

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 4.

THE INVALID.

If this little puppy were a person, he would certainly feel highly flattered at the attention he is receiving from three dogs, much older than himself, as well as his loving mistress. We are afraid a human being would have his head turned by it all, but this poor invalid puppy is far too wise to allow such things to affect whatever vanity he already has in his little head.

DO IT WELL.

An adage has it: "Whatsoever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This motto is the keynote of success. The boy who plays with a right good will, when it is the proper time for play, and who studies just as hard as he plays, is the boy who will get on in life.

Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "But these," remarked his friend, "are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Michael Angelo, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Samuel Smiles declares that "close ob- things is the secret of servation of little success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life."

When Charles James Fox was appointed Secretary of State, being piqued at some remarks made about his penmanship, he actually took lessons from a writing master, that he might do better. Though very stout, he was especially expert at the game of court tennis; and when asked

how he managed it so well, he replied: "Because I am a very painstaking man."

Earnest application and attention to all the details will accomplish more than slothful genius.

The great Sir Isaac Newton once said to a friend: "If I have done the public

more than he gets is not likely to get any more; for, if he does, he will be receiving more than he is worth.

The rule of doing everything well should be applied to the Christian life.

God wants whole-hearted service. We are to be "fervent in spirit," as well as "not slothful in business." Be brave,

active, and earnest as Christians, and you will find a joy and sweetness in the service of God that the lukewarm and indolent know nothing of.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing; she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"the very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last

year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being so cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution towards



THE INVALID.

any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

Buffon said of genius: "It is patience."

An Eastern proverb declares "Time and patience turn the mulberry leaf to satin."

He who does humble labour faithfully and well will sooner or later be called up higher. The man or boy who is worth no

the room where her mother sat soothing a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It is such a sunny morning," she asked.

The hat and coat were brought and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa, and take a nap, while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

SPORT.

Sport is the name of a little white dog in our neighbour's yard. In the same yard there lives also a little boy whose name is Clifford. The boy and the dog are great friends, and when one of them is seen anywhere you may be sure the other is not far away, excepting when the boy is at school or in church, and he is a faithful attendant at both places.

One day last January Clifford went on an errand into a neighbour's house. He is a good errand-boy, as he is always careful to deliver his messages in good order to the right person. When he had done the errand on which he was sent he promptly started home with an answer from the lady on whom he had called. As he left the yard he closed the gate before Sport knew that

he was ready to go, as he had been playing about the yard.

After awhile the lady of the house heard a dog crying at the door, and as she is a great friend of animals she hastened to see what it meant. When she opened the door Sport was standing at the step, lifting his paw and crying as if it had been badly hurt. He limped around on three legs, and licked the foot that seemed to be so sore. Not knowing what else to do, the lady closed the door, for it was very cold, until she could get a shawl to throw about her as she went to report the matter to Clifford's mamma. When she closed the door the cry of the dog was more pitiful and louder than ever. When she again appeared at the door with the shawl about her and started for the gate Sport's foot had healed so suddenly that he scampered along with her and escaped into the street as soon as there was an opening large enough for him to get out of the yard.

This sounds like a made-up story to show how smart a dog may be made by training, but it is neither made up, nor had the dog been trained to perform the trick. He may have seen that the children get sympathy and help when they cry and hold up their hands, but this trick was new, and an amusing surprise to all who knew Sport.

JACK FROST.

"Boo-hoo! I don't like the co-oid!" wailed little Harry Major, one morning in February, as mamma led him to the bathroom for his bath.

"Oh! Jack Frost gives little boys rosy cheeks and good appetites for bread and milk," said mamma smiling.

"I don't like Jack Frost," exclaimed Harry, squirming, as the water went trickling down his back.

"I'm sorry for that," said mamma, "for Jack Frost was coming to you to-day to give you a pleasant surprise, and to play with you all winter."

"Jack Frost coming to play with me all winter! Why, mamma, what do you mean?"

"Hurry and let me help to dress you, and after breakfast we will go to see the surprise."

How Harry did hurry! There wasn't a bit of whimpering after that.

After his breakfast of bread and milk and a baked apple, mamma took him out to the kitchen door. There was a lovely new sled, painted bright red and green. A picture of a jolly little fellow in furs was on the sled, and underneath it the name, Jack Frost.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted Harry, clapping his hands and dancing up and down "I guess I do like that Jack Frost. It was the cold I didn't like."

"But you couldn't use the sled, nor learn to skate, nor make snow forts and

snow men and snowballs without the help of Jack Frost, who lives up at the North Pole and visits us a little while every winter," answered mamma.

"That's so. Thank you, Mr. Jack Frost. May I try my new sled now, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed. Run in and put on your things."

An hour later Harry came in with cheeks like a red rose. "I just love Jack Frost," said he.

CLOCKS IN AFRICA.

Until white men came among them the people of Africa had no idea of time-keepers. They had no division of hours as we have, but since our missionaries have gone into West Central Africa, at Bailundu and Chisamba, clocks have been brought in, very much to the entertainment of the natives.

Mrs. Currie, writing from Chisamba, describes the effect produced upon the boys by the coming of several Waterbury clocks which they had bought. They were greatly interested in seeing them go, and were particularly interested by the alarms.

The night after their arrival the boys set the alarms of the various clocks all the way from midnight to morning, just to hear how they would sound and to see what impression they would make when the boys were awakened from their sleep.

One of the chiefs who had sent his men to the coast had them bring up a large eight-day clock, but not knowing how to manage it, brought it to Mr. and Mrs. Currie to be "healed," as he said.

Much amusement was caused by a little fellow, Cisapa by name, who, after he had been watching the clock happened to pass in front of it, when the glass door against the dark background of the clock made a mirror. Cisapa stood, and then shouted out, "Tundako" ("Go away"); then coming to Mrs. Currie he asked, "Who is in the clock?"

He knew as little about a mirror as he did about a clock. But these lads who know so little about what is to be seen in civilized countries are not stupid.

WISHING.

One day a lonesome hickory-nut,
At the top of a waving tree,
Remarked, "I'd like to live in a shell,
Like a clam, beneath the sea."

And just at this time a clam observed,
"Way down in a tossing sea,
"I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut
At the top of a lofty tree."

Thus both of them wished and wished and wished,

Till they turned green, yellow and blue;
And that, in truth, is just about what
Mere wishing is likely to do.

HELP THE WORLD ALONG.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

If every little boy or girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kindly deed would do,
The world would be so gay.

No matter where you chanced to go,
You'd never see a tear;
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Pass through life with a song,
If each one did his level best
To help the world along?

The wrong things then would soon be
right;
So try to do or say
One kindly deed, one loving word;
Begin this very day.

—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 22.]

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 Cor. 13. Memorize verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. 13. 13.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember that Paul was once called Saul, and that he was not only not a Christian, but a hater of Christians? More than this he was a persecutor of the Christians. But when the Lord, who is love, appeared to him all his hatred died, and love for all the world, and especially for Christians, took its place. He was ready to lay down his own life for Christ and for his brethren, and finally did so. In our lesson to-day is a little talk to the Corinthian Christians, about love. It is one of the most beautiful chapters in the Bible, and, with the twenty-third Psalm, and the Commandments, and the Beatitudes, ought to be learned by heart by every child. Paul tells us that we may be very wise and have great faith and give all we have to the poor, yet if we have not love it will all count for nothing. He tells us that love is always kind, does not envy, is not boastful, does not look for praise, is good-tempered, thinks no evil and believes and hopes all good. He says that love never dies. Every earthly thing may pass away, but love lives always, for God himself is love. The three things that will last are faith, hope, and love, but love is the greatest of the three.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

When did Paul begin to love? After his conversion.
Whom did he first love? The Lord Jesus Christ.
Whom did he next love? Christians.
Whom did he afterwards love? All the world.
To whom did he write about love? To the Corinthians.
What is better than to know all? To love.
What is better than to believe all? To love.
What does love do? Suffers long and is kind.
What else? Is not proud or selfish or easily provoked.
What will it bear? All things.
Why will it never fail? It is of God.
What is greater than faith or hope? Love.

LESSON IX. [March 1.]

PAUL AND APOLLOS.

Acts 18. 24 to 19. 6. Memorize vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke 11. 13.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul was not the only great preacher among the Christians. There were many, and among them was Apollos. We hear of him only a few times, but it is written that he was "an eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures;" that he was "instructed in the way of the Lord," "fervent in spirit," and "taught diligently the things of the Lord." He was born in Alexandria, and had learned much about the teachings of Jesus, and yet he had not been with the disciples when they received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He knew only the baptism of John. He came to Ephesus, and began to speak in the synagogue there. Aquila and Priscilla, who had come to Syria with Paul, heard him, and took him and explained the way of God more perfectly to him. You will remember Aquila was the tent maker with whom Paul lodged and worked in Corinth, and with whom Paul must have talked much about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When Apollos wanted to go to preach in Greece they sent letters to the brethren there, and he was made welcome, and preached among them. While he was at Corinth, Paul went to Ephesus, and finding that the brethren there did not know the gift of the Holy Spirit, he baptized them in the name of Jesus Christ, and laid his hands on them, and they were baptized within by the Spirit of God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Apollos? A Christian Jew.

Where was he born? In Alexandria.
What was he? A great preacher.
Where did he come to preach? To Ephesus.
What friends did he meet there? Aquila and Priscilla.
What did they do for him? Taught him what Paul had taught them.
Where did he afterward preach? In Corinth.
Who came to Ephesus? Paul.
With whom did he talk there? Some Christians.
How had they been baptized. With the baptism of repentance.
In whose name did Paul baptize them? In the name of the Lord Jesus.
What came upon them? The baptism of the Holy Spirit.

NOT THE REPLY EXPECTED.

A teacher was giving a natural history lesson. "Children," she said, "you all have seen the paw of a cat. It is soft as velvet, isn't it?" "Yes, mum." "And you have seen the paw of a dog?" "Yes, mum." "Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?" No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?" "Scratches," replied the boy. "Quite right," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now what has the cat that the dog hasn't?" "Kittens!" exclaimed the boy in the back row.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

Katie climbed up into the broad window-seat, to have a nice time with her new picture-book. And just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now, Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming, she felt just like saying, "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like this: "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie." And then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think Jesus answered Katie's prayer; don't you?

A HEART OF PRAISE.

When Charlie was four years old his mamma took him to church one day. The minister prayed a long time—too long. Charlie thought, for he stood up and said out so loud that all could hear, "Now let's stop and sing 'Beulah Land.'" Charlie wanted to praise more and pray less, but he ought not to have talked in prayer-time.



WHICH IS THE WISER?

AT BEDTIME.

When my good-nights and prayers are said,

And I am warm tucked up in bed,
I know my guardian angel stands
And holds my head between his hands.

I cannot see his gown of light,
Because I keep my eyes shut tight.
For if I open them I know
My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut I hear
His white wings rustling very near;
I know it is his darling wings,
Not mother folding up my things.

WHICH IS THE WISER?

This is a difficult question to answer, for we think both these mountain goats in our picture are very wise—a great deal wiser, indeed, than many human beings. The one that has the easier part to play is certainly that which is lying down; for it is no simple job, on so narrow a trunk, to jump across an obstacle of such size. There is a deep ravine beneath them, and if either slips he will go flying through the air and be dashed to pieces. However, we are quite sure that they will get past in safety and reach their destination without any mishap, for these goats are very sure-footed indeed, and rarely miss their footing at all.

HELPING A FELLOW UP.

Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Oh! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man who is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one who had an eye to observe him and a heart to feel for him, had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

BY D. VIRGINIA FARLEY.

Hundreds of children have spent many a pleasant hour in reading Andersen's stories and fairy tales; and for the children who are not yet able to read them, there is laid up a very rare treat. Hans Christian Andersen was born in 1805 at Odense, a town of Denmark, on the island of Funen. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and at an early age began to help his father mend shoes. The people of Odense often employed him to "run errands" for them, because he was a thoroughly honest boy, and always paid him for his services.

Young Hans was a favourite with grown-up people and the children truly loved him because he was so good to them. Indeed, his love for children, his desire to please them, and to make their little lives bright, caused him to be known everywhere as "the children's friend." Even from the time he was a very young boy he would, whenever he had any leisure time, gather a number of little boys and girls around him and amuse them by telling the most wonderful stories, all of which he drew from his rich imagination.

After a while the children formed a habit of congregating near the shoemaker's shop to watch for their young friend, so eager were they to hear the delightful tales from his childish lips. They liked also to watch him cut pretty designs from paper; for while he told them quaint stories there would fall from the scissors held in his awkward-looking little hands fairy scenes, bunches of flowers, dancers and numerous other objects. While Hans was still a child his father died, and he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. At the age of fourteen he went to Copenhagen; there he made many efforts to obtain work enough to furnish him with proper food and clothing, but was not very successful; so the youthful genius passed many months in adversity. But his honesty, his lovable disposition, and his rare talents finally gained for him generous friends, who placed him in the university at Copenhagen and had him educated. So the years passed, and Hans Christian Andersen continued to be loved by old and young. Ever and always he was "the children's friend," and he loved them with a love akin to passion. To the children he yielded place and gave time that men and women never even dared to expect; he never considered any child's questions as "too silly to be answered." Because he so truly loved the children he understood them and they understood him—he was their playfellow, their confidant. To him the children brought their troubles, for he could always help them and find a balm for their wounds. His religion was sweet and child-like. Often he would say: "God has made it so, therefore it is right;" or, "God has said it is wrong, therefore it is wrong." One has but to read his sweet story called "The Loveliest Rose in the World," to know how grand and yet how simple was his religion. When he was a small boy every one had said that "he would make a grand writer," and, as every one knows, he did. His stories and poems have been highly praised, but his fame rests chiefly on his matchless fairy tales that were written to delight and instruct his little friends, "the children."

I suppose a good many juniors have read his stories, and I hope this little article will call the attention of many more to his delightful stories. I hope you will read them, for they cannot fail to instruct and please you.

"Andersen's Fairy Tales" have been translated into many languages. He died on the fourth day of August, 1875, and the child-world lost a noble friend that ever had its interest at heart. The children knew it, too, and little ones of many lands joined hands and hearts in sending many heartfelt tributes of love to the funeral of "The Children's Friend."

One great duty of life is not to give pain.