

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1903.

No. 19.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

Beatrice is a little English girl who lives in a dear old-fashioned manor-house in one of the quaint old towns of England. The house was built by the great-great-grandfather nearly two hundred years ago. It is, therefore, ancient-looking and in places is falling into decay. But as it is built so firmly of rough grey granite it is likely to withstand the ravages of time for a great while yet.

It is surrounded by a magnificent park in which are many grand old oaks and stately poplars. From the old library window with its quaint diamond-shaped panes, one obtains a very fine view of a bit of rural England. The window faces the west, and in the distance are the beautiful Berkshire hills. Often little Beatrice comes with her doll and enjoys the lovely sunsets. Not far off is the parish church, and we see through one window part of the church-yard, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound."

WHAT A SPIDER DID.

A prisoner in Holland was lying on the wretched heap of straw in the corner of his cell, which was the nearest approach to a bed that could be seen there. The man, who was a Frenchman, and had been imprisoned for talking of liberty and equal rights to the subjects of the stadtholder of Holland, and for months he had pined in this dismal prison.

He was not asleep now, but sat propped up on his elbow, intently watching a black spider busy with his web. When the prisoner, whose name was Dis Jonval, first saw the spider at work in that dark corner, he felt glad of even so insignificant and silent a companion. He was quite interesting, too, on longer acquaintance, and by studying his habits the prisoner gained a great deal of information. The spider never appeared during

bad weather, and Dis Jonval was able to predict frost at least a week before it came simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings. When the spider kept securely housed, that Frenchman was almost sure to have a bad headache.

Meanwhile the French general, Pichegru, with a large force, advanced sudden-

The word was given, and the dikes were cut. A flat country, the greater part of it below the level of the sea, Pichegru found in the Holland seas a far greater foe than the Holland armies. The Dutch land was all a swamp. The Frenchmen could not advance, could hardly retreat. The fate of Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. He had waited until the winter set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the wily general had anticipated the tactics of the stadtholder.

But the weather had suddenly shifted, until it was almost as mild as summer. The next day no spider appeared, and the Frenchman felt very lonely. Three days passed without seeing him. Dis Jonval thought his head had never ached so before. He talked to the gaoler who had brought in his meals, and found him more friendly than he had expected. From him he heard of the advance of Pichegru's army, and the trap laid for its destruction.

"You see, mynheer," added the man, "your countrymen depended upon hard water. If a frost had come he certainly would have taken the city; but as it is, he will soon have to retreat to Belgium."

A sudden light fell upon Dis Jonval, and, thanks to the spider and his headache, he began to see his way out of prison. "If a frost had come!" It was coming now! The army would be saved, Utrecht would be taken, and he—

He pleaded hard with the gaoler, as a man pleads for life and freedom, to bring him pen, ink, and paper, and smuggle a note for him through the line to the French general, who would probably exchange a Dutch prisoner for him with the stadtholder; and finally the man agreed to do the errand.

All that the note contained was a simple explanation about the spider who had not appeared for three days, and the



THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

ly into Holland. But this did not trouble the stadtholder, who could rely upon his "waterworks" on all such emergencies. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the centre of the country he adopted against the invaders the old-time tactics that years before had baffled Spanish Alva, and had cost a French king's brother a splendid army.

writer's headache. He predicted a hard frost within a week, and begged Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew Dis Jonval, and resolved to wait a week; and then there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for a hundred years. The waters were bound with icy fetters. The French advanced triumphantly, Utrecht fell, and the prisoner was released. But the spider who had done it all knew nothing about it, and went on spinning as usual.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1902.

SAYING GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

Tea was over at the Telfords, and the pretty, red-shaded lamp was lighted in the parlour. Papa had kissed the children good-night and gone off to his study, with a bundle of business papers.

"Now, mamma," said Ernest, "you'll read us a nice story, won't you?"

"First we must practice our hymns for the Children's Day service," said mamma.

"Oh! bother," cried Ernest, puckering his forehead up into wrinkles; "what's the use of our learning the hymns, anyhow? Miss Carter will play on the big organ, and lots of people will sing, and nobody will know, mamma, whether we are singing or not."

"Will nobody know, in heaven above or earth beneath?" asked his mother, looking very grave.

Ernest looked down, and shuffled his toes on the carpet; he knew what his mother meant, but he did not want to say so.

"Once upon a time," said Mrs. Telford,

(and three children pressed up close to her; she was going to tell them a story, after all;) "a father was walking down the road, and he met all his children; he had a large family of boys and girls, some big and some little. The father smiled upon them, and said, 'Bless you, my children; and what do you think the children said, Ernest?'"

But Ernest thought his mother was laying a trap for him, and he wouldn't say anything. "I fink they said good-mornin', farver," spoke up little blue-eyed Betty.

"Some of them did, Betsey, and some of them smiled back at him; but there were three little folks (a boy and two small girls) who did not look at him; did not smile at him, and did not open their lips. Do you think that good father would be pleased with them, Betty?"

"No," said little Betty, shaking her short, brown locks, "he would be sorwy."

"Now then, children," said mamma, "these hymns are one way that we say good-morning to God, our heavenly Father, when we go to worship him in church and Sunday-school. When the Bible is read, that is God speaking to us; and when we pray, we are asking help and favours from him; but when we sing hymns we are just praising and greeting him; just saying, 'Good-morning, dear God.' And if an earthly father would notice, and be sorry, if three of his children, even little ones, did not say good-morning to him, will not your heavenly Father be grieved, too, if even my little tots of children do not say good-morning to him?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ernest; he was ready to learn his hymns now, and as the little sisters were always ready to do what he did, they stood about her knee, and learned the words, and hummed over the tune with her, as long as she chose to keep them.

But in one of the baby hearts there was a question that needed an answer. "Mamma," said little Betty, with her round cheek against the chair arm, while her eyes tried to peer through the darkened window pane, "we are so awful little, and the sky is so high up, I 'spect God couldn't see us."

"He says he can see things a great deal smaller than you, Betsy; what is it about the sparrows?"

"I know!" cried Ernest, "let me say it: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.'"

"How much bigger are you than a sparrow, Betsey?"

"Oh! so much," said the little girl, laughing and stretching her short arms out wide.

"Then you may be sure your heavenly Father sees you, too, and listens for your 'good-morning' voice."

"ROB'S BATTLE."

"There isn't any use in my trying to do good, mother," said Rob Winter one Sunday afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get mad so quick. I think every time I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way, Rob; remember how David went out to meet Goliath; who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts."

"Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you, but if, like David, you go in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Rob; ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Rob, "I'll try; but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until afternoon recess. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Rob of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned towards his accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Rob that night, "but my giant isn't dead if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother; "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

A miserable-looking man went into a grocer's shop in York and begged for bread. The grocer thought that he knew the man, and asked him if his name was not ———, who once had a fortune and house of his own. Yes, it was the same man. The grocer spoke kindly to him, and inquired how he became so poor. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I am suffering for my bad conduct to my widowed mother. I used to wish her dead, that I might have her property; but when I got my desire, I never prospered; the money was soon squandered, and now I am reduced to want." Let all boys and girls take warning from this. God has said that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents, but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.—*English Paper.*

CHILDREN WHO WORSHIP IDOLS

Once again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Jesus' name, our sweetest word.

Little lips that thou hast made,
'Neath the far-off temple shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all thine own.

Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast giv'n to do thy will,
Offerings bring and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see nor hear.

Teach them, O thou Heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To thy Son, who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. September 20.

ABSTINENCE FROM EVIL (TEMPERANCE LESSON).

1 Pet. 4. 1-11. Memorize verses 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherewith is excess. —Eph. 5. 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter, the apostle who was one of the first to follow Christ, was afterward a faithful follower many years, until he was put to death at Rome for Christ's sake. He was at one time much afraid and denied his Lord, but afterward became one of the most bold and fearless of the disciples. He wrote letters to the Christians scattered through the countries where he had preached, and they are full of good words of warning and counsel and comfort. In a part of his first letter he warns Christians against the people around them who are given over to pleasure, to feasting, to wine, and to idolatry, and who think it strange that Christians cannot do as they do, and who speak unkindly about them because they do not. He tells them to be watchful and prayerful, and tells them also, above all things, else, to be loving towards each other, for love covers many sins. We cannot easily find fault with one whom we love. He also urges them to be ready to share with each other whatever they have without grudging, for all that we have is the gift of God, and when we share it with our neighbor we are only acting as God's servants in dividing his gifts. He said that Christians ought both to speak from God and give from God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who wrote our lesson? Peter, the apostle.

To whom did he write it? To all Christians.

How many of his letters have we? Two.

What did he fear for Christians? Worldly pleasures.

What were the people around them? Idolaters.

What did they often do? Make idol feasts.

What did they drink? Wine.

Would this harm them? Yes.

What did he want them to be? Watchful and prayerful.

What did he wish above all things? That they should have love.

What would he have them share? The gifts of God.

Who gives all our wealth? God.

LESSON XIII. September 27.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation. —Psa. 27 1.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. I. A. for a K. . . . Prepare your—
2. S. C. K. The Lord is—
3. S's F. A. Only fear the—
4. S. R. as K. To obey is—
5. S. A. D. Man looketh on—
6. D. and G. if God be for—
7. S. T. to K. D. God is our—
8. D. and J. There is a—
9. D. S. S. Love your—
10. D. of S. and J. There is a—
11. D. B. K. Behold how—
12. A. from E. Be not—

A LITTLE HEROINE.

A Japanese missionary writes: "I want to tell you about one of our little Japanese girls. Her youngest sister is very pretty—therefore, as the family was poor, she was sold to be a public dancing girl. The older one, not being so pretty, was sent to us as day scholar to learn knitting, sewing, etc., until she could go out to service. She became a Christian, and began to feel badly about her sister; but what could she do? Her father had great sympathy with her and was anxious to get the child back, but he is sick and cannot work, the mother did not care, the older brother had gone to the war, the two younger could not help much.

"But our little girl was very brave. She went to the master of the house where her sister was and tried to get her free. She was only laughed at, and told that her sister had learned to dance very well; to let her alone and in a little while she would be earning a great deal of money

and could help them all—could give her new dresses and pay for her food at the school. She told them she would never eat the rice that her sister's money paid for, nor wear the clothes. They said the child could not go unless she paid forty dollars.

"Our little girl's ideas of forty dollars were very vague, but she was not daunted. She got her younger brothers to save all they could. Then her sister's master threatened to give the girl away if the money was not paid at once. This was heart-breaking to our little girl, who had been able to save but ten dollars, and added to this are the tears and entreaties of the little sister, who begs to be saved from the life which she has now learned is bad.

"All this I hear from our young Japanese teacher, who has learned it, little by little, from the sad-hearted girl, who found it impossible to give her usual good attention in class. I am glad to tell you that all the money has been furnished by kind friends, and the child will soon be placed in a respectable home. If you could only see the change in our little girl! The look of care gone—joy and glad tears in its place."

BESSIE AND PUSS.

Bessie slept so late one morning that breakfast was over when she got up, so mamma put her bowl of bread and milk on a chair out-doors where it was cool.

"Sank 'oo," said Bessie politely. She put Johnny's hat on the back of her head, for she liked it better than her own broad-brimmed one, and went out. How good the bread and milk tasted. But in a minute Puss came too, and put her paws on the chair and said, "mew, mew." Bess knew she meant "Please give me some."

"It's my bekfuss, kittie, and I must eat it," said the little girl. But Puss mewed louder than ever, and Bess gave her a big spoonful.

Kittie liked it so well, that soon she climbed up and put her nose in the bowl to help herself.

At first it was funny to watch her, but when Bessie saw that most of her breakfast was gone, she lifted her spoon and struck Pussy hard. Pussy "me-ou'd" so loud that mamma looked out. "No, no," she said, seeing the lifted spoon.

"She eated my bekfuss," said Bess.

"She didn't know any better," said mamma, coming out. She took Bessie's hand and looked at it. "This little hand was not made to hurt anything that God made," she said.

Then she washed the bowl and filled it again, and shut the kittie up. So Bess ate her bread and milk by herself. But all that day, whenever she looked at her hand, she remembered how mamma said it was not made to hurt things.

Let us hope she will always remember.



TRUE FRIENDS.