

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1903.

No. 17.

A STRANGE PLANT.

Did ever you see such a strange plant as this growing in a flower-pot? I wonder what name I should be giving it? It is not a morning-glory, but a mother's glory. Perhaps you think that a very queer name, but as it is a strange little plant, no wonder it has such an odd name. This little girl was christened Glory when she was a tiny baby, because she was such a bright little thing, with sparkling blue eyes and light, shining hair.

One day Glory got into a big flower-pot and looked like some strange plant growing there.

AN ARMY KITTEN.

One evening toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, in Virginia, the cry of "Halt! Who goes there?" from a sentry, started every lonnger to his feet; and several of the more curious ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl about ten years of age, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers, who had told the sentry to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen. The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was, scarcely a paragraph; but there

was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by, with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks."

pet kitten and present it to the colonel. The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but continued to be the property and the special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the visitors after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunderclouds of human passion and strife.

RIGHT AWAY.

A teacher asked her class what was meant by the expression in the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples: "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

After several answers the teacher asked: "How do you think our Father's will is done in heaven?"

A little girl responded: "It is done right away."

Reader, when you repeat that prayer, think of the child's answer. Certainly loving obedience will be prompt. Do you desire God's will done on earth? Then be willing to do his will yourself.



A STRANGE PLANT.

Her mother was dead, and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and, when the Union soldiers came, she thought she would bring her

FINDING FAULT.

The winds refused to blow ;
 " No use," said they, " to try,
 From north or south or east or west,
 These folks to satisfy.
 The north wind is ' too cold ;'
 The west wind, ' bold and rough ;'
 The east is ' chilly,' they complain ;
 The south ' not cold enough.' "

And so the windmills stopped,
 And ships lay idly by ;
 The sun beat down from morn till night
 Because no cloud could fly.
 The people sighed for wind.
 " Blow hot or cold," said they,
 " From north or south or east or west,
 ' Twill be the wisest way."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1903.

CHARLIE'S LIFE.

" Mother," said little Charlie, " Will Harnin says that his mother writes books ? "

" Does she ? " said the mother. Then she went on sewing, and forgot Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

" Mother," said Charlie, presently, " is it very hard to write a book ? "

" I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

" I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats.

Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back, her little boy was sitting on her footstool, busily writing; but as he wrote with a slate-pencil it didn't do any harm.

" Now, mother," said Charlie, " I'm done with my book."

" No," said his mother, thinking a little

while, " you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

" What is the name of my book ? " he asked, coming closer to her.

" Its name is ' Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

" And when will I be done writing that book ? " asked Charlie.

" When God sees that your book is long enough," answered his mother, " he will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly: " Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

" Yes," said his mother; " her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

Charlie looked up, and saw two tears fall on his mother's work; but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.

WHAT IS THE SWEETEST WORD ?

A little girl lay ill with fever. One evening she asked the nurse which was the sweetest word in the world, and the answer was " Mother." The child seemed unsatisfied, so the nurse said " Home," and then " Heaven." But the little one shook her head. Then the nurse thought of a name she was sure the child would think the sweetest, and the little face did brighten and seemed to hold a bit of heaven at the sound of the name of Jesus, and she said: " Yes, I am glad I know Jesus; he loves little children." Still she had an unsatisfied, questioning look, and the nurse asked: " Dear, what do you think is the sweetest word ? " " I think," she answered, " that ' whosoever ' is the very sweetest word; for don't you see that takes them all in—mother, home, heaven, Jesus, and all ? " Then came a quiver of the lips and a tender shadow over the face as she said: " I know lots of folks have no mother, but you see, Jesus will be a mother to them. O! I am so glad to know about ' whosoever.' "

A LITTLE BLACK BOY AND A BIG CHIEF.

In Uganda, in Africa, every Christian is expected to do something for the Master, and teach others of Jesus. They are sent from village to village to carry the good tidings. A little boy once went

to the chief's house, but he refused to let him come inside of the fence; so the boy stood outside and called through the fence that he was like one who had good medicine for the sick, but the sick would not take it.

The chief called out, " I am not sick; I am quite well."

" That is just what I thought about myself once," said the boy, " but I was not only sick, but dead, and worse than dead; for I was so bad I was spoiling all around me."

The chief became interested in the determined little fellow who would not go away, and invited him to come in and eat with him, and ended by buying a book and promising to learn to read.

And the last we heard of that old chief he was getting ready to be baptized. How glad that boy will be when he sees him join the army of the Lord.

ALFRED'S PRAYER.

" Mamma," said Alfred one night as he was going to bed, " I prayed that God would keep us children from quarrelling; but he has not answered that as yet, for sister Daisy and I quarrelled dreadfully to-day."

" Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

" Help the Lord, mamma? Can't he do everything ? "

" He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you; and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, then God will give you victory. But he won't do the work for you."

" O, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

" Yes, my dear," continued mamma, " you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able by and by to come and tell me that God has answered all your prayers."—*Kind Words.*

What God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything he gives you to do you must do as well as you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what he may want you to do next. If people would do what they have to, they would always find themselves ready for what came next.—*Selected.*

Children, remember that you can do a great deal more toward making home happy by obeying your fathers and mothers in all things.

LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little dewdrop brightens up the flower,
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if his aid we seek;
Just one cup of water given in his name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame,
Shown to those about you in some word or deed,
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VIII. [August 23.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 12-23. Memorize verses 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18. 24.

THE LESSON STORY.

While Saul was hunting for David to kill him David longed to see his dear friend Jonathan; so he went and found him, and Jonathan tried to comfort him, and they made a covenant, or promise that could not be broken, that they would be friends for ever. David knew that Saul would expect him at his table at the feast of the new moon, and Jonathan told him to stay away that he might see what the king would do, and then come to a great stone, named Ezel, in a field, and he would come out as if to practise with his bow and arrows. He said that when he shot, as at a mark, if he should say to his boy, "The arrows are on this side of thee;" it would mean peace. "But," he said, "if I say unto the young man, The arrows are beyond thee, go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away." So at the feast Saul was angry that David had stayed away—so angry that he threw his spear at his own son Jonathan.

Jonathan went to the great stone with his armour-bearer, and after sending the arrows beyond, as he had said, he sent the boy home with the bow and arrows, and David came out, and they embraced each other, with tears, and again made the promise to be faithful to each other for ever. And David was once more a wanderer.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was David's dearest friend? Jonathan.

What was Saul, his father, doing? Hunting David's life.

What did David long for? To see his friend.

Did he go to him? Yes.

What did Jonathan say he would do? Find if Saul was angry.

When? When David was absent from the king's table.

How was he to tell David? By the way he shot his arrows.

Where? By the great stone Ezel.

What did David find? That the king was angry.

What did Jonathan do? Sent his armour-bearer away.

What did the two friends do? Embraced and wept.

What did they again make? Their promise to be friends for ever.

LESSON IX. [August 30.

DAVID SPARES SAUL.

1 Sam. 26. 5-12, 21-25. Memorize v. 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.—Luke 6. 27.

THE LESSON STORY.

David went away into the wilderness of rocks that lies in the south of the Holy Land, and while living in the cave of Adullam many men came to him, for in their hearts the people cared more for David than for Saul, but they feared Saul. Once when Saul stopped to rest in a cave while hunting for David, David, who was in the cave, went to him and cut a piece from his robe, as he slept, and after he had gone out followed him and showed it to him. This made Saul very much ashamed, for he knew that he would not have treated David so kindly.

Again, when Saul was seeking David with three thousand men, and had camped on the edge of the wilderness, David and one of his men went into the camp at night and took Saul's spear and water-bottle from beside his head as he slept, and then called to Saul's chief captain, Abner, from a distant hilltop. Saul knew the voice of David, and again he said he was wrong and foolish, and went back from following David. He even blessed David, saying, "Thou shalt both do great things, and also shalt still prevail."

Poor, restless, unhappy Saul, who was no longer king, though he seemed to be! The King of kings was not on his side.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did David have to live? In woods and caves.

Who was following him? Saul.

Who came to live with David? Six hundred men.

Where did Saul lie down to sleep? In David's cave.

What did David do? Cut a piece from his robe.

What did Saul think when he knew it? He was ashamed.

Was he truly sorry? No.

Why? Because he tried again to kill David.

How did David again find him? Asleep.

What did he do? Took away his spear and water-bottle.

What did he do? Called to Saul from a hilltop.

What did Saul do after this? He went home.

LITTLE, BUT FAITHFUL.

Once a gentleman put up a sign on his store door, "BOY WANTED." The next day a great many boys came to see if he would hire them for the place. One of them was a little, queer-looking fellow. He carried a letter from his aunt, in which she said: "Charlie is small, but he is willing and faithful."

The man said to himself: "That is the kind of a boy I want. I think I will try him."

Not long after this the gentleman asked the clerks which of them was willing to stay all night in the store. None of them would consent but little Charlie. About midnight the merchant thought that he would step into the store to see if all was right, when he found Charlie busy cutting out labels.

"I didn't ask you to work all night," said the gentleman.

"I know," said Charlie; "but I thought that, as I was here, I might as well be doing something."

In many other ways Charlie proved that he was willing and faithful, and the storekeeper was never sorry that he had hired him.—Selected.

HIS BLOOD CLEANSSES FROM ALL SIN.

A gentleman teacher in one of our Sabbath schools had long been trying to make clear to his class what the "blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin" meant. Having a cottage at Cape May, he invited four of his boys to visit him. Walking along the beach with the boys one day, he told one of them to get him a stick. Having got the stick, he told him to write "S," and said: "You see that letter; what is it?" "Why," they said, "it is 'S.'" "Now write 'I'; now write 'N.'" Now what does that spell, boys?" "Why, sin." At this moment a great wave came in and washed the beach smooth and clean, so that no trace of the letters remained. "Now, boys," said the teacher, "that is just the way with the 'blood of Christ'; he comes with his love and power, and washes your sin just as you have seen those waves wash the letters away. Do you not want to be washed."—Sel.



THE LITTLE SAILOR.

THE LITTLE SAILOR.

Jack is a bright little boy of seven who goes with his father and mother every summer to the Thousand Islands. His home is in Montreal, and every year when he goes to the Islands he passes through the Lachine Canal, which was built to afford ships a way of return from the east to the west, as they cannot sail up the rapids.

When Jack and his parents return to their city home they go down the river and shoot the rapids. This Jack enjoys very much, and he says that some day, when the old Indian pilot who guides the ship between the rocks dies, he will be pilot.

Though he is just a little boy he knows a great deal about boats. He often goes skiff-sailing with his father, and has learned to use the rudder very well. He has a toy sail-boat that skims away over the water quite quickly when there is a fair breeze.

A SUNDAY DOG.

It used to be a common thing to see dogs at church with their owners in the country parts of England and Scotland, and as they usually behaved well they were not

molested. But very much later than that a handsome setter in one of the Middle States not only went to church faithfully, but took it upon himself to keep all the family up to their duty.

His name was Joe, and his face was full of kindness and intelligence. The cocking-up of his left ear and a general expression of being on the alert were peculiar to him on Sunday, and he seemed resolved that every man, woman, and child on the premises should honour the day as he did.

He never made a mistake in the day of days, which he began by leaving his kennel earlier than usual to set about getting those children off to Sunday-school. There was a long country walk before them, and he knew they'd be late unless he kept at them. So he barked and scolded, and rapped about them, saying as plainly as dog-language could, "Do hurry, you thoughtless creatures. Don't you hear the first bell ringing?"

When the laughing flock was ready to start, Joe marched off with them, and kept severe discipline in the way of wanderings by the roadside. But one Sunday morning this faithful guardian nearly fell into dis-

grace himself. He had dashed from his kennel to give chase to a rabbit, apparently forgetting what day it was, when the sound of the first bell suddenly reminded him. The knowing cock of his ear had dropped as he wheeled about and went off at full speed to hurry up his careless charges.

Joe always marched into Sunday-school with them and paid strict attention to what was going on. He also went to church afterward, and established himself in the family pew without ever making a mistake.

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue.
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all her treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is Mother's Comfort,
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

A QUEER CROW'S NEST.

A firm of opticians in Bombay have rooms where pebbles and spectacle-frames are manufactured. Quite recently an assistant discovered that a large number of gold, silver, and steel spectacle-frames had mysteriously disappeared. The men employed were suspected, and orders were given that no one should have access to the room but the manager. Still the thefts continued, and the manager could not discover the thief. One day, however, he was startled by hearing the flapping of a bird's wings at the window, and saw a large crow, which, when it had picked up a frame in its beak, flew away to the roof of a neighbouring building. A search was made on the roof, when it was found that the thieving bird had constructed thereon for itself a cosy nest composed of the missing frames. The design of this gold and silver structure was so ingenious, and presented such a beautiful appearance, being so deftly and carefully woven together, that it was decided to keep it intact for a time, and before the materials were unwoven and separated a photograph of the nest was taken. It was not only a queer crow's nest, it was also a dear one, consisting of eighty-four frames, of the value of about £50.

A Bible unread is a lamp never lighted.
There is oil, but no light.