

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1901.

No. 1.

## A MERRY TRIO.

How gaily we glide  
With our skates on the ice,  
With Bobby and Spot!  
O but isn't it nice?  
Spot pulls us along,  
While he joins in the fun;  
With barks of delight,  
How he nimbly does run!

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"High and low  
The winter winds blow!  
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,  
And sweep on the hills a pathway  
clear;  
They hurry the children along to school,  
And whistle a song for the happy New  
Year.

to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly.

It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens.

"Go and see if it hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly.



A MERRY TRIO.

See, Bobby drives Spot;  
Yes, and Bobby pulls me!  
A gay, happy group  
You, of course, will agree,  
Bobby is driver;  
But he needs not the whip,  
For onward we go  
With a scurry and skip.

## THE MOON'S CHILDREN.

A little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly.

"But the moon hasn't sent her children

"Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," said the little girl, after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music box."

## THE SNOW-FLAKES.

Floating, whirling, drifting,  
Strange little specks come down—  
Dainty, fairy crystals  
From a distant wonder-town,  
Out of the dim cloud-spaces  
That seem so soft and gray.  
Are they dust from diamond blossoms  
That grow where storm-winds play?

I learned a pretty lesson  
From the little flying flakes;  
One, added to another,  
At last a worldful makes,  
They are like the little minutes—  
Easy to waste indeed,  
But thousands put together  
They give us all we need.

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## Happy Days.

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## HELPING FATHER.

Helen looked out over the great wide sea and sighed.

"What are you thinking of, lassie?" asked her mother.

"Of poor father out in his boat on the ocean in all sorts of weather, fishing. I wish I was a boy, so that I could help him; but I'm only a girl, and can't do anything at all but cost him so much money that he must work all the time for me."

"Well, father is glad to work for his dear little lass. Your love and your sweet face pay him for all you cost him. But if you really want to help him, you can."

"Can I? Tell me how, please. I'd do anything."

"You could mend his nets. I used to do it until I had so much work to do in the house."

"But I don't know how," objected Helen.

"I will teach you. Think how surprised

father will be when he comes home so tired, and goes out to spend his only day off in mending his net to find it already done. He will say, 'Who's done me 'his good turn, wife?' and I will say, 'Your own wee lassie has done it.' Won't he be proud then?"

Helen could hardly wait to begin her first lesson. She grew very tired at first, but a look across the water at the distant fishing-boats gave her fresh courage to go on.

The holes in the net looked very big, but she worked patiently, and by and by they were all filled out.

When father came home all happened as mother had said it would. And Helen was a very happy little girl when father gave her a kiss and told her that he was very proud of her.

## "GO AWAY, SATAN; GO AWAY!"

A little girl sat upon a large stone doorstep of her father's house, and beside her was a boy of about the same age. He had been eating a fresh, rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight. Then, turning back to his playmate, who seemed absorbed in the pictures of a new book, he said: "Give me your apple, Katie; mine is all gone."

"Not now; wait a little," was the reply. But the greedy little fellow, not willing to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled it, and then tossed it up lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected that his teeth would go into it, but he was too honest for that.

Soon the eye of the little girl was upon him. The blood mounted to her brow; she was at once upon her feet, with one hand raised, apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her. But the hand did not fall; and as she stood, her face and form showing the struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted.

A moment more, and her voice fell on my ear: "Go away, Satan; go away!"

The mother within the door heard the words, too, and, coming out, asked what they meant.

A blush was upon the brow of the child—but it was humility and shame that caused it—while, with drooping head, she answered: "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie, but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her, saying, "That is right, my child; resist him, and he will flee from you."

Would that all might learn in childhood to resist the power of temptation by the help of the Holy Spirit! Truly the world would be better for it.

A boy reading the verse, "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones," startled the crowd by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on 'thorns.'"

## THE ROBIN AT CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas in England, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before the snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed.

The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holy and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing,—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes,—enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches—a true Christmas carol.

## EVERY LITTLE TELLS.

"Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.  
Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live."

## A GRANDMOTHER'S RULES.

Somebody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first and get it over. If you have done wrong go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do first the thing you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by:  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth;  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heaven.  
No ear may hear his coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell,  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

## LESSON II. [Jan. 13.]

## THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Matt. 21. 1-17. Memory verses, 9-11.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. 21. 9.

## A LESSON STORY.

Only once in his life did Jesus allow the people to treat him as a king. On Sunday morning—after the Jewish Sabbath was over—he started to go to Jerusalem with his disciples. When they came to Bethphage, a village near Bethany, he sent two disciples to get a colt and bring it to him, saying to the owner, "The Lord hath need of him." Then Jesus rode upon the colt, and people spread their coats on the rough road, and some cut branches of palm-trees and threw them down for him to ride upon. So the procession went to the top of the Mount of Olives, and there was seen a great procession coming from the city to meet them. All the people waved palm-branches, and shouted, and sang, while the little children followed Jesus into the temple, singing glad hosannas.

It was a great crowd that entered the temple with Jesus. Many were full of joy, but the priests and the Pharisees were angry, and when Jesus turned the sellers and buyers and money changers out of the temple, they grew still more angry and excited. In the midst of all this Jesus calmly healed the blind and lame and spoke beautiful words about children. Then he went again to Bethany.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How did Jesus enter Jerusalem? Like a king.

How many times did he let the people treat him in this way? Only once.

Whom did he send to find the colt? Two disciples.

What did he want to do? To ride into Jerusalem.

Who were with him? His disciples and many others.

How did the people feel? Full of joy.

What did they think Jesus was ready to do? To set up his kingdom.

What did they spread in his way? Palm-branches.

How did they show their joy? By shouts and songs.

Who helped praise Jesus? The children.

Where did they go with him? Into the temple.

What did Jesus do in the temple? Works of love and mercy.

## LESSON III. [Jan. 20.]

## GREEKS SEEKING JESUS.

John 12. 20-33. Memory verses, 32, 33.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

We would see Jesus.—John 12. 21.

## A LESSON STORY.

At the very time when the people were singing praises to Jesus, the priests and Pharisees were laying plans to get rid of him. They wanted to get rid of Lazarus, too, for since Jesus had raised him from the dead so many people were talking about it that the priests thought every one who saw Lazarus would believe on Jesus. Even some Greeks, who were Gentiles, came to the temple and said to Philip, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Notice carefully what Jesus said about the corn of wheat, and about loving our own lives. He knew that he must soon suffer pain, and shame, and even death, and yet he would not ask to be saved from it all, for he wanted his Father to be glorified. Are you not glad that again, as he had done twice before, God spoke to him out of heaven so that all the people could hear? What courage and cheer it must have given Jesus to hear his Father's voice! He loved his Father's will so much more than he loved his own life that he was willing to be lifted up on the cross so as to draw all men to himself. Have we learned what Jesus meant by "the children of light?"

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did the disciples think? That Jesus was a king.

Was not this true? Yes, but he was not an earthly king.

What did Jesus tell them? That he must soon die.

What did he know? That he must suffer pain and shame.

How did he feel about it? Troubled.

What did he ask God to do? "Glorify his name."

What did this show? That he was willing to do God's will.

What was he sent to do? To bring us back to God.

How could he do this? By dying for us.

What came to cheer him at this time? A voice from heaven.

What draws us to Jesus? His love.

What are we if we love and obey Jesus? "Children of light."

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe, one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat, and walk with his cane as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No; he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that, but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box, and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said: 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done."

## THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

Gerty had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long, and she felt cross, and thought she had a hard time. "Oh, mamma! I wish Dick wouldn't sing, he makes my head ache," she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song.

"Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said mamma.

Gerty still fretted, so mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent. Mamma had not covered the cage very closely, and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said mamma, "is a lesson for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from the pillow, and said: "Yes, mamma; I am ashamed of my crossness. I will try to look for the sunbeams."



### THE LITTLE SNOW-SHOVELLER.

Merrily whistling along the street,  
With his little pug nose and his hands  
and feet

Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,  
His curly hair by the rude wind tossed,  
Armed with his shovel, goes Pat Magee;  
In search of a job, of course, is he.

Brave little chap! 'tis little he cares  
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he  
dares

With a merry face and a merry song,  
As through the snow he paddles along  
This blue-eyed lad—o'er the slippery  
street,  
Hoping the chance of a job to meet.

Give him a dime and see him work;  
Pat is not a bit of a shirk;  
In goes his shovel with might and main,  
Making the snow fly off like rain,  
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,  
Till your walk grows speedily clean and  
nice.

Then, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,  
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes;  
Merrily whistling on his way,  
His boyish heart so happy and gay,  
That neither for wind nor frost cares he,—  
This little snow-shoveller, Pat Magee.

### JOHNNY'S CALCULATIONS.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow—scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment he heard his father say: "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes, and said to his father: "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one," said the father, smiling down at his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy, reflectively.

"There, there!" interrupted his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it's bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong; and just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken one glass, he

would not have been drunk. So it is the safest way never to take one, and I never will."

And the next thing Johnny was snoring, while his father was thinking: "There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it.

So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic.

### NANNIE'S GIFT.

Nannie Dane is a sweet little girl, just six years old. She is not a pretty child, for her face is very thin and freckled; but her heart is so good and loving that those who know her best love her dearly.

Her father, is a big, silent man, and her mother is always tired and busy; so Nannie does not have so many kisses and fond words as she would like. Her two little brothers are rather rough, and only the baby seems to be as loving as Nannie herself. She is one of the best little girls in the school, and learns very fast; not because she is so quick, but because she tries so hard, and wants to do just what her teacher says.

One day, just before Christmas, when all the children were talking about stockings, and trees, and Santa Claus, Miss Hart said to her class, "The principal is coming in to-day to hear you read and spell, and to-morrow to see how well you can add. I want you all to try hard, and to the five best I will give a Christmas present the last day of school."

Nannie's eyes opened wide. She had never had a Christmas present in her life, for her father was poor, and it took all his money to buy bread and clothes and pay rent. He had given her one shilling the day she was six, and that was the only

present she had ever had. She had never spent it, though she had often been teased to do so by her brothers.

When Miss Hart spoke about the Christmas present, a delightful idea came into Nannie's mind, and she resolved to be one of the five best; and so she was, though her heart beat so hard she could hardly see to read when the principal called her name.

The next day Miss Hart brought a basket to school with her, and just before the children went home she took off the cover and gave to the three girls and two boys each a large red apple. All ate their apples on the way home, except Nannie. She did not even show it to her mother, but hid it away so quietly that nobody knew anything about it. Her little brothers twitted her for not being one of the five best, but she did not say a word.

On Christmas morning, while Mrs. Daze was out of the room, she put her apple and shilling on her mother's plate. Then she looked with eyes full of love to see, "Merry Christmas," when she came in. I think angels looked with eyes of love on Nannie then.

### WHAT HE WANTED MOST.

A lady who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "Cash" in the store, and, being interested in him, began to ask him questions. "Wouldn't you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she inquired.

"What does your little boy have?" asked the child, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her face.

"Oh! he has books and tops and a pony." And she enumerated a lot of things.

"Has he any papa?" asked the child.

"Oh yes! he has a dear, kind papa, who gives him all those things."

"Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child, gravely; "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things."

The lady, who had been merely talking with the child for amusement, had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.

### YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

Rev. W. F. Crafts has collected the following sayings of young astronomers: A little child said the stars were drops of the sun. Another child thought the moon and stars were lights that God had hung in the sky for children to slide by. Another child imagined the stars were little holes or windows for heaven's light to shine through. One very bright star suggested the idea of a door to a little boy through which a baby brother had gone into heaven. An inquisitive little girl wanted to know whether the old moons were cut up into little stars. Another youthful star-gazer solved a most perplexing problem to her own satisfaction when she affirmed that the stars were little pieces left over when the moon was made.