

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, JUNE 30.

No. 13.

## IN MISCHIEF.

This little lassie has a somewhat guilty look, as if she felt she was doing something that was not exactly right. Bless her little heart! Let us hope it is not a valuable book she is tearing. We think, however, that any mamma would forgive a little girl who looks up in such a wistful, appealing way as this one. Blessings on the man who invented the untearable linen books with bright pictures, which so gladden the hours of the little folks, and make learning to read a perpetual delight instead of a tearful task. Children should learn, however, to take care of books, papers, their clothes, and everything they have.

## PUTTING OFF.

When I was a little girl learning to write, I had for a copy the line, "Procrastination is the thief of time." My teacher was kind enough to explain to me that "procrastination meant putting off," and was the opposite to "doing things at the right time," and that it was called the "thief of time" because it caused people to lose so much time. This "putting off" is a terribly bad habit, and one which, like other bad habits, grows with indulgence, and often brings boys and girls, as well as older people, into a great deal of trouble. Molly has a little hole in her dress. She could mend it in five minutes, but she puts it off, and thinks that to-morrow will do just as well; but before to-morrow comes, the little hole has caught on a nail, and has become a great one. The frock is perhaps spoiled, or, at best, Molly must spend hours in doing

what need not have taken as many minutes.

Jack has a lesson which must be learned before morning. If he sat down to the task at once, he would conquer it in an

Arthur has a letter to post, and is charged to do it at once; but he wishes to speak to Harry about the tennis match. It will do just as well when he comes back, he thinks; but when he comes back, the mail is closed, and the important letter must wait a day.

Dear children, beware of "putting off." Many a man has lost his life in consequence of this evil habit. Many a man who thought that there was "time enough" to make his peace with God has been overtaken by death before the work was done. Remember that it was those who were ready who went in with the Master to the wedding feast, and that then the door was shut, not to be opened again.

## "ONLY A BOY."

A man was cursing and swearing as he was whipping his horse, which was trying to draw a load altogether too heavy for him, when he was remonstrated with by some one for using such language, and he said: "No one will hear me but you, and you know who I am; at least, no one except that boy, and he is only a boy. He will never know; he will never understand. It won't make much difference if he does hear."

Some seem to think that if a boy hears vile language, if he bears oath upon oath, if he sees a bad example, he is only a boy, and it will not harm him. It is bad enough for any one to hear bad language of any kind, but tenfold worse where it is a boy, a child, who hears it.

Keep aloof from quarrels; be neither a witness nor a party.



IN MISCHIEF.

## LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,  
Although my name is May;  
I have to talk so much, because  
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—  
So many, and you see  
I can't help loving them, you know,  
Because they all love me.

I love papa and dear mamma,  
I love my sisters, too;  
And if you're very kind and good,  
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all,  
He keeps me all the night;  
And when the morning comes again,  
He wakes me with the light.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1906.

## FOR WHAT WERE EYES MADE?

BY DR. J. C. HANAFORD.

"Of course to see with," some child may say. That is true, but there are thousands of children in our large cities who can seldom, if ever, see but few of the beauties in nature, and all around many of us. They see but little of the beautiful flowers and plants, the luxuriant vines winding around the trees that they may go up higher than the plants around them, though I do not suppose that they are proud of their high position. They can see but little of the glorious scenes in nature all around country children, while it is quite likely that they seldom, if ever, look up into the spacious heavens to see the sparkling stars, looking down upon us so pleasantly, as if inviting us to come up

and visit them! The country children, those on the nice farms, see a great deal to please them, of which those in the cities are deprived—these evidences that the good Father in heaven provides and cares for his children.

How sad it would be for my little girl friends to be robbed of their sight, to be blind! Not able to see the difference between day and night! How sad to be obliged to seek some one to lead them around at all times, or to grope their way in total darkness, in danger every moment of having some accident befall them! What a blessing to be able to look into the smiling faces of parents, brothers and sisters, with those of kind friends. What a comfort to be able to read in a beautiful picture book, an interesting piece in a newspaper, or a chapter in the Testament. It seems to have been intended that our eyes and sight should last as long as we have bodies to be guided by them, and to be provided with food by our labors. To guard them from accidents the eyes are placed in deep sockets of bone, and so protected from blows by bony projections, the cheekbones, forehead, nose, etc., that a common blow would rarely injure them. Well oiled in their sockets, they move with great ease from the right to the left, up and down, and around in all possible directions, not always being told what to do, as if sight was a part of themselves! When asleep, they turn up as if to get a drink, to a place where a little rill of tears is constantly flowing, which we may regard as their food.

Some creatures, like the common housefly, such as are not able to wear glasses when their sight is imperfect, have hundreds and thousands of eyes, some in different parts of the body to give them sight just where they need it, while they could be blind in a great many eyes and still see something. For example, the timid snail has one on the end of what we may call a long finger, which he runs out of his shell, letting that look all about to see if there is any danger, not daring to come out till he sees that all is right. But we would not exchange our good eyes for all of theirs, being thankful to our Father in heaven that he has thus blessed his children.—*Child's Hour.*

## THE FAVORITE.

"Girls, won't one of you bring in the evening paper?" said grandpa.

There was hardly a moment's pause before Grace went to the piazza for the paper, and placed it, open and smooth, upon the old gentleman's knee.

"Mattie, please bring my scissors from the sewing-room," said mamma.

"O Grace, you do it; I'm all nicely seated now." And Grace left her piano practice and went for the scissors.

"Papa wants one of you to take a note to Deacon Lewis, girls; which will go?"

"O, I don't want to, mamma," said Mattie.

"O, I wanted to read my new book," said Grace; "but I will go for papa."

"I want to take one of the girls home with me for the holidays, sister," said the girls' aunt. "Which can you best spare?"

"O, Mattie, by all means. Grace is our household comfort and solace," said the mother. "But which would you rather take?"

"I hoped you might chose to let me have Grace. I really want her; and I think, sister, she needs and deserves the outing."

So Mattie stayed at home, and pouted and said that it wasn't fair, and wondered why "everybody always wanted Grace."

The girl who is thoughtful and obliging is the one that is wanted at home, at school, everywhere. No one wants the girl who is always seeking to please herself.—*Child's Paper.*

## WHAT WAS IT?

Emma and Dorothy were left alone while mamma went down town.

They were playing quietly together, when suddenly Dorothy said: "What's that noise?"

"I didn't hear anything," said Emma.

"Hark! there it is again. I guess it's a tramp trying to steal the silver spoons." There surely was a noise in the pantry.

Both children tiptoed softly to the pantry door, and there on a shelf were two mice at a loaf of bread.

The laughter of the children drove the mice away. Looking out of the window just then, they saw mamma.

"O mamma," said Emma, "there were two thieves in the pantry. Dorothy was awfully scared, but I wasn't going to let them steal your things, so we went in and drove them away. They didn't steal very much."

Mamma looked frightened, until she saw the fun in the children's eyes. When Emma showed her the bread with the hole gnawed in it, she said:

"Ah, the naughty thieves, I must have them in prison by morning."

## A NEW USE FOR EYES AND EARS.

There was once a little boy who had two good, bright eyes and two good ears, and yet I heard his uncle pity him for being blind and deaf.

Joking? No, his uncle was very much in earnest. You see, this boy was so busy reading a story that he did not see when his grandmother hunted for her glasses, nor hear when his mother wished that she had some one to send on an errand.

"So," said his uncle, "if he cannot see and hear what is going on around him, there must be very grave trouble with his eyes and ears. I am very sorry for him!"

## MY BEST FRIEND.

Who loved me e'en before my birth?  
Who thought my soul of priceless worth?  
Who came to die for me on earth?  
'Twas Jesus.

Who smiled unseen when, weak and wee,  
A babe I lay on mother's knee?  
Who sheltered all my infancy?  
'Twas Jesus.

Who keeps me now at work and play?  
Who gives me what I need each day?  
Who guards me from the evil way?  
'Tis Jesus.

Whose Spirit speaks the gentle word  
That moves my heart to think of God?  
Who wins me to the heavenly road?  
'Tis Jesus.

Oh, stay and lead me all the way!  
Teach me to love, teach me to pray,  
Teach me to please thee every day,  
Lord Jesus.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

## LESSON II.—JULY 8.

THE DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 8. 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our  
debtors.—Matt. 6. 12.

## LESSON STORY.

What a good way Jesus took to teach his great lessons by those simple parables. When the disciples asked if they should forgive seven times he replied: Yes, and seventy times seven. And then he told them the story of a king whose servant owed him a great deal which he could not pay. Here the king had compassion on him and forgave him even as God does us. Now, this servant who owed the king also had a servant who owed him, but he did not have pity on him and forgive him. Instead he put him in prison until he should pay. When the king heard how unforgiving his servant was he was angry with him and delivered him up until he also should pay. In such wise will God act toward us if we are not forgiving. It is such an important thing to learn to forgive.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. How often did Jesus say we were to forgive others? Seventy times seven.  
2. What did the king do? He forgave his servant for his large debt.

3. What did the servant do? He did not forgive his servant.

4. Was the king displeased with this? Yes.

5. What did the king do then? He allowed his unforgiving servant to be punished.

6. Will God treat us thus if we are unforgiving? Yes.

## LESSON III.—JULY 15.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10. 25-37. Memory verses, 33, 34.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt. 5, 7.

## LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful quality is mercy. If it were not for God's great mercy, it would go hard with us who are all sinners. This lesson shows what being merciful means.

Jesus tells of a poor man who fell among thieves, who stripped him of all he had and left him naked and half dead. While he was lying by the roadside in this sad state three men passed. It is easy to see which was merciful, and therefore a real neighbor, to the needy man.

The first was a priest, who ought to have been kind, but he passed by on the other side. The second was a Levite, who pride themselves on their goodness, but he likewise passed on the other side. The third was a Samaritan. When he saw the wounded man he was filled with pity, and bound up his bruises and took him to an inn and cared for him. On the next day he left, leaving money for the care of the poor man. That was true charity, and showed a tender and merciful heart.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Why did Christ tell this story? To show who is one's real neighbor.

2. What does it teach? What is true mercy.

3. What happened to a certain man? He fell among thieves.

4. What did they do? Stripped him and left him for dead.

5. Who passed by him? A priest, a Levite and a Samaritan.

6. Who alone helped him? The Samaritan.

7. What did he show? Mercy.

## THE GOOD QUEEN.

"I will be good," said the Princess Victoria at the age of eleven, when she first learned that she was heir to the throne.

"It is because she has been good," says the Montreal Star, "that all the world loved her. Only those who met her could appreciate the charm of her personality, but all the world knew of her goodness. There exists almost everywhere in the United States a most bitter hostility to

anything savoring of monarchy, and dislike of England is very general, but the Queen's name was always respectfully and even warmly greeted, not because she was Queen, but because there is a general feeling that she was one of the best women that ever lived.

"There can be no doubt that the moral tone of the British Empire is higher because Queen Victoria reigned over it so long and her influence for good has not been confined to the British Empire."

## THE CAPTAIN INSIDE.

"Mother," asked Freddie, the other day, "did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up, and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys, one outside and one inside; and unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head and looked the right way, I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one, and be the captain.—Sunbeam.

## THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

At the next town we visited I noticed a little blind boy in the crowd of listeners. Guided by my voice he came up close beside me, and in a whisper he timidly said, "Foreign Teacher." He looked very poor and very hungry, so I bought him a cake. Then each day after that he came and got his cake. It is pitiful to see so many blind here in China. We pray for the day to come in China when the blind shall be taught and cared for like they are in Canada.

## TED'S CONSCIENCE.

One day Ted's mother gave him two slices of buttered bread, telling him to give one of them to his little sister. He carried out the order.

That night, when he went to bed, he was evidently disturbed in his mind and remorseful about something, and his mother questioned him in a way to bring out the truth.

"I—I wasn't nice to Peggy about that bread and butter," Ted owned.

"Why?" asked his mother. "Did you take the bigger piece?"

"No," he answered; "her piece was a little bigger than mine was, but mine was a good deal 'butterer.'"—Child's Hour.

## A WISH.

Mary had a little lamb,

With fleece as white as snow;

And everywhere that Mary went

The lamb was sure to go.

I wish I had a little lamb

With fleece as white as Mary's;

U'd have it sheared, and sell the wool

To help the missionaries.



#### A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

My Father, hear my prayer,  
Before I go to rest;  
It is thy little child  
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,  
That I may sleep this night  
In safety and in peace  
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day  
To love thee more and more,  
To strive to do thy will,  
To worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,  
Ere I lie down to rest;  
It is thy little child  
Who cometh to be blest.

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said, "Poor little Willie lies here. We were too poor to buy a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.

#### THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"O mother!" exclaimed little Jeanie, running to me in an ecstasy of delight; "see what a beautiful book father has given me! And only see, mother, my name is written in it, so everybody will know it's mine, and nobody can rub it out!"

Like the lightning's flash came into my mind our Saviour's words: "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

"Mother, do you know why father gave this book to me?"

"No, Jeanie, I have forgotten."

"Why, don't you recollect, I always said 'wait a minute,' when you told me to do anything; and he said, if I wouldn't say it for one whole month, he would give me something; but I didn't think it would be anything so beautiful as this book."

"It is a very pretty book, Jeanie, but I know of one more beautiful, in which I trust my darling's name will be written."

"O mamma, what sort of a book is it? What is it called?"

"Our Saviour called it the Book of Life, and he said we must rejoice over our names being written in it more than over anything in the world."

"Is everybody's name written there, mamma?"

"No, my darling, only the names of those who love Jesus while they are on earth and try to serve him."

"How can I serve him, mamma? I don't know anything I can do for him."

"Yes, my child, you can do something for him every moment in the day. Kind words, little things done because we love Christ—in all these we serve him. This morning, Tommy asked you to help tie his waggon; you refused, saying you were in a hurry. If you had given up your own pleasure and helped him, because Jesus says we must love and be kind to each other, you would have served Christ."

"O mamma, I didn't know such a little thing as that was serving Christ."

"Why, my daughter, have you forgotten what Jesus said of the cup of cold water, given for his sake? Our lives are made up of little things that happen every day, and what we do for Christ's sake is put down in his Book of Remembrance. You overcame a bad habit for the reward of this pretty book; remember that Jesus promises all the glorious things of heaven to every one that overcomes temptation and sin, and serves him truly."

#### QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

If anything could console the English people for the loss which they sustained in the person of Victoria, it is the knowledge that Queen Alexandra is, like her lamented mother-in-law, a woman of singularly blameless life, of kindly disposition, a pattern of all domestic virtues, a woman whose heart goes out instinctively to all sorrow and suffering; in one word, a sovereign both lovely and lovable.

The Queen of England, as she is now in truth, soon came to be queen in the hearts of the common people, who knew her for the personal interest she took in their welfare. Not merely columns, but volumes, can be written of her innumerable acts of kindness, generosity, and of tender consideration of others, which illustrate the sympathy which she felt, and which can only be surpassed by the sympathy which she inspired.

#### AN UNRULY FLOCK.

"What are you doing, you big blue Ocean, Chasing your waves round in such a commotion?"

"I am bringing my sheep from their pastures deep  
To the little bay where I fold them to sleep;  
But as fast as I drive them into the pen  
They toss up their heels and jump out again."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his shaven father, "your chin looks like the heel in the musical box."