

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 13.

THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS.

It is often quite touching to see what young children are sent from the Old Country to Canada to meet friends who have come out before them. In the picture a little boy and girl seem to be traveling alone across the wide sea. But God always raises up friends and provides a way for them. Every one is anxious to help them, and though often lonely they are never forsaken. What a joyous greeting when they meet their friends again!

LITTLE LESSON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Little Mabel Owens was sick. And what was still worse, she had been sick for some time, and was likely to die in that same condition for many days to come, which was the saddest of all, Mabel thought.

The trouble came about in the autumn when Mabel went chestnut hunting, and fell from that tall tree that looked so very easy to climb and wasn't easy at all. Just as the daring adventurer reached out for a still higher branch, something snapped, and before she knew what was happening, she struck the ground with an awful bump, and ever since her knee had been done up in a plaster case, and the little girl had to lie in bed, with nothing to do but amuse herself with her eyes and fingers the best she could. Then, too, Mabel's mother was poor, and obliged to work to help in caring for the little ones, so the invalid couldn't have refreshing drinks and dainty food to help her on to recovery, and many times her throat grew parched, and her head feverish, and oh, how she did long for some good things, ice-cream, and lemonade, and just then her eyes rested on some artificial peaches ornamenting a white straw ball basket. "Oh! how I would like some peaches!"

Mabel had asked her mother to hang the basket in her room, for she thought those peaches just the prettiest she had ever seen. But now, the sight of them only acted as a torment, for the longer she looked at them the more she wanted some real peaches, and those she knew she couldn't have, for they were too poor to buy fruit at that season.

Still, the longing was there, and turn

Following that resolve, she held her eyes shut with her fingers, and said out loud: "O Lord, please make me not to want those peaches, even when my throat is very dry, and please don't let me forget that I prayed to you not to want them," which was a very queer prayer indeed; at least, so thought the doctor, as he stood in the door and heard the words.

But, being a wise doctor, he didn't let the little girl know he had overheard her appeal, for he saw she was too feverish and excited then for much talk, so he just drew his own conclusions, and decided that his patient needed something besides medicine.

After some cheerful talk and a few jokes, the doctor left, inwardly talking to himself as he drove off:

"'Peaches,' she said. She wants peaches. Hum! rather expensive desire, that! Well, I suppose she ought to have them. The Lord wouldn't put it in my heart to send them to her if he didn't want her to have them;" so, driving straight to a fruit store, a basket of the longed-for fruit was purchased, and sent on its way to give happiness to one little soul, while up above one more unselfish act was recorded for that good old doctor.

At first Mabel couldn't believe her eyes when the pretty little basket of real peaches was placed on the bed beside her. And it was not until one was peeled, and her hot throat felt the cooling fruit "just sliding down," as she expressed it, that the fact was realized—she actually had what she longed for—peaches.

"And to think, mother," she said, "I prayed the Lord not to let me want them, because I thought I couldn't get them, and here they come, just as though he sent them. Wasn't it very good of him, mother!"



THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS.

her eyes where she would, she only saw great yellow peaches, and finally, a lump seemed to rise up in her throat, and two big, salt tears splashed down on the pillow. And just then a happy thought came to her.

"There," she said, "I'm ashamed of you, Mabel Owens! I'll shut my eyes real tight, and just pray to the Lord to make me not want those peaches."

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

Only a band of children
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Fitting ourselves to enter
Into his service sweet.

Softly his voice is calling,
"Little one, come unto me!
Stay not, though weak and helpless;
Child, I have need of thee."

Take us, dear Shepherd take us
Into thy heavenly fold;
Keep our young feet from straying,
Out in the dark and cold.

Call us thy "Little Helpers,"
Glad in thy work to share;
Make us thine own dear children,
Worthy thy name to bear.

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TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1904.

THE WAY TO GROW.

"No more frost," said my father cheerily, as he passed through the garden to his business that bright morning.

"Then I can set out my house-plants," cried I, joyfully; and I went about it.

As I transferred a fine geranium to the flower-bed, one tall branch dropped to the ground. That branch, having been shaded and propped, was but self-supporting. Turning to a pile of dry brush, gathered in the walk to be burned, I broke a stick, trimmed it to suit my purpose, and set it deep in the rich moist soil to hold up the tender branch.

Visiting my garden after an absence of three or four weeks, I noticed with

pleasure that the drooping branch of my geranium had quite outgrown its support, standing self-reliant in the sunshine, covered with flower-buds. Bending down to pluck away the dry brush which had done its duty, I saw, with wonder, that it had life, and was putting forth one or two tender shoots.

"Look here, father," I exclaimed, "only see how this dry stick is growing."
"So it is; it has taken root. Where did you get it?"

"From that heap of dry brush which lay in the walk the day I set out my plants."

"Those were the rare shrubs we thought quite winter-killed. Was there anything that might have been a root to your stick?"

"Yes, there was a kind of dry hook, at the end which I set in the ground."

"You have saved a rare plant which I thought was lost; we were too hasty in thinking it quite dead. I hope, my son, you will learn a valuable spiritual lesson from that dry stick, now changed into a tender budding branch."

"What lesson, father?"

"Help others and you will help yourself. I once knew a man who feared he was so spiritually dead that he had no reason to hope he had a spark of life. After drooping and despairing for months, his pastor induced him to forget himself, while trying to bring others into the kingdom of heaven. He went to work, and the first thing he knew, he was rejoicing in the sunshine of God's love. Ever since he has been trying to grow himself by lifting others up to blossom in the sunshine."

That lesson, sweeter than the fragrance of my geranium blossoms, was a lesson for life.

HOW CARRIE AMUSED HERSELF.

"Anna, I have just received a note that compels me to go to town at once. I shall have to leave you and Carrie alone a little while. I am sorry I let nurse and Mary go out, but it can't be helped now," said Mrs. Blair.

"Oh, mamma, please take us with you," begged Anna.

"No, dear. Carrie is croupy. I dare not take her out. Be a good girl, and don't let Carrie get into mischief."

After mamma left, Anna began to read "Alice in Wonderland." She read very well for a little girl only eight years old.

Presently, Carrie came to her, and said: "Please 'muse me, Anna."

"Oh, amuse yourself. I want to read."
"May I 'muse myself how I like?"

"Yes, yes! Don't bother me."

Carrie ran to the parlor with her horse and cart, and took down from the cabinet the whole set of lovely china figures Aunt Mildred had sent Anna at Christmas.

Just as mamma returned a crash hurried her into the parlor.

"Oh, Anna!" she called. "Your beautiful figures! Why did you let Carrie come in here?"

When Anna saw the ruin, she burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"You naughty, naughty girl!"
"Ain't naughty," declared little Carrie. "You said I might 'muse myself how I liked. Me gave the little dollies and doggies a ride. Old waggion tipped over; that's all."

"That is so, mamma," said Anna honestly. "I was reading, and wouldn't even look at her. I'll never tell Carrie to amuse herself again; nor read when I ought to look after her."

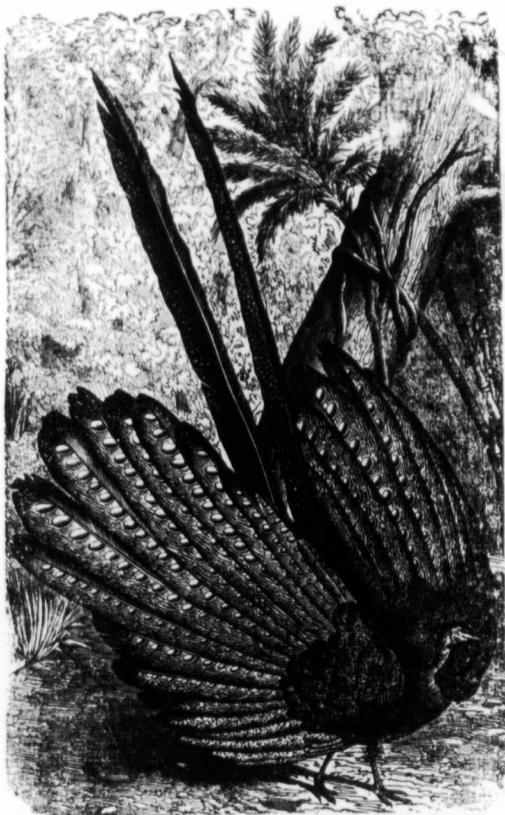
"AS JESUS DOES."

Percy was a little blind boy. He had never seen his mother's face, but her footsteps were easily distinguished by him; and her voice was as music in his ear. He never saw the birds or flowers, but yet he learned to love and delight in them far more than most children who have perfect eyesight. Nor is this unusual. For almost always it is found that when one door of knowledge is shut the other senses become more keen and heedful.

Deprived of eyesight, Percy had great delight in listening to others. His mother treasured up many little incidents from her reading and observation, and in leisure moments told them to her dear blind son. One day she saw a strange lamb brought home, for they were then living in the country, and on inquiring she learned all its history. The foolish little thing had got through a hole in the fence where its big mother could not follow it; had wandered away into dangerous rough roads; been torn by brambles and frightened by strange dogs; and, at last, when almost dead by fear and cold, had been found by the shepherd and carried back to its sorrowing mother. All this she told to Percy. He immediately exclaimed, "Oh mother, isn't that exactly as Jesus does. When we wander into sin he goes out to seek and to save us; and when he finds us he takes us up in his arms, and brings us home rejoicing."

Little Percy, although he was blind had got, you see, spiritual vision or soul sight.

Myra is a sincere little Christian; there is no doubt of that. But still she does push the balls just a little bit at croquet. She doesn't really know she is doing it in her eagerness, but the boys notice it. Now our boys think so much of Myra that they usually say nothing about this little habit of hers, but the other day I overheard one of them say, "Myra cheats. I guess all girls do." Now, dear girl, never let the boys say that of you.



THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE.

Every little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes, and tears, and cares—
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.

THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

BY EMILY L. BLACKALL.

Ned threw his schoolbag on the hall table, tossed his hat toward the ceiling, not waiting to see where it landed, rushed into his mother's room, and taking her cheeks

between his chubby palms, gave her several hearty kisses.

"I say, mother dear," he began, "Professor Grant hasn't a bit of mercy on a fellow. What do you think of his telling me to write a composition about a bird called the Argus? Just as if I knew anything worth writing down about any bird! But he'll never let any one off; so I've got to try it. But you'll help me—won't you please? That's a good mother."

"Well, sit down, dear, and take breath, and we will think over the matter. Professor Grant knows pretty well what to expect from his boys, and isn't likely to tell them to do what is impossible."

"But, you see, it seems easy to him, because he knows nearly everything," Ned replied, the glow on his cheeks beginning to cool a little.

"I think, Ned," said his mother, "that I can help you to help yourself; and that is always the best kind of help. In the library you will find books that will tell you what you need to know, in order to write

your composition. You have just had a good play, and there are yet two good hours before tea time. Take your memorandum book and make notes of what you find about the Argus, in the volumes to which I refer, and at tea we will talk further about it. But before you go, tell me please, under what heading you will look for knowledge about birds?"

"Oh, I know that, of course, that's our new study—Ornithology—though we haven't studied it in books. Professor Grant just talks to us about it. He says learning rightly about such things makes us believe more in the goodness and wisdom of God."

The sound of the tea bell found Ned still in earnest search for facts, and his note-book that he placed beside his plate fortified him for the promised talk.

"I haven't so many eyes as the Argus of mythology, but I can see a chance to 'look on,'" said mother, with a significant glance at Ned, as she took her seat.

"We can trust him not to use his notes without permission," replied father. "But where do you find your bird? Tell us about him, Ned."

"It is the Argus Pheasant," bravely began Ned, "and is found in Sumatra, Siam, and other East Indian islands. There are no feathers on the sides of its neck and head; but the male bird has elegant plumage, and his tail feathers are very long; the two middle ones measuring about four feet. The wing feathers are adorned with a great many spots that look like eyes. His voice is plaintive and not harsh. The Peacock belongs to the same family of birds; the spots on their wings making a strong resemblance between the Argus and the Peacock. The Argus takes its name from a mythological person of that name. He was the son of—can't you look at my notes a minute?"

"Yes," said mother and father, in one voice.

"Thank you," said Ned, as he proceeded to read—"Argus, the son of Zeus and Niobe, is said to have had a hundred eyes, some of which were always awake. He was enormously strong, and Juno appointed him to watch over Io, transformed into a cow. Mercury slew Argus, and Juno used the eyes of Argus to decorate the tail of the Peacock, which, as I said before, belongs to the family of which the Argus pheasant is a type."

"I hope you will soon have another composition to write, Ned," said his mother, rising, "for you have taught us a lesson by your research."

Arthur Jones is a bright boy seven years old. He goes to Sunday-school, and he loves his books. He studies the lessons and he answers his teacher's questions nicely. I think Arthur will become a good and useful man.

