

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1905.

No. 1.

SNOWBALLING.

Did you ever have a snowball match, boys? I suppose you did. It is a kind of sport some people don't enjoy, for the snow has a fashion of melting and trickling down one's neck in a very cool and

A LITTLE NORTHERNER.

Sievu lives far up in the cold north. There, among the snow and ice her father has built his "igloo"—just a round hut of stones and earth and moss, with a long tunnel leading into it instead of a door,

a long strip of meat and puts one end in her mouth, sucking it down until her little throat can hold no more. Then with a sharp knife, she cuts it off close to her lips. After a while, when her mouth is empty again, she takes another piece. It



SNOWBALLING.

insinuating way. But it is great fun for all that, as you know. The battle in the picture has not started yet, but, judging from the size and number of the balls being prepared, it is going to be a rather "hot" one. This is an old-fashioned English school, as may be seen from the timbered building and ivy-covered stone wall.

so as to keep out the cold air better. Inside the "igloo" there is just enough room for Sievu, her father and mother, and her little baby brother. Around the fire in the middle they all gather to keep warm and to eat their meals of walrus and bear meat and fish.

I am afraid you would be shocked if you saw Sievu eat her dinner. She takes

is not a nice way to eat, but then Sievu's father and mother and all the rest of the Eskimo tribe have always done it, so Sievu knows no better.

The little northern children are all dressed in skins, for there is nothing out of which to make cloth, and besides that, cloth would not be warm enough. So little Sievu is dressed all in furs, with a

sealskin cord wound round and round to keep the folds together. No matter how cold it is, Sievu is very comfortable in her furry wrappings, and can be tucked into the dog-sledge and taken for a ride on days when you would be afraid to stir out of the door for fear of being frozen.

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HELPING GOD ANSWER PRAYER.

Though scarcely more than a baby, Bluebelle's "Little Brother" had been taught "Now I lay me," and "God bless father and mother and sister Bluebelle," and, in addition, to ask God for anything he wanted very badly.

Though a model older sister in many respects, Bluebelle dearly loved to have the best of the bargain, not only half, but the whole of the time, and when there were toys and good things to be divided she had a way of acting, if not speaking, that plainly said: "I'll give you half, 'Little Brother,' but, since I am the older I will keep the bigger half."

She was very fond of "Little Brother," but when her small friends came to play with her, she did not want to take care of him, and sometimes she was cross, and pinched or slapped him when he followed them about.

One night, after "Little Brother's" "God bless sister Bluebelle," he lisped, "and please don't let her pinch 'Little Brother' any more, and make her quit giving him the knotty apples and the teeny bits of candy."

"I didn't," began Bluebelle in confusion, but mother interrupted her by say-

ing, in a low, soothing voice, "That is a prayer sister Bluebelle ought to help God answer."

"Help God?" Bluebelle exclaimed, wonderingly.

"Yes," said mother, and then, after tucking "Little Brother" up in his little white crib, mother had a long talk with the small selfish sister, in which she explained how she might help God answer "Little Brother's" prayer.

Bluebelle was a careful, trusty little girl, and mother often sent her on errands out in the village. She had pretty manners, and people often treated her to some dainty when she was out. One morning, shortly after mother's talk, Bluebelle came back from the grocery the happy possessor of a big, rosy-cheeked apple. Apples were very scarce that season, and this one looked very tempting. After showing it to mother, she called "Little Brother."

"Do you want a knife to cut it?" asked mother, hoping to help her to victory.

But Bluebelle shook her head, and when "Little Brother" came at her call she put the big apple, uncut, into his baby hands.

"Just half of it, dear," said mother.

"No; all," insisted Bluebelle. "Don't you 'member his prayer? I'm helping to answer it, mother, just like you said."

BAE'S FIRST PARTY.

She was everybody's "dear little Bab." "We must begin to call her Barbara," mother said, but they didn't.

Little Bab was going to her first party, and as they entered the parlor, mother and sister Lucy watched to see how she'd act. They thought the slight shyness only made her prettier.

It was a children's party, of course, and you know the mothers always go with the small tots.

Perhaps you know, too, that when the children are seated at table, the littlest ones in high chairs, and some perched on books, the mothers stand behind to help wait upon them. At least that was the way at children's parties where I have been.

So as Lucy was old enough to care for herself, the pretty young mother stood behind Bab. All went well until the little lady missed her mother's face, and began to cry.

"Why, Bab, darling, here I am," whispered her mother from behind her chair, and loving arms drew her near, till her sobs were hushed, and her eyes flashed rainbows.

"Wasn't it too bad she cried?" said sister Lucy, on the way home. "Not one other cried." Lucy's pride was hurt, for she thought that Bab had not quite behaved herself.

She didn't know that in a corner of the dining-room a woman stood, who was a

guest of the family. This one had no dear child there—no baby had ever said "mother" to her. Her life was lonely, and she felt it then. But when Bab cried, and turned to her mother, some one whispered softly to this lonely woman, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." She knew that a Friend was near.

So it was not quite "too bad" that dear little Bab cried.

WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbor of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey, and while he was away some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was!—that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball. But Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came home—it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out—Snowball ran to him at once, and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and to make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him downstairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say, "This pappy has gotten in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh! And how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy—and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house!

Have you quarrelled in angry haste?

Kiss and agree.

Of remorse had bitter taste?

Kiss and agree.

Angels will look down and smile,

Kiss and agree.

If you're reconciled, the while

Kiss and agree.

AN AMBITIOUS ARTIST.

What are you painting, under the trees,
Where the grasses wave in the soft spring
breeze?

Such a big jar! Dear me, I'm afraid
You'll have to give up, my quaint little
maid.

Trying to paint it, for truly I doubt
If your brush and your colors will ever
hold out.

It is so large, and you are so small
You'll never be able to paint it all!
Better to choose—don't you think so,
too?—

Something that isn't as big as you,
And do it well, than to daub away
With your tiny brush on such widths of
clay!

It isn't always wise to try
The very biggest thing you spy.
Begin with little—and then, you know,
You can do the big things when you
grow.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.

THE FIRST MIRACLE IN CANA.

John 2. 1-11. Memorize verse 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.—
John 2. 5.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus had his five disciples with him he had begun the building of the Christian Church in a way that others could understand, for all Jews who were teachers (rabbis) had disciples. After three days they went with him back to Galilee, and there he found an invitation to a wedding at Cana, a little city among the hills. His mother was to be there. Did he say, "No, I have my work to do"? Not at all. He took his disciples and went to Cana. Perhaps the bride and groom, or their parents, were friends of Jesus and of Mary, and it would have been unkind to stay away. A Jewish wedding sometimes lasted for a week, and there was plenty of food and wine and mirth. A strange thing happened at this wedding—the wine gave out before the feast was ended! They were in great trouble about it. Mary had great faith in the power of her Son to do what he would, though as yet he had done no miracle. She spoke to Jesus about the lack of wine, and then she whispered to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." So when Jesus told them to fill the six stone water jars with water, they did it. Afterward he told them to draw some from the jars, and carry to the master of the feast. When the master had sipped a

little of it he said that they had kept the best of the wine for the last of the feast. Jesus had turned the water into wine all at once. He does the same thing when he sends water up through the grapevine to the fruit, from which it is afterward made into wine, but this showed that he had divine power to work a miracle.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who were the first disciples of Jesus? John, Andrew, Simon, Philip, and Nathanael.

Where did they go with Jesus? Into Galilee.

How long had they been disciples? Three days.

What did Jesus find? That he must go to a wedding at Cana.

With whom did he go? With his mother and with his disciples.

What happened? The wine gave out.

What did Mary do? She spoke about it to Jesus and to the servants.

What stood near? Six large water jars.

What did Jesus do? He told the servants to fill them with water.

What did it become? Wine.

Who served it at Jesus' word? The servants.

What did the master of the feast call it? The best of the wine.

LESSON V.—JANUARY 29.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-15. Memorize verses 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

Nicodemus was a "man of the Pharisees," "a ruler of the Jews," and yet he loved and honored Jesus in his heart. Poor man! All his friends among the Pharisees hated Jesus, and were full of pride and of the love of self. What could he do? If he had followed Jesus as those simple fishermen had done he would have been cast out of the temple and the synagogue and despised by all. He wanted the truth, and yet he was too timid to leave all to follow it; so he came to Jesus by night to be taught. He called Jesus "Master," and a "teacher come from God," but Jesus looked deep into his heart, and saw how much he needed the Spirit of life to make it new, and said these solemn words, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Then how surprised was Nicodemus! "How can a man be born when he is old?" he said. Then Jesus explained that wonderful thing that we call conversion—regeneration, or getting a new heart. Even Jesus could not explain it so that Nicodemus could understand, for he was too

learned in the old way of thinking to turn easily to the new way. Jesus tried to help him by something he could hear. Perhaps the wind was blowing among the olive trees outside the window, and making the little hanging lamp flicker. Jesus told him that the wind was blowing where it would; they could hear it, but they could not tell where it came from, or where it was going. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

He said much more which you will read and love him for, when you are older. Ask somebody to tell you the story of the serpent in the wilderness.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who came to talk with Jesus? Nicodemus.

What did he think of Jesus? That he was a teacher from God.

What did Jesus tell him? That he must be born again.

What did he mean? That he must have the life of the Spirit in his heart.

Could Nicodemus understand him? No.

Why? Because he had learned to think in another way.

Can you see the wind? No, but I can feel it.

Can you see the life in a tree? No.

How do you know that it is there? Because it grows.

Can you also believe in the life of the Spirit? Yes.

What was the brazen serpent a sign of? Christ, our Saviour.

For whom was he lifted up? For all men.

ROBBY AND THE BUBBLES.

"You must not throw your ball, Robby," said mother.

"Why not, mother?"

"Because baby is asleep, and you will disturb him. He is not well, you know."

Robby went and looked at the dear little fellow asleep in his crib.

"I love him," he said. "I'll not wake him."

He took his picture-book and sat down. But he had seen all the pictures very often before.

Mother went to the kitchen and brought back a bowl and pipe.

"Here, dear," she said, "you can blow some bubbles."

It was great fun. The bubbles were streaked with green and gold and red and purple. They sailed high in the air.

When he was done, he said, "Mothers are always doing nice things for little boys."

And mother said, "Little boys can be very sweet to their mothers when they try."

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.



THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow we're going to Aunt Mary's—if it doesn't rain!" and the children danced around the room, for if there was any place they loved to go it was to Aunt Mary's.

But, alas! when to-morrow came, it was dark, dismal and rainy. And the day opened in the house dark, dismal and rainy, too, for every one of the children cried except Willie.

After breakfast he said, "I'm going to take photographs. I'm going to photograph Tommy and Mary and Susie, and everybody."

"Oh!" cried the children, "that's splendid!" and with the tears still on their cheeks, they began to laugh.

Then Willie made a group of Tommy and Mary and Susie, and, putting a piece of black cloth over his face, he pretended to take the picture of the little group. When he was through with the three, every one of them said:

"I want to see the pictures you made?"

"Just wait," answered Willie. "I must go into my dark room before I can show the picture."

With a mysterious air, the little boy went into the next room. Now among the books given the children to do what they pleased with was a book containing the styles and fashions of the last summer. And there were in it pictures of little boys and girls, as well as grown-up people.

Some of these Willie carefully cut out and, arranging them in a nice group, pasted them on square pieces of cardboard. He made one for each of the children. Then he came out and delivered the pictures, and of course the pictures were much admired.

"But you haven't paid me," said Willie. "Photographers are always paid."

"Oh," said the three, "we left our

purses at home, and will go and get them."

So out of the room they marched, and presently returned with any number of silver and gold dollars, all cut neatly out of white and yellow paper; and the photographer was paid.

It rained outside all day, but the dismalness inside had gone, and when the children went to bed they vowed they had had a splendid time.

As mother tucked Willie in his bed, she whispered to him, "I'm so glad my Willie got over his disappointment so well. He made sunshine in the house all day."

IN HIS CARE.

The German soldiers were trying to take the city of Paris. For a long time the people in the city had suffered from hunger, and now the great cannon-balls and shot poured into the place, and all who had cellars took refuge in them. In one—a dark, damp place—was a little Canadian girl named Hester, with her father, mother and big brother. Hester was very much frightened. She crept close to her father.

"I don't feel half so afraid when you hold me, father," she said.

"That is the way I feel with my Father," he answered, as he kissed his little girl.

"Do you mean God?" asked Hester.

"Yes," her father said. "I feel sure that he will do the very best thing for us."

"Are you sure he will keep us from being killed?" asked Hester.

"If it is best; but if not, he will take us home to himself, with sister Annie and dear grandmother," her father said, calmly.

The child lay there with the crashing noise over and about her, but her father's words quieted her. God was so strong;

they were in his care; and at last tired, hungry little Hester fell asleep.

The very next day it was all over; the Germans came into Paris; the firing stopped, and those who were spared came out into the upper world of light and sunshine. Among them were Hester and her family, safe and sound. How pleasant it was to be out of the damp, gloomy cellar, and see the daylight once more? The streets were very empty, and every one looked sad, but the danger was over.

Hester was soon eating good fresh bread again. "But, after all," she said, "God seemed so near to us in the cellar, nearer than out here in the daylight, somehow."

"We must be very careful not to forget him, now that we have come back to our busy lives," said Hester's mother. "He is always our refuge."

THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

When Napoleon led his army to Cairo he inspired their enthusiasm by the stirring words, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon us." It is a wonderfully impressive thought that these stupendous structures were already two thousand years old when Mary and Joseph, with the young Child, fled from the face of Herod, that they were centuries old when the children of Israel toiled in the brick-yards of Egypt, when Moses the deliverer rose, and that they were also centuries old when Joseph was sold into bondage by his brethren, and even when Abraham went down into Egypt.

Such a scene as is pictured here we saw over and over again in our ride through Egypt. We saw many plodding fellahs, many a peasant mother with her babe riding on just such an animal through such a scene as is shown in the picture. Indeed, we were shown in an old church near Cairo the grotto in which it is said that the Virgin Mary and Joseph and the young Child took refuge; and we were even shown the place where tradition avers that Moses was found in the bulrushes, but as to the truth of these traditions of the sacred sites we are a good deal sceptical. The white hills as seen in the picture are the yellow sand-dunes of the desert which ever greet the vision as one passes.

Willie's mother had been reading aloud the poem, "We Are Seven," and after some reflection, he said: "Mamma, it's a pity there weren't two more of them." "Why?" "Because then they could have organized a baseball team."