

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, JULY 18, 1903.

No. 15.

## PROUD ELLA.

Ella was Aunt Margie's little girl, and had come with her mother and cousins to visit the fair. After they had come within the building her mamma told her to put her parasol down, but the child did not choose to mind.

"Your mamma says for you to put down your parasol," said Mabel, gently.

"I s'ant; I want it up."

Eddie looked astonished at a child that could put on such airs and speak so pertly.

The little miss marched on. She wanted the folks to see her pretty parasol. She expected every one to admire her, but they did not. No one noticed her excepting one girl, who remarked as she passed on, "See that little goose!"

By and by Ella got tired of carrying her parasol. She wanted to look at some of the pretty things, and wished it was shut. A man coming by just then jostled against it and knocked it out of her hand. It rolled along the ground, catching up the dust at every turn. Then Miss Ella set up a loud cry.

"Good enough for her!" Mabel was just going to say, but she didn't. Her mother had taught her not to say ill-natured words. She went and picked up the parasol, gently saying

to her cousin, "Shall I close it now, Ella?"

"Yes," she pouted.

"And I'll carry it for you; shall I?" asked Eddie, good-naturedly.

the politeness and good manners their mother had so carefully taught them.

## THE SWING.

The day's lessons are over and books put away, and our little maid has come out to enjoy the fresh air and the bright sunlight. No doubt the sensation, as she rushes through the air on her swing, with the sweet-scented autumn winds playing round her face and hair, is delicious; and let us hope she enjoys it the more for having worked hard and well at her books during the morning.

## TRY!

A little girl four years old was playing busily with her numerous family of dolls. At length she said: "Auntie, my children are coming to see you. They are very full of mischief, and will spill water on your floor, and do lots of things. I try to make them do better, but I don't seem to succeed. They say their prayers, too, but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and her

auntie helped her along by saying: "Do they leave out that part of the prayer asking Jesus to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they say that; they



THE SWING.

"Yes," Ella pouted again.

If she stays much longer with those nice little cousins of hers she may drop her disagreeable, naughty ways, and copy

ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I try, don't I?"

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO JULY 18, 1903.

### TREE MAGIC.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALKER.

Out in the old garden was an apple-tree. It was old as the garden itself, grandma said. She ought to know, for she lived in the garden when it was quite new and she was a tiny girl.

Every spring grandma looked into the budding sweetness and sighed, "How sad for the city children whose gardens are only brick and asphalt yards!"

When mamma wrote that Tessa did not get strong after a winter's illness, grandma said the garden would cure her. So Tessa went to grandma's, and made friends with the apple-tree.

When she came, its rough old limbs were hidden under a fragrant white mound of blossoms. Grandma told Tessa they would change into apples on the tree; so Tessa said they were wings the baby apples had flown from heaven with.

By and by the flowers were gone, and the leaves made a soft shade. Then Tessa would sit in the bending branches, and read, or sing, or talk. She pretended the tree understood, and that its rustle was laughter when she said funny things, and pity when she told sad ones.

At last mamma came to take her home. What do you think Tessa found, swing-

ing on the lowest branch, when she ran to say good-bye to the tree? A ripe, red apple!

"See!" she cried.

"See!" grandma echoed. "The tree has done as much for Tessa's cheeks as for its own apple."

Tessa put up her hands, but she could not feel what grandma saw—the beautiful health colour.

### THE SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS.

What child has not noticed the closing of the petals in many flowers just as the day closes. In many plants the leaves also fold themselves up with the fading day, and do not awake from their slumber till the morning sun rouses them. Some are so sensitive to the light that they will close with even a passing cloud. The dandelion opens at five in the morning, but is not so early a riser as the goat's-beard, which opens its bright eyes at three o'clock, and goes to sleep again at six in the evening. But there are some flowers which, like fashionable people, turn night into day. The night-blooming cereus begins to unfold its magnificent, sweet-scented blossoms at twilight, is in full bloom at midnight, and sleeps its last sleep with the day-dawn.

### HOW A LITTLE GIRL OPENED A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A little girl, eleven years of age, had been accustomed to attend a Sunday-school in Norway for two years, and very much enjoyed the instruction there received. On returning to her village home, at the end of the two years, she was much distressed to find no Sunday-school there.

Some children—and some grown-up people, too—would most likely have said, "What a mistake to have no Sunday-school! Whose fault is it? What can the minister be thinking about?" and there the matter would have ended.

Not so did this little girl.

"As there is no Sunday-school," she said to herself, "I must open one."

Then she spoke to the children of the village. She told them all about the school at Norway, and what happy times they had there on the Sabbath day. Then she said to them:

"Will you meet me next Sunday, and we will read the Bible, and pray, and sing hymns together like they do in Norway?"

The children readily promised, and the first Sunday six or seven came. The next there were ten or twelve, then twenty or more. Some older girls joined them till this little girl had forty scholars round her every Sunday, from six to fifteen years of age, and she read the Bible to them, and prayed, and taught them hymns.

Christmas Eve came round. In Norway

the school-children are accustomed to have a treat on Christmas Eve, when they assemble in a beautifully decorated room, dressed in their best clothes, and receive each a present of a small book.

"We must have a treat also on Christmas Eve," said this little girl; but as she had no books to give the children, she promised to read to them the little book she had received herself the last Christmas.

As the time drew near, she heard that not only were all the children coming to hear the story she had to read, but many of the parents also. This very much distressed her, for she was only eleven years old, and felt timid about reading and praying in the presence of adults. What was she to do?

"If it should be a blessing to them," she thought, "I must not refuse. But cannot I get my father to come and help me? He has always laughed at me, and my Sunday-school, but yet I will ask him."

The father could not resist the child's entreaties, and the result was that he soon learned to love the Saviour himself, and to realize with his little girl the blessedness of working for him.

### SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy father watches his sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down falls a little dream on thee,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
And the bright moon is the shepherdess,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy Father watches his sheep,  
He is the Lamb of God on high,  
Who for our sakes came down to die,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

### "SAVE HIM FIRST."

There had been a sad accident in the mine. Several men had been killed, but one man and a boy had caught hold of a rope and held on to it until the men above sent down a man in a large tub to bring them up. He came first to the boy, whose name was Daniel Harding. "Don't mind me," said the boy; "I can hold on a little longer. Joe Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly ready to fall; save him first." The man was taken up first, and then the tub was let down again for Daniel.

That was a noble thing for Daniel to do. It puts us in mind of Him who would not save himself because he wanted to save us.—*Olive Plants.*

## TWO LESSONS.

There's a lesson in subtraction  
That all my lads and lasses  
Should master to perfection  
Before they're granted "passes."

'Tis that naughty little "cannot,"  
The dark bane of true endeavour.  
From your life-slate, now, my children,  
Pray subtract it once for ever.

Then a doughty little problem  
In addition you must man,  
And add to good intentions  
A masterful "I can."

And you'll find, when life is over,  
And the sun of all is done,  
These rules have been the watchword  
Of all the people who have won.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

## LESSON IV. [July 26.]

SAUL REJECTED AS KING.

1 Sam. 15. 13-23. Memorize verses 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15. 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

Saul was humble-minded when he was chosen to be king; but he grew not in the Lord's wisdom, but in his own, which led him into many mistakes. The wisdom of men often proves to be foolishness, and leads into great trouble. Saul was strong in battle, and conquered the enemy; but he offered sacrifices, made hasty vows, and did not follow the Lord's commands in all things. When, after his battle with the Amalekites, Samuel went to Saul to ask why he had brought the oxen and sheep of the enemy, he said, "To sacrifice to the Lord thy God." That was not what the Lord had told him to do.

Then Samuel talked plainly to him, and reminded him that once he was little in his own sight, but now he was no longer quick to obey; and when Saul urged that the cattle and sheep were to offer as sacrifices to the Lord, Samuel said, "To obey is better than sacrifice." He also told him that the Lord had rejected him from being king over Israel. Saul was ready enough then to say, "I have sinned," and to beg Samuel to pray with him; but Samuel knew that his heart was not fixed to do God's will, and he turned away, yet at last turned back and worshipped with Saul. Then he left him and "came no more to see Saul until the day of his death."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What had Saul grown to be? Wise in his own eyes.

Was he always so? No.

What often makes us proud? To have honours given us.

What did Saul do for Israel? Led them in their wars.

What sin did he commit? He offered sacrifices.

Who only could do that? The high priest.

What other things did he do? He disobeyed the Lord.

What did Samuel do? He talked plainly to Saul.

What words of his should we keep in our hearts? Golden Text.

What words made Saul tremble? "The Lord hath rejected thee."

What did Saul say? "I have sinned."

What did he beg Samuel to do? To pray for him.

## LESSON V. [August 2.]

SAMUEL ANOINTS DAVID.

1 Sam. 16. 4-13. Memorize verses 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Samuel mourned for Saul as if he had been dead, for he saw that his heart had turned away from God. He could not help Saul, so he went no more to see him. But suddenly one day the Lord spoke to Samuel and bade him mourn no more for Saul, but to fill his horn with oil and go to Bethlehem, for he had chosen a king from among the sons of Jesse. Samuel said, "How can I go?" for he thought Saul would kill him. But the Lord told him to take a heifer and go and offer sacrifices there, as he had done many years throughout the land of Israel. As the people came to the sacrifice he looked on Eliab, Jesse's son, and said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him." But the Lord said, "Look not on his countenance; nor on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Then all Jesse's sons passed before Samuel, and when he asked if these were all Jesse said that the youngest was keeping the sheep. So they sent for him. He had a fresh and beautiful face, and was of a noble figure, and the Lord said to Samuel, "Arise, anoint him: for this is he." So Samuel anointed David, and the Spirit of the Lord rested on him from that time.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Did Samuel go to see Saul again? No. Why? He could not help him any more.

Where did the Lord tell Samuel to go? To Bethlehem.

To whose house? The house of Jesse.

What was he to take? Anointing oil and a heifer.

What was he to do with the heifer? Offer sacrifices.

What with the oil? Anoint a son of Jesse.

Which son did Samuel think would be king? Eliab.

What did the Lord say? Golden Text.

Who was brought from the sheepfolds? David.

Had he the look of a king? He was beautiful.

What did Samuel do? Anointed him at God's command.

## THAT ROSY PEACH.

That peach did look so nice, so round, so rosy and ripe. Grandma had brought it home for grandpa. Fred Perkins stood looking at it; he walked toward it; he touched it; then he smelled it; and, alas! he bit it; then he ate it all. He threw the stone out of the open window, and it fell at the foot of an evergreen hedge. But Fred was very unhappy; he wished he had not touched that peach. Next year, at vacation-time, Fred went again to visit his grandparents. "Fred," said grandpa, "come into the garden and see how things have grown since you were here." Soon they came to the evergreen hedge. "Why, what is this?" asked grandpa; "a peach-tree; a little thing, indeed, but it will make a large tree some day." "Why, how did it come here?" exclaimed Fred. "I don't know," said grandpa; "I haven't had a peach in the house since one day last year grandma brought home a fine one; but I never had a chance to try it, for it disappeared mysteriously—why Fred, what is the matter?" he suddenly exclaimed, for Fred looked strangely confused, and was blushing warmly, while his heart thumped away at a great rate. Then he confessed that he had taken the peach, and was forgiven. His wrong-doing came from coveting the peach when he first saw it.—*Westminster Junior Quarterly.*

## A SWEET MOUTH.

BY MARY WINSTON.

Claude's mamma was very sorrowful, for her little boy had told a lie. Just then Auntie Marion and baby Violet came. Claude loved babies, and wee Violet was so cunning. He ran to kiss her, but mamma quietly put him aside.

"No, Claude, you cannot kiss baby Violet to-day. No one with a naughty mouth that has spoken a lie should kiss the sweet lips of a little innocent baby."

Claude burst into tears, and crept away by himself. What a wretched thing it was to have a naughty mouth!

Claude was very unhappy until he had asked God to forgive him, and give him a sweet mouth again.



TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

### TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

Among the quickest of the little fellows who used to sell newspapers in one of the busy streets of New York was a bright little boy called "Tiny Tim." He used to dart in and out among the cars and carriages, with the nimblest of bare feet; and many a time the passers-by thought he was going to be knocked down by a faster horse than usual. But he always managed to escape somehow or other. In the picture we see him in a position where escape seems almost impossible. The driver is shouting at him, and at the same time, trying to stop the horse; the men on the side-walk are making movements to try and save him, but we feel pretty certain that he will get across before the horse's feet are upon him, and hope he will profit by his narrow escape and be more careful in future.

### A REAL HERO.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, a ragged little boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful, sunny face, and eyes that looked like mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him, or pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; it was

his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and requestioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his stepfather alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, weary with the boy's persistence in the same story, and, perhaps, a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, and said to him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship at his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that he ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to tell the truth and save his life. But he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whom his stepfather could not care for, knelt on the ship's deck and prayed. Our young friend was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and there, with clasped hands and

eyes upturned to heaven, he asked the Lord Jesus to take him to himself, and forgive the mate. Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

### BABY'S DREAM.

What does baby dream about?  
Little angels at their play  
In the gardens of delight  
Winding in a shining chain  
'Mid the roses red and white?  
By his smile I have no doubt  
Something sweet he dreams about.

Does he dream that silver stars  
Hang in clusters from the trees,  
Making a soft, tinkling tune  
In the warm and fragrant breeze,  
Gathered from the store of toys  
For good baby girls and boys?

Is he listening as he sleeps  
To an angel lullaby  
Wafted over flowery fields,  
Sweeter than the south wind's sigh?  
By his look I have no doubt  
Something sweet he dreams about.

### FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

In a school a big boy was so abusive to the little ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old; yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because if he is expelled perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still."

"Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong, God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

### GOD HAS NOT GONE AWAY.

Annie and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lil to go off somewhere and play with her.

"But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily.

"Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away for a little while," naughty Annie said.

"But God has not gone away; he would know," Lily replied, as she ran home fast.