

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1906.

No. 5.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Little All-Aloney's feet
Pitter-patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet.
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call:
"All-Aloney!"

Little All-Aloney's face
It is all aglow with glee,
As around that romping place
At a terrifying pace
Lungeth, plungeth he!
And that hero seems to be
All unconscious of our cheers—
Only one dear voice he hears
Calling reassuringly:
"All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small

That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall;
Neither threatening bump nor fall
Little All-Aloney fears,
But with sweet bravado steers



LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

Whither comes that cheery call:
"All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come
When he shares of sorrow's store

When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome,
And his heart is sore;
Would that he could hear once more
The gentle voice he used to hear—
Divine with mother love and cheer—
Calling from yonder spirit shore:
"All-Aloney!"

GOD'S KITTENS.

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten.
His little sister, with her eyes full of tears,
said to him: "O Philip! Don't do that; it is God's kitten."

That word of the little girl was not lost; it was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister had said. "God's kitten, God's creature, for he made it," he said to himself: "I never thought of that before."

The next day, on his way to school, he saw one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor, half-starved looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and before

he knew it was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature!"

Every living creature is one of God's creatures.

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason, little friends,
Why cat's don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.
Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:
"All genteel folks their faces wash,
Before they think of eating!"
And wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.
But when she raised her paws to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.
A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1908.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a horrid boy, and I don't love you a single bit, so there!" said Gracie King to her brother.

Harry had been teasing Gracie all day, and had at last broken her very best doll, Marie Ethelinda DeCoursey, all to bits. This was quite too much for Gracie's temper.

"Really and truly, Gracie, I didn't mean to break your doll. I'm awful sorry."

"I don't believe you. You have been as hateful all day long as you could be, and I know you did this on purpose. I wish you'd go away and stay away where I'd never see you again."

Harry walked out of the room winking very fast. Gracie should not see him cry. That night he was taken very sick, and for several days they feared he would die. At last, however, he got well. The first day Gracie was allowed to see her brother, she climbed on the bed and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Harry," she said, "I was so wicked to talk to you the way I did when you broke my doll. I did not mean what I said, indeed I didn't. I thought God was going to punish me by letting you die. I do love you. Will you forgive me? I have asked God to."

"Of course," answered Harry. "And I'm not going to tease you any more. I was as bad as you to plague you so. Really I didn't mean to break your doll. I was sorry for that right away. Since I've been sick I've had lots of time to think. I don't see why boys should like to make girls cry. I'm not going to do it any more, see if I do."

Harry made the right decision when he said to Gracie that he would make her cry any more.

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, stepping hastily 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."

TEDDY AND THE COWS.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "it's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"O mother, wait a little while," he said.

But soon a man's face appeared at the window. "Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West, and when he spoke like that Teddy lost no time in obeying. Sulkily he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good anyway. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back. A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West; "I did not give you any because you hate cows."

Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I will not give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we got our butter from the cows, and you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the others, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water. "Cows are such a bother," she said soberly; "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of cheese, but it was passed to every one but him; and worst of all, when the custards came in, sweet and brown in their little white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk, and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry. "I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted; "just bread without any butter, or potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and nobody objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.

AN OPINION.

I don't know what my daddy does,
But I've a sort of whim
That when I get to be a man
I'd like to be like him!

For he's the finest chum I have.
It doesn't matter what
He does to me, I think he's best
Of all the friends I've got!

Why, even when he takes his hand
And spans me, and I cry,
I cannot truly help but see
A look in daddy's eye

Which shows me, though he doesn't
spare
My feelings with his hand,
He loves me more than anything
That lives on sea or land.

And so I say, if some time I
Have little boys like his,
I hope that I'll be to them as
To me my daddy is!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 18.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.—Matt. 4. 23.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the first lesson about? The shepherds find Jesus
2. What is the lesson for me? To rejoice and worship the Saviour.
3. What is the second lesson about? The wise men find Jesus.
4. What is the lesson for me? To seek Jesus earnestly.
5. What is the third lesson about? The Boy Jesus.
6. What is the lesson for me? To be about our Father's business.
7. What is the fourth lesson about? The baptism of Jesus.
8. What is the lesson for me? To set a good example ourselves.
9. What is the fifth lesson about? The temptation of Jesus.
10. What is the lesson for me? To pray when tempted.
11. What is the sixth lesson about? Jesus calling fishermen.
12. What is the lesson for me? Jesus calls each little child to do some work.

13. What is the seventh lesson about? A day of miracles in Capernaum.

14. What is the lesson for me? Jesus can cure our ugly tempers if we will let him.

15. What is the eighth lesson about? Jesus' power to forgive.

16. What is the lesson for me? If we have faith he will forgive our sins.

17. What is the ninth lesson about? Jesus tells who are blessed.

18. What is the lesson for me? Are we like the blessed ones Christ speaks of?

19. What is the tenth lesson about? The tongue and the temper.

20. What is the lesson for me? Let Jesus bridle our lips.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memorize verse 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23. 32.

THE LESSON STORY.

How many good things to eat God in his kindness has put on this earth! What a lovely world it is we live in! We have all seen the big ripe grapes on the vines. How rich they are and how good to eat! But what a pity when man takes these beautiful grapes, crushes them all up, sometimes in not a very clean way, and then lets the juice turn sour! Also the lovely rosy or yellow-skinned apples. We know how good they are to eat, but when they are crushed like the grapes and allowed to rot they are no longer a healthful food. In the same way rye and barley when put to their proper use make good, wholesome food, which makes people healthy and strong, but when allowed to decay and fermented into whiskey and beer it is no good as a food, and indeed does the body a great deal of harm.

How sad that these good products of nature should be turned to such a wrong use. For when they are made into wines and liquors they are poison that destroys not only the body but the souls of the people. That is the dreadful part, for their use nearly always leads to all sorts of misery and unhappiness. It is unsafe to touch the beautiful sparkling liquid, for although it looks so pretty it can do you more harm than the bite of a serpent or the sting of an adder. If we never touch it it cannot get any power over us.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Are grapes, apples, rye and barley good for one? Yes, they are good food.
2. When they are rotted and made into liquors are they good food? No, they are a poison.
3. Will they do the body harm? Yes, and the soul also.
4. What brings about more sorrow and wretchedness than any other? The use of intoxicants.

5. What does "intoxicants" mean? That which takes away our reason and makes us like beasts.

RALPH'S MISTAKE.

"I don't want to play with Walter any more, mother; he is not a nice boy at all," said Ralph.

"What has Walter been doing?" asked mother, looking into the earnest brown eyes of her little son.

"I was sailing my boat in the brook back of the garden, and I anchored her and came to the well for a drink, and while I was away somebody upset her in the water."

"And you think it was Walter?"

"Oh, I'm sure he did it! Nobody else was there."

"Perhaps Walter is innocent; and you ought to return good for evil, anyway, you know. Take this apple and give it to Walter, and here is a rosy one for yourself. Don't have any quarrel over the boat."

Ralph hesitated a moment, and then trudged sturdily off with the apples. The little boys were together all the afternoon, and Ralph did not once refer to the upsetting of his boat, although he was certain that his companion knew something of the matter.

The following morning Ralph again went to the brook with his boat. Again, while the "Jenny" was lying peacefully at anchor, he went into the garden for some pebbles to serve as a cargo, and presently, on peering through the bushes to see if his craft were safe, he gave vent to a startled "Oh!"

A big yellow dog had run down the opposite slope and plunged into the brook for a bath, and the waves thus formed caused the little "Jenny" to capsiz.

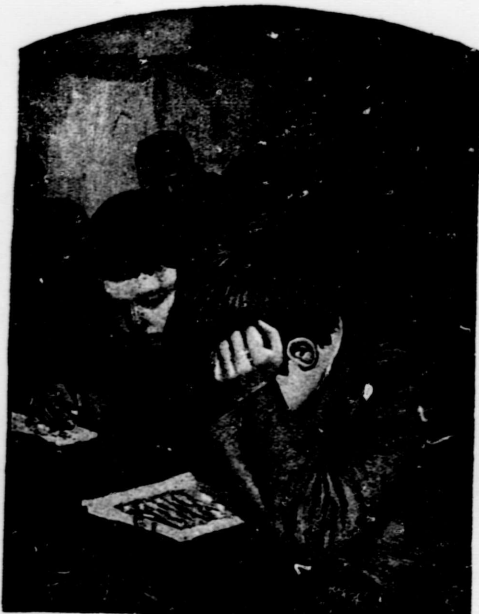
"Shoo! Shoo!" cried Ralph, rushing to the spot and driving away the intruder.

The boat was drawn from the water and dried in the warm sunshine, and soon was sailing to and fro as lightly as ever, while her little master resolved that he would not again blame his boy friend for the faults of a big yellow dog.

NOT COUNTED OUT.

While conversing with two little boys on their first day at school, Mrs. Brown asked, "How many children has your mother, Tom?" "Four." "No, she ain't got but three," interrupted Fred, "for the baby's dead." "Now, Fred, if somebody should go up home and ask mamma how many children she has, would she leave us out just because we are here at school? The baby is in heaven, but she belongs to mamma yet. Yes, Mrs. Brown, mamma has four children."

For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest.



HARD AT WORK.

The bright boy soon discovers that hard, thorough work is a thing that pays. The happiest boy in the school is usually the one who, as a rule, has a long list of "perfect marks" at the day's close. He is the boy who feels like putting his whole heart into the game of baseball at recess, and can laugh and romp, all free from care, on his way home from school at night. And that dull, gloomy-looking chap, who is he? Oh, he is the school's notorious "shirk-work." His lessons are never prepared, he is foot of the class, he has been punished for "copying," and generally enjoys his recess in the school-room trying to finish some neglected work. The old, old motto, "Work while you work, and play while you play," is a good one.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning enoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain
Work as believing that labor is gain."

HOW JOE HID.

The children were playing hide-and-seek, and baby Joe wanted to play, too. How do you suppose he hid when it came his turn? He buried his face in his mother's lap, and thought because he could not see, others could not see him. Only his face and eyes were hidden, while his plump little body was in plain sight.

"Oh, ho!" laughed grandpa. "You are just like an ostrich."

"How? How, gran'pa?" cried the

children, gathering round the old man, who sat by the fire.

"Well, you know the ostrich is a very large bird, sometimes as tall as a man. It is not easy to hide his large body, yet if the bird gets behind a tree which only keeps its head from view, he thinks no one can see him, because he cannot see anything except the tree. Sometimes when men are hunting an ostrich it will bury its head in the sand, thinking itself hidden and quite safe. It is soon caught, however."

"Show me a picture of an ostrich, won't you, gran'pa?" asked Joe. Then his good grandpa got from the shelf a large book in which was a picture of an ostrich, and its nest on the ground.

It does seem silly for such a large bird to act in this way, yet a boy or a man acts worse sometimes when he wants to hide a bad habit. For instance, when a boy begins to smoke he will do it on the sly; he thinks his mother will not know it, because she does not see him with pipe or cigar: but his clothes tell the story; the odor of the tobacco clings to his clothes and breath.

SNOWING STARS.

"It's snowing stars!" said five-year-old Harry, as he came running into the house.

"Isn't Harry funny?" laughed his sister, Nan. "The idea of its snowing stars!"

"Well, it is," stoutly replied the little fellow. "Here is one on my coat-sleeve. Look, mother."

But before the mother could look the feathery little flake had melted.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nan.

"Never mind, Harry," said his mother; "you may take Nan out and show her the stars yourself. Let the little snowflakes come down on your sleeves, and look at them with this magnifying glass."

"Here they

come!" shouted Harry, holding out his arm to catch them. "Now look, Nan."

Nan looked; then she drew a long breath, and said: "O, it is a star, and so pretty! Look, Harry!"

"It's just beautiful!" said Harry. He did not once say: "I told you so."

When the father came home that evening, he said: "Well, what has my boy learned to-day?"

Harry answered: "O, Nan and I found four different kinds of snowflakes. Some were stars, and they all had six points. They were beautiful!"

"My boy is learning how to use his eyes," said the father. "Now, Nan, what did you learn?"

"I learned," said Nan, "that Harry knows more than I do, and that he is just the dearest little brother in the whole world."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

No other city was ever like Venice. It is built on about eighty islands in the Adriatic Sea, and instead of streets there are canals, and instead of carriages, gondolas. For a thousand years or more this city has ruled itself, and was the proud and haughty queen of the Adriatic. It was governed by fifteen hundred nobles. These chose three hundred senators, the chief of whom was called the doge.

On one side of the canal in the picture was the doge's palace, on the other side the prison. Accused persons were tried, and if found guilty, were led across the Bridge of Sighs and passed into prison and from the sight of mortal men for ever. Here they stayed, if they were not at once put to death, until memory and hope were gone. What sad tales these prison walls could tell!



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.