

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

No. 21.

TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The kind nurse in the picture is telling the old, old story—so old, yet ever new—the story of the little babe born in a manger at Bethlehem. She is telling how he grew to be a good child, obedient to his parents, working in Joseph's shop with hammer and plane and saw. She is telling how he became the noblest of all men, going about everywhere doing good; how he made the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. She is telling them how he healed the sick, yea, even if they did but touch the hem of his garment, and how he restored to the bereaved and weeping widow her lost and only son. And she is telling them how he ever loved little children, that he was ever thoughtful of them, and that it was his beautiful example men have sought to follow ever since—the example of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And when she comes to the place where she tells how men crucified this loyal lover of children, and how he thought only of others in his dying hour, their faces are wet with tears.

The following are incidents from real life in the hospital. Our young friends who are full of health and strength cannot do a nicer thing than send some little love gift to those poor sick children.

At eight a.m. breakfast is served to the children in the wards. The patients, unless those who are very ill, look forward with eagerness to the serving of the meals. It is touching to see a little fellow, with spoon firmly grasped in his hand, ready to

commence operations, and eyes, which ought to be reverently closed, winking and blinking in order to get at least a glimpse of the viands, singing very earnestly—and quickly, the usual blessing—

longingly for their coming. But for some of our little sick ones there is no "mother day," the mothers have gone to the far-off land, or they have deserted their offspring and left them to the care of strangers. Thank God that the love of

Jesus in the soul prompts strangers to give to these neglected ones a mother's care.

The daily life in our wards is very full of amusing incidents; at least there is about them a pathetic kind of amusement. Little M—, our deaf and dumb child, who is quite a mimic, visits the bedsides of the very sick ones every morning, and with great solemnity feels their pulses and, if they will let her, puts a slate pencil under their tongues, or arms, in order to take (as she has seen the doctors do) their temperature.

Our children are taught the lessons of faith and truth we daily learn ourselves. Sometimes at the evening hour the children, led by "Joey," our senior patient, who is quite a musician, have a little song service all by themselves, and when it is ended, little hands are folded and before the weary eyelids close for the night many little lips whisper reverently, "Our Father," or

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child:
Pity my simplicity;
Help me, Lord, to come to thee."

Our Hospital is in every respect like a well-managed Christian household. Superintendent, assistant nurses and domestics are all servants of the Lord Jesus, and



TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of God sent down from Heaven."

Wednesday afternoon is "Mother's Day," and those who have mothers look

the influence is sweet and hopeful. We are greatly blessed in our Superintendent and assistant. Their hearts are wholly at work, and with faithfulness and tenderness they discharge their varied and onerous duties.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT JESUS.

BY M. L. CADY.

Supper is over, and while mamma is clearing away the tea-things, Mamma draws a stool up in front of the fire to let Robbie warm his feet before he is undressed and carried away to bed. Robbie is not inclined to sit still, however. The bricks in front of the fire-place are nice and warm, and he says he likes to "stand on them barefooted." So, to keep him quiet, Mamma talks to him about another little child, who was once born into the world. Robbie's brown eyes open wide with wonder, when Mamma tells him how Herod the king searched for the little child, and finally killed all the babies for the sake of putting Jesus to death.

Robbie is very quiet now and listens with a great deal of interest, as he hears how this little child became a man who healed all the sick folks who came to him, gave sight to the blind, and even caused dead persons to live again. He cannot understand why the people were so wicked as to kill one who was so good to them; and he looks very indignant as he talks about it. He wishes he could have seen Jesus and been blessed like the little children whom Christ held in his arms when he was on earth.

Perhaps some of the children who read HAPPY DAYS may have wished the same. The writer remembers having done so when she was a little girl.

But Christ's invitations to the children were not alone to the little ones who lived at the same time that he did, but to all the children who will love him and obey him. When he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," he intended that the children of all coming ages should have his blessing, as well as the little ones he held in his loving arms. He asks lovingly for the heart of every child to-day, and wants you to give yourself to him. He has a work for each one of you, which no grown person can do. It is a beautiful thought and full of comfort to us, that we can go to Jesus in prayer and faith, just as truly as those did who lived in Christ's time.

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there;
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents look so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cents into her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for home missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this home missions day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go, too." And she went to get it, with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?"

"Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to home missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me thinking.

1. We should deal honestly with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all you want."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.

3. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

4. Let us give until we feel it.

TAKING FATHER'S WORD.

There was once a great preacher by the name of Monod. In one of his sermons he told a story about two little girls who were watching the sunset. The older one told her sister to notice what a long way the sun had travelled since morning. The little one reminded her that her father had told them that morning that the sun did not move.

"Yes," said the older sister, "but I don't believe it. I saw the sun rise over there this very morning; and now it is away over here. How can a thing go all that distance without moving? If we didn't move, we should be always where we are now, up on this hill."

"But," said the little one, "you know father said it was the earth that moved."

"I know it," said the other, "but I don't believe that either. I am standing on the earth now, and so are you. How can you pretend to think it moves when you see it does not stir?"

Said the great preacher: "These simple ones might divide mankind between them, and carry the banner of their parties through the world. There never has been and there never will be any other division but they that take, and they that will not take, their Father's word."

What Father do you think he meant?

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

One day a group of children were playing out of doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school bell rung. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one, "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented; but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

God can see me every day,
When I work and when I play,
When I read and when I talk,
When I run and when I walk,
When I eat and when I drink,
When I sit and only think;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad;
When I pluck the scented rose
That in my neat garden grows;
When I crush the tiny fly,
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church, at prayer,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON V.—October 29.

POWER THROUGH GOD'S SPIRIT.

Zech. 4. 1-10. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.—Zech. 4. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

The enemies of the Jews hindered and troubled them so much that after a while they became discouraged and stopped work on the Lord's house. Some of their enemies had taken evil tidings to Cyrus, the king of Babylon, who had urged them to build the temple, and he had taken back his promise, and now for fourteen years there had been no work done on the Lord's house. God sent a message of help to them by the prophet Haggai. He told them to be strong and that God would surely help them, but they looked at the strength of their enemies and did not remember the strength of the most high God. After a time God sent another message to them by the prophet Zechariah. This was especially to show them where they could find help and strength, and it was a message of triumph. An angel brought the message to Zechariah, and he took it to the people. He saw in a vision a candlestick of pure gold having seven lamps and seven pipes running to the lamps. This was a picture of the pure service of the Lord and the light and

cheer it gives. It showed, too, that he means his people to be lights in the world, but that they do not have to make their own light. The pipes which carried the oil showed that God had made a way to carry his own Spirit to the hearts of his people, and this Holy Spirit, the emblem of his love and truth, is the power through which trouble and danger are overcome. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was the leader of the Jews? Zerubbabel.
2. What did the Lord send to him? A message.
3. What for? To encourage him.
4. Who showed Zechariah, the prophet, a vision? An angel.
5. What did he see in the vision? A gold candlestick.
6. What was upon it? Seven lamps.
7. Of what were the lamps a sign? Of God's light and truth.
8. What led to the lamps? Seven pipes.
9. What fed the lamps? The oil going through the pipes.
10. Of what was this a sign? Of the Holy Spirit.
11. What is stronger than men's might? The Spirit of God.
12. How may we have his Spirit? By asking for it.

LESSON VI.—November 5.

ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER PEOPLE.

Esth. 4. 10 to 5. 3. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him.—Psa. 145. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

The story of the beautiful young Jewess, Esther, who had become the queen of Ahasuerus, the king of Persia, is a long one which you should read carefully. When Esther's own people, the Jews, were in great danger, through the wicked plans laid by Haman, the prime minister of the king, she did not selfishly fold her hands, but she risked her own life to help them. When Mordecai begged her to bring Haman's evil plans before the king she sent word to him that she had not been called to come before the king for thirty days, and that if she went without being called she might be put to death. But Mordecai, her uncle, who loved her dearly, said, "Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther knew that the king loved her, but she did not trust to this. She asked that all the Jews in Shushan would neither eat or drink for three days, while they asked God to bless and help her. She said that she and her maidens would

do the same. And then she would go before the king uncalled, and "If I perish, I perish," she said. There was a law that if the king held out the golden sceptre at such a time it would show that he was not angry.

On the third day Esther put on her beautiful royal garments and stood in the court of the king's house, and he saw her standing there. How full of joy was Esther when the king held out the golden sceptre to her. She drew near and touched the top of the sceptre, and the king said, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom." Then, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Queen Esther? A Jewess.
2. Who had brought her up? Her uncle Mordecai.
3. Why did the king of Persia choose her for queen? She was so good and beautiful.
4. What enemy had the Jews? Haman.
5. Who was Haman? The king's prime minister.
6. What did he want to do? Get all the Jews killed.
7. Did Haman know that Esther was a Jewess? No, he did not.
8. What did Mordecai ask Esther to do? To try to save her people.
9. What did she know? That she might die if she went to the king.
10. What did she ask all the Jews to do? To fast three days.
11. What did this show? That she wanted help from God.
12. How did God help her? By giving her the king's favor.

TWO SIDES OF A PLUM.

A little boy came out from dinner one day, saying, "Papa, I had a plum, and half of it was bad!" The boy spoke as a pessimist. An optimist would have said, "I had a plum, and half of it was good." Here lies the difference between happiness and misery. When we fix our thoughts on the bad half of the plum, we are wretched. When we forget the bad half and enjoy the good half, we are serene and comfortable. All life proves in experience to be the little lad's plum. Both success and happiness lie in fixing the mind and heart on the good half. One may cherish such a faith in God and the future as will turn all that we term drudgery into a delightful joy.

If a little boy who had never seen the snow should ask you to tell him about it, what do you think you would say?



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT JESUS. (SEE SECOND PAGE.)

"GOD'S LITTLE ERRAND GIRL."

Little Hester loved Jesus, and tried to do his will. One day she and her mother had been talking together about their heavenly Father, and Hester said: "Why,

mother, God is sending us on errands all the time! O, it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl!" There are many things that an errand-girl or errand-boy can do which are very important.

To do errands properly one must be attentive, and learn just what needs to be done; must be prompt, and go at once to do the errands, and be sure to do the errands right.