

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1902.

No. 12.

THE SISTERS.

What a sweet picture Anna and Grace make with their arms clasped about each other. We feel and know as we look at them that they love each other dearly. I am glad to hear some of my little readers exclaim: "Why shouldn't they love each other very much; how can they help it, they are sisters?"

I sincerely hope that all my readers feel the same toward their brothers and sisters, and that they will feel more and more drawn toward each other as they grow older together; but sad to say, some who were very fond of each other when they were children have grown far apart in later years. I have known instances where brothers and sisters not only lived apart as strangers, but whose hearts were filled with hatred toward each other.

I was told of an instance last summer when a lady was calling upon a friend. The two were sitting on the piazza when another lady passed by. "Why, there goes your sister," said the friend. The first lady stiffened herself up and said, "I have no sister." Think of it; here were two sisters, one a widow with one child, both living near each other in separate houses.

two who ought to have been all the world to each other, for they had no other near relatives, and yet they would not even speak to each other. I wonder how they can read such words as, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love. He (or she) that loveth not his brother

(or sister) whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

Oh! my reader, do not withhold your affection, for the time will come all too soon when those near to you will be removed from your sight, and your remorse will be that you have not loved enough.

Well, this little one I am thinking about now is only seven years old, and suffers very much. He has a beautiful face, and you would wonder to see how cheerful and patient he is.

And he is very kind-hearted. He heard some one telling his mother one day about a poor woman who had no wood to keep her

warm in the winter. What do you think he did? He got a little box, and asked every person who came in to put a little money in it to buy wood for this poor woman. He got quite a little sum. He seems to forget himself in trying to help others, and I think he is happier than many who can run about.



THE SISTERS.

KITTY DID IT.

When Grandma Foster went out to call on a sick neighbour, she left her little granddaughter, Kitty Mayhew, at home in the sitting-room. She gave her some pretty picture-books to read, and told her to finish her little task of sewing, but be careful not to get into any mischief. Kitty promised, and for a while she kept her promise well. But then she became tired of the books grandma had lent her, and thought there was plenty of time in the afternoon to do the sewing.

Then she thought she would like to look at the pictures in the big Bible. She had been told never to take this unless some one was near; but she did not think of that now. After a while, by a very careless accident, she spilled grandpa's bottle of ink all over the beautiful book, and the

THE LITTLE SHUT-IN.

What do I mean by a little shut-in? I mean a little lame child, who is obliged to stay all the time in the house, who cannot run out to play as other children do. There are many such sick, lame, suffering little children. Don't you pity them?

table-cover, and down on the floor. Just then she heard grandma coming. She picked up the cat and said: "See what kittie did!" Grandma was sorry, but did not think the little girl would tell a story so through pussy. Kittie was sent out of the room. Girl Kitty was not questioned. But she was not happy. She was glad when her visit to grandma was over. No one can be happy who does wrong and deceives. Kitty had not told a lie in words, but she made her grandma believe that which was not true; and that is just as bad. Sometimes we do the same without even speaking a word. God looks at the heart, and not at the words we speak. The Bible says: "The way of the transgressor is hard;" and every one who has tried it knows that this is true.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quar., 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1902.

SATISFIED.

Were you ever satisfied? Did you ever have enough of everything, so that you did not want anything more? Perhaps you had all the clothes you wanted, but you were not well. Perhaps you were well, but some dear friend was gone—had died—and you were sorrowful. We think you were never yet satisfied in all things.

To be satisfied is to have all things just right—to have them as God would have them. The worldly-minded person is never satisfied with the things of this world, for where death is no one can be satisfied. And the Christian, who has great joy in the Lord, can certainly not be satisfied in this world; if he could be, then he need not seek the "world to come."

In the heavenly home, the "new earth," people will be satisfied. There will be nothing there to cause sorrow or dissatisfaction. Eternal life, joy, peace, righteousness—these are some of the things that will satisfy. No death nor sinning there!

WHAT GOD WANTS.

"Boys," said Miss Helen, "if I did not know about God, how would you tell me?"

"God is very strong," said Walter. "God can do anything," said Charlie; "he made the world." "God sees us all the time," said Ted, thinking of some wrongdoing that he wished God hadn't seen. "God is good," said Phil.

"That is true," said Miss Helen; "but he is more. What was your text-card this morning, Nelson?" she asked of the smallest boy in the class.

"Dad is love," he piped up quickly.

"Don't you see, boys," said Miss Helen, "that love means all the good and beautiful things that God does? Where does God live?" she continued.

"In heaven," "Everywhere," "I don't know," came the answers thick and fast.

"God is everywhere; but where is the place he likes best to be, and will come, if we don't keep him away?"

"In our hearts," said Charlie gravely.

"Good?" smiled Miss Helen. "Now, how can you keep love out of your heart, Ted?"

"If I'm cross, I don't love any one," said Ted. "Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, Ted. How can we get ugly feelings out, and let love in?"

"By being sorry, I guess," said Ted.

"Yes, dear," said Miss Helen. "You remember John the Baptist came to prepare the way for Christ. What did John teach?"

"He told people to be sorry," said Walter.

"Right! We must be sorry for sins, and then love can live in our hearts."

FORGETTING WILLAMETTA.

Mother was teaching Celie that first sweet lesson of all, how much God loved her. "God loves my dear girl more than I love her," she said, and Celie looked much surprised. "More than papa loves her," continued mother, and Celie stretched her eyes wider still, for papa seemed to her the biggest sort of lover. "More than—" mother stopped, and wondered what to say next.

"More than I love Willametta," suggested Celie, pressing the doll's black wig against her cheek.

Of course mother said, "Oh, yes, better than that; much better." But I think Celie's faith stopped here; she didn't believe God loved her that much.

Now, in the darkness of midnight, mother was startled to hear a sound of

crying in the nursery. "Why, Celie, darling," she cried, "what is the matter?"

"I forgot Willametta and left her out in the hall," sobbed Celie.

"In vain mother told her never to mind; that she would find her safe and sound in the morning. Celie cried on. "She'll be frightened in the dark, and she'll think I don't love her," she said piteously.

So mother lighted the nursery lamp, and tripped out to find the doll, saying, "Hush! don't wake baby Johnny."

Celie "hushed" in a minute when she got Willametta in her arms, and cold and sleepy and happy, she sat on the cricket by Johnny's basket-cradle, in the dim light of the nursery lamp, and uncrossed Willametta and took her to bed with her.

"But, Celie," said mamma gravely, as she tucked the covers closely round her, "God never forgets you for a single minute."

Neither did Celie forget this little lesson.

THE BEE'S WISDOM.

Said a wandering little maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my pretty maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee, with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden;
So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."

THE BOY UNDERSTOOD.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school: "I believe the children know the catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister.

The schoolmaster merely bowed respectfully in reply, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was requested to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, he said, almost in a whisper, his face covered with blushes: "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the hill. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw that they were bleeding, and then gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave the money to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."—*National Advocate.*

Obedience always tends to strengthen faith.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

To God I offer now my heart,
Upon my bended knee,
To-day I've tried to do my part,
In earnest love to thee.

I lay me down without alarm;
While I asleep shall be,
Protect thou me from hurt and harm,
And watch thou over me.

Now give me rest from labours done,
And strength for those to be,
That with the rise of another sun
I may do work for thee.

Help me to spurn the tempter's wile
And stand for truth and right;
So shall I be thy faithful child,
By day as well as night.

Who taught him the story of Jesus?
Paul.
What had he learned from his mother?
The Holy Scriptures.
What did he become? Paul's helper.
Where did he go with Paul and Silas?
On a long journey.
Where did they go? Through Asia to
Troas.
Where is Troas? On the seashore.
What was across the sea from them?
Macedonia.
Whom did Paul see in a vision? A
man of Macedonia.
What was he saying? "Come . . .
and help us."
What did Paul and his helpers do?
Went there in a ship.
Who first believed in Jesus there?
Lydia.

What did the people do? They wor-
shipped idols.
What had some now become? Believers
in Jesus.
To whom did Paul write a loving letter?
To these believers.
What did he tell them to do? To love
one another.
How can we keep God's law? By lov-
ing.
What does sin cause? Darkness of
heart.
Who came to bring light? The Lord
Jesus.
What is a great evil? Drunkenness.
What must we put away? All evil.
Who will show us how if we ask him?
The Holy Spirit.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON XI. [June 15.]

PAUL CROSSES TO EUROPE.

Acts 16. 6-15. Memorize verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt be his witness unto all men.
—Acts 22. 15.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Paul was in Lystra a young man named Timothy came to hear him preach. His father was Greek, but his mother, Eunice, and grandmother, Lois, were Jewish women of true faith, and had taught Timothy the Scriptures from a child. When he heard Paul preach he became a Christian, and Paul's helper, or "son," as he loved to call him. With Timothy and Silas Paul started on a long journey which led them into the borders of Europe. They went through Asia—not the great Asia, but the one we call Asia Minor. Our lesson is full of hard names, but if you will trace them on the map you will see the way they travelled.

The Holy Spirit told them not to preach in Asia, but when they came down to Troas, on the seashore, they found why that was. Luke joined them here, and Paul had a vision of a man of Macedonia, a part of Greece, praying him, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." They did not wait, but took a little ship and sailed across the Aegean Sea to Neapolis, and then went by land to Philippi, a large town. While they were there they went on the Sabbath to a riverside prayer-meeting, and there was Lydia, whose heart God opened, and she and her family were baptized.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Timothy? A young Christian.

LESSON XII. [June 22.]

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Rom. 13. 8-14. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.—Rom. 13. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul wrote a letter to the Christians in Rome to teach them many things they needed to know, and, though Rome was a great, wicked city, full of idolaters, we have many of their sins among us now. He told them to "owe no man anything but love." He taught that though there is a law of God, if we truly love God and our neighbour we have fulfilled the law, for no one can truly love, and break any of God's commandments.

He told them to wake out of sleep, for the night of the world was over, and the day was near at hand. He meant that the darkness of sin and ignorance was going to pass away, and the Gospel of Christ, who is the light of the world, was about to shine over all nations. So he told them to put on the armour of light, and live honestly—putting away drunkenness and all wrong ways of living, and taking instead the Lord Jesus Christ as their life.

Is the advice which Paul gave the people in Rome so long ago good for us who live in a Christian land? Yes, for the temptation to be selfish and unloving and untrue comes to all, no matter when or where they may live.

Paul shows these Roman believers, and it is all true for us to-day, that the way to mend all our wrong ways of thinking and doing is to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and this simply means to get well acquainted with him, and try to be like him in all things.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where is Rome? In Italy.
What was it at one time? A great, rich city.

FOOLISH FRED.

"O, dear!" sighed Fred, as he trudged down the street towards the grocery store. "I wish I hadn't been so cross when mamma said, 'Freddie, run to the store and get a dozen eggs. I haven't enough to make this cake.' I'm afraid I looked awful mad. I know I said it was real mean that I had to go to the store when the boys were going to have such fun playing ball. Mamma looked so sad, and said: 'I'm sorry my little boy finds it so hard to do something for me.' O, dear!" and two big tears rolled down Fred's nose.

Then a thought struck him: "I'll buy her some cream drops with the dime Uncle Fred gave me yesterday. Then she'll know I'm sorry." He put his hand into his pocket for the money, for he had reached the candy store. Lo, the pocket was empty! "O, I forgot! I spent it for a ball. Now I can't take mamma the cream drops. O, dear! What shall I do?" Tears were falling pretty fast, when suddenly he exclaimed: "I know what I'll do! I'll go home the very longest way, round by Smith's farm. Then I won't have any time to play. That's just like punishing myself. Now mamma will know I'm sorry."

So after buying his eggs, Fred set out on his long walk, forgetting his mamma had told him to hurry. It was almost six o'clock when a hot, dusty, tired little boy walked into the kitchen where mamma was busy getting dinner.

"Why, Freddie, where have you been?" she asked, looking very sober indeed. "My boy has been very naughty."

"O, mamma!" cried Fred, bursting into tears. "I have been punishing myself to show you how sorry I am."

Then, as he told her about the long, tiresome walk, the loving mother took him in her arms and gave him a forgiving kiss. "But, dear," said she, "next time you must come right home from the store."

"Yes'm," said Fred, "only next time I won't be so cross, then I won't need to be punished."



PAWNEE CHIEF.

PAWNEE CHIEF.

The Pawnees are a very fierce tribe of Indians in the far west. The picture gives a very good idea of their fantastic dress. The most conspicuous feature is the tremendous crest of eagle's feathers. It almost makes a man look as if he could fly.

POSITIVE FRANKIE.

The other night while Frankie's mother was tucking him up in his little white bed, she told him a story about a great giant called "Temptation," who was always trying to coax little people, and big people, too, to say and do things that were not right.

"He'll not coax me to follow him if I don't want to," said Frankie, firmly.

"Don't boast, little boy," said his mamma. "Lots of people are very sure they will not be led into bad ways, and yet very soon they find that the giant has a firm grip upon them."

"I'll never, never let him get a grip

upon me!" cried Frankie. "I'd like to see him try to get hold on me."

The very next morning, when Johnnie Craig stopped at Frankie's gate to ask him to go down to the river to help sail the new boat that he had made, this brave little fellow that was "never, no, never" going to follow the big giant slipped out of the yard and crept along by the hedges to the river.

Half an hour later a little, half-drowned boy was carried, dripping with water, into the pretty home where the boastful boy's mother lived, and for another half an hour there was a struggle between doctors and death for this positive little boy, who was not "one bit" afraid of the big giant, Temptation.

"The giant got me, mamma," was the first thing he said when he was able to talk.

"We have had hard work getting you out of his grip this time," his mamma answered, "but I hope you will keep out of his way in the future."

"I hope I shall," said Frankie, in a low

voice; "but I must not boast of my strength again—because—because I have none. I fooled myself, you see."—*Olive Plants.*

I CAN'T.

To everything you asked of Tom
He always said, "I can't,"
And one fine day there came to him
A present from his aunt.

It was a parrot, gaily clad
In white and red and green.
Tom said so fine a bird as his
Had never yet been seen.

He bought a cage, a splendid cage,
And placed the bird within;
He tried to make his parrot talk,
But not a word could win.

All sulky there the bird did sit;
A week passed by, and more,
But not a single word he said
Of all he'd learned before.

"O Polly, speak!" cried Tom one day.
His boon the bird did grant,
And, opening wide his mouth, he cried,
"I can't! I can't! I can't!"

BEGIN AT ONCE.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavoured many times to impress upon his youthful mind the necessity of early piety, but hitherto all the persuasions seemed in vain.

When the child uttered these words his mother said: "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance, added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

THE CHILDREN'S TASKMASTERS.

Some little children, I know, have hard taskmasters. I don't mean their teachers; oh, dear, no! I am some little children's teacher myself, and I shouldn't like to be called that. Well, then, what are the taskmasters? Bad habits. Take care how you put yourselves in their power. They bring troubles upon you that even your own Lord never meant you to bear. Might not the day have been a happy one if you had not been cross about every little thing, even with mamma? You felt like fussing on the way to Sunday-school, too, and did it. Must you keep away from Jesus, ashamed? Oh, no indeed. He wants you to come to him most of all when you need to be forgiven and to have some bad habit broken. He is stronger than your cruel taskmasters.