

# HAPPY DAYS

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

No. 5.

## 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 beautiful 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 summer months, and we hope our friend, little Rosie, will soon be well again and out in the fresh air with her companions.



ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

## TOO CURIOUS.

Sarah was a pretty child, with dark-brown hair and eyes, and such fresh, rosy cheeks and plump little hands that one liked to look at her; and at home she was a very quiet, well-behaved child. But when she went calling she seemed to forget what was right and proper, and, instead of listening to what her mamma and the other ladies were saying, or entertaining herself in some quiet way, she ran around, asking all sorts of questions about whatever she saw in the rooms, putting her fingers on dainty little ornaments, lifting up frail vases, and saying, "What's this for?" "Who gave you that?"

until her mamma's friends quite dreaded to see her coming.

One day, while calling at a neighbour's house, she ran to a fireplace, and, seeing a queer-looking little wire box, as she thought, with a small piece of something white inside of it, in she reached her little hand, which was caught and held fast in the trap, which was set for a wee mouse. Then she screamed, and in her struggles to get free down tumbled tongs, shovel, and poker, all of bright, shining brass, upon the tile hearth with such a jangling crash

"But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions that help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

"Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, 'Take this seat, mother,' or, 'Sit here, Annie,' but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping

aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say 'the governor,' in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, 'Good evening, sir.' Sometimes when your mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, 'Let me carry that for you, mother,' but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, 'Come, hurry up!' just as if you were speaking to one of your

boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

"Such 'little' things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts, these gentle acts, which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything strong, and brave, and noble; and then gentle, and that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have

that it added to her fright and made her think that she would never be so rudely inquisitive again.—*Epcworth Herald.*

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

"When I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, on the cars, on the boat, at your homes, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier even since."

### A GLAD SURPRISE.

Grandpa came up from the barn, one day,  
His kind eyes with pleasure o'er-runn-  
ing;  
He carried his hat in a careful way,  
For in it, all new to the light of day,  
Were some little chicks, downy and  
cunning.

He opened the door, and for Bess looked  
about—

His two-year-old granddaughter, sturdy.  
"What is it?" he asked, as he held a  
chick out.

She looked for a moment, then gave a  
glad shout:

"Oh! a dear little doll-baby birdie."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

### HAVE YOU DONE YOUR WORK?

The Lord gave you a work to do; it was needful and important. Have you done it? Of course there were obstacles in the way. The Master knew it when he gave the work, and gave you health and strength to do it, and knowing that you would meet these obstacles, he promised you his grace to help you to surmount them. Have you done this? Have you been frightened from your work by dangers and by foes? Has it been taken out of your hands by officious friends? Has it been assumed by some committee, society, or organization? Have you been content to

allow a work which God gave you to do to be wrested from you and absorbed by others who never were called of God to do it, and only took it up when they saw that you were likely to succeed in it?

If you have done this, you may find that you have erred. The Lord has distributed to every man his work. He has given you your work; and if you do it faithfully he will give you your reward, but if you allow others to take from you the work which God intended you to do, you may see your work marred, hindered, and destroyed by men whom God never appointed to do it; and when the great day of reckoning comes, and the Master looks over the wreck and ruin which others have made, he may not say to you, "Well done." Christian worker, see that you do your own work. There may be obstacles, adversaries, doubts, and dangers; but, through God, you may overcome them all, and stand at last approved in the presence of the Master, and crowned with glory in his kingdom. Oh, worker in the vineyard, see to it that no man take thy work, and that no man take thy crown!

### HOW A CAT HELPED A DEAF AND DUMB WOMAN.

The chill wind was moaning, the rain falling drearily, and day darkening rapidly, when a lady might have been seen walking along quickly. She was thinking of home, with its bright, warm fire, and how soon she should be sheltered from the cold and wet.

Suddenly she stopped, as a feeble cry arrested her footsteps, and looking round she perceived a cat crouched against some steps. The storm was beating on the poor harmless creature, and night coming on.

The lady did not turn away and hurry on, as some selfish people would have done, but pitied and called the poor cat. It looked so forlorn, and gave a frightened glance in her face. Gaining courage from what it saw there, it trusted her, and jumped up, curled its tail over its back, and trotted contentedly after her. The lady went on. When she looked back now and then, there was pussy trotting steadily behind.

Presently the lady knocked at a hall door, and when it was opened they passed into a bright room, and pussy sat down to dry herself before a warm fire, where two other cats, sleek and well fed, kept her company.

Well, puss, whose name was "Gipsy," very soon was lapping a saucer of warm milk. After that she looked at the fire, and winked her eyes until she fell asleep.

A deaf and dumb woman, named Sarah Darby, was at that time living in this house. Pussy became very fond of Sarah, and liked to sit in her lap, because she was kind to it. Now, Sarah did not think a

cat could help her, but she knew that God commands us to be kind to helpless creatures, and he is always pleased when we obey him.

You will wonder how a cat could help any one, so I will tell you. Sometimes Sarah was alone in the house, and when a knock came to the hall-door there was no one to tell her but puss, and puss did so. How? She jumped down off Sarah's lap, and looked up in her face every time a knock came, and waited till the knock was repeated and Sarah opened the door. So this is how the cat helped the deaf and dumb woman.

### LENT TO THE LORD.

No stories are so good as those of the Good Book, and the stories of the Bible, children, are the best of all.

Up among the mountains of Palestine lived a pious man, Elkanah, with his wife, Hannah, whom he dearly loved. One thing made Hannah very sorrowful; she had no son. She never prayed without asking God to give her a boy baby. Her face was sad and her red eyes showed how much she cried.

At last her earnest prayer was answered, and the baby came to make her happy. She named him Samuel, which means, "God heard;" and while he was yet very young she took the child to Eli, the high priest at Shiloh, and left him there.

This seems like a strange thing to do, but she said, "The Lord has given me this boy, and I am so grateful that now I am going to lend him back to the Lord; as long as he lives he shall be lent to the Lord." God had been so good in sending her a son that she could think of no better way of showing her gratitude than by having the child spend his life helping the priests about the burnt offerings.

It must have been a pretty sight to see the rosy-checked lad in his linen tunic running in and out of the tabernacle grounds, and standing by with a sober face, while the gray-bearded Eli prayed and offered up the sheep and goats. Very serious thoughts must have come into his curly head in those days and nights.

The gentle mother in her mountain home did not forget her precious boy. She saw him only once a year, when the family came up to the tabernacle to sacrifice, but every time she brought with her a little new cloak which she had spun and woven and made for Samuel.

The lad who was thus lent became a great and useful man, and the story of his noble life is written in the Bible. Many a mother nowadays, as she clasps her little child in her loving arms, really lends the little one to the Lord. Many of us who read this paper to-day have been so lent. Let us be faithful in the Lord's service as Samuel was, and be as useful to those around us.

“LUCK.”

The boy who's always wishing  
That this or that might be,  
But never tries his mettle,  
Is the boy that's bound to see  
His plans all come to failure,  
His hopes end in defeat;  
For that's what comes when wishing  
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing  
Or that thing with a will  
That spurs him on to action,  
And keeps him trying still  
When efforts meet with failure,  
Will some day surely win;  
For he works out what he wishes,  
And that's where “luck” comes in.

The “luck” that I believe in  
Is that which comes with work,  
And no one ever finds it  
Who's content to wish and shirk.  
The men the world calls lucky  
Will tell you, every one,  
That success comes not by wishing,  
But by hard work bravely done.

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON X. [March 8.]

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 13-20. Memorize verses 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—Acts 19. 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul had been preaching in Ephesus more than two years, and there was a good number of Christians there. You may remember that Athens was a city of learning, and Corinth a city of gaiety; but Ephesus was a city of witchcraft and idolatry, and their chief idol was the goddess Diana. There were unfaithful Jews there who pretended to cast out evil spirits, and when they saw that Paul had power to do so they tried to do the same in the name of Jesus, “whom Paul preacheth.” There were seven brothers who did so, and the evil spirit turned upon them, saying, “Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?” and it attacked the men, so that they ran away naked and wounded.

This showed the people that Paul taught the religion of the true God, and many more believed in the name of Jesus. Some who had costly books on magic brought them together and burned them before the people. It is thought that the cost of these books had been many thousands of dollars, for books in that age of the world were very

costly, being printed letter by letter with the hand. It was a time of great growth in the church of Ephesus, and it is not strange that Paul stayed a long time to establish and strengthen it.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Paul preaching? In Ephesus.

Where was Ephesus? In Syria.

What did the Ephesians worship? A Greek idol.

What did they call it? Diana of the Ephesians.

What were some of the people? Magicians.

What did they try to do? Deceive the people.

Why? To get money.

What name did they begin to use? The name of Jesus.

Why? Because by it Paul had cured some people.

What happened to them? The evil spirits turned upon them.

What did the magicians do? Burned their books of magic.

Did many begin to believe in Jesus? Yes.

LESSON XI. [March 15.]

THE RIOT AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 29-41. Memorize verses 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord preserveth the faithful.—Psa. 31. 23.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was strange that Paul was allowed to preach so long in the great city of Ephesus, for then Diana was worshipped at a beautiful great temple more than four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, with one hundred and twenty-seven columns sixty feet in height, beautifully carved from precious marble, and every one the gift of a king. Little silver models of this temple were made by the silversmiths of Ephesus, and sold to strangers from every country who came to worship Diana. One man named Demetrius had grown rich making these shrines, but after Paul came there was not such a call for them, and he called the silversmiths together, and told them that if Paul stayed in Ephesus there would soon be no more work for them to do, as the people were going after him. Then they began to cry, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” and seizing two of Paul's helpers, they rushed to the theatre, and there kept up the tumult. But God protected the men, and when after two hours of uproar the town-clerk spoke to them they listened to him, and because his words seemed to them reasonable they went away quietly.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What great temple was in Ephesus? The temple of Diana.

What was Diana? An idol.

What did the Ephesian silversmiths make? Images of the temple and idol.

What were they called? Silver shrines.

Who bought them? Strangers who came to worship.

What silversmith found fault with Paul? Demetrius.

Why? He was taking away the trade in shrines.

How? By preaching against idol worship.

What did Demetrius do? Set the people to praising Diana.

What did they do besides? Arrested Paul's helpers.

What followed? A riot at the theatre.

Who finally made peace? The town-clerk.

SPIDERS.

“Oh, mamma!” screamed Ethel. “Oh! oh!”

“What is the matter?” said mamma, running towards Ethel, who was still screaming loudly.

“A spider! a spider!” cried Ethel.

Mamma brushed the spider from Ethel's dress, and taking her in her lap wiped away her tears, saying:

“My little girl should not be afraid of a spider. Most of them are quite harmless, and very likely they are afraid of you.”

Ethel was still sobbing and mamma continued to hold her.

“Did you ever watch a spider spinning his web?” asked she.

“Oh, yes, mamma. He runs up and down, up and down,” said Ethel.

“Yes, my dear; the spider can spin a beautiful silk rope of over four thousand threads in a very short time. Would you not think it a great thing to be able to make a rope in a minute any time you wanted it?”

“Yes; mamma.”

“And he has eight eyes,” said mamma. “Perhaps he wonders how you can get along with only two.”

“Some spiders are affected by changes in the weather,” continued mamma. “There was once a man shut up in prison who noticed that at the approach of rain all the spiders in his cell disappeared and that as soon as they appeared again the rain ceased. You must not think the spiders caused the rain. They were affected by the state of the atmosphere.”

“This man also observed the actions of the spiders at the approach of cold, and once, when the armies of his country were about to surrender because the ice on the rivers was breaking up, he knew by the conduct of the spiders that more cold was coming and sent word to the commander to hold out a little longer and he would be able to cross the rivers on the ice. He did so, and was enabled to conquer the enemy.”

## GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun,  
And a little pearly dew,  
And a pushing up and a reaching out,  
Then leaves and tendrils all about—  
And that's the way the flowers grow,  
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,  
And lots of quiet sleep;  
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,  
And lessons learned and things in place—  
Ah, that's the way the children grow,  
Don't you know?

—*Little Men and Women.*

## THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY BEECHHOLME.

"Mother said 'Come straight home,'" urged Jessie.

"Well, this is straight; it's only going through the wood instead of along the dusty old road. Come along, Jess. Look how shady and pleasant it is in there;



LEARNING TO READ.

just like Dene Wood, where we used to gather primroses before we came to live here. Perhaps there will be primroses and violets here."

"Mother does love violets," said Jessie; "but then, Edgar, we know our way over every little bit of Dene Wood, and this looks so big and—"

"Well, come or not, just as you like," shouted Edgar, already half over the stile leading amongst the tempting shades; and poor Jessie could not choose but follow, for she was too timid to attempt to go home alone.

And indeed it was lovely in the wood—"far nicer than Dene Wood," Edgar declared, and Jessie soon forgot her fears when, in a clear place among the trees, on the loveliest fairy-like banks, she found two or three real violets.

"You see, Jessie," said Edgar, "the path leads quite straight along the side of the road, so we are going straight home after all."

But, unnoticed by the children, they

were gradually leaving the edge of the wood and going farther into its depths. After walking what seemed to Jessie a very, very long time, she ventured to put into words a thought that was in Edgar's mind also. "Aren't we a long time getting through the wood?"

"We shall be out directly," said Edgar doubtfully.

But they seemed every moment to get into more difficulty as the trees grew thicker, and they could hardly see the path.

At last Edgar gave up. "We are lost, Jessie," he said, with a very pale, anxious look on his face.

"Like the babes in the wood," said Jessie, feeling quite important for a moment. "O Edgar, what will mother do?" And Jessie at that thought began to cry.

"We shall not be lost long; don't cry," said Edgar, trying to speak cheerfully. "Be quiet, Jessie, while I shout." And he put his hand up around his mouth and gave a long, shrill "Halloo."

Both children were terribly startled

"My little gentleman, did you ever read about Christian and Hopeful getting on the Enchanted Ground and then to Doubting Castle? That was because they thought the path ran straight by the side of the road. But there, perhaps you know no better."

"Yes," said Edgar slowly. "Mother told us to come straight home. It was all my fault."

"Well, well, child, you have had your punishment. Come now with me and rest a bit."

"Can't you tell us the way home?" said Jessie, who had quite decided the old woman was good, as she had read "Pilgrim's Progress." "Mother will be so frightened."

"Who is your mother, my dear child?"

"Mrs. Rogers, and father is the Wesleyan minister at Bursham."

But Jessie was more surprised than ever when the old lady gave her a hearty kiss, and told her she was the image of her father.

"Do you know him?" said Edgar.

"I do very well, my boy, and, what's more, he is coming to preach at our little chapel to-night, and you can stay with me till he comes."

Edgar looked as if he would like to do so, but Jessie said, "Oh, thank you; but mother would be so frightened."

"Well, my dear, she very likely would, but you can't possibly find your own way home, and I have no one to send with you, and it is too far for my old legs—and for your young ones, too, I'm afraid. Well, come and rest a bit, at any rate." And the children thankfully agreed.

What a nice little cottage it was! only so lonely—just on the outskirts of the wood.

Mrs. Spire—that was the old lady's name—gave them some bread and butter and milk; and then she remembered that Jones' milk-cart passed every night, and she was sure he would take the children to Bursham, as it was only a little out of his way.

So the children's adventure ended happily—more happily than at least one of them deserved—for the ride in the milk-cart was quite a treat. But when they drew up at their own door, and saw mother's pale face, and heard her tell how alarmed she had been at their long absence, they resolved, or, perhaps, I should say, that Edgar resolved—not to travel from the straight road onto the Enchanted Ground again without a sure guide.

Later on in the summer their father took them himself through the wood to see old Mrs. Spire. You may be sure she was delighted to see them, and Jessie told her how she had taken her for a fairy, which amused the old woman very much indeed.

Trust in God and always do right.