

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1902

No. 10

## MAY FLOWERS.

May Day is a very glad time for the children. April showers bring May flowers, says the proverb. And very delightful it is to see the lovely blossoms once more appearing. An old and pleasant song runs thus:

As if on living creatures  
Whene'er my eyes do fall  
On bluebells and on daisies,  
I say "God bless you all."

The lady in the picture seems to love the flowers and welcome their return as much as any of the children.

## LITTLE MURIEL'S PRAYER.

BY M. A. HAMILTON.

Little Muriel lives in Prince Edward Island. She is a tiny girl, only six years old. If you were to go and visit her in summer, she would take you down to the beautiful sandy beach near her home, and play with you for hours, having what she used to call a "pic-a-nic." Perhaps when the tide came in her mother would take you for a bath in the river, or her father might give you a sail in his pretty yacht. If you could take a peep at her on a cold winter morning, you would see her mother dressing her warmly and her father putting her in the sleigh with her sister Gladys and her brothers Lou and Cecil, and wrapping the buffalo robes around them, for they are two miles from school. The sleigh-bells jingle, and off goes "Old Nell," driven by the children's auntie.

But I must tell you a story about something that little Muriel did before she was five years old. An accident having happened to her doll, she wanted another very much indeed, so she just prayed

to God for one. She asked him every day to please give his little girl a doll, and she felt sure that he would do so. Well, she has a grandmother living in Nova Scotia, and one day an Indian woman came to her door with baskets and the loveliest doll's cradle for sale. Something seemed to say to her, "Buy that cradle for little Muriel in Prince Edward Island." She bought it, and then she went to a store and got three dolls, one large and two small ones. She dressed the large one in white and the two small ones in pink. She then placed them all in the cradle, and put the cradle in a box, and sent it off to her little granddaughter for a birthday present. How happy Muriel was! She fairly danced for joy, and then what do you think she did? Why she knelt right down and thanked her Heavenly Father for getting it into her good, kind grandmother's mind to send her the birthday dolls.

## THE QUARREL.

"See my new bonnet, Lelia!" Nettie Carrol said to her friend one day. "Mamma got it so I wouldn't tan and get freckles. I think they are awfully ugly. You have freckles, haven't you, Lelia?"

"Yes; but I don't care if I have a brown complexion," said Lelia, good-naturedly. "Papa says it is always fashionable to have a brown face."

Lelia was a sweet-tempered little girl, but sometimes she would say cutting things, and when she saw that Nettie felt hurt, she repented, and said, "Come, let's kiss and make up, my darling," and when Nettie saw the roguish face close to hers the quarrel was soon settled.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."



MAY FLOWERS.

to God for one. She asked him every day to please give his little girl a doll, and she felt sure that he would do so.

Well, she has a grandmother living in Nova Scotia, and one day an Indian

## WHAT JESUS BORE FOR US.

Three crosses stood grimly side by side  
On the hill of Calvary;  
On each a suffering man has died;  
Two for their crimes, the other for me.

Like a lamb they led him out to die  
From the shades of Gethsemane;  
He uttered no moan, no bitter cry;  
'Twas love that moved him to die for  
me.

On the central cross they nailed my  
Friend,  
To languish in agony;  
He bore it all to the bitter end,  
O wonderful love, he died for me!

O thanks for the love that brought him  
down,  
Love fathomless like the sea;  
His brow was pierced by a thorny crown,  
That a crown of life might be given me.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1902.

## THE SERPENT IN THE CUP.

There is an old story told of the holy St. John, who, you remember, was the disciple whom Jesus loved. He lived to be a very old man, and he grew to be very pure and saintly, as he came near his heavenly home. This may not be a true story, but it has in it a good and true lesson. Although St. John was so good, there were many people to hate him, and some even wanted to kill him. Once an enemy gave him a glass of wine to drink, when he was tired and faint. It looked like a kind act, but it was not, for a poison was mixed with the wine which would have killed him if he had taken it. The

story says that he held it up before him, and a serpent raised its head from the cup, and then he knew that an enemy had given it to him! He threw it to the ground, and so his life was saved.

There is a cup which will be offered you, dear boys, one of these days. Perhaps it has already been offered you. It is a wine cup, and a serpent lies at the bottom. Do not touch it! You may not see it; but by and by it will raise its dreadful head, and you will find too late that you cannot throw it from you. Ask God to give you the clear sight to see what lies in the cup, and then you will be safe.

## HE WON A PRIZE.

The late Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was a graduate he wrote to his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby that she was afraid he would be ashamed of her. He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she went. He met her at the station and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation; and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house. To her great surprise, he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried everything before him. He won a prize; and when it was given to him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, is the prize; it is yours. I should not have had it if it had not been for you."—*Christian Standard.*

## A BABY WITH A LONG NAME.

A missionary in Africa writes about a baby with a very long name, Ntambu Ngangabuka. She tells us how this baby takes its morning bath: "One morning I heard the baby crying as if its little heart would break; and I went to see what could be the matter with it, and found its mother washing it in front of her house. And do you think that she had a nice little bath-tub, and scented soap and warm water? O no! She held the baby up on its little feet, and was pouring cold water over it by handfuls. The poor baby was screaming at the top of its lungs, and fighting against the cold water as hard as it could; but the mother paid no attention to that, and went on with the washing. Did she have nice, warm flannel cloths with which to dry it, and others in which to wrap it? No, but when the washing was over she lifted the baby up, and with her mouth blew vigorously into its eyes and ears to drive out the water, and that was all the drying it got. Then she proceeded to dress it. The dress consisted of a string of beads round its waist,

one round its neck, and one round each of its wrists and ankles. The air and the sun did the rest of the drying."—*Sunbeam.*

## A GOOD DAY.

"Tired of play! tired of play! What hast thou done this live-long day?" sang mamma.

Bobby was sitting in papa's great chair. There was a pillow behind him, his toys lay all about. It was growing dark; soon Nurse would come to put him to bed.

But first mamma came and took him in her arms, and sat down in the chair with Bobby on her lap. "What has my little boy done to-day?" she said.

Bobby did not answer. He had such a short little memory that he could not tell about the morning. He only remembered how he had been playing with his train of cars, and how Nurse had given him a wee sponge-cake with his bread and milk. He caddled down in mamma's soft arms, and mamma remembered for him.

She remembered how he came running to her bedside in the early morning and waked her with soft kisses; how he had not cried while he was being dressed, although Nurse pulled his hair in combing out the tangles, but had been patient because she had asked him to be her good boy to-day.

She remembered how he picked up all the buttons for her when she upset her button-box, and how, when he did not mind at once, he soon came to say that he was sorry and to ask to be forgiven.

These were all pleasant things to remember; and mamma kissed the soft, sleepy little face that was pressed against her shoulder, and thanked God for giving her this baby boy. For, little as Bobby is, he has begun to try and be good. Very, very little children may do that. They may check their naughty tempers, be helpful to mamma in little ways, be gentle, keep back cross words.

His name was Robert, and he insisted on being called by it. Robbie and Bobbie, and Rob and Bob were well enough for other boys, but this boy would answer only to Robert, the whole Robert, and nothing but Robert. Robert was out in the garden weeding the beet-bed, when his mother stepped out on the piazza and called: "Robert, Robert, it's time to come in and get ready to go." Robert jumped up, fired a handful of chickweed at the family cat, and came running into the house.—*Lessons for the Little Ones.*

Whenever you see two ways before you at any point in life, you may be sure one of them is wrong, and it ought not to be any trouble to decide which one to take.





HAPPY DAYS.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

**LESSON VII. [May 18.]**

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

Acts 13. 1-12. Memorize verses 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.—Matt. 28. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

In that church an Antioch which we heard about two weeks ago there were men besides Saul and Barnabas who could preach and care for the church. They were told by the Holy Spirit to let these two men go to do a work to which he called them. So they fasted and prayed, and then sent Saul and Barnabas out to be missionaries. They took a young man with them named John Mark, a nephew of Barnabas.

They first went to a large, beautiful island called Cyprus. It was the place where Barnabas was born. They sailed into the port called Salamis, and began to preach the Gospel there. The governor, Sergius Paulus, who lived on the other end of the island, which was about a hundred miles long, sent for the apostles to hear them preach, and they went gladly. There was a magician there named Elymas, who tried to keep the governor from believing the Gospel, but the Lord sent blindness upon Elymas for a time. A strange darkness fell over him, and he had to be led about by the hand. Here Saul began to be called Paul, and they sailed to Perga, and John Mark went back to Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What are missionaries? People sent to tell about Jesus.

What Church first sent out missionaries? The one at Antioch.

Who were they? Saul and Barnabas. Where were they sent? To the island of Cyprus.

Who wanted to hear them preach? The governor.

What was his name? Sergius Paulus. Who did not want to hear about Jesus? Elymas.

Who was Elymas? A bad man whose spirit eyes were blind.

What came upon Elymas? Blindness of the natural eyes.

When is the heart blind? When it turns away from Jesus.

To what was Saul's name now changed? To Paul.

Where did the missionaries go next? To Perga.

**LESSON VIII. [May 25.]**

PAUL AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA.

Acts 13. 43-52. Memorize verses 46, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.—Acts 23. 38.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Paul and Barnabas left Cyprus they stopped at Perga, and then went on to Antioch in Pisidia. This was very different from the Antioch near the sea, for it was among the mountains. The apostles went into the synagogue, for it was the Sabbath day, and when Paul was asked to preach he rose and began telling the people there—and there were both Jews and Gentiles—the story of Jesus

and the salvation he came to bring. He told how he died and rose again, and was the Saviour of all who would believe on him.

Many of the Gentiles believed, but the Jews were angry with Paul and Barnabas. The apostles told them that the Gospel came first to them, but if they would not receive it they would turn to the Gentiles. The Gentiles were glad when they heard this, and thanked God, and helped to tell the Gospel story through all that region, but the Jews persecuted them, and sent them away. They went joyfully, for the Lord Jesus was with them, and came to Iconium. But the men who sent them away were not happy, for they had done a great wrong.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the missionaries now? At Antioch in Pisidia.

Where was this Antioch? Among the mountains.

Where were they on the Sabbath? In the synagogue.

Whom did they see there? Both Jews and Gentiles.

What were they asked to do? To preach.

Which one preached? Paul.

What did he say? That the Saviour had come.

Who believed him? Many Gentiles.

Who were very angry? The Jews.

What did they do? Drove the apostles away.

What is an awful sin? To refuse to hear about Jesus.

Where did the missionaries go next? To Iconium.

**HAPPY DAYS.**

BY CLAUDIA THARIN.

O the frost-king's reign is over!  
See the pink and plummy clover,  
And the daisies in the grasses  
Nodding to each breeze that passes;  
Watch the bee and butterfly  
Hum and buzz and flutter by,  
Stopping now and then to sip  
From a blossom's dewy lip.

Apple boughs are all a-blowing,  
Silver streams are all a-flowing;  
Violets ope wide their eyes  
In a rapturous surprise;  
Lilies dream beside the brooks,  
Hidden in the meadow nooks;  
And the birds, gone wild with glee,  
Fill the woods with melody.

Winds are soft, and fields are fair;  
Blue the sky, and sweet the air;  
And the happy blushing earth  
Laughs at every rose's birth.  
Golden days and silver nights,  
Hours a-brim with calm delights;  
Lilies chime, and bluebells ring:  
"Welcome, welcome to the spring!"



BEAVERS AT WORK.

### THE BABY BEAVER'S DAM.

"I know of a naturalist in Eastern Maine," said a well-known Maine college professor, "who wouldn't be convinced that beavers could build dams until he saw it done with his own eyes. He is an awfully incredulous fellow, anyway. One day I bought a baby beaver of a hunter who traps them, and sent him to my skeptical friend. He grew greatly attached to the little fellow, and kept him in the house; but he often wrote me that his beaver did not show any propensity at all for dam-building. One Monday, washing day, his wife set a leaky pail, full of water, on the kitchen floor. The beaver was in the kitchen—he was only a baby then, too—and he saw the water oozing out of the crack in the pail. He scampered out into the yard, brought in a chip, and began building his dam. The naturalist was summoned. He watched the little fellow, thunderstruck. Said he, 'Leave that pail there, wife, till doomsday, if needs be, and let's see what the little fellow will do.' The beaver kept at it four weeks, until he had built a solid dam clean around the pail. My naturalist friend is quite a beaver man to-day. They say, you know, that away down east

there is a beaver dam that two hundred thousand dollars could not build the like of. Oh, men don't know everything. The wasp knew how to make paper before we did."

### SUPPLY THE WANTS OF OTHERS.

I knew a little boy a number of years ago, who had a very loving and tender heart. He believed his mother to be the noblest woman on earth. His little heart was pained when she was in want of anything. His father was poor. He had met with heavy losses, and had been sick, so the family were poor. The mother was a careful, saving woman, and taught her children to be so. She never allowed them to have money to spend foolishly.

One day the little boy did an errand for a neighbour, and received five cents for pay. He said, "Now I will buy some salt for mamma, for I heard her say she needed some." He ran to the store and bought five cents' worth of salt and took it home to his mother. She was much pleased with this act of her son, and told him he had been very kind and unselfish to think of her wants first. Do you not think this little boy was very much happier than he would have been had he

spent his money for candy? Do you always think first of the wants of others before you please yourself? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Try this, and see if you are not happier.

### WHERE GO THE BOATS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand;  
It flows along for ever  
With trees on either hand.  
Green leaves a-floating  
Castles of the foam;  
Boats of mine a-boating.  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river,  
And out past the mill  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.  
Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

### TEMPERANCE GIRLS AND BOYS.

I wish to give three reasons why all these boys and girls ought to be on the side of temperance. First, because they know enough about the evils of drinking and the meaning of the pledge. Some one who thought boys and girls ought not to sign the pledge asked a little boy: "What does the word 'drunk' mean?" He answered: "Getting crazy on purpose." Then he asked: "What does pledge mean?" He answered: "To promise something, and then stick to it." The man saw the boy understood it, and so he let him sign the pledge and work for temperance. The second reason that I want the boys and girls on the side of temperance is because men by and by will be in character what we get the boys to be now. Bad boys will most likely be bad men, and good boys good men. In France, when wicked tyrants were kings, some of the boys had a band of hope, and when they marched they had on their flags the words, "Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up." They intended to drive the wicked rulers out of the country when they were men. So temperance boys shall say, "Tremble, intemperance and drinking, we shall grow up and put a stop to it." The third reason is because everybody can do something to help the cause of temperance, even the boys and girls. If there were only two temperance people in the world to-day, and each of them should get one more every year to be for temperance, and each of these new temperance people one more every year, it would not be many years before all the people of the world could be on the side of temperance. Let us all sign the pledge and keep it, and get everybody else we can to let beer-drinking entirely alone.