

# HAPPY DAYS

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TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1901.

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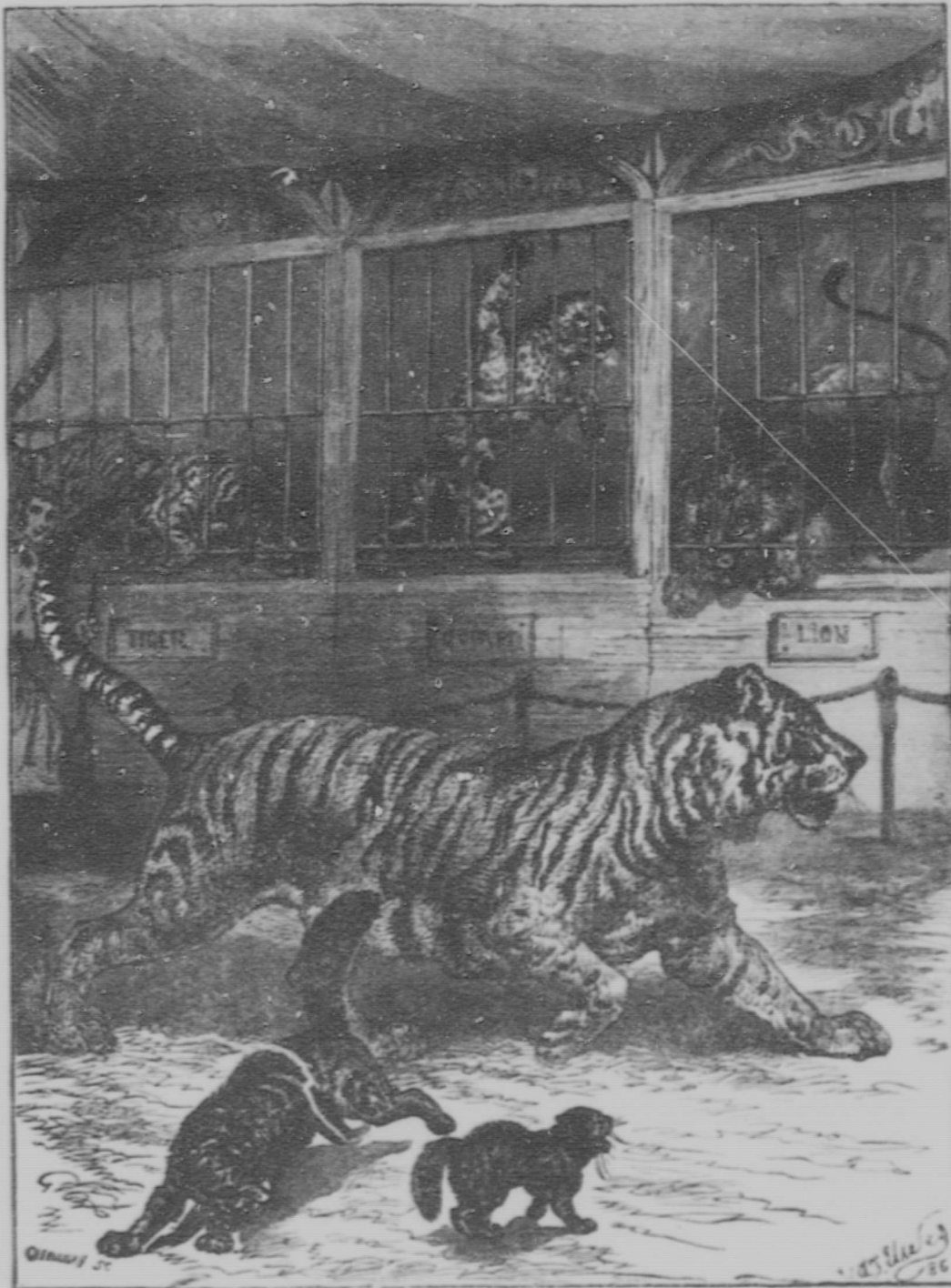
## THE TIGER ESCAPED.

Those of our readers who have been through any large collections of wild animals kept alive in cages, can well imagine what a serious thing it is when one of these creatures escapes from his cage. Some of them are very difficult to manage, though as a rule even the fiercest of them get so used to their keeper that they allow him to enter the cage for the purpose of feeding or cleaning out. This does not mean, however, that the natural ferocity of their wild nature is subdued, but only that, being well fed, their hunger for human flesh is not so strongly aroused. Besides this, many men have a strange power over certain wild animals which most men do not possess.

The lions, tigers, panthers, etc., are caught alive in parts of India and then brought over in steamers and put into the great iron cages represented in the picture. On very rare occasions one of these creatures will manage to escape, and then the confusion among the crowd of visitors is terrible indeed. Often the escaped animal will get free into the country, and hiding during the day, will roam about at night, committing great ravages among the farms and outlying villages. In our cut the size of the great tiger is well shown by the cat, which is evidently scared or angry at the intrusion. It is not much bigger than the creature's head alone, though the cat and the tiger are really members of the same class of animals. We hope no lives will be lost, and that the tiger will be safely got back again into his cage.

## IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A number of boys were playing "hide and seek" on the streets of a city. A large joint of sewer pipe lay above ground. One of the little urchins was looking for a hiding-place. He came up to the pipe, looked in, and thought a moment. It was dark and deep. "What a splendid place to hide!" he whispered to himself. He tried to drag himself in out of sight. The casement seemed small, but onward he went.



THE TIGER ESCAPED.

The middle was reached. There he lay, still as death. The comrades were searching for Johnnie, but the boy could not be found. He thought it time to bestir himself, but in neither direction could he move. He began to yell most lustily. His companions heard him, but none of them could go in for him. Then they brought a rope,

and threw it in. He grasped it, they pulled, and soon Johnnie was once more enjoying freedom.

He had learned a lesson. Let all the boys learn it. Keep out of tight places. And no place is so tight as a bad habit. Chewing tobacco, drinking beer, reading bad novels, using bad words—get encased in any of these, and you cannot get out, nor can your best friends pull you out. Only a lone can help you.—*Bright Jewels.*

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1901.

### WAS SHE RICH OR POOR?

BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

Granny Lane lived in the very last house at the end of the street. She lived by herself; but she did not get lonely, because she had so many visitors. Old people went to see her, and little children, and then all the ages between.

When Lula's cousin, Sadie, came from the city to stay with her, Lula took her to Granny Lane's the very first morning. They had a beautiful time, and when Granny invited them to come again they both said that they surely would very soon.

"She's a poor old lady, isn't she?" asked Sadie on the way home.

"Why, no!" cried Lula in surprise; "Granny Lane isn't poor!"

"Yes, I think she is," said Sadie.

"Why?"

"Because she lives in such a little house, and there isn't very much in it; and then she didn't have any cake or oranges to give us, like most old ladies when you go to see them."

"I don't care," said Lula, stoutly; "she knows the splendidest stories about when she was a little girl, and she can make up

all kinds of interesting games to play. I'd rather have them than cake."

"So would I; but then," insisted Sadie, "I think she must be very poor, for her dress was all faded, and she said she never went away on the cars or to the seashore."

Lula did not answer for some time; she was thinking it all over. At last she said: "Sadie, I think perhaps my Granny Lane is poor, but it isn't a 'poor thing' poor at all; she's happy and pleased, and she doesn't keep wishing wishes that she can't get. So I don't call that very poor, do you?"

"Well," said Sadie, "but she isn't rich."

"But she's lovely and good; and she makes everybody think they'd like to be too, and that's a kind of rich. It isn't the money kind, but it's—it's—." Lula hesitated, and then ended triumphantly: "it's the heaven kind. So there! So now you mustn't say that Granny Lane is poor!"

### POOR DICK'S SAD DEATH.

BY SAMUEL SIDWELL.

In a cheerful home in Iowa lived happy Dick. As soon as the sunlight streaming in at the window told that day had come, Dick poured forth a joyful song in full, rich tones; and from time to time through the day he filled the house with music. The lady who owned him loved him for his sweet voice; and carefully attended to all his wants, giving him fresh food and water every day, and keeping his cage clean and bright. The lady had a little boy, ten years old, who said to his mother one day: "Mamma, please let me have Dick for my very own. I will feed him, and give him water, and keep his cage cleaned out nicely."

"Well, Willie," said the mother, "I think it will be good for you to have something to care for; and if you will do as you say, Dick shall be yours."

"O, thank you so much!" exclaimed Willie; and, going up to the cage, he said: "Dick, pretty Dick; you are mine, and I love you!"

Dick answered with a song.

For some time Willie enjoyed attending to the wants of his new charge; but after a while he grew careless, and his mother had to remind him when Dick needed water or food. One day the pretty little singer did not get food or water, though Willie's mother had told him to care for Dick before he went to school. The next day Willie's mother was sick; and Willie, who was interested in some new games at school, again forgot his bird. When, early the following day, he thought of him he was very sorry that he had been so thoughtless, and hurried to the cage of his pet. Poor Dick lay dead.

Boys and girls, most of the suffering in the world is caused by thoughtlessness, and the children who selfishly forget their pets are not likely to grow up into men and women who will chase away the sorrows of

others by loving their neighbours as themselves.

### ONE KIND OF A HERO.

Dear me! If only I could get up and be like some of these men, if I could be a real hero!" Felix said it often to himself, as he read of great and good men, until his heart glowed with admiration. He was lying on a couch, this poor little boy, to whom had come very early in life a sad, sad injury. He lay there week after week and month after month; and soon it would be year after year, for there was no hope of his ever getting up from it in the health and strength which blesses other boys. As he watched their play he felt it keenly, but without quite the pain which might have come with the thought that he never could do anything to be like the heroes he loved; for Felix had a brave little soul, and was more anxious to do something which he felt to be great than to seek for amusement.

He talked it out with his mother one day—all his admiration and his longing to follow the example of his favourite heroes. "I would do anything," he said, clasping his thin hands. "I would not care how I had to suffer, or what I had to give up. O mamma, it's ten times harder to lie still."

"Then, dear, if you have the harder thing to bear, and you bear it well, why are you not as great a hero as any one of your great men?"

The idea was so new, so great, and so astonishing, that Felix could not take it all in at once. He did not reply, but lay gazing at his mother with large, thoughtful eyes.

"I mean it," she said. "If you have more to suffer, more to give up, why are you not, if you bear it patiently and give up without murmuring, more of a hero than those you read of?"

She went quietly away, leaving Felix to think out the wonderful thought by himself.

### THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Jack was a good boy to help his mother. He brought water for her in a pitcher. One day when he put the pitcher down under the spout to catch the water he saw that there was a hole in the side of the pitcher, and the water ran out of the hole. When Jack showed it to his mother, she said: "That is like you, my boy."

"How is it like me, mother?" said Jack. "Because I try to teach you good things, and then you say: 'I forget.'"

"Yes, mother, sometimes."

"Isn't your head a little like the pitcher, then? It does not get full of good things because you let them leak out."

Our lives are indeed stories: stories being told, stories we are telling.

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THE WAY TO GROWN UP LAND.

Good morrow, fair maid, with the lashes brown;  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

"O, this way and that way, never a stop:  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,  
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents;  
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—  
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town."

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray;  
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell me the way?

"O, by toiling and trying we reach that land,  
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand;  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill, Work,  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, Shirk,  
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,  
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down—  
O, that is the way to Manhood Town."

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estates in the Grown Up Land.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VI. [August 11.]

GOD'S PROMISE TO ABRAHAM.

Gen. 15. 5-18. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Abram was living now in Canaan—the "Promised Land." If you look for Hebron on the map, you will find it about twenty miles south of Jerusalem. This is the city in which he was now living.

In those days, when the world was young, the Lord often spoke to his people. We have his holy word and his Spirit in our hearts now to speak to us. One night in a vision the Lord came and talked with Abram. He told him that he would take care of him, and would be his "exceeding great reward." Then he gave him an object lesson, to show how great should be the family that would look back to him

and call him father. Can you count the stars? No more could Abram, but he believed God, and God was pleased with his faith. Then God gave a sign and a vision to Abram to show him that the beautiful land of Canaan would certainly be his. In those days, when men made a solemn agreement with one another, they went through a ceremony like this described in the lesson. It was called "making a covenant," and that is what God made with Abram. It has a promise of great blessing, which should be to him and his children for ever.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Abram live now? In Hebron.

How far was this from Jerusalem? Twenty miles.

Whom did Abram worship? The true God.

Why was God pleased with him? Because he was faithful.

Who came and talked with Abram? The Lord.

What did he give him? A great promise.

What did he say his children should be like? "The stars for number."

What did Abram believe? Just what God said.

When is God pleased? When we believe him.

What did he make with Abram? A covenant.

What land did he give to him? Canaan.

LESSON VII. [August 18.]

ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION.

Gen. 18. 23-32. Memory verses, 23-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James 5. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

Read in Gen. 18, 1-8 why the Lord changed Abram's name, and to what, and what the new name meant. Find Sodom on the map, and learn all you can about it. Of course you remember that this was the wicked city in which Lot chose to make his home. Read in Gen. 13, 13, how Abraham entertained some heavenly visitors. It is a beautiful story, and will show you how good it is to be in sympathy with pure and holy things. Do you remember what Jesus said about "the pure in heart"?

Can you not almost see the strong, loving-hearted old Abraham pleading with the Lord to spare wicked Sodom? The heavenly visitors had gone away toward that city, and Abraham felt sure in his heart that the Lord had sent them to destroy it. Read the lesson verses very slowly and carefully. It will show you what a wonderful thing it is to know how to pray. Abraham did not pray with his lips only. His whole heart went out to

God with his prayer. "To say my prayers is not to pray, unless I mean the words I say." Can we learn to pray in this way? Yes, for the Lord will be our teacher. "Lord, teach us to pray."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What was Abram's name now? Abraham.

Who gave him the new name? God.

Who came to visit him? Three strange men.

What did Abraham find? That God sent them.

Where did they go next? To the cities of the plain.

What was one of these wicked cities? Sodom.

Who lived there? Lot.

What did Abraham fear? That Sodom would be destroyed.

What did he ask the Lord to do? To spare Sodom.

For whose sake? The sake of good people there.

What did the Lord promise? To spare it if ten good men were there.

What does this lesson teach us? To love one another.

HOW TED LENT A HAND.

He is such a little boy, this Ted, and his legs are so short and his chubby fists are so very wee that you might think he would have to wait quite a long time before he could lend a hand that would be of any use; but he does not think so. There was a fine shower the other night; and in the morning what should Ted see, right in front of his house, on ~~front~~, ~~precise~~, Cottage Street, but a mud puddle; yes, a dirty, delightful mud puddle. How he hurried through his breakfast so as not to lose a minute! He had a baker's dozen of beautiful mud pies on the curb, and was admiring them for a moment while he rested, when—bump! a big bundle came down upon those lovely pies, flattening them dreadfully. He jumped up, frowning; but when he saw the tired, sad face of the poor old washerwoman, Mrs. Connolly, the frown smoothed itself into a dimple smile; and he picked up that bundle, which had dropped off the tired arms which held several others, and carried it away to the avenue, which was as far as mamma let her little man explore the city on account of the electric cars. There he touched his hat and bowed, just as he had seen big brother Don do on the way to church when he met any of the college girls; and Mrs. Connolly stood and smiled after him as he ran back to rebuild his pies. Such a happy little face! The solemn, slow-pacing professor whom he met brightened up, and stepped off briskly, and began to whistle—actually whistle! Think of it! So you see that Teddy lent not only a hand, but two feet and a happy face, even if he was such a little boy.



RIP.

## RIP.

"You remember Rip, don't you? Jack's old dog, you know," said my nephew Tom, as he showed me a capital photograph of his favourite. "Yes, sir, that's his likeness; and if ever a dog deserved to have his picture taken, Rip did. Not so much because of his doing anything so wonderful, for he never did; but because he was a dog you could trust. Rip understood every word you said to him; and if you told him to do a thing, or not to do it—no matter which—nothing would hinder him from minding."

"Not a bad example to follow, I should say," I remarked significantly; for my nephew was not always perfect in obedience.

Tom coloured up a little, then laughed, and answered coolly:

"I should say so, too. But Rip had to learn, you know, like the rest of us. When Jack first got him, he was like any other dog—he minded when he felt like it. If Jack called him when he was going out, he always felt like minding then; for there

was nothing he liked as well as to trot around after him. It was a kind of a nuisance sometimes, you know—Jack didn't always want him. And, one day, when he was going to town, and Rip trotted after him as usual, Jack faced about suddenly, and ordered him home.

"Rip hated to go, awfully. He whimpered, and pawed, and hung around Jack, and wagged his tail, and did everything but talk; but it was all no use. 'I don't want you,' says Jack. 'Go home, sir.' And Rip had to go.

"But there's a board fence that runs a good bit along the way between our house and town. It used to have some loose boards, and by and by Jack passed one that made quite a gap, and he happened to look through. And, would you believe it, there was Rip stealing along on the other side of that fence, just as sly as a fox! He had gone home, and then turned about, and tried to cheat that way.

"Well, Jack didn't say a word. He stopped in the middle of the road, and looked at Rip; and Rip stopped and looked

at his tail went between his legs, and his ears lay flat on his head. He felt awfully mean, I tell you! Jack never spoke, he only kept looking at him; and Rip got so ashamed of himself that he couldn't stand it. He just turned about and made tracks for home. And from that time till he died, he never followed Jack again without permission. More than that, if Jack told him to stay in any one place, he'd do it, if it was all day. Talk about sense. That dog had more than some boys I know. And I'm glad we've got his picture, poor old Rip! It's worth having."

And I thought the little lesson of his life was worth telling.

## BROKEN FOR EVER.

"Hallo!" cried Charley Lawrence, stopping short in his walk, with a look of dismay in his face. "The dam is broken, and if it is not patched at once it will be washed away before morning."

He began mechanically stamping his feet to keep them warm, while he watched the water of the creek slowly trickling through a rift in the dam, which he and his companions had built on the day before.

The weather was not yet cold enough to freeze running water, and the boys had dammed the creek at this point, determined that when it did freeze the creek should be broad enough for a skating pond; and now the water had found a weak point in their work, and before morning it would be destroyed.

"Half an hour's work would put it in good shape again," said Charley to himself, biting the end of his glove, "but—

He hesitated over something for perhaps ten minutes, and then, jerking off his gloves, he set to work with might and main repairing the breach. While he was at work he did not notice his uncle coming towards him; when the work was done he saw him looking on. Charley's face suddenly grew as red as the morning sky.

"You have mended it, I see," his uncle said slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"But you have broken something else which can never be mended."

The serious tone in which this was spoken made Charley understand pretty clearly what was meant; but he asked:

"What is that, uncle?"

"What day is this, Charley?"

"Sunday."

"And a broken Sabbath is broken for ever."

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light; it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps its course; and so constantly will God's own light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.—*John Howe.*