



HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1904.

No. 16.



THE BAREFOOT BOY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LITTLE HELPERS.

We are merry children,
Happy all the day,
Faithful in the work we do,
Joyful at our play.

Glad to help each other
Every way we can,
Trying to be good and true
Is our honest plan.

What we do for others
Helps us to be strong;
Striving always for the right,
We shall conquer wrong.

All are old enough to try,
If they have the will;
Growing wiser day by day,
We our part may fill.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. Yearly Sub'n

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday school Banner, 48 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly under 5 copies	0 30
5 copies at 1 over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly	0 25
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 50
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 30
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
20 to 23 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HERBERT,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1904.

HOW LEO CONQUERED.

Leo had a slight cold, and the hint of croup in his hoarse cough decided mamma to keep him out of school that rainy afternoon.

Nannie, Leo's older sister, was to bring a friend to luncheon; and, as it was Nannie's birthday, mamma baked a generous supply of doughnuts with which to surprise her little girl. Leo had been playing in the library all the morning, but shortly before noon mamma called him to the dining-room, with the request that he should keep kitty off the prettily-laid table, while she ran down to the grocery for a basket of nice, fresh peaches.

The first thing that Leo's bright eyes

spied when he entered the door was the heaping dish of tempting doughnuts.

Now Leo liked nothing better than his mother's doughnuts; and, not content with feasting his eyes on the crisp beauties, reached across the table and touched one of the plumpest with his little fat fingers.

"I'll just smell of it," he said to himself; but, before he had lifted it from the plate, the little voice within him sounded a note of warning, and, hastily stepping back, he clasped his hands behind him, saying: "No; I'll just look at the whole of them till mamma comes."

But looking at the tempting cakes only made him more anxious to taste them. "I must not look any longer," he declared; and, turning away, he sat down on a little stool with his back to the temptation, and there he sat facing a dark corner until his mother came home.

"Are you watching a mouse, Leo?" asked mamma, catching a glimpse of the little figure sitting so straight on the uncomfortable stool in the corner.

"No," answered Leo, hesitating. "I was looking at the doughnuts, and looking made me want them more and more; so I turned my back upon them. You know that verse, mamma, about turning away."

"Yes," replied mamma, gently laying her hand on Leo's sunny hair, and then she repeated: "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"That is it," said Leo, "and that is what I am doing."

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollar ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude

Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand-in-hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, ringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard
Stubble-spared the new-mown sward
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat,
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless toil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

It was said: "These are the thunders of John Lawrence, Governor-General of India: Thou shalt slay thy daughters; thou shalt not be thy widows, and thou shalt not be (alive) thy fathers."

There are no fortresses that will surrender to hard work.

LITTLE HELPERS.

We are little Christians,
To Jesus we belong;
We ourselves are very weak,
But he is very strong.

We are little soldiers,
For Jesus we will fight;
Against our greatest enemy,
We'll battle for the right.

We are little helpers,
Therefore help must we,
And in all our helping,
Must glorify thee.

We are little Christians,
Soldiers, helpers, too;
You may come and help as well,
There is much to do.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 7.

GOD TAKING CARE OF ELIJAH.

1 Kings 17. 1-16. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He careth for you.—1 Peter 5. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

We said in our last lesson that God was about to send a great prophet to Israel. When the kingdom of God within us fails because of our self-love and self-will, God sends some word to us by one of his saints, or through the Bible, or through some event that makes us humble enough to listen to his Holy Spirit. So when Israel was in trouble because of its self-willed kings, the Lord had compassion on the people and sent them a prophet to teach them. Ahab was leading the people back into heathenism, and so God sent Elijah, the Tishbite, out of Gilead to say to Ahab that there should be no rain and no dew for years except at the word of the Lord. But the Lord provided for his servant Elijah. He sent him where the brook Cherith flowed down from the hills to the east of the Jordan. There he lived and drank from the brook, and the Lord sent ravens to feed him. They brought him bread and flesh in the morning and the same food in the evening. After a while the brook dried up, for there was no rain to fill its springs. Then the Lord sent him to Zarephath, in Zidon, among idolaters. When he came to the city he saw the widow woman, of whom the Lord had told him, gathering sticks, and he asked her for a drink. As she went to bring it he asked her to bring him a bit of bread

also. She told him that she had but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and she was going to prepare it for her little boy and herself, that they might eat it and die; but Elijah told her to make him a cake of it first, and her meal should not waste nor her oil fail until the Lord sent rain upon the earth. And all this came true, for it was God's word.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did God send to help Israel? Elijah.

To whom did he take a message? To Ahab.

What was it? That there should not be dew nor rain for years.

Where was Elijah then sent? To a brook.

How was he fed? God sent ravens with food.

Where was he sent when the brook failed? To Zarephath.

Whom did he meet? A widow gathering sticks.

What did he ask for? Water and bread.

What had she? A little meal and a little oil.

What did Elijah promise her? That it should not fail.

Did she trust him? Yes; and had enough for him and for her son and herself.

How long did it last? Till the famine was over.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 14.

OBADIAH AND ELIJAH.

1 Kings 18. 1-16. Memorize verses 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.—1 Kings 18. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

The great famine had lasted until the third year, for no grain could grow without water. Ahab was very angry, for he believed that Elijah had brought on the drought that caused the famine. He had sought him in every kingdom, but the Lord hid him. At last the Lord told him to go to Ahab, for rain was coming. Elijah went, and met the governor of the king's house on the way. He had been sent with half the king's horses and mules to find water for them, and Ahab had taken the other half himself another way. Obadiah, the governor, was a good man who served the Lord, and when Jezebel had sent men to kill all the Lord's prophets, he had hid two companies of them, fifty in each, in caves, and had sent them bread and water to keep them alive. When he saw Elijah he was afraid, and fell on his face, saying, "Art thou that my lord Elijah?" And Elijah said, "I am: go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here." Obadiah begged that he might not

be sent, for he feared the Spirit of the Lord might take Elijah away, and when Ahab tried to find him and could not he would turn upon Obadiah and kill him. But Elijah said, "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself to him to-day." So Obadiah went and told his master.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How long did the great drought last? Three years.

Who suffers in a drought? Both man and beast.

Whom did the king blame? Elijah.

What did the Lord tell Elijah? To go to Ahab.

What did he tell him to say? That he would send rain.

Whom did Elijah meet? Obadiah, governor of the king's house.

Where was he going? To find water for the king's horses.

Why did he not want to do as Elijah said? He was afraid of the king.

What had Obadiah done? Saved a hundred prophets from the king.

How? By hiding them in caves and feeding them.

What did Elijah promise him? That he would surely see the king.

Whom did Obadiah trust? The God of Elijah.

BERTHA'S FAULT.

"Mamma, please give me something to do," said Bertha, one morning. "I want to be busy."

Mamma said, "Yes, Bertha, you are big enough now to feed and water the chickens all yourself, and you may do it, night and morning."

Bertha jumped up and down. "That will be such fun," she said.

"It is not just for fun you are to do it," said mamma, "and remember, dear, I cannot tell you each time. You must remember it all yourself."

"I will," promised Bertha, "and I will go now the first thing."

For a week the chickens were well fed, watered, and then, one sad time, Bertha forgot! It was a very hot day, indeed, and there were some new little bits of chicks that needed food and water very much. Poor little things, to be starved all day and all night in their little coops! In the morning some of the weakest ones were dead. Mamma found them. How sorry Bertha was!

"You are not faithful," said mamma. "I trusted you, but you were not fit to be trusted."

Bertha took her big bowl, and with a sober face went out to feed the chickens that were too fat and too old to be starved in one day. She gave them three times as much as they needed, but this did not make the little dead ones alive again.



KITE-FLYING.

A BOY'S SUGGESTION.

People talk about the beauty
Of the lad that never smokes,
And never plays a game of cards,
And always minds his folks:

What a manly-looking fellow
He will make in manhood's years!
With a healthy constitution
And a heart that has no fears.

This kind of talk is good enough
For any one to teach,
If folks would only bring to mind
To "practise what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me
On things like this enough
While with the other hand he'd take
Another pinch of snuff.

And then he'd tell me solemnly,
With a face as long as again,
To remember while at play,
That the boys will make the men.

Now to those who're always talking,
With an everlasting noise,
I'd say, to make us good or bad,
'Tis the men that make the boys.

If the people round about us
Set examples good enough,
Boys who now are closely watching
Will not drink nor chew nor snuff.

KITE-FLYING.

"Will you go and fly your kite with me?" said Tom to Fred Walton one day after school on a bright summer day with just enough wind to make them soar to the blue sky; but Fred said no, he didn't want to, and so stayed at home, while Tom and a lot of other boys went off to the open field. Fred could hear their voices and peals of laughter, and wished he had gone, too. So he took up his kite and

marched off to the other boys, who were glad to see him coming. After they were through flying their kites, Fred said that he had such a good time that he would not have missed it for anything, and next time Tom asked him to go he would do as he was asked. Think twice before you speak.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

It was such a poor, forlorn little thing that Farmer Green was going to kill it out of pity, but the children begged hard for it.

"It's only a black sheep it will be if it lives at all. Sure, its own mother won't have a thing to do with it, and you'll find it a deal of trouble. You'd better let me knock it on the head," he said.

But Master Tom set up such a screaming and kicking that the farmer called out:

"Whist, now, me boy, here's your little sheep, and it's a bad sort, I fear, you'll find him."

The little sheep that its own mother wouldn't own was, in truth, a troublesome pet. At first it was almost impossible to teach it to take the warm milk Milly offered it; but after it had once learned to drink, it seemed to be always hungry.

How it did grow! and how mischievous it was! It followed Tom and Milly everywhere; into the house, upstairs, downstairs, out of the gate, and to church, too, if he was not locked up.

One day he followed Tom into the school-room, and in a playful mood began to butt him down. As fast as Tom got up, down he went again. At last Tom grew angry, and seized his slate to defend himself, but the sheep thrust his head through his slate, knocked over a chair and Tom together. Milly laughed until she could scarcely stand, but she did not dare stir for fear the black sheep would turn upon her.

The noise brought up the children's

father, who drove the sheep out of the house. He was soon sent to the pasture with the other sheep, as he was too big and strong to be the children's playmate.

MOTHER'S SUNSHINE.

Something was the matter with Ray's mother, and Ray felt very badly about it. He had never seen her cry like that before, and he did not know what to make of it. It was storming very hard. Perhaps she wanted to go out and couldn't, Ray always cried when it stormed so hard for him to go out on his new little red sled. Yes, it must be the weather, because he knew she wasn't sick, and it hadn't hurt herself.

"Mamma, dear," he said, going up to her, "is you cryin' 'cause the naughty weather won't shine? Never mind, mamma dear, I's your little sunshine."

His mother did not answer.

"Is'n't I your sunshine? say, mamma dear. Please don't cry any more. Sun up your face, or Ray will cry, too."

"Yes, yes!" answered his mother.

"Then smile up your face, and say I's your sunshine," insisted Ray, with a smile as sunny as a May morning on his own face.

"Yes, darling, you are mother's sunshine; the winds may blow and the rain may beat against me, but as long as God spares me my little boy my life will be full of sunshine."

Ray hung around mother all day, a every time she looked sad he said again, "Is I your sunshine; mamma dear?"

WHAT NORA DID.

Nora was a little girl in a large Sunday school class. She was always quiet and good, but her teacher did not know how much of the lessons she remembered. One day she found out in a pleasant way, Nora told her.

After the school had closed one Sunday morning, the little girl waited and sat shyly, but very earnestly: "Ever since you told us that when mamma said I should do anything we must go straight and do it, and not wait or say 'Why?' or anything like that, I've always done it."

"I'm very, very glad that you do, and that you have told me," said the teacher; "it makes me so happy!" and she kissed the rosy, upturned face.

No wonder it made her happy. It was the greatest comfort possible to know that the lessons were not lost, but carried home and lived out even ever so little.

The very first thing for a scholar is to do as Nora did, and remember and do what is taught on Sunday. After that, would do no harm if more scholars followed Nora's example and told the teacher about it.

