

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1903.

No. 6

LIZZIE'S FAITH.

Lizzie's father was a farmer, and her mother a model farmer's wife—busy, active, frugal, and devoutly pious—who taught her little girl from her very infancy to love God and to trust him for everything. This busy wife and mother, with never a moment for idleness, in some way found time to instruct her growing, happy, rosy-checked darling in lessons of faith and piety. To the mother's delight, the little one learned rapidly, almost instinctively grasping the truth, and often, without knowing that she did so, taught her mother lessons in this same faith. This she did at one time in a way that her mother will never forget.

The part of the country in which Lizzie's father lived had been visited the past year by a drought, and destitution and suffering prevailed among the people. But the winter was now past—and a hard winter it had been for the people in this newly settled and drought-stricken country—the spring had come, and with it a fair prospect for a crop, and the farmers were beginning to feel more cheerful, and the children, who had sometimes been sent from the table unsatisfied, were unusually happy because of the approaching harvest, when, as their fathers and others said, they should have plenty. However, the time was near at hand when the drought of the past year had set in, and as there had been no rain for several days, the people were beginning to feel some alarm lest they should have a repeti-

tion of the past year, for which they were in no sense prepared. The days lengthened into weeks, and no rain. The gates of the sky seemed to be closed against the people, and they grew more and more alarmed. Lizzie noticed the change in her father's face, and listened attentively to

that Lizzie, who was then only five years old, realized or even thought of the dreadful situation. The father did not go to his work, but toward the middle of the afternoon asked his wife to walk with him to the field to look at the corn. Their hearts almost sank within them as they looked at the withered and twisted blades swaying under the hot breath of the wind.

"But little to eat," said the despondent farmer, "and no prospect of making more."

"What is that?" interrupted his wife. "It sounds like Lizzie's voice."

They listened, and clearly but softly, the sweet, plaintive tones of their own little Lizzie's voice fell upon their ears. The mother was first to understand for she had listened to that sweet sound every night since those little lips could first lisp the name of God. Walking a little farther, and looking down the long row of corn, they saw her little form. She was upon her knees, her little hands were clasped, and her face turned toward the clear and seemingly pitiless sky. By her side was a little bucket. She had stolen away from the house with this little bucket full of water, and after pouring the water upon the roots of a stalk of



the one topic of conversation in the community—"the drought."

One day the father came in looking more troubled than usual, and the poor wife and mother, knowing too well the cause, and sharing deeply her husband's anxiety, still tried to appear cheery and hopeful. Neither of them supposed

corn, had gotten down upon her knees to ask the God whom her mother had taught her to trust for everything, to send the rain. She had done what she could, and believed that if she would only ask him God would send the rain.

Now the children will want to know about the rain, and that is the most inter-

esting part of my story. There are men and women living to-day who can testify to the fact that from a sky—cloudless on the afternoon of Lizzie's prayer in the corn field—there fell before the following morning's most refreshing rain, and from that time the drought was broken.

WHO IS LOVE?

Bessie and Sue were going to have lunch, with only one pear for the two; So mother had said, "Remember, my dears, Let love divide this for you."

"I wonder who Love is?" said dear little Sue,

"I wonder why mother said so?"

O! now I remember, I'm sure it must be, For 'God is Love,' Bessie, you know."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1903.

THE BEST THING TO DO.

O what sober little faces! Even Dolly, sitting in her chair, has put on a doleful look. Is it cloudy and rainy out-of-doors, so that the little ones cannot go out and play? No; the sun is shining as if it had a smile big enough for all the world. What can be the matter with these two little faces?

Let us hear what Pearl is saying to Patty: "I went into the side porch, and I climbed up to smell mamma's janum (she meant geranium), and it fell down, and the jar broked all to pieces."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Patty. "What did mamma say?"

"I didn't tell her. I runned away. I don't want her to know."

"But she will know soon."

"I guess she'll think that the ice-boy did it; he was coming then."

Patty shook her head gravely. "That's naughty, I know, to let some one else be blamed. Pearl, you ought to go and tell mamma; you ought to go this very, very minute."

"But I don't want to," said Pearl. "I'm afraid that mamma will scold."

"Come," coaxed Patty. She took her sister's hand, and drew her along. Faster and faster they went, until both feet were pattering along on a run.

Do you think that her mamma scolded?

No; she said: "My little one, I am glad that you came and told me at once. I hope you both will remember that it is a sin to hide a mischief instead of confessing it, and that it is a worse sin to let it be laid on some one else. So you see that one wrong may be made into two or three wrongs, but by telling it you do your best to undo the wrong."

They went around to look at the fallen flower.

"See," said their mamma, "it is very little hurt. If it had lain here in the sun, it would have died; but, now that you have told me so soon, I can plant it in another jar."

So in a few minutes the bush was doing as well as ever, and the little ones ran away with faces full of the morning sunshine.

TRUST HIM ANYWAY.

Mabel and Edith were sisters and loved each other—as all sisters should. They were also beloved by all who knew them, for they had learned the secret of true happiness—they had given their hearts to their Saviour, and were trusting in him. One day, as they were looking up some of their favourite texts on prayer, Mabel asked:

"Edith, what would you do if you should call upon Jesus, and he did not answer you?"

"I should keep asking," replied Edith.

"But suppose he never answered you?" said Mabel.

"Then I should trust him anyway."

WHAT HAPPENED THE CATERPILLAR.

It was a warm day in October, and Ray sat on the grass playing with his little red express waggon. After a while he ran off to get some acorns, and when he came back what do you suppose he found? A fuzzy brown caterpillar right down in the corner of his waggon.

Soon it was supper time, so he put the waggon away in his play-room, but bright and early the next morning he came back to see how the caterpillar liked its new

home, and he found that something very strange had happened. The little brown visitor was gone, and in the waggon was only something that looked like a tiny bundle rolled up in coarse spider webs. When Ray's mamma saw the bundle, she told him that it was a cocoon, and that the caterpillar was fast asleep inside.

The cocoon lay on the shelf all winter. One early summer morning when Ray went to look at it he found a little hole in it, and you can never guess what had happened to the caterpillar. Instead of being a brown worm any longer, when it crept out of the cocoon it was a beautiful butterfly that spread its dainty wings and flew away into the sunshine.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Dear boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the garden. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be made far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

"PLEASE, GOD, FORGIVE ME."

Bertie and Susie, two little four-year-old girls, were playing on the grass together, when Susie said something naughty. She immediately looked upward and said, "Please, God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"Now, Johnny," says grandma, "I want you to sit just as still as a mouse." Johnny answered: "Mouses don't sit still, grandma."

SNOW FAIRIES.

BY MRS. J. W. ABBEY.

The little snow fairies, who live in the sky,
Are sisters of "Jack Frost," who goes round so sly.

These snow fairies watch the sweet children at play,
They want them to be happy, merry, and gay.

So, instead of leaving the earth cold and brown,
A lot of white feathers they quickly throw down.

The dear mothers they wrap their children up warm
To see that cold "Jack Frost" can do them no harm.

Then without a cross word their new sleighs they share,
So double their pleasure; glad shouts fill the air.

They roll in the snow, build men funny to see,
It seems such a short time when called in to tea.

The fairies are happy in making them glad,
We don't understand why "Jack Frost" is so bad.

He lurks all around till the great shining sun
Sends him to the "North Pole" to freeze all alone.
Stanstead, Que.

bring into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. They had been worshippers of idols, but now they knew the true God who had come in the person of the Lord Jesus to lighten their darkness, and bring light, love, and peace where there had been ignorance and hatred and warfare. He knew that they would be tempted to go back to idolatry, and a pleasure-seeking life. He knew, too, that they would be persecuted and scorned, but he wrote them a letter that they could read together at their meetings, and feel strengthened and encouraged to be faithful. He counted himself among them as having been an enemy of Christ, but he tells them how the Lord brought them life, "even when we were dead in sins," "and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," but he showed them that it was "not of works," lest they should boast, but by grace through faith.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Paul a prisoner? In Rome. Why? Because he preached about Jesus.

Who first made him a prisoner? The Jews.

Where? At Jerusalem.

Who were the masters of the Jews? The Romans.

What could Paul do at Rome? Preach and write.

To whom did he write? To the churches.

How did he send the letters? By Christians.

What did he write? Wise and loving counsel.

What did he want most of all? That they should be faithful to the Lord.

How did he say that they were saved? Golden Text.

What is grace? The free gift of God.

THE LORD'S CHILD.

The great piazza of the hotel was full of gay people. Suddenly in the drive in front appeared a stylish phaeton drawn by two handsome ponies. The driver was a lovely young girl; beside her sat an old coloured laundress, whose basket of fine clothes reposed at her feet. In a half-hour the phaeton and ponies appeared again, but the young girl was alone. Throwing the reins to the man who came to wait upon her, she jumped out of the phaeton and approached the hotel.

"Miss Baker, I am surprised," said a young gentleman, laughingly. "Couldn't you find any one but that old coloured woman to take out driving?"

"I didn't try," she answered merrily; "I was too glad to have her. I have not seen her before for five years. She was our cook at that time, and a good one, I can assure you. I would have known her if I had met her in Egypt, but I met her on the avenue with a basket of clothes so heavy that she fairly tottered under the burden. So I gave her a lift; I couldn't help it, you know." And Gertie Baker's smiling face disappeared within the doorway.

"Just like Gertie Baker!" exclaimed an admiring friend. "She is gentle and courteous to everybody."

"One of the privileges of nobility," remarked another.

In a little cabin a mile from the hotel sat an old coloured woman. The perspiration was running down her cheeks, but her eyes gleamed with pride and joy as she talked to her only child, a middle-aged woman, whose look told its own sad story. "Jus' t'ink, Lindy, honey," she said, "I was a-limpin' 'long in de hot sun, my back 'mos' broke, when who should I see drivin' 'long but Judge Baker's daughter, Missie Gertie, de lubliest pictur I's seed in a good while, her face a-smilin', an' her blue eyes a-gleamin', an' her yeller curls a-flyin'. Lemme see, she mus' be fo'teen years old, 'cause she war nine when I lef' dar; but s' 's de same dear chile she allus was. When she seed me, she reined up her ponies side ob de curb, an' calls out, 'Howdy do, aunty?' An' den when she foun' out I war lame, an' had a mile to walk wid dese hebbly cloes, she axed me to git inside wid her. Ahmos' tuk my breff away, but I got in; an' I tell ye, Lindy, honey, I didn't git tired o' nothin' home. An', Lindy, Missie Gertie is comin' to see yer, an' she's goin' to bring yer flowahs an' nice t'ings to eat."

"Flowahs! Did you say flowahs, mammy?" asked Lindy, a look of delight in her tired eyes.

"Yes, honey, flowahs, an' fruit an' a spring chicken to brile," joyously.

"O mammy, what make 'er so kin' an' good to us?"

"De Lawd, chile; she's de Lawd's own chile, bress her!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XII. [March 22.]

PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE EPHESIANS.

Eph. 2. 1-10. Memorize verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By grace are ye saved through faith.—Eph. 2, 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

About four years after Paul's stay at Ephesus, and while he was a prisoner at Rome, he wrote a letter which is called the Epistle to the Ephesians, but which men who have studied the history of the Church say must have been written to the churches round about Ephesus, or to the church of Laodicea alone. In any case, it is a letter full of love and good counsel from a father in the Gospel to his spiritual children, whom he had laboured long to

LESSON XIII. [March 29.]

REVIEW.

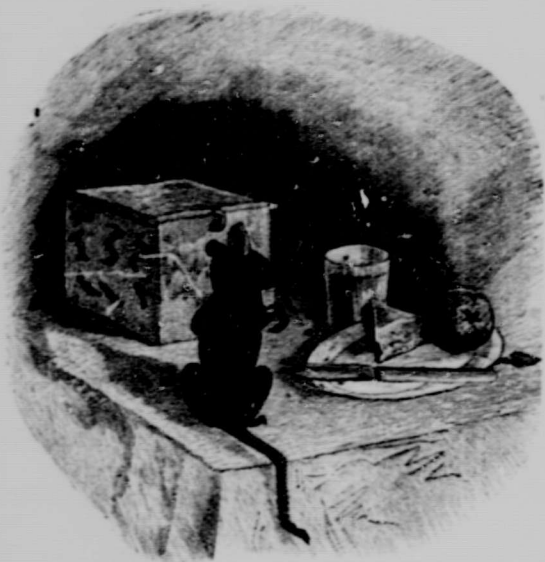
GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28. 20.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P. and S. at P. Believe on the—
2. C. L. Rejoice in the—
3. P. at T. and B Thy word is a—
4. P's C. to the T. Hold fast that—
5. P. at A. He preached unto—
6. The C. at C. F. Other foundation—
7. C. S. C. Let us therefore—
8. C. L. Now abideth—
9. P. and A. If ye then—
10. P. at E. The name of the—
11. The R. at E. . . . The Lord preserveth—
12. P's M. to the E By grace are ye—

A mean man rarely admits that he has good neighbours, nor does a good man often complain that he has bad ones.



AH!

AH! OH!

Hereby hangs a tale. In the middle of the night, when all the people of the house are fast asleep, any mice there may be in the house are sure to come out to have their game, and to see what they can find to eat. On this particular night some thoughtless person had left out a plate with some remains of good things on it, and one little mouse, bolder than the rest, had smelt the food and managed to climb up onto the table where it was. But besides the plate there was also a "Jack-in-the-box" on the table—one of those spring figures that dart up the moment the lid of the box is opened and the spring given room to act. So our young mouse thought there might be something very good inside this mysterious box and began to gnaw away at the fastening. Suddenly the catch yields, and lid flies open and the figure springs up with a bang. The poor little mouse is flung backwards and nearly frightened to death. He will probably be more careful in future what he nibbles so rashly, and he will also learn that enough is as good as a feast. So his little adventure will do him more good than harm.

WHAT MAY I DO?

What may I do for Jesus?

Let me run his errands sweet;
Let me spread his every message,
Borne on gladsome, eager feet.

What may I do for Jesus?

Scarcely can my love be stilled;
O to bring the wand'ers to him,
That their needs he may fulfill!

—Selected.

Money is not nearly as valuable as character, for money cannot buy the respect of thoughtful men and women.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

"I wonder if we can break it," said Robbie.

"No, I don't believe we can," said Katie; "cause it's iron."

"Then let's pound it hard."

Then the hammers flew again. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Their father and mother had gone to town, and Katie and Robbie were left at home to take care of things.

It was a long way to town, and took all day to go, so the children had been alone all day. They had played with their dolls and other toys, and had fed the chickens, and carried in cobs and wood, and still their father and mother did not come. They went down the lane and into the road to look for them again and again, but

no one was in sight. Then they ran down to the barn to play "blacksmith" with a hammer and a hatchet which they found in the woodshed. In the barn they found a big iron kettle that their father used to cook the little potatoes in to feed the pigs. They turned it upside down, and stood one on each side and pounded on it, as they had seen the men pound on the anvil at the blacksmith's shop on the corner.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! went the little hammers again, and the children laughed and shouted as they tried to see who could make the most noise. They laughed louder than ever when Robbie's hammer went through the kettle and made a big hole. They pounded away until it was broken into bits. By this time they were warm and tired, and sat down to rest. Then they began to wonder what their father would think when he saw that they had broken the kettle. They talked about it awhile, and then what do you think these naughty children did? They gathered up all the pieces of the kettle, and threw them under the barn, away back where no one could see them. Then they put the hammer and hatchet back in the woodshed, and sat down on the door-step to wait for their father and mother. They did not feel very happy, and it seemed a long time till they came. But when they saw them coming they did not run to meet them as usual. They were very quiet all the evening, and their mother wondered what was the matter, but she said nothing, thinking that they would tell her before they went to bed. Bedtime came, and they knelt at their mother's knee to say their prayers. O, how naughty they felt! but still they did not say a word about what they had done.

Katie lay awake a long time after her mother had gone down-stairs and left them in the dark. She was a

brave little girl, and was not afraid of the dark, but to-night she felt as if some one was going to catch her. She was afraid to move.

Soon the wind began to blow. Then the lightning made the room as light as day; and then came the thunder! Presently Katie heard a sob. "O Robbie!" she whispered, "are you awake?"

"Yes! Isn't it awful dark?" answered Robbie, "and the thunder makes such a noise."

"O Robbie! what if the lightning should strike us like it did that tree in the yard last summer?"

"Or if the house should blow over like Uncle John's! O Katie, I'm sorry we hid the kettle under the barn."

"Yes, and that we didn't tell mother about it."

They were both crying by this time. They crept close together and hid their heads under the covers to shut out the awful noise, but they could not shut out their guilty feelings.

Presently Katie whispered, "Let's go and tell mother now."

So two little white figures stole out of the bed, and crept down the stairs. They knocked at their mother's door, then crept up to her bed. "What's the matter?" she asked, "are you sick?"

"No," sobbed Robbie, "but we can't sleep because we are so naughty, and it's so dark up there."

Then they told her all about it. Their parents kissed them and forgave them. Then they knelt down by the bed, and asked God to forgive them too. Their mother took them upstairs again, and tucked them in bed, and they were soon sound asleep, even though the thunder was still making a loud noise, for, as Katie said, it was "all quiet inside."

When God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.



OH!