

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

No. 20.

A CHILD'S DEVOTION.

If Phoebe Gray had thought only of herself, she would not have ventured out that terrible night. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamp-post on the corner, and looked up and down the street. Far down, a red light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said to herself, and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran to the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath; but still she kept on, thinking only of her father. At last she got on the tavern door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the noisy, half-intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, drenched with the rain that was pouring from her poor garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness or fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the company.

"Oh, father," leaped from her lips, as one of the men started forward, and, catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom, and ran with her into the street. If Mr. Gray's mind was confused and his body weak from drink, when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant; and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as, a

few moments afterwards, he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears; "my poor baby! it is the last time."

And so it was the last time. Phoebe's love had conquered. What persuasion,

God made her the instrument of still wider good. Startled and touched by her sudden appearance, the company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room went out, one after another, and sought their homes. One of them, as

he came in fully an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his weary and suffering wife, said:

"Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again."

"What was it?" asked the tired woman.

"A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is—looking for her father in a gin-shop! It made the tears come into my eyes, when her poor, drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her tightly clasped to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me, at least. And, Jane," he added with strong feeling in his tones, "this one thing is settled—our Jenny shall never search for her father in a gin-shop. I'll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow."

Nor was this all. Another of the men present when Phoebe came for her father, was so affected by the scene that he, too, stepped out of

the dangerous path in which his feet were treading, and by God's grace walked henceforth in the safer way

Always tell the truth, and you will never lose your self-respect.



PHOEBE'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had wrought. Oh, love is very strong.

Phoebe did not think beyond her father. Love for him had made her fearless of the night and the storm. But



First Child to Second Child—"Which lion would you choose?"
First Lion to Second Lion—"Which child would you choose?"

A YOUNG CHURCHGOER.

To-day's the firstest time
I ever went to church at all.
I couldn't go before because
My mother said I was too small;
But now I've had a birthday, so
I'm plenty big enough to go.

I listened very hard to-day,
And sat up just as still and good.
The people sang such lovely hymns;
And I sang, too, the best I could.
The preacher read the Bible twice.
I think that church is very nice.

My grandmamma when she began
To go to church was only three,
And she's been going sixty years;
She says she guesses I will be
Just like her—and I hope so too,
I'm going to church my whole life
through.

AMONGST THE TEA LEAVES.

By Anna E. Jacobs.

Two little Japanese girls, wearing red petticoats and gay sashes, were bending over the tea bushes, picking rapidly the thin leaves and then throwing them into a deep basket. They had as many pins, and their sashes were arranged in the required form, just as though they had not been bending all the morning over the tea leaves. They talked and laughed together at their work.

It was the month of May; the young tea leaves were just out; the first gray pussy leaves of the tea plant are the finest, so the two little Japanese girls were careful not to lose any of them in the picking. "I do not like to stand in the sea weed," said Kioto; "it slips and moves like a living thing beneath my feet."

"But it is good for the roots of the plants," said Mimosa, whose sleeves were tucked up so that her round plump arms showed as she worked. "You are not used to it; that is all."

Kioto sighed, but kept on filling her basket, for was she not earning money to pay for the little home made of bamboo way up on the mountain side a hundred miles from the great tea plantation where she was working?

"My basket is full," said Mimosa.

"And mine too," said Kioto, standing on her tiny feet to pick the upper leaves; "and now let us go and weigh them."

"Four pounds of tea leaves make only a pound of tea," said Mimosa to Kioto, who had come that day for the first time, and therefore did not know about the tea-picking.

"Ah, is that so? But I do love to drink tea!" she exclaimed, dimpling prettily, for like all he Japanese, she was a true lover of the fragrant tea leaves.

"To-morrow is the day we celebrate here in honor of the man who first brought tea to Japan," said Mimosa again.

"Oh, tell me about it!" clapping her hands until her long loose sleeves fell down over her small fingers.

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago a priest went to China from here as a missionary, and when he came back here to Japan he brought with him some tea seeds, which he planted on a hill in the west side of this country, and soon after he raised a large crop of tea bushes. One of his neighbors was sick with a dreadful toothache and sent for the priest, who took some hot brewed tea leaves to him. The neighbor swallowed the drink and felt immediately better, for the hot mixture, I suppose, helped the tooth. Of course the neighbor asked the name of the drink that he had liked so much, and then he begged some seed of the priest. A few years after, he had a beautiful tea plantation, and his tea leaves were everywhere sold for great prices."

"Oh, don't I wish I had some of them!" cried Kioto, "and I could sell them for a great price and take the money right home for my dear mother and little sisters."

"Yes, but that would be impossible. It is midday now; let us rest," and the two girls passed out between rows of tea bushes soon to be filled with the small, white, waxlike tea blossoms, which look much like a lovely wild rose.

Soon the tap, tap, tap of tiny sandals was heard along the street, for Kioto and Mimosa were going for a cup of their favorite tea in a bamboo tea house near by.—Morning Star.

NO ANIMAL WOULD TOUCH IT.

In one of the interior counties of New York, a minister preached one Sabbath on the evils of intemperance and their

cause. Some of his hearers were so offended that by way of insulting him, on the following morning they sent him a demijohn of rum with the request that he would accept it from a few friends, as a testimony of their regard.

At first he was somewhat at a loss how to dispose of it, but at length he decided to make an experiment with it. So, having prepared a clean trough, he turned some of the rum into it, and first offered it to his horse; then to his cow; and lastly to his hog. Pony snorted and blew at it; the cow snuffed and shook her horns; the hog grunted and snuffed, then dipped his nose in and coughed; but none of them would drink.

Having made this experiment, he sent back the demijohn with a note to his "friends," thanking them for their friendship, but informing them that he had offered it to his horse, to his cow, and to his hog, and none of them would drink it. He could not think that what neither horses nor cows nor hogs would drink would be useful to man, he must therefore be excused from drinking it himself.—Ex.

A NEW WAY OF NAMING.

The Indians have a queer way of naming their braves. An Indian who was not a fearless rider would be called "The Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses." One who had very keen eyes might be known as "Eagle-Eye." Another, whose blanket hung too low, would be very likely to catch the name of "Trailing Blanket," and a careless walker would be called "The Stumbling-Foot."

I wonder how this plan would do for naming children. I wonder if little Sue wouldn't be more tidy in her person if she knew she had to be called, "The Girl-With-Dirty-Nails." And what do you suppose Harry would think about telling some things so hard to believe, if everyone who met him on the street were to say, "Good morning, Mr. Tangle-Tongue." I am sure that Dick would try harder to be manly if his teacher called his name on the roll, "Richard April-Eves." And there would be no more books for mother to pick from the floor for Frank, if he were punished with such a name as "Everything-out-of-Its-Place," or "The Pitch-it-on-the-Floor-Boy."—Tidings.

WILLIE'S LOSS.

Willie couldn't do his sums,
Never read a story through,
Failed in almost every task
Father set his boy to do.

Mother looked perplexed and said:
"What's the cause?" I heard her sigh.

"Lost his application, dear!"
That was grandma's reason why.

If you've lost what Willie did,
You can find it (he did, too),
By completing every task
That is set for you to do.

A DILEMMA.

By Mary L. B. Branch.

Little man Noah lies all in the dark,
For Nannie has left him alone in the
ark;

His cows are astray, his sheep are both
lost,

His elephant over the sofa has crossed;
His chickens and birds in a frightened
heap lie,

With a couple of foxes staring close by;
His horse has dropped down with two
legs broken short,

His pigs are all prisoned in Johnny's
block fort,

His camel lies helpless tripped up in the
mat,

The rocking-chair rocks on his one
spotted cat;

His wife in the coal-hod, his sons in a
shoe,—

Pray, what in the world can the poor
Noah do?

Do you hear me, my darling? Run
quick as you can,

And out of the ark let that poor little
man!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 14.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25. 1-13. Mem. verses, 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither
the day nor the hour wherein the Son
of man cometh.—Matt. 25. 13.

LESSON STORY.

This parable teaches the important
lesson of getting ready for the Lord's
coming. It tells of ten maidens who
wanted to go to a marriage feast. Five
had wisely taken oil with them in their
lamps, but five had foolishly neglected
to do so. When they went to buy oil
the bridegroom came. They that were
ready went into the marriage and the
door was shut. Then came the foolish
ones, but alas! it was too late. They
could not get in.

At an hour that we know not, so
also will come the Son of God at the
Judgment day, and only those who are
prepared and ready can go into the
heavenly kingdom.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. What did the wise virgins do? They took oil with them.
2. What did the foolish do? They neglected to take oil.
3. What did they have to do? Go and buy some.
4. What happened when they were away? The bridegroom came.
5. Who went in with him to the marriage? Those who were ready.
6. What did the foolish then do?

They tried to get in, but the door was
shut.

7. Who is the bridegroom like? The
Son of God.

8. Do we know when He will come?
No.

9. What must we be sure to do? Be
ready and waiting.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 21.

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

Matt. 25. 14-30. Mem. verse, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A faithful man shall abound with
blessings.—Prov. 28. 20.

LESSON STORY.

This parable teaches the value of be-
ing useful and the sin of neglect. A
man took a journey, but before doing
so he divided his goods among his ser-
vants. To one he gave five talents, to
another two and to another one. Then
he who had received the five and the
two talents each doubled their amount,
but he who had received one went and
hid it in the ground. When the master
returned his servants brought their tal-
ents. With those who had increased
theirs the master was well pleased,
and rewarded them for their faithful-
ness. But with the one who buried his
the master was very angry, and took
away all he had. From this parable we
learn that our Lord and Master ex-
pects us to use our time and chances
for Him. If we do not learn our les-
sons or try to get along at school, we
are doing wrong, and God will be an-
gry with us, just like the master was
with the lazy, slothful servant. It is a
sin to be lazy and to neglect doing
whatever we can that is good and use-
ful.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did the man in this parable
do? He left talents with his servants.
2. What did he intend? That they
should make good use of them.
3. To those who did, what did he do?
He rewarded them.
4. What happened the lazy one? The
master was angry with him and took
away all he had.
5. What will happen the faithful per-
son? He shall have blessing.
6. And the unfaithful? They shall be
cast out.
7. What is the lesson for us? Not to
be lazy but useful.

A "LITTLE MAN."

A "little man" is what I heard his
mother call him one hot day in June.
He was a little fellow, not quite four
years old, and could not talk
"straight" yet. He was playing on
the front porch, having a good time
with his building blocks and much in-
terested in a store he was erecting.
Presently a stray dog came along,
stopped, and looked at the boy lov-
ingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy;
"I'll dit him somefin' to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch.
The little fellow poured some water in
it, and set it before the dog, who
lapped it eagerly.

"It's all done," said the boy; "I'll
dit some more."

Five times the boy filled the little
saucepan; then the dog bobbed his
head, waved his tail, and went off.

The little fellow laughed gleefully.
"He said, 'Fank you,' didn't he,
mamma? I dess he was glad to dit
some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," his mamma an-
swered.

That same day, a little later, two
children came along. Stopping outside
the fence, they peered into the yard.
They wore ragged clothes and were
barefooted. They looked at the little
boy within the gate with an expression
similar to that with which the dog had
regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he
said in a sympathetic tone; "maybe
dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may, if you wish," his mamma
answered, smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, peering
the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?"
questioned one waif, longingly.

"One for each of us," put in the
other.

"You can have your hands full,"
was the smiling answer. "I's dot a
whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the sweet
flowers—violets and pinks and June
roses—which his fair little hands held
out to the "unwashed," who thanked
him with grateful voices and passed on
with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mo-
ther, in a low, fervent voice.

He did not hear her, but I am sure
God will bless him.

A very gentle little girl came with
her mother into a strange school-room.
One of the little girls who was at home
there "loved her right away." As soon
as recess came, she asked her to play
with her. After that they were real
friends. Sometimes when little girls
are best friends it makes them a wee
bit selfish. They like to play just to-
gether; to make clothes for their doll
children hid away in some cozy nook,
to have secrets together. Now a friend-
ship ought to be like the sunshine—
such a warm, bright thing that it
warms and brightens everybody
around. See if it will not make you
and your little friend happier to try to-
gether to make others happy. Jesus
is the best friend. To go friends with
him opens our hearts wide. There is
love enough to go round.—Ex.

A great deal of talent is lost in the
world for the want of a little courage.
The fact is, that to do anything in this
world worth doing, we must not stand
back shivering and thinking of the cold
and the danger, but jump in and
scramble through as well as we can.—
Sidney Smith.



GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

Jack Frost has come back once more. The leaves, all red and brown and gold, are covering the ground. But the sharp frosts that have stripped the trees of their leaves have ripened the butternuts. Katie and her good dog Watch are wandering through the October woods gathering the butternuts, that Katie knows just where to find. Sometimes Katie will gather enough to sell a bag or two, and in this way she earns her Christmas spending money. What a sweet, bright face Katie has, and what good care Watch seems to take of her! Her basket is well filled, and they are going back through the woods to Katie's home.

LITTLE ALICE'S RESOLUTION.

Little Alice arose one bright May morning, just as the sun was peering through the white curtains of her little

bedroom; and after offering a simple morning prayer from the depths of her happy heart, she said: "I will see if I cannot do good to some one this day. I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something." And with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining-room just as the bell rang for family worship.

When breakfast was ready, the baby cried, and would not sit on the chair as usual, and amuse himself. Mother looked weary, and it was evident that she had a bad headache.

"Please let me take Willie, mother," said Alice. "I would rather wait, and I know he will be quiet with me."

"I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alice. Poor little fellow!"

Alice borrowed Frank's marbles, and sat down with baby on the carpet. The bright-hued balls pleased him, and he loved to roll them about with his little fat hands. His sister patiently gath-

ered them up when they rolled beyond his reach; and thus the meal-time passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast; the thought of helping her dear, kind mother was a hundred times more satisfaction. The influence of a good example is often contagious; and, after breakfast, the usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

She did not think that now she had done enough for one day, but after baby had drank off his cup of new milk, she coaxed him into his cradle, giving him one of her gayest toys, and then sang a sweet, lulling song, which presently soothed the restless little one into a quiet, refreshing slumber. It more than repaid all her trouble to hear her mother say: "Dear Alice have helped me very much this morning; and your little brother will feel very much better for a good sleep."

Just then her grandfather entered, leaning on his staff, and walked feebly, as he felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to his side and assisted him to cross the room, where his easy chair was placed by his favorite window.

"I will bring you in your toast and tea, grandfather, as soon as Margaret makes them," she said, cheerfully.

"Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them; my appetite is very poor to-day."

"Just try a little," she said, as she passed out into the kitchen. She returned presently with a nicely-laid tray; and, placing it before him, she poured out a cup of fragrant tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old man's heart warmed as he listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish he did not anticipate, and his wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

And thus she passed her day, going about the house with a sunny face, which delighted and did good to every one around her. Not even the old cat and the chickens were forgotten. When she went to rest that night her heart was full of sunshine; and, with a thankful spirit, she renewed her good resolution for the coming day. Who of my little readers will form the same, and then carry it out as faithfully as did little Alice?

A CHILD'S VERSION.

A bright little child of two summers, who is accustomed to improvise some simple petitions at the close of her "child's prayer," a few evenings ago added these words: "Bless fadder and mudder and sister and Pudy (the baby), and give me my bottle o' milk. Amen." The following evening she closed her prayer as follows: "And, Dod, look down on me while I take my bottle o' milk. Amen." This was but another way of saying, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and it showed faith in the little child's heart.