Some people have very fine company manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, but just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family; which, of course, you know is very unfair, and not nice at all. Some people don't divide theirs up; they just have manners that are just the same all the time. And this is a much better way, especially if they are of a pleasant kind, my dear.

"Some people get their manners at Paris, and some people's mothers tell them to them when they are young. But my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that's full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven's a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess, or anywhere else.

"So now I'm done. And I will give you a kiss to remember it by."

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie's advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech, oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be,
What grander, more sublime?

—Crusader.

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THE ADVANTAGE OF STUDY.

I never knew how wonderful
The world could be to me,
Until I saw it on the map
In our geography.

The country where we live is green—
The colour, as you see,
That we have here on all our grass
And every bush and tree.

But when I'm bigger, I will go
A-travelling, I think!
The country lying next to ours
Is such a lovely pink!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON VI. [Feb. 8.]

THE CHURCH AT CORINTH FOUNDED.

Acts 18. 1-11. Memorize verses 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 3. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Athenians were people who knew many things, and liked to hear men talk of their new ideas, but they did not easily believe in them. They only mocked at Paul's words about Jesus and the resurrection, and so Paul soon left them. Though a few believed, there is no "Epistle to the Athenians" in the New Testament, so we cannot be sure that a church was formed there.

Paul went from Athens to Corinth, which was also a beautiful city with a templed hill like that at Athens, but it was a gayer city. At Corinth he found a Jew named Aquila, who, with his wife Priscilla, had come from Italy. They were tent makers, and Paul stayed with them and preached each Sabbath in the Jewish synagogue.

After a while Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia, and Paul began preaching with new courage that Jesus was the Christ, but when the people rose up and spoke wickedly about Paul's Master, Paul turned from them and said that he would go to the Gentiles. After this he preached in the house of Justus, a good man who lived near the synagogue. He stayed for a year and a half, and many became Christians. Among them was Crispus, chief ruler of the synagogue, and all his family.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Paul go from Athens? To Corinth.

Where did Paul stay in Corinth? With Aquila and Priscilla.

How did he help them? In tent making.

Where did he preach at first? In the synagogue.

Where afterward? In the house of Justus.

Who came to help him? Silas and Timothy.

What family believed? That of Crispus, ruler of the synagogue.

What did God promise Paul? To take care of him.

LESSON VII. [Feb. 15.]

CHRISTIAN SELF-CONTROL.

1 Cor. 8. 4-13. Memorize verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace.—Rom. 14. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

You will remember that Paul stayed a long time with the people who became Christians at Corinth. He knew that they would have many temptations, for the city was given up to idolatry and thoughtless gaiety. After Paul went away some fell back into their old ways, while they still called themselves Christians. When they were guests at the houses of their friends or relatives they would sometimes eat meat that had first been offered to an idol, and they did other things that they had been taught were sinful. Paul wrote them a letter full of loving and wise advice. He wrote it with tears, for he loved his spiritual children in Corinth. After hearing this letter read in the church, the Corinthian Christians were very sorry, and all were ready to do as Paul wanted them to do.

There are people in all the churches now who are tempted by what they see with their natural eyes and hear with their natural ears, and forget to look to the Lord from their hearts and to listen to his word. Happy are they if they have a friend like Paul, and will listen to his wise and loving words.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where had Paul preached for a long time? In Corinth.

What did he leave there? A large church.

Were they faithful? Some were not.

What did some do? Ate food offered to idols.

Had this been forbidden? Yes.

Who would be hurt by it? Those who were weak in faith.

Who should we try to help? Our neighbour.

For whose sake? For Jesus' sake.

What now hurts the weak? Wine and strong drink.

Should Christians, then, use it? No.

Why should we care? Because our Lord cares.

What should we be? Lights along the way.

WITHOUT PAY.

Janie was a poor little beggar girl. She did not want to beg, but her mother was dead, and her father was a bad man, who drove his child out to get money and food, so that he might live without working.

Sometimes she was not able to get much money to take home, and then her father would beat her or make her go to bed without any supper. Poor Janie often went hungry, and a hard life she led.

One day as she was going down the street, she saw a number of boys and girls about her own age going into a large building. They belonged to a mission school, and Janie watched them until they all went in, wishing that she might go in, too, and see what the children were doing.

A gentleman who belonged to the mission school saw Janie as she stood looking so wistfully up at the house, and said to her, "Would you like to go in and get a nice dinner with the other children?"

"I have no money," she answered.

"You do not need money. The dinner is free, and you can eat all you want," said the gentleman.

"I will go then, sir," and her eyes sparkled as she thought of the nice warm dinner she should have.

Just as Janie was invited to eat the dinner without paying for it, so Jesus invites us to come to him without money and get eternal life. He only wishes us to come and give ourselves to him, and he will save us from sin and death, and give us a body at last that will live for ever. When upon earth, he made the children come to him. He loves children now as much as he did then.

YOU CAN IF YOU WILL.

"You can if you will," said Harry Crossley to his schoolfellow the other day. The two boys were coming home from school together. I had overtaken them just in time to hear the remark.

"Can what?" said I to Harry.
"Good afternoon, sir," said Harry, looking up into my face. "I was saying to Willie that we can do most anything if we try. I want him to give up smoking cigarettes and join our temperance society."

"Well, I think that would be a wise thing to do," I replied. "It appears to be a matter of cigarette and will. Your friend must rule out the cigarette and every bad habit, or the habits will rule. This is the case with us all."

I passed on, and I thought how blessed it would be if all the members of our Sunday-schools were as eager to advocate the principles of my young friend Harry Crossley.

Remember this: God will help all who ask him to give up their bad habits. Drinking, smoking, using profane words, and gambling are bad habits.



CUTTING HIS NAME

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

Looking upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Towards the heavenly places.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

Lord, so pray we every day:
Hear us in thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To thy Holy City.

—The Young Evangelist.

GROWING A NAME.

Little Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Should you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother.

"I never saw a name grow," said Luke.

Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth. Then she sowed mignonette seed all along the letters. "Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name, "Luke Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.

A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

A queer little fellow indeed was Tommy Dick. Why, he would give away the last marble he had, if a boy wanted it. He would run on errands all day long, and never grumble. He would always give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and feel so honestly glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he really forgot all about himself.

Don't you see he was a very queer little fellow?

But, somehow, everybody liked to have the "queer little fellow" around. Grandma always smiled all over her face when she saw Tommy coming. Aunt Lois, who was a very busy woman, used to say: "Well, now you've come in time, Tommy. Run, and —"

When Tommy went to spend the day with grandpa or Aunt Lois, the folks at home all missed him. One would say: "Where's Tommy? I wish he would come home." And another: "Now if Tommy were only here."

You see, Tommy was one of the unselfish helpers; and what a tiresome world this would be if there were not a good sprinkling of such people!

Are there any Tommies at your house? It wouldn't do any harm if there were more than one, you know. Indeed half-a-dozen boys and girls with the spirit of Tommy Dick would make home a very pleasant place.

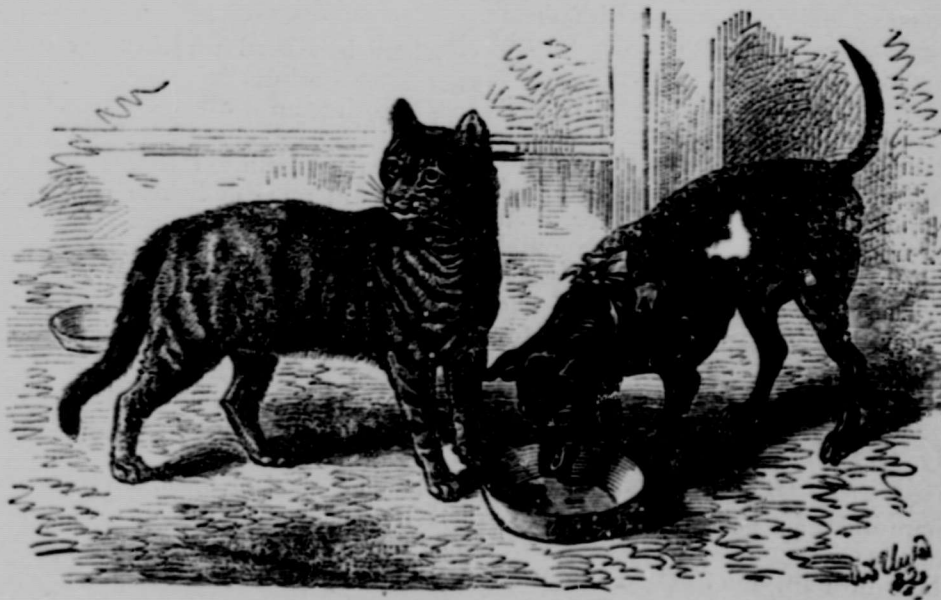
"TRY."

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near. As the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One

little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days, you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up. Try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel; and he did become a fine scholar. It was Adam Clarke, who became the eminent Wesleyan minister and commentator. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy, try."

Writing to a young girl on her birthday, a good man said: "By being always humble, you will be always young. Humility is a 'little child,' this is Christ's picture of it. But pride is old, as old as that old serpent, the devil. If you indulge in pride, you'll make the pretty face of your soul old and wrinkled. And faith too is a 'little child,' and makes you and keeps you always young. And hope is young, and love is young, and joy is young, and generosity is young; but sin is an ugly old hag, and so I hope that you will be dressed afresh to-day in the beauties of holiness and baptized afresh into the dew of youth."

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.



GOOD FRIENDS.