

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1901.

No. 10.

THE NEW KING.

BY LOUISE S. HOUGHTON.

Albert Edward, the oldest son of Queen Victoria, is now a man well on in mature life, and for years he has set himself seriously to fit himself for the great responsibilities which devolve upon a sovereign. The most essential thing and the most difficult is to know the people, and so Prince Albert Edward went about, not, indeed, like the eastern Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid, in disguise, but wearing the plain habit and the simple manner of an unostentatious gentleman, without retinue or pomp of any kind. His great purpose is to know thoroughly all classes of the people whom he is now to govern, and he permits himself nothing which will hinder the accomplishment of this purpose.

Thus it was that in 1885, when all Ireland was in a ferment, apparently on the very verge of rebellion, the Prince of Wales crossed over to Dublin, accompanied only by his eldest son, and spent days going about that excited city, mingling with all classes of people, listening to their conversation, and putting himself, as nearly as possible, at their point of view. A man who has the courage and the good sense to take such a step at a time so dangerous will not be likely to make grave mistakes when his hour for action arrives. In every way the King has most carefully prepared himself for his duties, and he seems never to forget that his high position has conferred upon him duties rather than



THE PRINCE OF WALES, NOW KING EDWARD VII., AT THE AGE OF SIX.

privileges. For example, he never breaks an engagement; yet one would suppose that he might be pardoned if he simply did

what he liked best to do, whatever might be his engagements. So in the matter of public speaking. To speak well in public is particularly necessary for a man in his position. But not only was the King, as a young man, not a good speaker, but the art of public speaking is peculiarly difficult for one who, by the very nature of his position, may not speak on politics or religion, or discuss public men, or touch upon any one of three-quarters of the topics which are open to most speakers. . . .

Difficult as the task was, he conquered it. He is now one of the finest public speakers of his day, graceful, tactful, forceful; the delight and the model of every one who is permitted to hear him.

Such a man in such a position is an inspiration to every one who knows or who knows of him. It must be a source of power to any young man to know that such a one as a royal prince looks upon his high position merely as a summons to a more determined and courageous discharge of duty than is required of other men. The great lesson that opportunity is obligation taught thus by King Edward is a lesson for every one to whom opportunity comes, whether on a large or a smaller scale.—*Forward.*

Little kittens learn from their plays just as little boys and girls learn by their kindergarten plays. When kittens chase a ball, or play with the mouse which the mother cat has caught, they are learning to hunt for themselves.

JESUS AS A LITTLE CHILD.

Jesus was once a little child,
A little child like me,
Was cradled in his mother's arms,
And sat upon her knee.

Once he was just the age I am,
And was as helpless, too;
He used to sleep, and walk, and speak,
Just as all children do.

And yet though he was once a child,
He is the God of all,
And angel hosts before his throne
In lovely worship fall.

And why was it he chose to be
A child so poor and weak?
Was that I might learn from him
How blessed are the meek.

It was that I might learn from him
My parents to obey,
And like the child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1901.

THE LOST BOY.

The little fellow's name was Harry. He was five years old, and lived in the country. He had neither brother nor sister, and his playmate was a shepherd dog named Carlo. One day his mother went to the city, which was five miles distant. She was gone all day, and upon her return could find nothing of her boy nor of the dog. When the father came, the neighbours joined him in searching for his lost Harry; but all the night through they found no trace of him. The next day the mother heard that a boy like her own

had been seen in the city. She started immediately to find him.

Arriving there, a man told her that a strange boy, followed by a shepherd-dog, had been found by a gentleman, who had sheltered them during the night. The boy had missed his mother, and had come to the city to find her. Carlo had come too, to take care of his little master. Harry had grown very tired, and sat down on the gentleman's sidewalk to rest. So Carlo lay down by the boy, who soon took his dog for a pillow, and dropped off into a sound sleep. The kind gentleman found him and took him into the house for the night. Carlo would not be separated from Harry, and so they both spent the night together in a nice bedroom, after a good supper.

The anxious mother soon found the house, and rejoiced over the safety of the little wanderer. Carlo got great praise for his faithful care of Harry.

A BRAVE BOY.

Between sixty and seventy years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said. "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down and reverently repeated his morning prayer. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who fell in the attack on the Redan at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but, better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

A BOASTFUL BOY'S DOWNFALL.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," said Solomon. A boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses, and was greatly elated thereby, was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

"O no," said the boy, boastfully. "I can learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes."

"Can you, indeed? And will you learn one for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse," said the minister, handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther:

"Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is, the month Sivan, on the three-and-twentieth day thereof; and it was written, according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants, and the deputies and rulers of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, a hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every

province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language."

The boy entered on his task with confidence, but at the end of an hour could not repeat it without a mistake, and had to tearfully acknowledge himself defeated.—*Golden Days.*

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it! When I draw it through the board it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That is the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two more years than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No! what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there is no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on: "There is an old proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

TOMMY, THE TEASE.

If Tommy had been taught to be busy with some useful work when he was not at play in good earnest, he would have been a much happier boy, and his family would have been much happier, too, for he was a boy with a very bright mind and a fun-loving nature. He teased his sisters from the moment school was over until they were safe in bed; and the cat, the dog, and the canary were teased in turn. He did not seem to think that it is not a nice thing to make a business of distressing others.

Tommy learned a lesson that he will never forget from Fuz, the cat (her full name was "Fuzzy Wuzzy"). She had borne the pinching of her tail and ears so long and so patiently that Tommy felt quite sure that it was "great fun" for her as well as for himself; but at last, when Fuz was sitting on her favourite gatepost, waiting for the cows to come up, bringing her some warm milk, she had her way with Tommy. After five pinches of her tail, she made a flying leap, striking Tommy in the face with her wide-spread paw. It struck his right eye, and there was a boy at home, with a bandaged eye, for a week.

"Served you right," said the doctor; "but you came very near to being a one-eyed boy."—*The Child's Gem.*

We invite the attention of all our readers to the new dress of type in which HAPPY DAYS appears this week.

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 you 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.
—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VII. [May 19.]

JESUS ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN.

Acts 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—*Luke 24. 51.*

THE LESSON STORY.

While Jesus was still with the disciples he told them one day about his Father's house, and when he was going to make ready for them there. Read about it in 1 John 14. 2. Now he was to go back to his Father, and he met the disciples once more to cheer and comfort their hearts.

He told them that day to remember all the words of the Bible about him, and that all these things should come to pass. If you were in a dark room and had to read something, you would need a light. Jesus knew the disciples needed a light to make them understand the Bible words about him. So he gave the Holy Spirit, who is Light, to live in them, and open their minds and hearts.

Then he told them to go back to Jerusalem and wait there for the power which he would send them. When this power was given them he said they would be able to tell others what they had seen and heard, and make them believe in him, too. You know he wanted them to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Read how he led them out to Bethany and blessed them, and then was carried up to heaven (Acts 1. 6-11).

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus going now? Back to heaven.

How long was it since he rose? Forty days.

What did he hold with his disciples? A last meeting.

What did he tell them? What to do.

What did he want them to remember? The Bible words about him.

Who wrote about Jesus before he came? Moses and the prophets.

What did he promise to do? Make them understand.

What did he ask them to be? Witnesses.

What did they all know? That Jesus died and rose again.

What is a witness? One who knows.

Where did he tell them to wait? In Jerusalem.

For what? The coming of the Holy Spirit.

LESSON VIII. [May 26.]

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.

Acts 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.—*John 16. 13.*

THE LESSON STORY.

Find in Acts 2. 1-11, what Jesus had told the disciples to wait for and expect. For ten days they waited and prayed, and when the day came they were all together in one place, looking for the promised "gift." You remember the passover Sabbath? Just fifty days after this came the day of Pentecost. This was "the feast of the first fruits," when the Jews brought their first sheaves of wheat to offer to the Lord. If some of the disciples had grown tired of waiting and stayed away that morning, how much they would have missed! It is always best to do just what God bids us do.

We cannot explain "the great noise," or "the cloven tongues of fire," but we know a strange power came upon each one, and that they began to speak in so wonderful a way that people came running together from all parts of the city and asked what it could mean! Here were these unlearned men speaking in many languages, so that all might understand. God gave them this power to use. Some thought it was a miracle, and some that the disciples had been drinking too much wine; but the disciples knew that Jesus had kept his word, and filled them with the Holy Spirit.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What had Jesus promised the disciples? A great gift.

What was it? The gift of the Holy Spirit.

What did he tell them to do? To wait for it.

Where did he tell them to wait? In Jerusalem.

How long did they wait? Ten days.

What did they do while waiting? Prayed and spoke together.

On what day did the gift come? Pentecost.

How long was this after Jesus rose? Fifty days.

What did they begin to do? Praise God.

How did they speak? In different languages.

Who came running to hear? All the people.

What did all this mean? That the Holy Spirit had come.

A TENDER-HEARTED BEAR.

Auntie had come visiting, and she and Eddie were in the cosy sitting-room all by themselves. Auntie was young and jolly, and she liked little boys; and Eddie was always glad when she came.

By and by Eddie thought he would do something to amuse auntie; so he crawled behind a chair in one corner. Very soon auntie saw something coming out of the corner. It walked on four legs, like a bear, and it was growling horribly.

"O, O!" cried auntie, in a distressed voice. "It's a bear! What shall I do!" Then she hid her face in the cushions.

The strange creature suddenly stopped growling and lifted itself up on its hind legs, and one could then plainly see that it was just a little boy with neat curls and a dainty white dress. He looked troubled, although a smile of satisfaction lurked about the corners of his mouth.

The faltering little voice close to auntie's ear said: "Y-you needn't be afraid. 'Tain't a bear; it's baby."

Auntie's head came quickly out of the cushions, and she laughed and kissed him, and he liked this better than being a bear.

Eddie was only a little boy, but he knew that fun stops being fun when it begins to make somebody unhappy.—*Selected.*

THE GLOWWORM'S CANDLE.

Sometimes children think they are too small to do any good; they must wait until they are grown. I read something the other day that made me think that the smallest might be helpful.

Did you ever see a glowworm? Perhaps not; but it is a little worm about half an inch long, which shines in the dark with a little light, as fire-flies do.

There had been a battle, and some of the soldiers were fleeing from the enemy. Pretty soon they lost their way. Now they had with them a little instrument called a "compass," which would have shown them the way, only it was so dark they could not see which way the needle pointed. They did not dare carry a light, for fear the enemy would see it and follow them. Just then one of the men noticed a little glowworm shining in the grass. He picked it up and put it on the compass, and there was just light enough to show which way the needle pointed. Then the men knew which way their home was. They were very glad, and went on until they got home.

Don't you think these men thought a little glowworm could do good? And cannot a little child do as much as a glowworm? Bright smiles, pleasant words, and helpful deeds are a child's way of shining, and they make all the household happy.—*The Parish Visitor.*



STUDYING THE S. S. LESSON.

STUDYING THE S. S. LESSON.

The pictures on this page show the great contrast between girls in Christian and in heathen lands. See what an intelligent, modest, thoughtful face the Christian girl has, and how nicely she is dressed, and how well she is employed in studying the Word of God. On the other hand, what a dull, heavy look the heathen girl has; what coarse, sullen features, what a large, uncomely mouth, and what a matted head of hair. Of course she is not to blame for this. It is the effect of generations of heathenism. Her dress is only a cloak of coarse grass, rudely woven, to keep out the rain—yet her barbaric taste is shown in the great ear pendants she wears. These ought, I think, to be left to pagans—yet I have seen Christian children wearing just such things. Of course this girl can't read, and never heard of Sunday-school, or of the blessed Saviour, in her life. How glad we ought to be for the Christian advantages we enjoy, and how willing to send the Gospel to those who have it not, that they may share in our blessings.

"GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of Nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served the man who tells this story. He opened a

door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window: 'Boy wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"'Do you want a boy?' I asked of the clerk.

"'Back office,' he said, exceedingly short.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and, pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of

some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately, and wondered why it had not been remedied.

"'Where did you learn to close doors?' said the man at the desk, in a gruff voice.

"'At home, sir.'

"'Well, what do you want?'

"'I came to see about the boy wanted,' I answered.

"'O,' said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. 'Sit down,' he added, 'I'm busy.'

"I looked back at the door.

"'If you don't mind,' said I, 'and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting.'

"'Eh?' he said, quickly. 'All right; go ahead!'

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put

my file back in my pocket and turned around, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"'Any parents?' he asked.

"'Mother,' I answered.

"'Have her come in with you at two o'clock,' he said, and turned back to his writing.

"Mother went with me to see the man at the appointed time, and I was engaged to work.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each.
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below.
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.



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