

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1905.

No. 13.

## THE SISTERS.

This is a pretty picture in itself, is it not? But it is still more pretty in that which it suggests—the love of two sisters for each other. For I think it must be that these two girls are very fond of each other. Their love for one another makes them happy, more happy than they could be alone.

It is very delightful when children are happy together. It is very sad when a family, where peace and love ought to reign, is made unhappy by quarrels and unkindness.

A while ago I spent a Sabbath at a friend's house where there was quite a family of children. What pleased me very much was that during all the time that I was there I did not hear any cross tones or any disputes between these brothers and sisters. They enjoyed each other's company, but there was not the suspicion of a quarrel. Perhaps you say

there ought not to have been anything like disputing on Sunday anyway. That is true enough. The Sabbath ought to be a day of peace. But I judged from the manner of these children towards each other that they were never quarrelsome.

That is as it should be in families. There is no reason in the world why brothers and sisters should not live together in harmony and peace. But sometimes we do not find this to be the case. In some homes there seems to be nothing but contention from morning to night. There is



THE SISTERS.

perpetual quarrelling. John will not let Jane look at his new geography, and so Jane tries to snatch the book. It is as likely as not that the book will be torn before they are through. That is no way for a brother and sister to act towards each other. By and by John wants some stitching done on the sails of a boat he is making. But he was disobliging about his geography, and so Jane retaliates by refusing to do anything to his "old sails." Of course both are unhappy. Having our own way and being disobliging does

the teasing good-naturedly. There is nothing that makes teasing fall so flat as to find that it don't tease. No boy will care to keep it up when he finds that you don't mind him. He will vote you "real jolly," and let you alone. So you see, boys and girls, that you have this matter in your own hands. So far as each one of you is concerned yours may be a happy and harmonious family. You can be kind and loving towards the others, no matter how they may be towards you. If you are found to be thus kind it will help to make

not make us happy. Any boy or girl guilty of such conduct feels at heart the wrongfulness of it. When we know in our conscience that we are wrong we cannot be happy.

Now, the way to correct this evil when it exists in any family is for each one to firmly resolve to do all that he can to keep the peace. It always takes two persons to quarrel. So, John, you can make up your mind that no matter how disobliging Jane may be inclined to be, you will not retaliate by being ugly in return. You may be sure that when she comes to think of it she will be uncomfortable over it, and she will be all the more uncomfortable if you are not cross and resentful because of her conduct.

In the same way, Jane, if John teases you—and you know that boys are, as you girls say, "horrid teases,"—the best way for you is not to mind it. Take

the others kind too. At any rate, you will be far happier than if you yielded to the impulse to quarrel. Perhaps your example will work through the whole family, just as leaven works through the dough when bread is being made. The experiment is worth trying.

And that you may not fail, you need the strength that God only can give. Ask him for that strength every day; yes, ask him for it whenever the temptation comes to be disobliging or quarrelsome or unloving.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1905.

### LITTLE WHATLL-YOU-GIVE.

He was a little boy named Ernest. He had big brown eyes and curly hair and dimples in his cheeks.

Now this little boy with the curls and the big brown eyes had a very serious fault. He always said, "What'll you give?" whenever he was asked to do errands.

His father and his mother were troubled. His father did not like to have his little boy form such a bad habit. He thought awhile, and then one night he told mother a way to cure Ernest of his fault.

The next morning mother heard Ernest say, "If I go an' get you some flowers, what'll you give me?"

"I don't know, dear. What do you wish?" said grandmother.

"Have you fi' cents, grandmother?"

"No, dear."

"Have you any pennies?"

Just then mother came into the room and said: "Grandmother, I'm looking for Ernest. Can you tell me where he is?"

"I see right here, mother!" cried Ernest.

"Oh, no! you are not Ernest. Your name is What'll-you-give!"

Every time after that when the little boy said, "What'll you give," mother went

to the telephone and told father that little What'll-you-give had come to see them. When father heard that message, he forgot to talk to Ernest when he went out to visit his parents.

At last, father came home one day after he had mother's message, and said, "It isn't possible that our little Ernest and What'll-you-give are the same boy?"

"I don't like to think that," said mother. "I would much rather have our Ernest."

"And I've missed my little Ernest so much on my long drives," said father.

The little boy's cheeks grew very red, and the curly head drooped.

"I fink I see Ernest, now, mother."

That was almost the last time that mother had to telephone to father that little What'll-you-give had come.

### WHO FOUND THE HAT?

"I'll sew that rip in the crown to-morrow," said Jessie Hamilton, as she seized her big sunhat and rushed off to try the new swing that Robert, the gardener, had put up in the great oak at the foot of the garden. Soon she was squealing with delight as her head touched the green leaves, and the wind caught her hat and whirled it to the ground, and along the grass.

Next day all the little people of the neighborhood were going berry-picking in the great raspberry patch six miles away.

"Mother, where do you 'spose my big hat is," called Jessie, excitedly, as the wagon that was to carry them all to the berry-patch drove up, and although mother and all the household, even to Robert, searched wildly, no broad-brimmed hat, with its gay blue scarf was to be seen, and Jessie had to go with a sailor hat of her brother's.

After all it was Robert who found the missing hat, as he went to cut the long grass in the corner, near the swing. But he was not the first to find it, for, when he came on it, through the top of the crown peeped a furry white head, with black tipped ears, and three frolicsome kittens were rolling over and over on its brim, while mother Snow-white sat proudly on guard.

But when four kittens set out to have a morning's play with their little mistress's sunhat, it is an unlucky thing if there are any loose stitches in it.

The day after the berry-picking, Jessie and her mother had a quiet talk, as Jessie slowly and carefully sewed round and round the crown of her hat.

"I guess it's true, mother, about that stitch in time. If I'd fixed my hat when you told me, it wouldn't have taken me the whole morning to do it, and I would not have had my nose all sunburned wearing Harmon's little hat, and besides," and Jessie's voice sounded very much ashamed, indeed, "I wouldn't have made you worry all over that you had a careless little girl— but mother, after this, I truly will try to remember about 'the stitch in time,' in more things than a sunhat."

### A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

Curled up in a big chair, Teddy had actually been still for five whole minutes.

"Mamma," he said at last, "is my papa a gentleman?"

"Of course he is, Teddy. Why do you ask?"

"Well, is Jimmy Miller's papa a gentleman?" he went on without answering.

"I hope so, darling."

"But he doesn't wear nice clothes, and carry a cane, and he digs people's gardens for them," persisted Teddy, "and Allen Hay said that gentlemen always had good clothes and clean hands, and raised their hats to ladies."

Mamma felt like smiling at Allen's idea of a gentleman, but she said, "A gentleman may do those things, and should if he is able, but they do not make the gentleman. A true gentleman is gentle and thoughtful for the weaker ones, honest and pure-hearted, even if he wears rags, and I hope my little son will always be one."

Sounds of hammering at the side of the house brought mamma to the window half an hour later, and she smiled to see her boy doing his best to nail a board to the play-house.

"What are you doing, Teddy?"

Teddy looked rather ashamed as he answered, "just trying to fix Elsie's play-house. I took this board off yesterday, so it would be fun to throw things in, and scare her. But I guess it wouldn't be much fun, and Elsie couldn't fix it herself."

"You're beginning to be a gentleman, I see." And Teddy went on with his hammering. "Say! Teddy," called a boy at the gate, "come and see these Indians selling baskets, we'll have some fun with them."

Down went the hammer, and off dashed Teddy, but before he reached the gate he stopped short.

"I haven't time Allen, and besides, I don't think Indians like being teased; I wouldn't, if I was one. Come and help me fix Elsie's play-house."

He didn't think that mamma heard him, but he felt very happy when she said, "Some people can be gentlemen, even with dirty hands, and one shoe unlace, I see."

### COME TO JESUS.

"Mamma, our teacher told us at Sunday-school that we must come to Jesus if we want him to save us; but how can I come to him when I cannot see him?"

"Did you ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" asked mother. "Yes, mamma." "Did you see me when you asked me?" "No; but I knew that you would hear me, and get it for me," said the little girl. "Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know he is near us and hears every word, and will give us what we need."

## PEACE AND LOVE.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Dear little birds on the swaying bough,  
With bills together so lovingly;  
Little brown mates with fluttering wings  
And bird hearts full of their innocent  
glee!  
All around them the breezes blow,  
All about them the sunbeams play,  
And, best of all, there is peace and love,  
Which makes for the birdies a happy day.

Dear little children who read this rhyme,  
Are there kisses on dear little lips so  
sweet,  
And loving thoughts in your childish hearts  
For the little playmates with whom you  
meet?  
Oh, these little birds on the swaying bough  
Are preaching a bit of a sermon; see?  
And teaching the lesson of peace and love,  
In a beautiful way, to you and to me.

No matter how sad or dark the day,  
With love in our hearts the sun lies there,  
But a selfish heart and words unkind  
Will ruin a day, however fair,  
Come weal or woe, come joy or pain,  
We can better enjoy, or can bear the more,  
Whichever the dear Lord sends us each,  
If we hold in our hearts a goodly store  
Of the love and the peace that will shine  
for aye,  
Till we come, at last, to the "Perfect  
Day."

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

## LESSON II.—JULY 9.

## HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

Isa. 38. 1-8. Memorize verses 4-6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very  
present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

## THE LESSON STORY.

We do not know all the trouble of mind  
that the king of Judah had when the  
Assyrians were camped around him, but  
the record is that "in those days was  
Hezekiah sick unto death." His good  
friend, Isaiah the prophet, came to see him,  
and instead of comforting him he said,  
"Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in  
order: for thou shalt die, and not live."

The poor king was weak with his sick-  
ness, and remembering how he had tried  
to be a good king and had kept up the  
worship of the true God in his kingdom,  
he wondered why he should be taken away.  
Then he turned his face to the wall and  
cried just as if he were a little boy and not  
a king. He also prayed a little prayer;  
he did not ask for anything, but prayed  
the Lord to remember how he had tried  
to be good. The Lord knew all about it,

and he told his prophet to say to the king  
that he had heard his prayer and had seen  
his tears, and that he would add to his life  
on earth fifteen years.

He said, too, that he would defend Jeru-  
salem from its enemies, and for a sign that  
all his promises would be made good he  
said that the shadow on the sundial of  
Ahaz, which probably stood in the king's  
garden, should go back, instead of forward,  
ten degrees. We cannot understand how  
this was done, for wherever the sun casts  
its shadow there it must be, but the Lord,  
who made the sun and its shadow, knew  
just what to do. When they looked at the  
dial they saw the sign, and Hezekiah began  
to get well. Isaiah also told them to lay  
a lump of figs on the "boil," or abscess, that  
made the king so sick, and he should get  
well.

While he was getting well the king wrote  
a beautiful song of praise, in which he said,  
"The living, the living shall praise thee, as  
I do this day."

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What trouble came to king Hezekiah? The armies of Assyria.
2. How was he delivered? The Lord destroyed them.
3. What soon came to Hezekiah? He was very sick.
4. What word did the Lord send him? That he must die.
5. Who brought the word? Isaiah the prophet.
6. What did Hezekiah do? He wept and prayed.
7. Did the Lord hear him? Yes, and sent an answer.
8. What did he say? That Hezekiah should live fifteen years.
9. What was the sign? That the shadow on the dial should go backward.
10. How far? Ten degrees.
11. Did Hezekiah get well? Yes.
12. What did he do then? He wrote a song of praise.

## LESSON III.—JULY 16.

## THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Isa. 52. 13 to 53. 12. Memorize verses 4-6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity  
of us all.—Isa. 53. 6.

## THE LESSON STORY.

About seven hundred years before the  
coming of the Lord to our earth as Jesus,  
the son of Mary, Isaiah the prophet wrote  
down his visions about him. Of course  
they were given by the Lord, and it may  
be that Isaiah himself did not understand  
his own visions; but now, in this far age  
of the world, we are able to see that he  
was talking about Jesus, who lived among  
men, was tried before Pilate, hung upon a  
cross, buried in Joseph's tomb; Jesus, who  
died that he might bring us all out of our  
low states into the life of heaven.

It will be very difficult for little children  
to think about all this. It is not a story

of outward things, like the lesson about  
Sennacherib's army. It is a picture of God  
coming down to be man, and suffering and  
dying for the children of his love. Can  
you see the love in the heart of your  
mother? No, yet you see and hear and  
feel things that make you sure that it is  
there. So do we in these words of Isaiah  
find things that are so full of divine love—  
the love of God for his creatures—and of  
divine sorrow—a sorrow greater than we  
could bear—that we are sure that he is  
talking about the divine Man. What won-  
derful words! It seems almost wrong to  
quote any of them here. Perhaps your  
teacher will think it best to read them all  
through to you very slowly and tenderly,  
so that you may think of Jesus in every  
sentence, and wonder how it could have  
been written so long before he came. You  
have an eye within your heart to see Jesus  
with, and he makes himself known to all  
little children who look to him. Ask him  
to set your mind and heart in order, as  
your mother sets her house in order when  
guests are coming, so that you may have a  
heart to offer him for his human temple.  
That is what he wants each one of us  
to be.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Isaiah? A prophet of the  
Lord!
2. When did he live? About seven  
hundred years before Christ.
3. How could he know about Christ?  
The Lord gave him a vision.
4. What did he see? His sufferings and  
death.
5. What did he see besides? His king-  
dom filling the earth.
6. What does our lesson show? That  
Christ was to suffer and die for us.
7. What led him to do this? Love.
8. Can we understand his love? No.
9. What may we do? We may believe  
in his love.
10. What will this do for us? It will  
bind our hearts to him.
11. For whom did Christ live and die?  
For all the world.
12. How can we thank him? By giving  
him our hearts.

## A GOOD GAME.

"Auntie, please tell me something to  
do, I'm tired of Sunday. It's too late  
to go out, and too early for the lamp."  
"Well," said auntie, can you tell me of  
any one in the Bible whose name begins  
with A?" "Yes, Adam." "For B,"  
went on auntie, "take Benjamin. Now  
a C." "Cain." "Let me tell a D," put  
in Joe. "Daniel." "And I know ever so  
many E's," exclaimed Alice. "Elijah and  
Elisha, and—" "One is enough," said  
auntie. "Now for F." And so we went  
through all the letters of the alphabet,  
till before we knew it, it was tea-time.  
"Let's play it every Sunday," we all  
said.





ON A CANAL, HAMBURG.

### HAMBURG—A STRICKEN CITY.

The city of Hamburg gained notoriety a few years ago as the scene of one of the most disastrous plagues which has visited Europe since the "Black Death" of the Middle Ages. Several causes conspired to give this city this unhappy prominence. It is the greatest seaport in the continent of Europe, and ranks in this respect next to London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. It is connected by a perfect network of railways with all parts of the continent, and thus furnishes facilities for receiving the fatal germs of epidemic disease. It is the great port of departure of immigrants from the Old World, especially for the Russian Jews, who have been driven from their homes by the stern ukase of the Czar.

Many of these unhappy people were wretchedly poor and squalidly filthy. A multitude of them camped beside the river Elbe on the outskirts of the city, and the filth of their encampment was allowed to drain into the river. To this contamination is traced the outburst of the disease. The city, moreover, is penetrated in every direction by canals like that shown in the cut above. These canals are the very nest and breeding-places of disease, their slug-

gish waters promoting the growth and spread of morbid germs. As a too-late precaution against the sickness, pure water was brought from a distance and furnished to the poor. Many of the well-to-do people even had their food supply brought from Berlin and other distant places. The unhappy poor could not fare thus, and every article of food was rendered extremely unpalatable by being saturated with the fumes of brimstone, which was copiously burned as an antidote to the disease.

The following tragical account indicates the dire distress in which the city was placed:

The epidemic carried in its train such want and suffering as never before marked the history of Hamburg. Nearly all the trades in the city were at a standstill, and thousands of working-men found it utterly impossible to earn a penny. The people who had done business with Hamburg were afraid to handle anything made in the

plague-stricken city. With no demand for products, manufacturers found it impossible to keep their employees at work, and daily the idle population of the city gained fresh accessions from the ranks of clerks, artisans and unskilled laborers who were discharged because of the utter stagnation of business. Scores of great ships lay idle at the docks for weeks.

The city is supposed to date back as far as the time of Charlemagne, who founded a castle here and established a church and bishop whose mission it was to promote Christianity in this northern region. The city joined the Hanseatic League, an alliance of the great commercial towns of Northern Germany for trade purposes. It won prominence as a Free City (i.e., customs duties were not levied), and gained honorable distinction in the good work of sweeping the sea of pirates. The discovery of America and of the sea route to India did much for the trade of Hamburg, but not so much as it did for that of England and Holland. In 1529 the citizens adopted the Reformed Faith, and it has ever since been strongly Protestant. It has now a population of 30,000, or including suburbs, 470,000.

It has a magnificent harbor, where lie

numerous vessels from all quarters of the globe. The old market-place is one of quaint architectural interest, and on market days the peasants of the neighboring country still wear, to a considerable extent, their quaint rustic costumes.

### WE'RE CHUMS, YOU SEE.

They wonder why I run and tell  
Of every little thing,  
And say I'm such a baby boy,  
Tied to an apron string.  
But truly I don't blame them much;  
They're different from me;  
My mother knows just what is what,  
Because we're chums, you see!

When things are in a tangle up,  
And tempers snarling, too,  
When some one needs a whipping bad,  
(And maybe it is you!)  
She never scolds or makes a fuss,  
But, as sweet as sweet can be,  
Will try to help a fellow out,  
Because we're chums, you see!

She ciphers with me on my slate,  
Then helps me read and spell,  
And makes me study hard and learn  
To say my lessons well.  
And mother's great at games; she likes  
To play as well as we;  
When our side wins, she's just as glad,  
Because we're chums, you see!

I'm sorry for those other chaps,  
I pity every one;  
They'd love to have a chum like mine  
For all they're poking fun.  
Some mothers are too tired I know,  
And others do not care  
To bother with the little boys,  
Their plays and studies share.

But mine! She's just the very best  
Of loving friends to me!  
And, oh, I'm such a happy son,  
Because we're chums, you see!

### WHO TOLD?

Among the pictures in the photograph album was one that Teddy and Joey always liked to show company. They turned to that one first every time.

"See! here it is!" Teddy would cry. "Do you know who it is?"

"Now, don't tell," Joey would warn him. "Let them guess. See! they're playing ball, and somebody took their pictures. I don't know the boys that are sitting down, but this one here that's going to pitch the ball is somebody we do know. Now, don't tell, Teddy."

One day they were showing the picture to a lady friend, and she said:

"It can't be Teddy, because he's too young."

"And it can't be I," Joey added, "because I'm not so big as that yet, and that picture was taken a long time ago, when my—there! I almost told."