

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1905.

No. 11.

WHAT SISTERS ARE FOR.

"Who are those children, Malcolm?" asked Mrs. McDonald. "The boy looked at you so strangely."

"Well he may look at me strangely," answered Malcolm, contemptuously; "he stole my knife."

"Dear me, what a pity!" Evidently Mrs. McDonald was not thinking of the knife, for she turned and looked after the boy regretfully.

"He has a good face," she said.

"He's a rogue," exclaimed Malcolm, spitefully, "and he lied like anything about it!"

Mrs. McDonald and Malcolm were going up the steps of a fine hotel, which was full of summer boarders, while Gil Philips and his two little sisters seemed to be going nowhere in particular, and looked a good deal like people who had nowhere to go. They also were talking on the same subject as the mother and son.

"Was that the fellow?" asked Bet, a little fiercely.

"That's him," answered Gil; "an' of his mother hadn't a-bin along, I'd er struck—"

"Hush, Gil!" said 'Liza; "tain't right to talk so."

"No more 'tain't right for him to say I stole his ole knife."

"How cum you had any knife o' his'n'?" asked Bet.

"I borrowed hit," sighed Gil, "and put



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

hit in my pocket, and tain't nary hole in my pocket, but tain't no knife thar now."

"Gil," said 'Liza, suddenly, "ef I find the knife, will you take it back and make up with that boy?"

"How you goin' to find it? I done looked for it everywhere."

But everybody knows that a boy's looking is one thing, and a girl's looking is quite another; and 'Liza had a notion in her little head. Gil flouted her notion, and

Bet said she was crazy; but all the same they hung over the rocks with her, watching the tide go out.

There isn't much tide at Craney, it is so far up the bay; but the water swells gently up the beach twice a day, and twice a day lapses gently back; and that day, when the rocks where Malcolm and Gil had been playing were uncovered, there, under a low-lying ledge, 'Liza found the knife, as she hoped, and also half-buried in the sand, a round, wet, silver dollar!

"Course!" exclaimed the little barefooted finder, triumphant. "I jes thought how you an' him jerked off your coats, an' I made sure yer pockets turned upside down; but I warn't sure 'bout the tide leavin' 'em here so snug."

"How cum you ter think of such a thing?" cried Gil, in admiration of 'Liza's genius.

"Oh, that's what girls are for, I guess," answered the little woman.

But when Gil found himself obliged to keep his promise of "making up" and forgiving his slanderer, instead of fighting him, which he was sorry to say was a plan he had been cherishing, he had a dim notion of another truth, though not a word of it could he have uttered—that God put sisters in a fellow's home to help him in the hard climb up the hill of Right.

SOME ONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

When mamma scolds her little girl,

Or papa sugar-plums has bought her,

She says with saucy emphasis,

"I'm papa's little daughter."

When papa chides or throws at her

For naughty ways we have not taught her,

She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,

"I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and when mamma, too,

Must scold for wrong in which they've caught her,

She sobs in broken-heartedness,

"I ain't—nobody's—daughter."

But when she's sweet and kind and true,

And sees the good that love has brought her,

She says, with loving promptitude,

"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1905.

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he, and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I'm worth something, and I can

do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy.

"What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape.

The fly flew across the room and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly, and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy stoutly.

"Indeed I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air, and if we had not been round in the summer to keep the air pure, you and baby and mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies, and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy soberly. "I'll never catch flies again; and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

TOMMY'S JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"Elegant! Just look at his eyes!"

"See his teeth!"

"Doesn't the candle flare out splendidly?"

And Tommy Bangs, Billy Ball, Max Morton, and the rest, hopped about jubilantly, after the manner of small boys who have just successfully completed an unusually hideous specimen of a jack-o'-lantern.

"Now let us think of somebody that we can scare," said Billy.

"There's Miss Snip, the dressmaker," suggested Tommy. "She's awful nervous. She's been sewing at my mother's sometimes, and if anybody bangs the door even, she'll hop up and holler: 'Ouch!'"

"She took laughing-gas or something once to have her teeth taken out, and it injured her nerves," remarked Max Morton, who was the doctor's son.

"Miss Snip'd have a cotton-flannel fit if she'd open the door some evening and

see this awful 'jack' glaring and grinning at her," said Tommy.

"Say," said Billy Ball, suddenly, "I know of a better way. It isn't much fun to scare a—sick person, and Miss Snip is kind of sick, isn't she, Max? But we might give her a wee bit of a scare—a nice kind, you know. S'pose we take a pumpkin, a whole one, and set it on her doorstep this evening; then knock and run. I'll furnish the pumpkin; I know my father will let me have one. I think Miss Snip would like one, anyhow, for I heard her say that she hadn't much of a garden this year, because the neighbors' hens got in and scratched up things."

This was certainly a novel plan. The boys viewed it with approval. Of course, Miss Snip might be a little bit scared at hearing a sudden knock and seeing a big pumpkin; but as Tommy Bangs remarked, "It wouldn't be enough to hurt her teeth any more!"

Two days after this the boys were going down the road, Miss Snip opened the door of her little brown cottage and waved her apron at them.

"Come here!" she called out, shrilly.

The boys obeyed, looking a little sheepish. Was she going to scold them for leaving that pumpkin? Not a bit of it.

Miss Snip led them into her tiny dining-room, and there, upon the table, were two big pumpkin pies. And such pies! All golden brown and shining, with custardy flakes in them; pies that were odorous with toothsome delights and fragrant spices.

"There!" said Miss Snip smiling. "Take those pies, and some knives and help yourselves. Go and sit on the steps, though, so as not to mess in here—I jest swept up. Cut big pieces, boys. Don't be afraid. I've got three more pies in the pantry. Somebody"—here Miss Snip's eyes twinkled—"somebody left a real nice pumpkin on my front steps night before last. Do you know who it was?"

The boys did not answer. How could they, with their mouths so full of those delicious golden-brown wedges?

Truthful and honest children make truthful and honest men and women. Character is shown in little things. Clean face and hands, neat dress, and pleasant manners go a great way. As the character of the tree can be told by the nature of the seed, each producing after its kind, so we can tell what the man or woman will be from the character of the boy and girl.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

One day Jessie was sitting in her grandpa's lap, and while sitting there, noticed that his head was bald on top. She said: "Oh, Raupa, your head is peeking froo!"

A BEDTIME RIDE.

My horse is such a little horse,
But he can trot and run;
And when it's 'bout my bedtime,
We has the mostest fun.

I put him in his harness,
An' drive him off to town;
While mamma puts my clothes straight
And gets the bed turned down.

We go 'long jes' like the wind,
'U makes the tree tops hum,
An' mamma has to say three times,
"Come, now! Sonny! Come!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 11.

THE MESSAGE OF THE RISEN CHRIST.

Rev. 1. 10-20. Memorize verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev. 1. 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember that it was John who ran with Peter to the tomb of Christ on that first Easter morning? John was a loving and beloved disciple, but his eyes were not then clear enough to be the first to see his Lord. It was the loving Mary who saw him first. But John lived to be an old man. All the other apostles had died martyrs to their faith, but he still lived, and had grown so clear-sighted through love that the Lord gave him the vision of the Church of the latter days, as it is given in the Revelation of St. John. He was a prisoner on the rocky island of Patmos, in the Egean Sea, as he says, "for the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ."

On one Lord's day he was in the Spirit, and he heard behind him a great voice like a trumpet, and when he turned he saw a vision. The voice said, "I am Alpha and Omega" (A and Z), "the first and the last." And then he was told to write in a book all that was shown to him, and send it to the seven churches of Asia. By this he meant the many kinds of Christians that would live in the ages to come.

John saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of them "one like unto the Son of man." He was clothed down to the feet with a garment that was bound about the breast with a golden girdle. His hair shone white as snow and his eyes like flames of fire, while his feet shone like fine brass. John fell at his feet as dead, but the Lord said, "Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was

lead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." Then the Lord told him to write the things that he saw, which are, and shall be hereafter.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What disciple lived to a great age? John.
2. What was he called? The beloved disciple.
3. Where was he on a Lord's day? On the Isle of Patmos.
4. What did he hear? A voice like a trumpet.
5. What followed it? A vision of the Lord.
6. What was he told to do? To write what he saw and heard.
7. What did he see? Seven golden candlesticks.
8. Who stood in the midst of them? The Lord.
9. What was he to John? A glorious vision.
10. What did John do? He fell down at the sight.
11. What did the Lord then do? He spoke kindly to John.
12. What did he say? Golden Text.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 18.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

Rev. 22. 1-11. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—Rev. 3. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the Lord speaks to us in his Word about life he means his own Spirit. Without him we should have no life at all, for it is he who is the Life of life. He has many ways of telling us about life. Sometimes he speaks of it as a flowing river, as he does in our lesson to-day. The last two chapters of Revelation are full of pictures of that holy city into which we are coming, when wars and all evil shall have an end, and the land shall come down to earth to make all things new. It is a parable, for only in that way could God give us any idea of spiritual things, but we shall some day know that heavenly truths, when they become clear to us, are the very life of our souls and are like a drink of pure water when we are thirsty.

Our lesson tells of the trees of life that grow beside the river, bearing fruit every month of the year, and even the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. These are the food and medicine of the soul, and by them we live. In this beautiful kingdom of God on earth there will be no more suffering for sin, but the Lord himself will be there, and we shall see his face as John saw it. There will be no night there and no need of the sun, for "the Lord God giveth them light."

An angel had been showing all these wonderful things in the New Jerusalem

to John, and when he had heard and seen he fell down at the angel's feet to worship him, but the angel said, "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."

Would you be afraid if you should see an angel? You are always guarded by God's angels, and they are your loving friends, but they would say to you, as the angel said to John, "Worship God."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is life? The Spirit of God.
2. How does the Word speak of it? In parables.
3. What two parables are in our lesson? The river of life and trees of life.
4. What is the holy city? This world, when it is saved from sin.
5. What book in the Bible tells us about it? Revelation.
6. To whom was the Revelation given? To John.
7. Who is the light of the holy city? The Lord.
8. Who will live in that light? All who are saved from sin.
9. Is there any night there? No.
10. Who showed John the holy city? An angel.
11. What did John do? He worshipped the angel.
12. What did the angel say? "See thou do it not: worship God."

WORDS AND DEEDS.

Kind words are wonderful little seeds
Kind deeds shine brighter than any star
That blossom into beautiful seeds.
That pierces the heavenly blue so far.
Both are more precious, little boy and girl,
Than any diamond, ruby, or pearl.
So with such seeds fill your garden fair,
That lovely flowers may blossom there.

EARLY IN THE MORNING.

When Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell, was an instructor in the University of Michigan, relates Current Literature, he called one morning the roll of an eight-o'clock class in English. "Mr. Robbins," said he. There was no answer. "Mr. Robbins," in a slightly louder voice. Still no reply. "Ah," said the instructor, with a quiet smile, "come to think of it, it is rather early for Robbins."

A most ingenious system is employed by which the director of the Suez Canal can tell, at a glance, the exact position of all vessels passing through it. According to The Boy's Lantern, a model is placed in the office at Port Said, and the whole canal is worked from headquarters by means of the telegraph, the position of each ship being marked by a position on the model. It is thus quite easy to arrange for vessels to pass each other.



THE ESCAPED BALLOON.

GIRLS AS PACKHORSES.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords, says a traveller. The child has a pannier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer.

I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side, or a long rough pathway, under the weight of bundles of faggots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen years, barefooted and bareheaded, in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travellers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-

limbed guide is protected by the law, so that he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds; but the limit to the burden put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearers, till by the time the girls come to womanhood, there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

It was difficult for Jesus' disciples to understand that he was not to be, as they had hoped and believed, a great King on this earth, one who would conquer their enemies the Romans, and himself reign over the Jews.

Jesus had often tried to explain to them that his kingdom on earth was in the love of his people, and that it was his heavenly Father's will that he should die a very painful, humble death, and go back to prepare a place in his heavenly kingdom for those who love him. Still the disciples did not understand.

One day as they were walking along

one of the Galilee roads, the Master noticed that his friends were arguing hotly over something. When they came to the city of Capernaum, where they were to stay and rest awhile, Jesus asked them, "What was it you were talking of as we came along?"

The disciples were ashamed to answer, for they had been disputing as to which of them would have the highest place when Jesus should set up his kingdom.

But the Master did not need to be told, for he always knew what was in their thoughts, and this time he was very sorry because of what he saw there. Sitting down among them he said gently and sadly, "The man who wants to be first must be willing to work for and wait upon all the others."

Then he called a little child to him. The little one came willingly, for he liked the sweet, strong face and the kind voice of the man who called him.

With his arm about the child, Jesus said: "Whoever loves and trusts me as fully and simply as this little child, not looking for praise or reward, will have the highest honor in my kingdom, which is the kingdom of God on earth and in heaven."

You see how Jesus loves little children and wants them all to love him, and even the smallest of you can show your love to Jesus by doing what he would like you to do.

AN OLD TABLE.

"I have a table,"

Said Arthur to Mabel,

"Three thousand years old;

And though it has stood

So long, 'tis as good

As the finest of gold!"

"Oh, Arthur, your table,

I fear, is a fable,

And you are its knight.

Of course it is round,

But where was it found?

Now tell—honor bright!"

"'Twas found, they say, Mabel,

In the great tower of Babel;

And learned folks say

That wise old Hindus

This table could use

Before Egypt's day!"

"Why, Arthur," said Mabel,

"Do show us this table

That's older than Egypt—

As old as creation!"

"My table is square,

Not round—to be fair.

But why should I show

What all the girls know—

This very old table,

Called Multiplication?"