

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1902

No. 21.

LUTHER AND THE POPE'S INDULGENCES.

To gain money for the erection of the mighty Church of St. Peter's, Pope Leo X. sent forth indulgence-mongers across the Alps to extort alike from prince and peasant by the sale of licenses to sin, the gold required for his vainglorious purpose. One of the most shameless of these indulgence-sellers, the Dominican monk, John Tetzel, found his way to the quiet towns and cities of central Germany. In the pomp and state of an archbishop he traversed the country. Setting up his great red cross and pulpit in the market-places, he offered his wares with the effrontery of a mountebank and quacksalver, to which he added the most frightful blasphemies. "This cross," he would say, pointing to his standard, "has as much efficacy as the very Cross of Christ. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit; only let the sinner pay well, and all will be forgiven him." Even the

release of souls in purgatory could be purchased by money. And he sought to wring the souls of his hearers by appeals to their human affections:

"Priest! noble! merchant! wife! youth! maiden! do you not hear your parents and



LUTHER NAILING UP THE THESES.

friends who are dead cry from the bottomless abyss, 'We are suffering horrible torments; a trifling alms will save us; you can give it, and you will not!'

As the people shuddered at these words the brazen impostor went on: "At the

which gives the keynote of the whole, reads thus: "When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says 'Repent,' he means that the whole life of believers upon earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance." This 31st of October,

very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven." There was a graded price for the pardon of every sin, past or future, from the most venial to the most heinous—even those of nameless shame. The honest soul of Luther was roused to indignation by these impieties. "If God permit I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum," he said. He denied the efficacy of the Pope's indulgences, declaring, "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." But still the delusion spread. The traffic in licenses to sin thrived apace. The brave Reformer took his resolve. He would protest in the name of God against the flagrant iniquity. At noon on the day before the Feast of All Saints, when who-so visited the Wittenberg church was promised a plenary pardon, he walked boldly up and nailed upon the door a paper containing the famous ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences. The first of these,

1517, was the epoch of the Reformation. The sounds of the hammer that nailed this bold protest to the church door echoed throughout Europe, and shook the papal throne. Thus was hurled down the gauntlet of defiance to the spiritual tyranny of Rome. The theses created a prodigious sensation.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER

When I was a very little boy I was playing before my father's law office and I repeated a very bad word that another boy came along and told me. My father heard it, and he came out and whipped me for it; and so I stopped from swearing before I became a swearer.

Again, when I was about nine years old, I drank some "cherry bounce" that I saw standing on a sideboard in my grandfather's house. My good mother saw me, and she corrected me very sharply, and told me that if I ever drank any intoxicating drink again, she would punish me still more severely. I obeyed her, and so I stopped before I began to love any drink that has alcohol in it.

There are a great many reasons why a boy should not begin to be a tippler of wine, or beer, or ale, or anything that can make you drunk. One reason is that it is hard to stop drinking when you get in the awful habit of doing it. A careless workman who was working on the eave-trough of my house fell off, and he could not stop till he got to the ground; and he died a few days afterward! That is the way it is with thousands of drunkards;

They begin to tittle and the habit makes them slaves, and they confess that they "can't stop." One of my neighbours was arrested by the police last week for striking a man when he was drunk. He says that he "can't resist the temptation of liquor now." Poor fellow; he ought to have stopped before he began.

So it is with lying. A first lie twists your conscience and the next lie comes easier; and before you know it you are a confirmed liar. Sinning is a toboggan slide. Don't begin.

All through this year all the boys and girls who read these words will be getting better or getting worse. Those who resolve that with God's help they won't begin bad practices will have a happy year. Those who say, "Oh, I don't care," will soon be disobedient boys and on the downhill road. Don't you forget this good maxim pin it fast to your memory: "I will stop doing wrong before I begin."—*Canadian Royal Templar.*

WHICH WAS THE HERO?

"What's a hero?" asked little Bob.

"A hero?" said his brother Frank.

"Why, it is one who does something very brave and great. I am going to be a hero when I'm grown up."

"Are you really?"

"Yes," said Frank, nodding. "I shall be a soldier, and go out to the wars and fight. You'll see me coming home some day, Bob, wearing, oh, such a lot of medals!"

"Well I s'pose I can't be a hero, then," said Bob, sadly. "'Cause I don't want to be a soldier. I shouldn't like to kill people."

Frank laughed. "You're a regular little coward, Bob, that's what you are."

That afternoon they had a visit from cousin Jack, and when they were out in the orchard he pulled out a box of cigarettes and wanted them to smoke. Frank took one, and smoked it, too. It was horrid, but Jack would have laughed at him so if he had refused. Bob said no, and although both Jack and Frank tried to make him take a whiff, he wouldn't.

That evening Frank was ill; his mother thought it was a bilious attack, until Frank who was feeling very miserable, told her the truth.

"And did Bobbie smoke?" she asked.

"No, mother," said Bobbie, promptly.

"How was that?"

"Why, you and dad said we mustn't."

"That's my brave boy," replied his mother. "Before you go for a soldier, Frank, you will have to learn obedience," she added, for she had overheard their talk in the morning. "But tell me which you think behaved most like a hero today?"

And Frank was obliged to admit that Bobbie had.



HOW THE GIN MILL WORKS.

THE DRINK TRADE.

The accompanying illustration and comment are taken from the "Gin Mill Primer," a capital little book by J. W. Bengough, containing such pictures and fables. It is published by William Briggs, 29-33 Richmond Street West, Toronto. Price, 25 cents. Just the thing for the temperance campaign.

HOW THE GIN MILL WORKS.

This is the Gin Mill at work. It is not just of this shape, as a fact, but this view of it is quite true all the same. The Gin Mill takes the form of a House, on the Main Street of the Town. Some of them are Fine and Gay, and are all ablaze with Gas and Brass and Glass; and some of them are on Side Streets or Lanes, and are Low Down Holes that smell of filth and bad beer. But the work they, high or low, is of the same sort, and the cut makes it quite clear. Do the Gin Mills grind Corn? No, my Child, they have to do with Corn Juice. They grind boys and men, and hearts and homes, for they are set up to deal in Drink. You say it must be that they are of some use, though they have harm in them? Well, my Child, if they serve one good end, I do not know what it is, nor can I find out. All they do is what you see done in this cut. There you have the Gin Mill in full blast. You see pure boys and clean men go in at the front door. When they get in, the Drink Fiend gets hold of them, and they are made into sots as you see, then come out at the back door, and off they go to work all the ills I have told you of. What do you think of this land that knows of God and Christ, and keeps up such a thing as the Gin Mill by force of the law?

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

The work of character-building is worth all that it costs of time and toil. Beautiful lives are worth more than palaces. Bright, buoyant, well-balanced girls and boys are what we want among the crowds of weary ones whom we meet everywhere in life.

FIRE AND WATER.

BY REV. G. BURLEIGH.

The demon of fire hates water;
When he leaps to your roof with a cry,
As a war-charger leaps to the slaughter
In a flash of the rill he will die!

But when from the garret to basement
He coils like a myriad snake,
And his red tongues hiss from each case-
ment,
He will laugh at the rush of a lake!

The demon of wine hates water!
If he menace your life with a gleam,
At a cup from the brook he will totter
And fly from the beautiful stream.

But when from the brain to the fingers,
He's wrapt every nerve in his fires,
No hope in the cataract lingers
In the ashes of hell it expires!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III. [Oct. 19.]

THE FALL OF JERICO.

Josh. 6. 12-20. Memorize verse 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.
—Heb. 11. 30.

THE LESSON STORY.

How happy the Israelites must have been when they were at last in their own land! They were done with manna, and began to live on the fruits and grain of the land. But their first work was to meet a great enemy. When you are older, and read this story, you will see that it was written to help us to overcome our sins, for we have no enemy but sin. God had told Joshua how to conquer Jericho, and so he led the people against it, and they did just what they had been told to do. They did not fight, but they marched around the city walls once, seven priests with trumpets of rams' horns following, and behind them came the ark of the covenant—the sign of the Lord's presence—borne by priests. The second day they marched around again to the sound of the trumpet, and so they did for six days. But when the seventh day came they marched around seven times. When they were marching the seventh time Joshua told them to shout, for the Lord had given them the city. What a noise there must have been when the trumpets blared, and the people shouted, and the great stone walls of Jericho fell flat down, so that they could enter the city!

So they took Jericho, and they did not forget to save a woman and her family who had been kind to some of them. How

easy it is to conquer our enemies if we only obey God! Have you an enemy within you?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the Israelites now? In the promised land.
Who had given it to them? The Lord.
Who were living in it? Heathen people.
What had the Lord told them to do? To drive out these people.
What city were they near? Jericho.
What did the Lord tell Joshua? To take Jericho.
What was all around it? A strong wall.
Who told them how to take it? The Lord.
What did they do first? Marched around the city.
What went before them? The ark of the Lord.
How many days did they do this? Seven days.
What happened then? The walls of the city fell down.

LESSON IV. [Oct. 26.]

JOSHUA AND CALEB.

Josh. 14. 5-15. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He wholly followed the Lord.—Josh. 14. 14.

THE LESSON STORY.

There were only two men among the twelve spies sent to search the land who brought a good report of it. You will remember that ten of the men were afraid of the giants, and did not trust the Lord who had brought them out of Egypt. They made all the people afraid, yet Caleb said, "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." All the spies had died except Caleb and Joshua, and they had been led into the land by the Lord, because they had fully trusted in his strength.

Now, after many years had passed, when Joshua was dividing the land of Canaan among the tribes, Caleb came to Joshua and reminded him of the time when they came into Canaan as spies. He told him what Moses had promised him at that time—that the land his feet had trodden upon should be his and his children's for ever, because he had wholly followed the Lord his God. So he asked for the mountain of the giants—the Anakim of whom the people were afraid. He chose the hardest place, but though he was old he had faith in God. "If so be the Lord will be with me," he said, "then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord saith." So Joshua blessed him, and gave him Hebron for an inheritance—the old home of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How long did it take the Israelites to go to Canaan? Forty years.

Why did it take so long? They did not obey God.

What did they fear? The heathen people.

Who told them not to be afraid? Caleb and Joshua.

Who were they? The spies Moses sent ahead.

When was this? Many years before.

What was Joshua now? The leader of the people.

What was Caleb? One of Joshua's strong helpers.

How did Joshua divide Canaan? Among the tribes.

What did he give to Caleb? Hebron—the part he wanted.

Why did he have his choice? Because he believed God.

Whom does God always bless? Those who are faithful.

THE STORY OF BLOSSOM.

Winky-Wee had been visiting at her auntie's. Mamma and papa were at the depot to meet her, and as soon as they kissed her and hugged her mamma asked: "Why, Winkie-Wee, what's in the basket?"

"A kitty, mamma; the dearest, sweetest little kitty you ever saw. Its name is Blossom."

When Winky-Wee sat down in the street-car, of course she had to have her basket. Pretty soon a baby mew came from the basket.

"Hush, Blossom, dear," said Winky-Wee; "we're going home to such a beautiful house, where there's a doll's house, and a cow bossy that gives such lovely white milk, and a cellar full of mousies, Blossom—really, truly, live mousies; think of that."

"Meow!" cried Blossom angrily; then she put out one little paw, and before anybody could say "Jack Robinson" she put out another little paw; then out came the whole kitten, and she jumped away out of the car (it was an open car), and when the motorman stopped so that papa could get out there was not even the tip of Blossom's white tail to be seen. How Winky-Wee did cry when she rode home hugging the big, empty basket! She cried till she went to bed. She did not even want to play with Jessie, her doll, or look at the doll's house, or go and stroke the little rabbits.

One morning, nearly a week afterwards, papa went to the back door early in the morning and called: "Winky-Wee, Winky-Wee, come here quick!"

She came running downstairs in her little nightie, and she screamed with delight, for there on the fence sat Blossom; not the snow-white, fat Blossom that she lost, but a ragged, dirty, thin Blossom, with a scratched nose and a bitten ear. And she never ran away again, but grew up into the loveliest, plumpest, snowiest kitty in the town.—*Good Housekeeping.*



JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

THE RUMSELLER ROLLS IN GOLD.
Men starve as they toil in the black coal
mines;

Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold;
But in every land where the moonlight
shines,

The rumseller rolls in gold.

The labourer laboureth all his youth
For the poor-house when he's old,
And many a farmer toils and fears;
But the rumseller rolls in gold.

In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard, dead,
Under the pauper mould,
And his orphans beg their daily bread—
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

—*Demorest's Magazine.*

JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

This picture reminds us of the account of idol-making given by Isaiah, 2,600 years ago:

"The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the express and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth nourish it. Then shall it be for a man to burn; for he will take thereof, and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh a graven image, and falleth down thereto; he burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh;

he roasteth, roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god."—Is. 44, 13-17.

Yet the Japanese do the very same thing today.

ALCOHOL AND CHILDREN.

Professor Hahnal, a well-known German professor of pedagogy, has been making some interesting investigations on the effect of alcohol on German school children. His inquiries have extended over 7,338 cases, children between the ages of six and eleven. Only 2.26 per cent. of the entire number of children professed to be ignorant of the taste of strong drink, and 13.4 per cent. confessed to have been once or oftener drunk. Over 11 per cent. have daily supplies of drink given them, and over two per cent. drink alcohol in some form before they leave for school in the morning. Teachers unanimously declare that children who habitually use alcohol are the worst in the school, and that the children of drunkards are always a source of trouble. One inspector of schools in the Rhine provinces has eleven children under his care, the offspring of notorious drunkards. They all have to be treated separately as weak-minded. It is quite a frequent occurrence to find children in Germany whose parents give them a "schnapps" in the morning instead of the ordinary school bread and butter.

The favour of the Lord is the greatest of all blessings.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

Fifty years ago, a gentleman of Ohio noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. "I saw the boys," he says, "drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a 'grocery' or 'doggery.' I expressed my disapprobation and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, not leaving five dollars.

"I never lost sight of these ten, only as the clouds of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition.

"Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one has served two terms in the penitentiary; and one has drunk himself into an inoffensive dolt whose family has to provide for him."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE HARDEST THING OF ALL.

Teddie had learned to spell a word in a way that was not the right way, and every time that he came to it in his writing lesson he wanted to spell it as he had learned it first.

"It's pretty hard to know all these things, isn't it, Teddie?" said his aunt.

"But it's a good deal harder to un-know 'em after you once get 'em crooked," said Teddie.

He was right. It is very hard to un-know the wrong things that we have learned.—*Oliver Plaut.*

THE SALOON BAR.

BY J. NORRIS.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it named it well;
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.

A bar to honour, pride, and fame,
A door to sin, and grief, and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.

A bar to honoured, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
The door to every drunkard's grave.

A bar to joys that home in parts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,—
Whoever named it named it well.