

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

No. 22.

## ALICE'S TALENT.

Alice sat with her Bible on her lap. She had been reading, but now she sat very still, with a troubled look on her face.

"Oh, dear!" said she after a while, "I don't believe I have got any talent. Now, there's Emma. Miss Wilson says she certainly has a talent for music, and Lou Benson can draw anything she sees, and is going to take painting lessons; but I don't seem to have a talent for anything. Maybe it only means grown people; but the verse says, 'He called his own servants, and oh, I do want to be one of the Lord's servants!' And one or two tears fell on Alice's open Bible.

Aunt Bell happened to pass through just then, and noticing Alice's downcast face, stopped to ask, "What is the matter with this little girl?"

"Because, oh, because—I don't seem to have any talent, Aunt Bell."

"Let us read those verses over together, dear," said auntie. "It is a good thing to think about what we are reading, Alice, if we cannot discover at once what our talent may be."

So Alice and Aunt Bell read the parable together.

"Do you notice, Alice," she says, "to every man according to his 'several ability'? What does that mean, do you think?"

"As much as he was able to have or to do; don't it, auntie?"

"Yes; and I don't think the Bible anywhere tells us we must do any more than we are able to do. God gives each one of us talents according to our several ability. You are only a little girl and he

requires of you only a little girl's work."

"But what can I do, auntie? I can't sing in the choir, as Emma does; I can't give to our mission society as Lizzie Barr does, for her father gives her more for her

But, Alice, did you ever think about opportunities? There is a great talent given to all—"

Somebody called Aunt Bell just then, and with a hasty kiss to her little niece she

left the room! "Opportunities!" said Alice, going slowly down-stairs. I believe I'll go over to Nellie Gifford's, and talk with her about it. Maybe we can find some opportunities to do good."

She was taking her hat from the rack when Brother Will came whistling through the hall.

"O Allie!" said he, "you're the very girl I'm looking for. I want these gloves mended, please, and a button on my overcoat, and I'm in a hurry." Alice was about to say, "I'm in a hurry, too;" but she kept back the dis-obliging word, and only said, "Wait till I get my basket."

Then she sat down and mended the gloves, replaced the missing button, and neatly sewed a ripped place in the overcoat lining.

"I wonder if this can be called an opportunity," she said aloud, as she worked, forgetful of Brother Will's presence; for he had taken up a newspaper and was half hid behind it.

"To be sure it can," said Will, laughing. "A very good one for me too. I advise you, Allie, to always make the most of opportunities, when you can help people as nicely

as you are doing now."

"I was thinking about the talents," said Alice, simply. "What is yours, Will?"

"It seems to be to make work for a



ALICE'S TALENT.

monthly spending money than I can have in a whole year; I'm not smart about writing compositions as Nellie Gifford is. So what can I do?"

"All those things are talents certainly.

dear little sister. Really, I'm afraid I don't think as much about that as I might—or ought. Is that done? I'm much obliged." And Will kissed her and went off in a quick way, as if he feared she would say more.

"Dear little Alice! she did not know she had improved two opportunities, and that her words were stirring her brother's conscience uneasily.

"It's too near lunch time to go to Nellie's now," thought Alice. "I can read my 'Life and Adventures in Japan' until the bell rings." But as she went into the sitting-room, where she had left her book, grandma, who was engaged in knitting, said:

"Can my little girl snoop long enough to pick up these stitches for grandma? My old eyes won't let me see to put them on just right."

So Alice patiently took up the dropped stitches in grandma's knitting, and the lunch bell rang just as she finished. She could not help giving a little sigh as she thought of her book; but grandma stroked the curly hair, and thanked her in a way that made Alice feel that grandma knew of the small self-denial. Somehow grandma always seemed to know things without anyone telling her. In the afternoon Alice had to go to her drawing class. When she came home and was laying off her wraps in the hall she heard mother and Aunt Bell talking in the parlor.

"I was in to see Mrs. Elton this morning," said Aunt Bell; "she has been so shut up all winter; she has no nurse, and cannot leave her baby."

"I have missed her from church and prayer-meeting," said mother; "she used to go so regularly."

Alice went into the room and sat down to her book, but somehow she kept thinking about Mrs. Elton and prayer-meeting.

"Mamma," said she very slowly, and coloring a good deal, "would you care if I went over to Mrs. Elton's and took care of her baby, so she could go to prayer-meeting?"

"Certainly not, my dear. I think it would be very kind, neighborly thing for a little girl to do; but be very careful with baby."

"Indeed, it's very good of you, Allie," said Mrs. Elton, when Alice made known her errand. "I have wanted to go so much."

Alice took faithful care of her little charge, and felt not a little weary when the mother returned. But Mrs. Elton's brightened face and heartfelt thanks were a sweet reward for one hour's work, and her own heart told her it was more blessed to give than to receive.

"Has Allie found any opportunities to-day?" asked Aunt Bell, as she told Alice good-night.

"So many, auntie, that I feel almost afraid of such a great talent. Though, to

be sure, I have done only very little things."

"Your Bible says, 'Despise not the day of small things.' There are few of us, dear Allie, who do realize what a great talent opportunity is. In the meanwhile, look for it, and try to trade it well, and you may gain even ten talents."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

### HOW THE FIRE WENT OUT.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Rosa, Bess and Lettie lived on the same street, a block apart. Bess lived in the middle.

They were all good neighbors, but suddenly something seemed to go wrong. Rosa said something unkind about Lettie, and Lettie said something hateful about Rosa, and Bess hurried to tell the other what each had said. At last the angry feelings grew so hot it seemed as if they would burn up all the warm, sweet love there had always been between the three little girls.

It was Bessie's grandma who first found out all about this.

"Bessie," she said, "suppose Nora should kindle a fire in the wood stove in the kitchen and then never put a chip or a stick of wood on it, what would happen?"

"The fire would go out," said Bess.

"Yes. You know that yourself. But that very thing is written in the Bible, too. It says in the book of Proverbs that 'where no wood is the fire goeth out,' but it says something else."

"What else?" asked Bess, wondering much.

"It says where there are no tale-bearers, or people who tell tales, you

know, that quarrels stop, just as a fire goes out where there's no wood to burn. When two people are angry at each other, there seems to be fire in their hearts, and every mean thing they hear about each other makes the fire burn more. If nobody tells the mean things, by-and-bye that fire will go out, because there's nothing to burn. Do you see?"

Bess hung her head, and stood still, thinking. "I see what you mean, grandma," she said.

"Now, dear, I'm sure you are making the fire burn by telling Lettie and Rosa what each says about the other, and it is as bad to help on a quarrel as to quarrel yourself. You are breaking Jesus' Golden Rule. Stop it at once, and say only pleasant things, and do not tell either of the girls anything the other says about her."

"I will try," said Bess, and she went upstairs to her room and stood by the window a long time. Then she went out to play with Rosa and Lettie. She tried hard to make them be friends, and of course, she succeeded, and by-and-bye, as there was really nothing to burn, that fire of anger went out.

### THERE WERE TWO TO SEE.

Two boys were one day walking along the street together. One of them had just come out of a store where he had got some things for mamma. While waiting for the clerk to get them for him he had stood beside a large basket of fine ripe pears.

"Why did you not pocket some of those nice pears?" said the other boy, who had stood in the door and seen the fine chance he had to help himself. "There was no one to see you."

"Yes, there were two persons to see me, even if you had not been there. I was there to see myself, and I could never have felt happy again if I had stolen; and God was there to see me. And how could I have knelt down and said, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' if I had taken what did not belong to me?"

Let us always remember, when we are tempted to do wrong because no one seems to be looking at us, that at least two persons will know of the act: one the actor and the other the great Judge of all.

—Olive Plants.

### "I'LL PUT IT OFF."

Some little folks are apt to say,  
When asked their task to touch:  
"I'll put it off at least to-day;  
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing;  
You cannot stop its flight;  
Then do at once your little tasks:  
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off  
Will end in "never done,"  
And "By-and-bye is time enough"  
Has ruined many a one.

## KITTIE LENDS A HAND.

"Hurrah for a game of blind-man's-buff!"  
"Yes, let us," cried May, "if we're  
enough."

Said Jack, "If only we'd one more one;  
But hurry, and let's have lots of fun."

"Now come, every one, stand in a row  
While I count you, 'Env, meeny, mo.'  
And 'Hop-a-du-cha, pop-a-du-cha!'  
O Tot, you're it. How does that suit  
you?"

Then around the room they danced with  
glee.

Thought Kittie, "I wish they'd play with  
me."

I'll jump on this chair as Tottie goes by;  
Maybe she'll think me a child that's  
nigh."

How they laughed when Tottie caught  
the cat,

Giving it many a loving pat.  
"You darling thing, we needed one more,  
For blind-man's-buff is jolly with four."

## LESSON NOTES. FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON VII.—November 12.

EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Ezra. 8. 21-32. Memorize verses 21-23.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them  
for good that seek him.—Ezra. 8. 22.

### THE LESSON STORY.

Not all the Jews who had been captives  
in Babylon so many years went back to  
Jerusalem at first. Among those who  
stayed was EZRA, a priest and teacher of  
the law of God. He was a wise and good  
man, and King Cyrus was very willing  
that he should go back to his own country  
and teach the law of God there. The king  
believed in Ezra's God because Ezra was  
a good man. Cyrus told Ezra that he  
might take with him all the Jews he  
wanted to, and he also gave him gold and  
silver and vessels, which were worth a  
great deal of money, to use in the temple  
services. It was a wild country through  
which Ezra and his company had to go.  
The land was full of enemies, and Ezra  
knew that these evil men would be very  
glad to rob him. He did not like to ask  
King Cyrus to send soldiers with them to  
save them from their enemies. Ezra had  
often told the king what a great, strong  
helper was their God, and that he took  
care of the people who trusted in him, but  
Ezra knew that there was danger, and he  
wanted his people to seek protection from  
a higher King than the king of Persia; so  
he called them to hold a fast, and during  
this time the people not only fasted, but

confessed their sins and prayed to God to  
lead them safely back to their old home.  
How wise Ezra was in seeking help of  
God rather than of man! God heard and  
helped them so that they went forward in  
peace and perfect safety. The journey  
was a long one, but in four months from  
the time they left Babylon they reached  
Jerusalem, and there their friends  
welcomed them with joy. Ezra said that  
this was because "the hand of our God"  
had been upon them, and so it was.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Ezra live? In Babylon.
2. Who was he? A priest and teacher  
of the law.
3. Where did he want to go? To  
Jerusalem.
4. What for? The people needed to  
be taught.
5. Who was the king at this time?  
Cyrus.
6. What did he tell Ezra? That he  
might go.
7. What did he give him? Money  
and vessels for God's house.
8. Who went with Ezra? Many Jews.
9. Why was the journey a dangerous  
one? There were many enemies in the  
land.
10. To whom did Ezra go for help?  
To God.
11. Did any harm come to the  
travellers? No, for God kept them.
12. How long did it take them to go?  
Four months.

LESSON VIII.—November 19.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8,9.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

The effectual fervent prayer of a right-  
eous man availeth much.—James 5. 16.

### THE LESSON STORY.

Nehemiah was a good and true servant  
of the Lord. When the captive Jews went  
back to Jerusalem some stayed behind in  
Persia, and Nehemiah was one of these.  
The king had made him his cupbearer,  
and Nehemiah lived at the king's court.  
So, although he loved his people and his  
country very dearly, he did not go back at  
this time, for perhaps he thought he could  
please the Lord better by staying in a  
strange land and among heathen people.

But he was always glad when he could  
hear any news from Jerusalem, and one  
day he saw some Jews who told him that  
the people in the holy city were in great  
trouble. They told him that the walls of  
the city had been broken down and its  
gates burned with fire. This made Nehemiah  
very sad, for he knew that the Lord  
would not let their enemies come to  
trouble the Jews unless they had forgotten  
to keep his law. He felt so troubled that  
he wept for many days. He could not eat  
his food, and much of the time he spent

in praying to the great God. He con-  
fessed his own sins and the sins of his  
people to the Lord, and asked to be shown  
what he ought to do, for Nehemiah was  
not satisfied to be comfortable and happy  
when his people were in such distress.

By and by Nehemiah began to feel that  
he ought to go to his own land and build  
up the walls again. But he was afraid  
that the king would not let him go, so he  
asked the Lord to give him help in a  
petition that he was going to make to the  
king. Nehemiah knew that no good thing  
can be done without the help of God.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Nehemiah? A captive  
Jew.
2. Where was he a captive? In  
Persia.
3. What did he do? He was the  
king's cupbearer.
4. Where was his home? In the  
king's palace.
5. Where was the home he loved best?  
In his own land.
6. What bad news did he hear? That  
Jerusalem was in trouble.
7. What was the trouble? Its walls  
were broken down.
8. What did he want to do? Go and  
build them up.
9. Why did he want to do this? Be-  
cause he loved God and his house.
10. What did he fear? That the king  
would not let him go.
11. Whom did he ask about it? God.
12. What did he ask God to remem-  
ber? His own promises.

### "THE HEAVENLY FATHER'S BABY."

The tale that I have to tell you is a  
very sorry one. A Christian Chinese  
woman came to my aunty's dispensary the  
other day with a little baby not her own.  
Shall I tell you how she happened to have  
it?

One day she went into a neighbor's  
house, where there was a wee baby a few  
hours old.

Its mamma was very poor, and said that  
she would have to kill it. She tried to  
smother it; but when it did not die right  
away, she began to strangle it.

The good Christian woman held out her  
arms, and said: "Give it to me and I will  
care for it." So, although this Christian  
woman is herself very poor, she has  
adopted the little girl, and is caring for  
her. She does this because she loves  
Jesus; and she calls it the "Heavenly  
Father's Baby," for she says that he will  
give her the money to take care of it.

Heathen mothers often sell their babies.  
One day my papa saw a woman trying to  
sell her baby for fifty cents.

Maybe I can sometime write you more  
about the poor little Chinese babies.—  
Edith M. Fulton (nine years old), Can-  
ton, China.



### UNWELCOME VISITORS.

The Chinese are often a great pest to the captains of sea-going vessels, from their habit of swarming over the decks and often pilfering and carrying off whatever they can lay their hands on. Sometimes, too, they are regular pirates, who will board a vessel, take possession of it by force, and kill or capture its officers and crew. A very effective way of dispersing these is to attach the hose to the steam pump and drive them overboard. If they prove very refractory hot water can be used, of which they have a great horror. Our picture shows the way in which the officers of Lord Brassey's yacht, the *Sunbeam*, got rid of their unwelcome visitors.

### WHAT DOES UNSELFISH MEAN?

Three little children were sitting in the room one evening while their mother was busy ironing—Johnny, and Fred, and Louise. Johnny was nine years old, and he read aloud to his little brother and sister. Whenever they came to any hard word that they could not understand, their mother would tell them what it meant.

Louise held up her hand for attention. "I'd like to have mother tell us what 'unselfish' means. Maybe I know, but I want her to tell it her way," said the child.

"I will illustrate it by a little story when Johnny is through reading, and I am done ironing," said their mother.

Then after awhile she told this story:

"Once upon a time there were three little children, and their mother told them that she would give each one a penny for every six eggs he brought into the house. The oldest child brought in six or eight eggs a day, but the younger ones couldn't find any. The nests were all low down in quiet places, easily reached.

"The eldest of the three little ones thought of a plan that pleased him exceedingly, and he put it into execution.

"He would peep into the other nests slyly, and if there were no eggs in them he would take those out of his nests and put them in theirs, and let his little brother and sister think that they had been laid there.

"That is what one calls an unselfish act. He was glad to give up his own pleasure to make his little brother and sister happy, though I believe his delight was greater than theirs. You

should all seek to be unselfish—study the comfort and happiness of others before your own. If there is anything good or enjoyable, try and help someone else to get it. Never fear but you will be happy enough. An unselfish person is rarely unhappy."

Just here the mother's eyes fell on Johnny. Little fellow! he was appearing unspcakably full of some kind of emotion. His hands were thrust down into his pockets, and he looked right into the grate, just as though he thought the red blazes were something wonderfully new and beautiful. His face was red, too, but then the reflection of the glowing fire might have made that. He twisted his head around uneasily when his mother's eye fell upon him.

"That boy in the story was our blessed little brother Johnny, wasn't it, mother? Say, wasn't it, Fred? Say, all of you. Oh! oh! I thought my hen pitted me and laid lots of eggs just to please me, and I there it was our Johnny all the time!" and Louise flew to the little hero, and pulled his head about, and hugged him, and kissed him, and tickled him, and then he sat looking just as ashamed as though he had stolen somebody's hens' eggs and been caught at it.

"Oh, who told you that, ma?" said he, looking down modestly, "I didn't want 'em to know if ever—"

"Oh, maybe a little bird sang it to me," said the glad mother, laughing.

"Nobody can do anything that our mother won't find out," said Fred, laying his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Now we know what unselfish means, don't we?" said Louise, "and I mean to try and be just as unselfish as ever I can"; and here she flew at her little brother Johnny, and began fuzzing up his hair, and patting his cheeks, and all the

while proud of the shy, kind brother, who had set such a sweet example of unselfishness before them.

### POLITENESS IN JAPAN.

Rarely will such polite boys be met outside of Japan. A gentleman passes in a *jinrik-i-sha*; off goes every cap—no, not cap, for we are supposing this to be before foreigners brought caps to Japan. A scarf wound around the head is a Japanese cap; this is entirely removed, and the politest of bows given. A Japanese bow, who can describe it? Down goes the head, over goes the body, with hands on the knees, until an American boy would think that the little Jap had turned into a veritable jack-knife, and was shutting up to go into some giant's pocket.

This politeness is found in every class, for in walking through the fields a common laborer will take off his head scarf and greet you with a bow.

Especially are the school-boys polite. When the teacher enters in the morning he will find the boys all formed in a line. They will give him a succession of low bows, and bid him many polite good-mornings.

### "WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

This is a very old proverb, and a very true one. Sometimes we forget it though, and say "I can't" before we have really tried at all. Some years ago a few kind people made up their minds to try to get hold of all the chimney-sweeps in Dublin and give them an education. One day a little fellow came who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O yes," he answered.

"Can you spell?"

"Oh yes."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes."

"What books did you learn from?"

"Please, sir, I never had a book."

"Then who was your schoolmaster?"

"I never went to school at all."

The gentleman stared, for it seemed very strange that a boy should be able to read and spell, and yet never had a master.

"Then how ever did you learn?" he asked.

The little boy smiled, and linked his arm in that of a sweep somewhat older than himself.

"Please, sir, Jim taught me the letters over shop doors as we went to our work, and now I know all the words by heart; and if you'd kindly let us have some books to read, and teach us to do sums and writing, we'd be very thankful."

Can't you fancy what good pupils those two boys became, and how they delighted in reading in books instead of making their necks ache by peering up at the shops?