

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, JULY 19, 1902.

No. 15.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most notable of the churches at Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;

And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind,

Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the



KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER.

nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 16,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters

the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold—the imperial robes it is averred of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed, and multitudes were kissing its toe, as shown in the picture. The bronze toe has several times been entirely kissed away, and had to be replaced. The vast and shadowy appearance of the cathedral in the background is indicated in the cut.

“Where is your umbrella?” I asked little Dick one rainy day, when I met him coming from school without any. “Oh, I lent it to the girls,” he said. “They hadn’t any. Ladies first always, mother says.” Sure enough! The two little girls behind him were able to keep quite dry under his umbrella, in spite of their old, thin jackets.—*Selected.*

CROSS TEDDY-BOY.

Teddy-boy, Teddy-boy, what is the matter?

Pray what has happened to you?
What's all this din, this fuss, and this
clatter?

Why do you make this to-do?

Try to be sorry instead of so angry,
For surely you must have been bad,
Or mother would not seat you alone in the
nursery;
To punish you makes her feel sad.

Come, find her and kiss her, and tell her
you're sorry;

She'll gladly forgive you, I know.
It grieves her kind heart and makes her
feel bad,

To have her dear boy acting so.

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Happy Days.

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HOW CHRIST DRAWS MEN
TO HIMSELF.

As Dr. Chamberlain, missionary in India, once preached in the market-place the crowd told him that if he uttered another word he would be killed. Dr. Chamberlain asked permission to tell one story, and then, he said, they might stone him if they wished. He told them the story of Jesus in Gethsemane and on the cross on Calvary. He pictured the loving Christ dying for his enemies. While he was speaking he saw the men go and throw the stones in the street, and down the cheeks of the very one who had been clamouring the loudest for his blood he saw the tears running. When he had finished the story, and had told how through Jesus' merits every one there assembled could

have eternal life, he said that they might now stone him if they wished; but, instead of stoning him, they came forward and bought eighty copies of the Scriptures.—*Selected.*

GERTRUDE AND DAISY.

Two lovely girls were Gertrude and Daisy. Daisy's real name was Marguerite. But Marguerite is simply the French for Daisy, and everybody seemed to like the shorter name.

It was a rainy day outside, and so these two girls must find something to do indoors.

"I know what would be nice," said Gertrude. "Let's have a game of soap bubbles."

"All right," said Daisy, "and we'll see who can blow the prettiest bubbles."

Mamma was quite agreeable to the proposed game, "If you'll be careful not to spill the water," she added, and soon the two little girls were busily engaged in blowing bubbles.

At first the water was not soapy enough, and the bubbles were small. But presently the bubbles grew larger, and at last Daisy blew one that made her throw up her hands in delight. "Ah, there's a beauty!" she exclaimed. And so it was, for all the beautiful colours of the rainbow were to be seen in it, as it floated gently in the air like a tiny balloon.

"What a pity they don't last longer," said Gertrude, as the pretty bubble broke and vanished from sight.

"Perhaps it is," answered Daisy, "but it is more fun to keep on making fresh ones I think."

"Did you ever think what made the bubbles so beautiful to look at?" inquired mamma, who had just come into the room quietly.

"No, mamma," the two little girls answered in one breath. "What is it?"

"Why, it is simply the sunlight shining upon them. The soap bubbles often remind me of the earthly joys that disappear as quickly as a bubble breaks. But the sunlight is a picture of the true, heavenly joy which comes from knowing Christ, and which never fades away, but grows brighter and brighter the longer we live."

THAT DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!"

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened

her blue eyes wide. "Mother!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk!" cried Dollikins.

"Mother, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice; "and you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"I did not have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mother?"

Dollikins cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mother? Other little girls don't have to; I wish —"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins. "I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!"

LITTLE MOLLIE MUFFLESHOE.

"I wish I knew just what to do," said little Mollie Muffleshee, "One cup of milk is not enough for me, and Nip, and Tuck, and Fluff, and Velvetpaw, and Mogg, and Muff."

"Perhaps the wisest thing to do," said little Mollie Muffleshee, "is to divide the milk with care; First little Muff may take her share." She drank it all! The cup was bare.

RODNEY'S LESSON.

What do you suppose our pussy-cat did the other day? She was chased by a small black dog named Rodney, and climbed to the top of a tree to get out of his way.

When Rodney saw she was beyond his reach, he turned to go away; but pussy jumped upon his back and stuck her front claws in his neck and scratched until the poor dog cried with pain.

Then she got to the top of the fence again, and Rodney thought the wisest thing he could do was to leave her there and get as far away from her as possible.

"Mother," said a little girl, on coming home from Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something." "Well, dear, what is it?" "Do you know what is my best text?" "Tell me, my dear," replied the mother. "Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my text has just seven words in it, 'It is time to seek the Lord.' (Hos. 10. 12.)"



GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.—SEE LESSON FOR AUGUST 3.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IV. [July 27.]

WORSHIPPING THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exod. 32. 1-6, 30-35. Memorize v. 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—Exod. 20. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

While Moses was on the mount forty days and forty nights, taking from the Lord's voice the law the Israelites were to live by, they were in their camp below the mount waiting for him to come down. It was a long time to wait, and they were not humble, and wise, and patient, like Moses. They began to think, perhaps, that Moses had been killed by the lightning, or that God was not going to send him back to them. So they began to ask Moses' brother, Aaron, what had become of him. Then they asked Aaron to make a god that they could see to lead them out of the wilderness, such as the Egyptians had. Does this seem strange to you? Yes, but they had been living among idolaters, and it did not seem so strange to them. So Aaron took their gold jewels and made of them a golden calf like those they had seen in Egypt, and they made an altar before it and brought offerings. Then the Lord told Moses to go down to the people, for they had sinned a great sin, and Moses found it so. But Moses could hardly believe it, and when he saw the altar, and the idol, and the people before them, he dropped the tablets of the law, and they were broken. Then he went back and prayed the Lord to forgive his people, and the Lord forgave them, though he had to punish them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How long was Moses on the mount? Forty days and forty nights.

What was he doing? Writing down the law.

What did the people think? That he might never come.

What did they want? Some one to lead them.

What did they ask Aaron to do? To make them an idol.

What did Aaron make for them? A golden calf.

What did the people do? They worshipped it.

Who came down then? God sent Moses back to them.

How did he feel? Very sad.

What did he do? He broke the tablets of stone in his sorrow and anger.

Where did he go? To pray God to forgive their sin.

What is the worst sin? To forget God.

LESSON V. [August 3.]

THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 40. 1-13. Memorize verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.—Psa. 100. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Lord saw that his people must have a church and a worship that they could understand, or they would go after idols again, so he told Moses just how to make a beautiful tabernacle or tent that could be set up when they were in camp, and taken down and carried when they journeyed. In the lesson verses you will see just how wisely and beautifully it was planned by a wise and loving Father as a little temple for his people. When you are older you will learn that there was a still deeper wisdom in his plans, and that through them he speaks to us of the holy things

of heaven and of the soul. It was in the first month of the second year of the long journey that Moses set up the tabernacle. He spread the coverings over it, and put the ark holding the Ten Commandments in its place, with its beautiful embroidered curtain before it. He set there the table with its bread, and the golden candlestick, which he lighted. He also set up the altars for incense and burnt offering, and offered sacrifices to the Lord upon them. He set the laver in its place and filled it with water, and hung beautiful curtains around the court. Then a cloud and a glory from the Lord came upon it and blessed it. By day it was a cloud, and by night it was a light for all the camp.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did the Lord tell Moses to make? A tabernacle.

What was this? A church in a tent.

What was it for? A place of worship.

What was the most precious thing in it? The ark.

What was the ark? A golden box.

What was inside it? The Ten Commandments.

What hung before it? A beautiful curtain.

What was before the curtain? A golden altar.

What was everything in the tent? Beautiful and precious.

What rested upon it all? The glory of the Lord.

What was this like in the day? A cloud hanging above them.

What was it at night? A light for all the people.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:

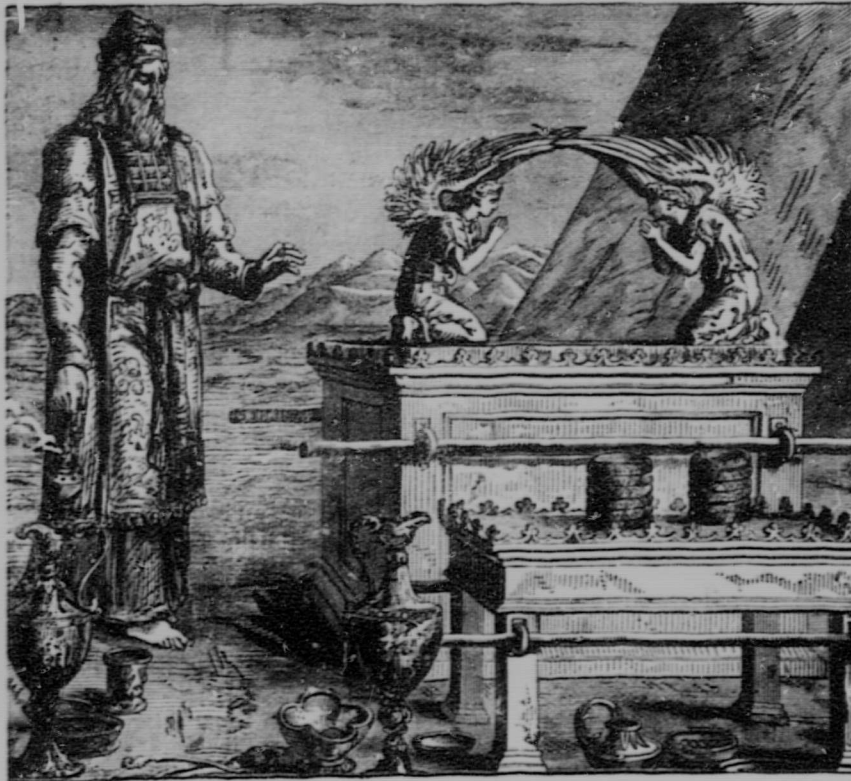
He can whistle so loud the air turns blue; He can make all sounds of beast and bird, And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck As well as a rooster, hen, or duck; He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow, And a cat itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, and plain; He can thunder by as a railway train, Stop at the stations a breath, and then Apply the steam, and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command He can turn right into a full-brass band, With all of the instruments ever played, As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that boy is very ill If he's wide awake and keeping still; But earth would be—God bless their noise!— A dull old place, if there were no boys.



ARK OF THE COVENANT.—SEE LESSON FOR AUGUST 3.

JESUS' FOLKS.

BY HELENA CLENDENEN.

Little Charlie S. was taking his first railroad journey—at least the first he could remember. It was such a sultry mid-summer day that nearly all the passengers had fallen into a doze. Charlie wondered how anybody could sleep when there was so much to be seen and talked about. He wasn't sleepy; no, indeed! His blue eyes were wide open to catch everything going on, both inside and outside the car. There were so many things that he wanted to know! At that particular moment he wanted to know if the train had left Pennsylvania yet; if it were any nearer New York. But his mamma, too, was asleep; and, being a manly little fellow, he would not disturb her. "I can't ask anything," he thought; "everybody's asleep. I do wish something would happen so I could talk!" Presently something did happen. The train slowed up, and the porter called out: "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!" That didn't seem to arouse anybody, not even Charlie's mamma, but Charlie was so much excited that he called out in his clear, high voice: "Mamma, mamma, you must wake up now! here's where Jesus' folks live!" When his mamma explained that this Bethlehem was not the Bethlehem where the Christ-child had lived, the little fellow was greatly disappointed, but the rest of that afternoon the passengers found

pleasure in both entertaining and being entertained by the wide-awake little boy.

A LITTLE HERO.

Sammy was a brave little fellow. Some one met him on the road, carrying a basket of blackberries.

"Where did you get such nice berries?" he was asked.

"Over there, sir, in the briars," was the answer.

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't say anything about the briars in my feet."

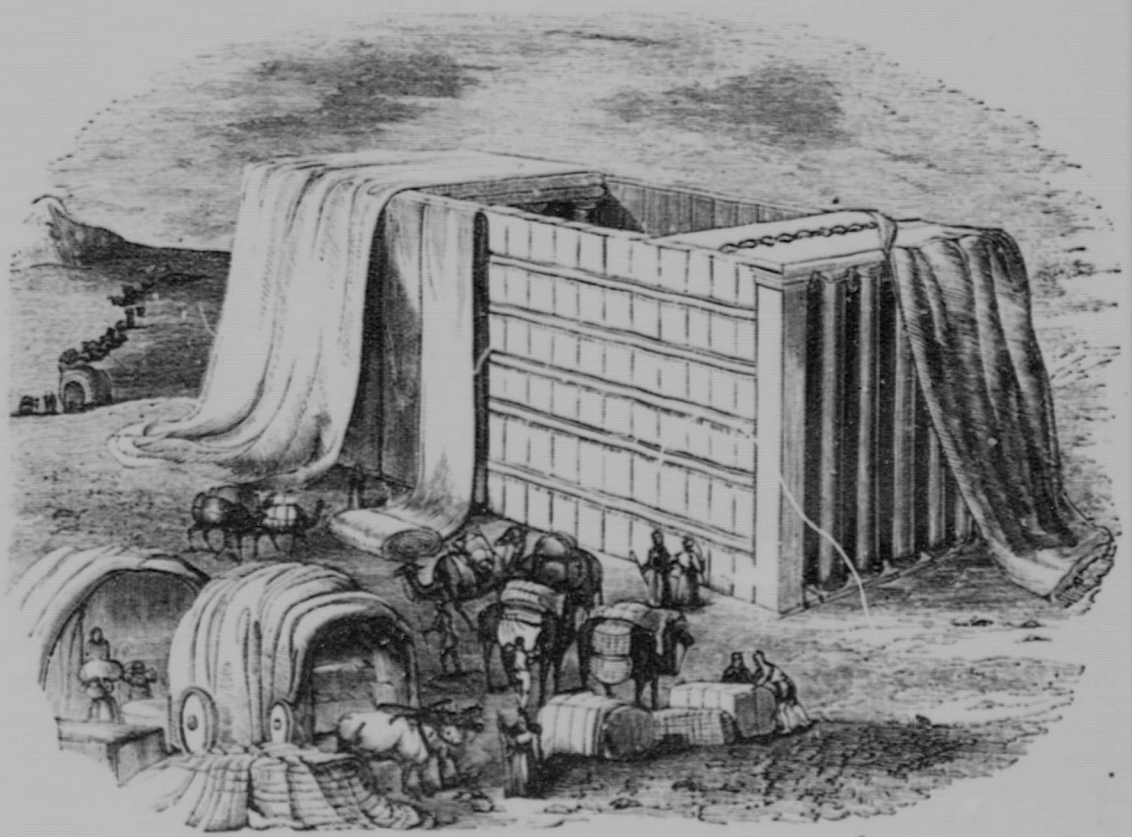
Sammy was glad to help his mother, even though he hurt his feet in doing so. When he grows up to be a man I am sure he will take splendid care of his mother.

NOW.

Sing a song of hope, dear,
Sing it all the way,
In the early morning,
At the close of day.
Thou art but a child, dear,
And thou canst not see;
But the loving Father
Knows and pities thee.

Pray a prayer of faith, dear,
Pray with morning light,
In the weary noontide,
In the silent night.
Kneeling by God's altar
There will come one day
Grace to bear thy sorrow—
Hope to light thy way.

Speak a loving word, dear,
Speak it, do not wait;
There will come a time, dear,
When it is too late.
Life has much to bear, dear,
But the bitterest pain
Comes when loving thoughts, dear,
Spoken, are in vain.



THE TABERNACLE.—SEE LESSON FOR AUGUST 3.