

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1901

No. 2

TESTING HER WEIGHT.

Who can tell what reflections may be passing through the old man's brain as he stands and watches the little girl, possibly his daughter, standing in the great balances in his workshop to try her weight.

What she actually weighs is probably of little consequence to either of them, but he may take the occasion to gently explain to her how the day will come, for her as well as for himself, when they will both have to be weighed in balances of another kind, and then their spiritual weight will be of very great consequence indeed.

Each word, deed, or thought of our daily lives must have a final result on our spiritual standard, adding to or detracting from it, on the final day, when all mankind shall be weighed in the balances of God's justice, and when some will pass the standard, but others, like King Belshazzar of old, will be found wanting.

GOD'S HOUSE.

I have heard of a dear little girl who, when her little sister whispered in church one Sunday said, "You must not talk now; it isn't being polite to God."



TESTING HER WEIGHT.

be just as polite to God as to mamma. When you go to church, which is God's house, you know, you must think about him, and try to learn about him by listening to what the minister or your teacher says about him. God wants us all to be very happy, but he also wants us to learn all we can of his love.

THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

Jesus knocks today at the door of your heart; do you not hear him? He has knocked there every day since you can remember. When you were naughty he knocked there and wanted to come in to clean the naughtiness out and make a home for his Spirit there. When you are good he knocks for you to open the door that he may make you better. Long ago he died to redeem you from sin and save your soul from hell; but he cannot do it unless you unlock the door and swing it wide open for him, that he may enter your heart and live there and be your king and master all your life. Open the door now and say, "Come in, dear Saviour."

Do you think about this, little people, when you go to church? You know it is not polite to talk and disturb mamma when she has company, and you ought to

your heart and live there and be your king and master all your life. Open the door now and say, "Come in, dear Saviour."

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born:
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand:
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout and mope and sigh.

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Happy Days.

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A BIG LITTLE WORD.

BY MARY L. BROADHEAD.

"Whir-r-r-r," said the door bell.
"Ah-tschee! Ah-tschee!" said Ruth.
"Poor child! you must be my little house plant to-day," said mother, and we'll see if we can't send this naughty codd off to Greenland."
Just then Rose came in. "A note for Miss Ruth," she said.
"Oh, mamma, do open it quick! It smells like Aunt Helen," and Ruth held the violet-scented note to her poor little red nose.
Ruth was right, and with her mother's help read:

"Is there in all the round world a little girl who would take pity on a poor lonely auntie this rainy day? If the auntie had somebody to help her pull molasses candy and make hickory-nut taffy and butter-scotch, she wouldn't mind the weather at all. Will Ruth kindly try to find the right little girl and send her by John, who will wait?" "AUNTIE HELEN."

Dear me! Wasn't it too sad that Aunt Helen should have chosen this day of all others for her candy-making? I don't wonder that there were more than "cold" tears in Ruth's eyes as she watched John go back to auntie's without her; do you?

Even Mac, her funny little dog, saw that something was wrong, and trotted off.

Soon Ruth heard an odd sound in the hall that made her forget her own troubles for a time, and she really laughed at the funny sight she saw over the banister. There was Mac pulling, coaxing and leading one of the fat little puppies of Di, the stable dog. The little fellow had never been out visiting before, and was afraid to be in a strange place without his mother. Mac was in earnest, however, and soon had the puppy at his mistress' feet.

Mother brought the sugar bowl, and for awhile Ruth had a funny little sugar party, and then every lump made her think of the fun she would have had if she could have gone to Aunt Helen's.

"What a sorry-looking little hostess!" said mother, passing through the hall a little while later. "Aren't your visitors pleasant?"

"Oh, yes, mother; but everything makes me think what a lovely time I would have had at Aunt Helen's."

"Now, my girlie, let us send the puppy, back to poor anxious Di, and let Mac go too if he wants to, then I will tell you a story."

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who was given a wonderful little word to use just as she pleased. There were just three letters in the word: BUT. She could have put them away out of sight, or she could have hung them up in the sun where they would have been all bright and shining. But, instead, she took this little word and stretched it and twisted it until she made a wall of it, high and wide enough to shut out all the sunshine. Then she sat down in the shadow of the wall and thought there was no sunshine in the world."

"Mother, your eyes look smily in the corners as if your story was about me," said Ruth, looking puzzled.

"Well, dearie, you remember you said you were 'having a nice time with the dogs, but—' This made me think how that one little word can sometimes stand in the way of our sunshine, if we will let it. We have happy homes, but we would like to live somewhere else. We are going to have a lovely walk, but we wish we could go to drive."

Just then there was a double tap at the door, and there stood Aunt Helen,

wrapped in a waterproof and carrying a basket.

"As the little maid couldn't come to the candy, the candy had to come to her," said auntie, laughing.

FRED'S SERMON.

This was Fred's sermon on honouring parents:

"'H' means to hear what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather.

"'O' means obey—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it.

"'N' is to hear and obey now. Don't say: 'Wait a minute.' Don't think: 'I'll mind next time.' Now is the word.

"'O' again means 'onest. We owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers, and couldn't do it ourselves.

"'R' stands for right. It is right, because God says so; if it weren't, he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

Maybe some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.

THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

"Go away from me, Stanley! Don't you see that I'm playing, and can't be bothered with you?" little Robbie said crossly to his baby brother.

Stanley looked for a moment at Robbie; then a pitiful quiver took possession of his pretty lips. He was not used to having cross words spoken to him.

"See, Robbie," said his mother, "Stanley is hurt. Speak kindly to him; he doesn't like you to use such a cross voice."

And what a wonderful difference it made in the baby brother's face when Robbie said softly: "I'm sorry, Stanley. Kiss me, and I won't speak to you like that again."

Stanley did not understand the meaning of the words; but he did understand that it was a kind, and not a cross, voice speaking to him.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Dear Master, for this coming year
Just one request I bring;
I do not pray for happiness
Or any earthly thing;
I do not ask to understand
The way Thou leadest me;
But this I ask: Teach me to do
The thing that pleaseth Thee.

A quiet lot in life is mine,
Made up of little things;
Teach me to do as unto Thee
The duties each day brings.
Faithful in that which is the least,
Dear Master, I would be,
Thus making all my daily work
The thing that pleaseth Thee.

HER SECRET.

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little child sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied
That men and women at her side
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerily?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly."

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken;
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the King has spoken."

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meekly;
"You know he said, 'in everything'—
"Why, so do we!" they cried. "We
bring
Him all our troubles weekly."

She turned her little head aside,
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

Oh little children—weavers all—
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IV. [Jan 27.]

CHRIST SILENCES THE PHARISEES.

Matt. 22 34-46. Memory verses, 37-40

GOLDEN TEXT.

What think ye of Christ?—Matt. 22. 42.

THE LESSON STORY.

If you had been in the temple those last days that Jesus spent there, you would have found a crowd about him all the time. Some who really wanted to learn the truth were there, but others were there to listen, and find fault and catch him in his words. They hoped he would say something against the law, so that they might arrest him.

One of these, a lawyer, tried to puzzle Jesus with a hard question. He called him "master," as though he believed in him, and asked which was the greatest commandment of the law. How ready Jesus was to answer. The greatest thing in the world is love, and even the cunning lawyer dared not say that the law which bids us love God first and best is not the greatest! Then Jesus told him that the second was just as great, "Thou shalt love

thy neighbour as thyself." By keeping these two laws, Jesus said we would obey the whole law, and this is because love is the greatest of all things. Then, while the Pharisees stood around him, Jesus asked this solemn question: "What think ye of Christ?"

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did the Pharisees want? To get rid of Jesus.

What did they try to do? To puzzle him with questions.

What did a lawyer ask him? What was the greatest commandment.

What did Jesus answer? The first.

What does this command us? To love God best.

What is the second? About loving our neighbour.

Who is our neighbour? Any one we can help.

What one word is the whole law? Love.

What did Jesus ask the Pharisees? "What think ye of Christ?"

Could they answer his question? No, they stumbled.

How can we think right about Christ? By loving him.

Where can we get love? From God.

LESSON V. [Feb 3.]

PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.—Matt. 25. 13.

THE LESSON STORY.

A parable is a story with a meaning. Jesus often used parables in teaching the disciples. Let us think now that we are little disciples—for we are, if we are trying to learn of Jesus—and see if we can understand the lesson he wants to teach us.

Jesus wanted the disciples (and us) to know what this kingdom of God is like, and so he told the story about ten virgins who took lamps and went to a wedding. Perhaps this seems strange to you, but in that far-away country and time they did many things very differently from what we now do. When there was a wedding there were always two processions. The bridegroom and his friends were in one. They usually started from their homes, and when they met they all went to the bridegroom's home, where the wedding took place. See if you can tell from verses 3 and 4 why some are called wise and others foolish. Read on and you will see what trouble the carelessness of the foolish virgins caused.

If Jesus invites you into his kingdom, and you are too careless to get ready, what will happen?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Jesus tell the disciples? A parable.

What is a parable? A story with a meaning.

What was this parable about? Ten virgins and their lamps.

Which of the virgins were wise? Those who took oil.

What did the five foolish virgins do? Took no oil with them.

Who were they going to meet? The bridegroom.

What did they do while they waited? They slept.

When he came, what did they do? They went to meet him.

What did the foolish virgins have to do? Go and buy oil.

What happened while they were gone? The bridegroom came.

Why could they not go in with the bridegroom. The door was shut.

Who can enter heaven at last? Only those who are ready.

DOROTHY DEE'S TWIN.

"O Dorothy Dee, Dorothy Dee,
She is as pretty, yes, as pretty can be;"

Sang the village children, and Dorothy's mirror echoed the foolish ditty until Dorothy Dee was in danger of becoming a very vain Dorothy as well as a very pretty one. But Dorothy was pretty, as pretty as a picture, with her beautiful peach blossom complexion, set off by soft brown curls and lovely eyes of a hazel blue. That was one Dorothy; but the other one—well, Dorothy's pretty face was not matched by a pretty soul.

"Sweet in form and feature,
But sour in heart and temper,"

brother Ben often sang when the ugly Dorothy "had the floor." But Dorothy said that Ben was shaming, and let the two Dorothys manage for themselves.

When Ben came home from college in the holidays, he brought his new kodak with him; and, sure enough, he got a snap at the two Dorothys, first one, then the other. After he went back to his studies, he arranged the two girls as he chose for a snap; and when the picture was properly developed, behold! the two Dorothys arm in arm, and O such a difference! Marking "The Twins" below, he sent it to Dorothy for a birthday present. She was very angry, and cried and stamped and pounded her fists until her mother placed the mirror on the desk before where she stood, and there she saw one Dorothy. At first she looked frightened, then ashamed, and then tried to be herself; and when she succeeded in this, she saw the other Dorothy, and was forced to acknowledge that Ben had made a true picture, if an ugly one. "There will be but one Dorothy after this," she said, for she did not like being so ugly; and whenever the other twin began to show herself in temper, Dorothy would run to the mirror and fight her off, until at last she got offended at her reception and quit coming altogether.



ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

Poor little Rosie! while the beautiful summer days glide by, she has to lie in bed in the hospital, weary and tired, and longing to be able to go out and enjoy herself like other little girls. She is probably in bed with some wasting fever that needs great care and good nursing. In our illustration she lies there sound asleep, with her thin little hands on the counterpane and her hair flowing loosely over the pillow. Outside the sun is just setting behind the farmhouse in the distance, and everything is looking so lovely that it does, indeed, seem a pity that little Rosie cannot be out too, and enjoy it all. On the window-sill by the bedside is a jar with a lovely bunch of roses in it which have been brought, perhaps, by some kind friend. It is a great trial for a little person to be in bed with illness during the beautiful summer months, and we hope our friend, little Rosie, will soon be well again and out in the fresh air with her companions.

GRANDMOTHER'S QUEER DOLLS.

BY SARAH TOWNSEND.

"When I was a little girl," said grandmother, in tones rather louder than usual—and then she smiled, for she had done just what she had planned—she had cleared the air and averted a domestic storm. The scowl disappeared from Jim's forehead and Lucy stopped whining at him for stepping upon Mehitabel Eliza, who lay in a rather too prominent position upon the floor. Grandmother was so gentle and loving that the children were really ashamed to quarrel before her; only sometimes they forgot and needed to be reminded.

"When I was a little girl," grandmother

continued, "I had some very queer dolls. You never had any like them, Lucy. Father planted them in the spring; that is, he planted the seeds for them."

"Why, grandmother!" exclaimed Lucy, her eyes big with amazement.

"Yes," went on grandmother, quietly. "I told you they were very queer dolls, you know. Father planted the seeds, and by and by they sprouted and grew and blossomed; then my dolls began to grow. I watched them a long time before they were large enough to be taken from the vines. But finally, one day, mother picked them off. Then it occurred to me that they would look a great deal better if they had some clothes, so I began to plan some."

"But they were such queerly-shaped children that I found it more satisfactory to pin shawls and handkerchiefs about them than to try to fit them with clothes like my own. Their complexions, too, were rather yellow; but that was a small matter, and they were my very obedient and much-loved children, for one week. Then, one morning, I came down early to get them for the day—I had planned a little picnic for them out under the walnut tree—but they were gone. I couldn't find them anywhere, though their clothes were neatly folded and lay in a little pile upon the kitchen table."

"Where are my children, mother?" I asked. "I want my dolls."

"They were spoiling, dear," she said, "and it seemed best to cook them."

Lucy looked horrified at this, and hugged the lately abused Mehitabel Eliza protectingly, but Jim's eyes began to twinkle.

"I know," he said; "squashes! I saw some up at grandfather's last summer. They are queer-looking things, with their

long crooked necks; but they are good," and he smiled in happy memory. "I should think they would make funny dolls," he added.

"Were they really, grandmother," said Lucy, "really truly squashes?"

"Yes," said grandmother; "two little crooknecked squashes. Mother cooked them, and we had them for dinner. That is, she and father did, but I wouldn't touch them; or perhaps I would better say 'it,' for the vegetable as it was served on the table didn't look the least bit like my children, and I wouldn't have known what it was if my mother hadn't told me."

"Grandfather laughed and said I was a goosie; but when Christmas time came, he sent to the city and bought me the very finest doll I had ever seen; my little friends on the next farm, three miles away, had only rag babies. It was my treasure for many years, until long after I grew too big for dolls. It was the only real doll I ever had."

TO SERVE THE KING.

Remember the command in these words, "Seek first the kingdom of God." This is the command of your king.

God wants boys' lives, not only their souls. It is for active service that soldiers are drilled and trained, and fed and armed. That is why you and I are in the world at all—not to prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve God actively in it now. Every hour a kingdom is coming in your heart, in your home, in the world near you, be it a kingdom of darkness or a kingdom of light. You are placed where you are, in a particular business, in a particular street, to help on there the kingdom of God. You cannot do that when you are old and ready to die. By that time your companions will have fought their fight, and lost or won. If they lose, will you not be sorry that you did not help them?

Perhaps some boys are deserters; they began once before to serve Christ, and they deserted. Come back again, come back again to-day. Others have never enlisted at all. Will you not do it now?"

You are old enough to decide. The grandest moment of a boy's life is that moment when he decides to "seek first the kingdom of God."

A WISE HABIT.

Wise and far-sighted young people are they who begin early to store their memories with the words of Scripture. The exact knowledge of Bible texts is a means to intellectual growth, to social culture, to improvement of language, to the forming of right purposes and habits, and to the cultivation of the soul. No one was ever sorry for having memorized portions of God's word.