

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1901.

No. 9.

## NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Not to be caught with chaff! No, indeed. Our friend, the horse, knows better, for this is not the first time he has been caught for a long day's work by a few handfuls of oats. He knows well enough that the boy, with his coaxing voice and manner, is only saying, "Come along, now, I have to drive Daddy to the town, and you must draw the carriage;" and he thinks to himself as he keeps at a safe distance, "Ah! you'll have to catch me first."

## A LITTLE WOMAN.

BY  
MARGARET RAEBURN.

"I shall have to leave you alone to-day, Elsie, dear. Mother has to take Emily into town to have her eyes treated, and only old Ellen will be here, and she will be very busy. Will you be mother's brave little woman and take care of yourself?"

Elsie looked up brightly. "Don't you worry, mother dear. I'm doin' to be as busy as Ellen. My family are a drate trouble. I have lots to do for them all day."

As soon as mother and Emily were gone, Elsie went to work. She had a new ribbon for Kitty which must be put round her neck. Then she took a piece of lawn, and the needle which mother had threaded, and a spool of thread, and round-pointed scissors. Bess, her very dearest doll, lay on the floor waiting for her new dress

to be made. Elsie was out on the portico. She worked very hard, and then the thread knotted and broke, and Kitty ran off with her spool. Then Elsie pulled off her big hat and lay down beside her dolly, and fell fast asleep.

When she wakened, Ellen had lunch ready. Then, after lunch, Elsie played in

the yard until mother and Emily came home. Such a clean, bright little face it was that was raised to mother's to be kissed!

"Well," said Ellen, "that child hasn't been a bit of trouble. She just amused herself all day long, and was as happy as a queen!"

She might have whined and cried when mother left, and worried Ellen, and kept her from her work, and been a very miserable child all that long day.

## WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham was an old-fashioned gentleman, beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said to him "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better

when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will be only to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the offending person came to beg forgiveness.



NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

## YOUR CROSS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Seek not to drop the cross you wear,  
Or lay it down; for if you do  
Another shall be built for you  
More difficult and hard to bear.

The cross is always made to fit  
The back which bears it. Be content,  
Accept the burden which was sent,  
And strive to make the best of it.

Think not how heavy is your load;  
Think not how rough the road or long;  
Look up and say, "Lord, I am strong,  
And love makes beautiful the road."

Who toils in faith and knows not fear  
Shall live to find his cross some day  
Supported all along the way  
By angels who are walking near.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.		Yearly	Subs.
Christian Guardian, weekly			\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 50		
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75		
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	2 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 50		
5 copies and over	0 37		
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25		
Less than 20 copies	0 24		
Over 20 copies	0 15		
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12		
10 copies and upwards	0 15		
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12		
10 copies and upwards	0 08		
Dew Drops, weekly	0 20		
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05		
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 quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.			

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

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

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

## Happy Days.

TORONTO APRIL 27, 1901.

## SOME GOOD SAMARITANS.

"Ho, ho! if you don't look funny!" said Sibley. "Look at his eyes, Harry, and his hair! oh my!" and Sibley laughed so loud that the boys a long way ahead looked back to see what was the matter.

Harry looked, and laughed. "He's in a nice scrape," he said. "Come on, Sib, we can't waste our time on him," and he walked on.

Poor little Teddy Connor did not laugh; instead, he cried. He was a little fellow, only six years old. He had stubbed his toe, and tumbled, and rolled down the little bank. He was not hurt, but oh, the mud! It was all over him—in his hair, and eyes, and ears, and on his little jacket; even the neat ribbon that tied his collar had splashes of mud on it.

"Oh, dear!" said Marian, "I should

think he would cry. He will have to go all the way back home."

"He can't do that," said Cora; "he is in the first spelling class, and he'll lose his place if he is late."

"Dear, dear!" said Nannie, "let's help him. Don't cry, Teddy; come over here to the brook and wash your face and hands. I have a clean new slate cloth and I will rub the mud off of your jacket with it."

"And I'll lend you the ribbon that belongs to my school bag to tie your collar with," said Cora; "it's the same colour."

"Come on, girls!" shouted Harry, in the distance; "you'll be late."

"We can't come until we have helped Teddy," said Cora, and she began to brush the mud from his hair.

"Don't cry any more," said Nannie; "the mud is coming off pretty well. Never mind if your luncheon is spoiled; we'll give you some of ours."

Just as the last bell stopped ringing four children rushed into the school hall, very warm and out of breath. One of them was little Teddy Connor, with clean face and hands, and a neatly tied collar, from which much of the mud was rubbed off.

At the tea-table that evening Uncle Charles said: "I hear that you young people lived the Sunday-school lesson today, instead of playing it. It seems that you had the two who passed poor Teddy and gave him nothing but a laugh, and then you had those who did all they could for him."

"It was like the Sunday-school lesson, wasn't it?" said Cora, "But I never thought of it!"

"The Golden Text is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,'" said Nannie.

"Teddy is our very nearest neighbour too," said Marian. "How queer!"

"He didn't fall among thieves," said Harry; "he only fell into the mud." But both Harry and Sibley looked ashamed.

## LOVE'S SPELLING BOOK.

Harry found an old spelling book about the house which his grandmother had once used in school, and which had a very curious way of spelling many words. He was laughing over some of the funny, spelling, when his mother called him to her.

"How many ways of spelling 'love' have you found, Harry?" she asked.

"Only one," he replied. "It is just the same in this book as it is in my spelling book at school."

"Why," said his mother, "I know of more than one way. I think there must be at least a dozen ways, possibly a hundred or more."

Harry opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Just now," said his mother, "you gave up part of your dinner that the poor Jackson boy might have a good meal. You did not send a word in the basket, because you did not want to let your right hand know what your left did; but, nevertheless, there was one word

in the basket spelled out in very large letters. Can you guess what that was?"

"Was it 'love'?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered his mother. "And last week, when you put your dime into the missionary bank, you did not say anything; but as it rattled down among the other coins I heard it speak distinctly a word which you did not catch. Do you know what it was?"

"It must have been 'love,'" again answered Harry.

"Yes," said his mother, "that was another way of spelling 'love.' And a little while ago, as I was watching you play your games out in the yard, I saw you step out to make room for James Marshall. Why was that?"

"Why," explained Harry, "that was because he thought it was his turn, although I was sure it was mine, and so were all the rest of the boys; but I gave up to him just because I wanted him to have a good time."

"And you spelled our word in another way," said his mother.

"Well, I declare," said Harry, "it is such a wonderful word that it ought to have a spelling book all to itself."

"It has," answered his mother. "Our whole lives were intended to be primers of love, in which we should be constantly spelling out the word by kind, thoughtful actions, so as to make the world a beautiful, happy place in which to live.—Our Little Ones.

## A FUNNY DENTIST.

Johnny had a loose tooth.

"That tooth must come out," said his mother, "because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it, and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"O no!" cried the little boy; "it will hurt!" and he put his hand tight over his mouth and ran out to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He had a big, sweet apple in his pocket for Johnnie.

"But you must ask your mother if you may eat it," said Uncle Ed.

His mother said "Yes," and the little boy sat down by the window to eat it. It was a very sweet apple, and Johnnie enjoyed it very much. All at once he gave a little cry: "Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mother!"

"O, I guess not," said his mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Johnnie; "it's white and hard."

A twinkle came into his mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she; and Johnnie showed it to her. "Go and look in your mouth, dear," his mother then said.

"O mother," cried Johnnie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was! Why—ee! Did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed, and then Johnnie laughed, too.—*Child's Hour.*

TH  
A ragged  
A boy  
With only  
A poor  
All his m  
His eve  
Afmorse  
Give  
ho  
The soft  
From t  
tat  
The child  
For su  
ach  
The brow  
fai  
As thos  
ble  
But only  
And on  
O brave y  
loo  
And ou  
the  
But who  
Protect  
car  
Still, as of  
May the  
go  
And the  
str  
From t  
bel  
LE  
STUD  
John 21.  
Lovest  
Read ca  
fast on t  
Can you  
Peter jum  
reach the  
that the S  
This w  
showed hi  
resurrecti  
occasions.  
of the disc  
fire that  
fish the M  
them. Th  
had caug



THE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A ragged coat pillowing a tired head,  
A boy asleep by a sheltering wall,  
With only the pavement for his bed—  
A poor little street urchin, that is all.  
All his morning papers are sold and gone;  
His evening edition has not yet come.  
A morsel of food and a sleep in the sun  
Give him all he knows of comfort or home.

The soft baby dimples are scarcely gone  
From the arm that shows through his  
tattered sleeve—  
The childish arm that must battle alone  
For such place and wage as it can  
achieve.

The brow of the sleeper is smooth and  
fair  
As those that with kisses fond mothers  
bless;  
But only the soft wind touches his hair,  
And only in dreams can he know caress.

O brave young heart! The life's journey  
looks hard,  
And our eyes grow moist as we see him  
there;

But who shall tell what heavenly guard  
Protects that rude couch with tenderest  
care?

Still, as of old, on the ladder of dreams  
May the white-winged angels come and  
go;  
And the light of the home, afar, still  
streams  
From the Father's house to his child  
below.

—Morning Star.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON V. [May 5.]

JESUS AND PETER.

John 21. 15-22. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lovest thou me?—John 21. 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

Read carefully the story of the breakfast on the seashore. (John 21. 4-14.) Can you not almost see eager, loving-hearted Peter jumping into the sea, the sooner to reach the shore when he hears John say that the Stranger there must be the Lord?

This was the third time that Jesus showed himself to the disciples after the resurrection. See if you recall the other occasions. We cannot understand the joy of the disciples as they gathered about the fire that morning and ate the bread and fish the Master had himself prepared for them. They had toiled hard all night and had caught no fish, and they were cold

and hungry and disappointed when they saw Jesus. Better than the fire and the breakfast, and the net full of fishes, was the certainty that Jesus still loved and cared for them.

Read lovingly and thoughtfully the lesson verses. Remember how Peter had denied his Lord, and you will understand better how kind it was of Jesus to give him special work to do. The lambs of the Lord's flock may be found everywhere, and all who love Jesus truly are glad to feed them, which means to teach and comfort them. Ask some one at home to explain to you what Jesus meant about the latter part of Peter's life, and do not forget that it all came true.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus meet the disciples again? On the seashore.

What sea was it? Galilee.

At what time did he meet them? In the early morning.

What had they been doing? Fishing.

What did he prepare for them? A breakfast.

What did he ask Peter? "Lovest thou me?"

How many times did he ask it? Three times.

What did Peter say? "Thou knowest that I love thee."

What did Jesus tell him to do? "Feed my lambs."

What did he mean? Help others.

What does Jesus know? If we love him.

What shall we do if we love him? Work for him.

LESSON VI. [May 12.]

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Matt. 28. 16-20. Memory verses, 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

If you will read 1 Cor. 15. 3-8, you will find that Jesus appeared to the disciples many times after his resurrection. There were some wonderful meetings in those days, and the one of which we learn in this lesson the disciples could never forget, for it was then that he showed them plainly what they were to do after he went away out of their sight.

If some one should ask, "What is a missionary?" very likely you would say, "One who goes to preach to the heathen." But it means more than this. A missionary is a messenger who carries glad tidings, and that day, so long ago, Jesus made every disciple of his a bearer of glad tidings. It was just the few who were about him at that time whom he "told to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." No; the words were spoken to all who should afterward call themselves disciples or learners. And so they are spoken to you and me.

Very likely the disciples thought that

they could not do this work, and so Jesus gave them the beautiful promise in the Golden Text. Yes, and gives it to us, too. Every time we try to do a good deed or speak a word to help some one to know Jesus, he stands close by to help. This is why men and women are not afraid to go and preach the gospel to the worst heathen; because Jesus goes with them, and he has all power in heaven and upon earth.

But you say, "I am a child. I cannot preach." No; but you can do good; you can try to learn more and more about Jesus, and you can deny yourself to send money to help others to preach.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How long did Jesus stay after the resurrection? Forty days.

What did they all know? That he would soon go away.

What made them glad and strong? To know that he was living.

What did he tell the disciples to do? To preach.

What is preaching? Telling about Jesus.

What do we know? That he is living still.

Who may preach? All who love Jesus.

Who has all power to-day? Jesus Christ.

Who must be taught about Jesus? "All nations?"

How can we help teach in other lands? By our gifts.

What more can we do? We can pray for the missionaries.

Who will help them and us? The living Christ.

A NURSERY SONG.

Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout  
Are two little goblins black!  
Full oft from my house I've driven them  
out,

But, somehow, they still come back.  
They clamber up to the baby's mouth,  
And pull the corners down;  
They perch aloft on the baby's brow  
And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Shall" and t'other says  
"Shan't,"  
And one says "Must," and t'other says  
"Can't."

O Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,  
I pray you, now, from my house keep out.

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh  
Are two little fairies light.  
They're always ready for fun and chaff,  
And sunshine is their delight,  
And when they creep into baby's eyes,  
Why there the sunbeams are,  
And when they peep through her rosy  
lips,

Her laughter rings near and far,  
And one says "Please," and t'other says,  
"Do."

And both together say, "I love you."  
So Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,  
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile.



THE USELESS KETTLE.

## THE USELESS KETTLE.

Some one has thrown away this rusty old kettle, probably because it has a hole in its side and is no more use for holding water. There it lies in the long grass almost hidden from sight, and it will certainly never hold boiling water again, or be of any more use in the kitchen. But, as the time passes by, and the spring comes round, and the birds begin to look out for cosy and sheltered spots to build their nests in, one little bird, with sharper eyes than the rest, spies out this old kettle lying half out of sight in the grass and weeds; and it thinks to itself, "Ah! What a nice warm place the inside of that kettle would be for my little ones when they come out of the eggs and have no feathers on their little bodies to protect them against the cold winds; I will call my mate and we will build a nest inside as quick as ever we can."

So the nest was built, and in the picture we can see the soft feathers inside and the mother bird looking on and thinking to herself, with pleasure, how cosy and safe her little ones would be in so quiet and sheltered a spot.

A little lad of three years when asked why he had opened the gate after being forbidden to do so, replied, "To get a little fresh air."

## WHAT HARRY DECIDED.

"I think you are real mean, anyhow!" said Harry, looking disappointed and cross. "You haven't much of a collection and I'd give you something real nice for this."

"I don't want 'something real nice,'" said Fred; "I want this."

"This" was a queer-looking bird's nest; Harry had never seen one like it before, and Fred's uncle had told him that the birds which built such nests did not often put them where people could find them.

The scholars in his class were making collections of interesting things—flowers, and stones, and mosses, anything they could find in the fields, or woods, or along the river bank. On the last day of the term they were all to be shown, and the one who had made the best collection was to be given a book full of coloured pictures of birds, and bugs, and flowers. Harry wanted that book; he had believed, until Fred Harper found the queer bird's nest, that he would get it; but he wasn't so sure now. He thought Fred was mean not to sell the nest to him, because Fred did not care for such things, and had not half tried.

One afternoon, just at dusk, Harry was on his way home. He had been to town on an errand, and was taking a short cut through the woods, and whistling for company, when all at once he stopped. There, at his feet lay a bird's nest exactly like

the one Fred had found! He chuckled as he picked it up and said aloud:—

"There, Fred Harper! I've got a nest like yours without any of your help. I mean to—"

But he didn't tell what he meant to do; he had found something that made him look sober. A bit of paper was tucked into the nest with Fred Harper's name on it. Then Harry guessed what had happened, Fred must have dropped his nest out of his pocket and this was it.

"I don't care!" said Harry; "I'm not to blame because he lost it; it's mine now, anyhow."

Just then a thought came to him so plain that Harry almost looked about him to see if somebody had said it: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The Golden Text! Harry had helped Nannie to learn the hard words in it that very morning, and had tried to explain their meaning. He kicked a twig out of the path and looked cross. "I haven't found the whole world!" he said; "I've only found a bird's nest, and it's mine, too. What I find belongs to me."

"But," said a voice in his heart, "what ought Fred to do with your things if he finds them? You know he ought to bring them back to you, don't you? And you know that to get things in such a way is just like stealing, don't you? Are you going to be as mean as that?"

"No!" said Harry, so loud that a bird in a tree above him was startled. "I'm not! I'm going right straight over to Fred's with this bird's nest; of course I am."

He went, too.

## TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

The stories she read him were thrilling enough,  
Of fairies and goblins wild,  
And the small boy opened his big blue eyes  
And wondered like any child.  
And yet with a scornful toss of his head,  
Said, "They're only a-makin' it up."

She told him of cats with a baleful grin,  
Of mice and rats that could talk,  
Of Mr. Bull Frog and Dr. Fly,  
Of tables and chairs that could walk.  
But he, with a scornful toss of his head,  
Said, "You're only a-makin' it up."

So she closed the book of the fairy tales,  
And told him where sponges grew;  
Of their watery home with the fishes  
strange,  
Way down in the ocean blue.  
And he, with a thoughtful look on his face,  
Asked "You aren't a-makin' it up?"

She promised she'd tell him only the truth,  
And talked of the land of snow,  
Where the people must always wrap in  
furs,  
Where nothing but mosses grow.  
And he, with a sober look on his face,  
Said, "That's better than makin' it up."