

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

No. 23

THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does not cry
When out of her sleep she wakes,
But holds up her mouth for her morning
kiss
And then her break-
fast takes.
She romps and plays
about all day;
But I want to tell
you this,
That every morning
she wakes up
She must have her
morning kiss.
Her face and hands get
very smeared,
But she never looks
amiss,
And it does not hinder
mother from giving
Her darling a morning
kiss.

TEDDY.

One cold, rainy day
I was in the steam cars,
on my way to see a
friend. How cross
everybody looked! The
rain dashed against the
window, the wind blew
in every time the door
was opened, two or
three babies were cry-
ing, and there was no
fire in the stove. No
wonder everybody was
cross. I felt cross my-
self as I looked around,
and was just going to
let an ugly frown come
between my eyes, when
the door opened again,
and a lady with the
dearest, sweetest little
boy I had ever seen
walked in.

The little boy was
not cross. His face
was so smiling and bright that the frown
that was coming between my eyes grew
ashamed and smoothed itself away.

"What nice, soft seats there are in this
car!" he said, in a sweet, clear voice
that was heard all through the car.

I hadn't thought of it before, but they
were soft and easy.

"See what pretty little marks the rain
makes on the windows, just like glass
leads playing tag," and he laughed.

a drink. As he came back he looked
around and said: "What nice people there
are in this car!"

I looked around, too, for I had thought
when I came in, "what cross people there
are in this car," but
now every face was
smiling and gentle.



THE MORNING KISS.

Suddenly the cross baby began to cry.
The little boy called over to it, "Peek-a-
boo!" and he smiled so brightly that the
baby changed its mind about crying and
"goo-goo-ed" instead.

After a while he went to the tank to get

good rules, and is rude, what do you
suppose his mother says to him? I am
sure you can never guess. She says:
"Why, you act like a little white child!"
Can it be that these little red men can
teach us lessons in politeness?—Selected.

LITTLE RED MEN.

An Indian baby's
first year is spent strap-
ped up in a tight little
cradle, such as you have
seen in pictures. When
the little feet get out
of the cradle they will
soon learn to run about.
Then the little red man
will mount on a corn-
stalk and take such
rides as you take on a
cane or a broom.

As soon as the little
red woman is out of her
cradle she begins to
carry a doll or a puppy
on her back, just as her
mamma used to carry
her.

But the little red
boys and girls do not
play all the time. They
learn to help their
mothers, and a good
Indian mother takes
great pains to teach
her children to be
polite. She teaches
them that they must
never ask a person his
name; they must never
pass between an older
person and the fire;
and they must never,
never speak to older
people while they are
talking.

When a little red
man forgets these very
good rules, and is rude, what do you
suppose his mother says to him? I am
sure you can never guess. She says:
"Why, you act like a little white child!"
Can it be that these little red men can
teach us lessons in politeness?—Selected.

WHISTLE AWAY.

Whistle away, my merry boy,
 With happy face and heart of joy,
 If it will help you to be strong,
 And whistling lightens it for you,
 If e'er your task is hard to do,
 Whether it be sowing the seeds,
 Hoeing the corn or pulling weeds,
 Gathering fruit or raking hay,
 Or driving cows, whistle away.
 Whistle a tune, if you cannot sing,
 And that should seem the next best thing
 That you can do. Perhaps 'twill cheer
 The heart of some who chance to hear,
 Better to whistle than to pout
 And scold and fret, no one can doubt.
 So keep a merry heart, my lad,
 And thus make other people glad;
 Do all the good you can each day,
 And as you toil whistle away.

—Toronto Truth.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1931.

THE LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

One Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sabbath-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and, turning to this little fellow, asked him: "And you, my friend, do you ever pray?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and we are only half-awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say that I pray then."

"When, then?"

"You see, sir, our master orders us to climb the chimney quickly, but does not

forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, sir, very little. I know no grand words with which to speak to God. I say: 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.'"
 —Selected.

DOLLY'S MEDICINE.

One day Dolly's papa came home with a great many bundles in his arms. "Are they yours?" asked Dolly, dancing about.

"They are your medicine," said papa; "the doctor sent them," untying the strings.

"But I can't swallow such big things," said Dolly, and then the happy little girl screamed with delight; for there were a little red wheelbarrow, a rake and hoe, and the cutest watering-pot painted green, a shovel, and some funny-looking seeds.

Papa told Dolly to come to the window. A man was putting rich black earth on two long flower beds. "They are to be yours, Dolly," said papa.

Dolly clapped her hands. She wanted to begin making her flower beds right away; so she filled the watering-pot, put her rake over her shoulder, and set forth.

Oh, the good times she had! Her cheeks grew red like her poppies. She liked this kind of medicine.—Picture Lesson Paper.

TRUSTFUL ROBIN.

In the depth of winter a robin came to the window of a house in the country, and looked as if it would like to come in. The master of the house opened the window and took the trustful little bird kindly into his dwelling. Soon it began to pick up the crumbs that fell from the table. The children of the house became very fond of the little bird. But the spring soon came again, and the bushes began to be green, the father opened the window, and the little guest flew away to the nearest wood and built a nest, and sung a happy, lively song. And, behold, when the winter came again, there came the robin also to the house in the country, and he brought his little wife with him. The master of the house and children were very pleased to see the two sweet birds looking about them so trustfully. And the children said: "The little birds look at us as if they wanted to say something." The father answered: "If they could speak, they would say, 'Kindly trust awakens trust, and love begets love.'"

It is the grandest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community.

ELSIE'S CARRIAGE.

What a happy little girl Elsie is! She has three of the kindest, best brothers in the world, and two of the prettiest dollies that ever were seen.

Robbie and Frankie go to school in the village, and Elsie and little Tom have lessons at home with mother; but on Saturdays and half-holidays they have merry times together; sometimes romping up in the hay-loft, playing ball in the field, or what Elsie enjoys best, going for a drive in her carriage with Miss Florence and Miss May and Kittie. Robbie and Frank are the horses and Tom the driver, while Fuss, the dog, runs along as protector.

Her carriage is only a wheel-barrow, but you have no idea how comfortable it is, it runs along very smoothly. Robbie and Frank are very quiet, well-behaved horses, they hardly ever kick and gallop, and never think of running away. Father made the carriage himself. One afternoon the children saw him very busy in the shed at the back of the house.

"What are you making, father?" asked Frank.

"Guess," said the father.

"Well, it looks something like a drinking-trough for the sheep, only it is too deep and not long enough."

"Yes, it does look very much like a trough," laughed father; "but that is not the use I mean to make of it. Guess again."

"Something for us to bring home food for our rabbits in; baskets get so heavy," said little Tom.

"Capital," said father.

"Well, I shall pull the barrow, Robbie and you and Tom and Elsie must pick the dandelions," said Frank.

"No, I shall pull, as I'm the biggest, you three must pick," answered Robbie.

"Let's all pick and pull," said Elsie.

"Oh, girls mustn't pull, Elsie; it would look funny; besides the barrow will get very heavy if we fill it; but perhaps it will be the best for us three boys to take turns."

"Sometimes you can give Elsie and her babies a ride, boys," suggested father.

"Oh, what fun!" shouted all the children together. They could hardly talk of anything else for the rest of the day, and the next morning before they went to lessons they peeped in at the door of the shed to see the beautiful carriage.

It was quite finished by the next holiday afternoon, and they all set off in fine style, coming home with plenty of green stuff for their pets, and quite ready for the good tea mother had prepared for them all.

After tea the boys were told to wipe the carriage out and put it safely away in its place in the shed, so as to be ready for another expedition, while Elsie put her babies to bed. Then all four went early to bed themselves and were soon fast asleep.

MAGE.
 girl Elsie is the best, best brother of the prettiest in the school in the little Tom have mother; but on days they have sometimes romping ball in the best, going for Miss Florence. Robbie and Tom the driver long as protector a wheel-barrow very comfortable in smoothly. Robbie et, well-behaved kick and galloping away. Father self. One after in very busy in the house.
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HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
 Poor little frightened baby!
 The wind has tossed her golden fleece.
 The stone has scratched her dimpled knees;
 I stooped and lifted her with ease,
 And softly whispered: "Maybe."
 "Tell me your name, my little maid,
 I can't find you without it."
 "My name is Shiny-eyes," she said;
 "Yes, but your last?" She shook her head;
 "Up to my house 'ey never said
 A single fing about it."
 "But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
 "Why, didn't you hear me told you?
 Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
 "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
 You, little one—is't just the same
 When mamma has to scold you?"
 "My mamma never scolds," she moans,
 A little blush ensuing,
 "Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
 And then she says," the culprit owns,
 "'Mehetabel Sapphira Jones,
 What has you been a-doing?'"
 —Anna F. Burnham.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 17.]

THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

Ex. 2. 1-10. Memory verses, 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Prov. 22. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the king of Egypt found that the Israelites kept growing stronger all the time, he thought he would try another way of weakening them. It was a very cruel way, but we must remember that Pharaoh was a heathen king, and knew nothing of the love and kindness of the Lord. He ordered the Egyptians to kill all the little boy babies in the houses of the Israelites. Can you not imagine that the mothers would think of plans to save their babies? Perhaps a few of them were able to keep their dear children a little while in this way, but in the end they were almost sure to be killed by the king's followers.

But God can make good come out of evil. Read the sweet story of the baby

Moses, and think when by and by you learn how Moses became the deliverer of his people, that God was watching over the innocent baby in his little ark, and that this same God watches over and cares for us to-day. Notice how the love in the hearts of the baby's mother and sister led them to work with God to save the child. If we have love in our hearts it will make us workers with God in saving and blessing others.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was a cruel king? Pharaoh.
2. Whom did he order killed? All Hebrew boy babies.
3. What did a mother try to do? Hide her baby.
4. How long did she keep him hid? Three months.
5. Where did she put him then? In a little ark.
6. Where did she hide this? By the river side.
7. Who stayed near to watch it? Little Miriam.
8. Who found the ark one day? The king's daughter.
9. What did she do? She saved the baby.
10. Whom did she get to nurse it? Its mother.
11. Where did she bring up the child? In the king's palace.
12. Who was this child? Moses.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 24.]

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Isa. 5. 11-23. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.—Isa. 5. 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

There is a word in our language that children are not often obliged to understand. It is the little word "woe" that stands at the head of this lesson. What does it mean? Something more and worse than sorrow. It means *bitter sorrow*—the kind of sorrow that has a sharp sting in it. Now, who is it that God says shall have woe? It is the one who loves strong drink and is its slave. God never makes a mistake, and when he says that woe goes with strong drink, it must be so. Yet see what a great army of men in our own land do not believe that God knows? We know there is a great army who every year go down to death and destruction through strong drink, and it must be they do not think God knows, or they would listen to him. God says in this lesson that people go into this kind of slavery because "they have no knowledge." This shows that we cannot begin too early to learn the sin and evil of strong drink.

If you will read the verses that follow our lesson verses, you will find other "woes" of which God speaks. Read these carefully and think about them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What makes woe? Strong drink.
2. What is woe? Sorrow that stings.
3. What does strong drink make? Slaves.
4. What is a slave? One who is not free.
5. Who loves to bind with chains of sin? Satan.
6. What is one of his strongest chains? Strong drink.
7. Who loves to set slaves free? Jesus Christ.
8. Whom can he make free? Those who want to be free.
9. What should all children learn? That drink makes slaves.
10. Why should we believe this? God says so.
11. Where can we learn wisdom? From God.
12. How does he speak to us? In his word.

GOD'S VOICE.

Jesus still calls little children, and sets them before us for an example. I pass on a wonderful lesson I learned from a wee one the other day. A great storm was raging. Overhead, lightning flashed in the sombre sky. Round the everlasting hills encircling us reverberated the thunder. It was a beautiful but awe-inspiring scene. In the midst of the storm a little girl asked, "What is the thunder, mammy?" "I think it is God's voice," was the answer. A terrific clap followed, and the child was seen to bow her head. I called her to my side. "Why do you bow your head when the thunder comes?" I asked in my elderly blind ignorance. "I'm answering God," was the reply, given with a crimson flush flooding from brow to chin. "An' what do you say, darling?" "I say what Samuel said," was the sweet whisper returned, "'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!'"—*Quiver*.

RULES FOR DOLLS.

A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother, lest she should hurt her.

A doll should keep away from the rocking-chairs, as the rockers may crush her.

A wax doll should avoid the fire if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden upon is sure to go into a decline.—*Picture Lesson Paper*.

He who listens to counsel has the benefit of his own judgment and of that of his friends.



RIDING ON A WHEEL-BARROW.

RIDING ON A WHEELBARROW.

BY REV. J. A. DAVIS.

Many of our readers have heard of the man who brought home his wife on a wheelbarrow. This, probably, is not a picture of that man, unless he brought his wife's sister, too, yet it is a picture of real wheelbarrow-riding. The picture tells the story so well that words cannot add much to it. If any one asks if they really ride in that way in China, let it be said that in northern China it is a very common mode of travelling across the country—for short, if not for long, journeys. In the south people are carried in sedan chairs, borne by long poles on the shoulders of men.

These wheel-barrows are somewhat like those we have in our country, but have a larger wheel. It is set farther back, has a frame on either side, and passengers, as well as loads, are carried at the sides instead of behind the wheel. There are handles by which it is pushed and partly carried; but the man who works it saves his hands and arms the heavy work of carrying by having a rope fastened to each handle and passed over his shoulders; so he really holds the wheel-barrow up by his shoulders rather than by his hands.

There is a disadvantage or two connected with this method of travel: a per-

son cannot well go alone. That is no disadvantage to Chinese women, for they like company; but, as a man and his wife there seldom go out together, when he wishes to travel by wheel-barrow and doesn't care to have his wife on the other side, he may be obliged to take a less agreeable companion. One man in the picture has a pig to balance him. Another disadvantage lies in the fact that these, like all wheel-barrows, are liable to upset and drop the load without any ceremony. The men running them are, however, careful; and, though it might be fun for them to see passengers tip over, they rarely allow that fun, if able to prevent it. The Chinese are careful of the welfare of those under their charge.

Strange as it may seem, this is about as good a way as the Chinese have of travelling on land. Though they have carts, those are really little, if any, better for riding than wheelbarrows; and the sedan chairs are, to some, not even so pleasant.

No stage coaches and not a railroad in the whole of China! What a backward people! They did build a railroad a few years ago, but, as the people feared it would bring bad luck to the dead, or from the dead to them, it was given up. They are about trying another railroad now, which, it is hoped, will succeed.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

BY ELLEN LAKE.

King Pharaoh thought there were too many Hebrew people in his country, Egypt, and so he sent his soldiers to kill all the Hebrew babies they could find.

But one Hebrew mother decided to hide her little boy where the soldiers wouldn't see him. She made a small basket of rushes, and covered it with pitch to keep out the water. Then she laid the baby in it, and put the queer little cradle near the edge of the river, where it was hidden by the tall flags that grew there. The baby's big sister, Miriam, hid near by in the flags, to see that no harm came to him.

After a while, King Pharaoh's daughter came, with her maids, to go in bathing. They all walked along the water's edge. Suddenly, as the princess pushed the flags aside, what did she see but the cradle!

"Bring it to me," she said to one of her servants.

When the maid brought it, the child looked up and began to cry. Right away Pharaoh's daughter felt sorry for the poor little baby.

"It must be one of the Hebrews' children," she said.

Now the big sister, Miriam, had been peeping between the flags, and when she saw that the princess was kind to the baby she came up.

"Shall I go call a Hebrew woman to take care of the child for you?" she asked.

Pharaoh's daughter said, "Go."

Then what did Miriam do but go and bring her own mother?

To her the king's daughter said, "Take this baby and care for it, and I will pay you."

So the baby went home to his own mother. When he was bigger, she brought him to the palace, to Pharaoh's daughter, who took him to be her little boy. She named him "Moses," which means



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

"drawn out," "because," she said, "I drew him out of the water." That is how God preserved the dear little baby who some day was to become the leader of his chosen people.