

# HAPPY DAYS

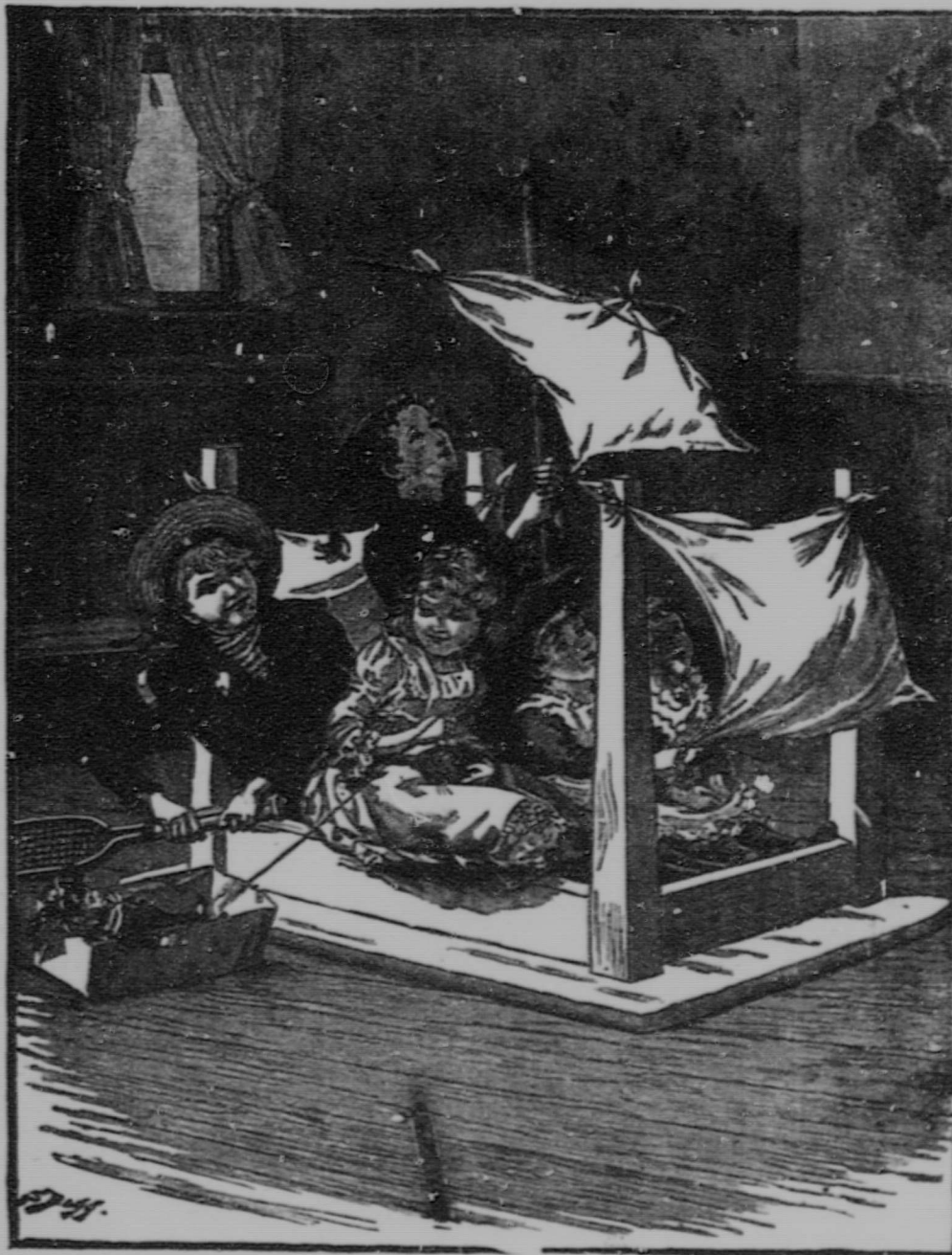
Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

No. 22

## THE BOAT-RIDE.

What a jolly time these little folks seem to be having? They have made a boat of the table, and they think they will take their toys and go visiting. Their faces show that they are happy. You see they have used the legs of the table for a foremast and mizzenmast, and with a pole and grandpa's cane they have made another for the mainmast, the cane answering for the main-topmast. The boy with the cap on must be the captain, and he has undertaken to guide the ship safely across the great imaginary waters. The others must think him a safe captain, for they do not seem afraid that he will allow the ship to sink. Each one is satisfied with his part, and so they do not quarrel about who shall be captain, or who shall hold the rudder, or who shall hold the rope which is fastened to dolly's little boat to bear her safely across. And because they are not selfish they are happy. If one of them should become selfish, in just a little while all the pleasure would be spoiled. Children, it is selfishness that makes so many people unhappy people. Selfish people are not happy themselves, and they make others



THE BOAT-RIDE.

unhappy by their ways. When we try to make others happy we make ourselves so, though unconsciously. Hear the merry little crew:

We've started for England;  
Our sails are all set,  
And all the conditions  
For voyaging are met.

We've main-sail  
and top-sail,  
A rudder and  
oar,  
A four-cornered  
vessel,  
And masts on  
all four.  
A crew and a cap-  
tain,  
Three passengers  
gay,  
And thus well ap-  
pointed  
We will sail  
away.

The ship is quite  
crowded,  
Just room for  
our toes;  
No possible space  
left  
For friends or  
for foes.

A little square  
dory  
We draw along-  
side,  
And baby within  
it  
Floats on with  
the tide.

So we're sailing  
away—  
May write you  
again  
When we reach  
the far port  
Across the wide  
main.

## LITTLE SUN- SHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I guess this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing, but you are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pour-

ing. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face. One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day.

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty.

After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went downstairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night her grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine? and will you not help make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones?—*Our Young Folks.*

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8v., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HUENES, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

BE THOU A BLESSING.

A little Sunday-school lad wished very much that he had some money to send to the poor children in India, to feed and clothe them, and keep them in the mission schools to learn about Jesus. This little boy was named Harry. His mother was poor, and could not often give him pennies, but she said: "You might earn some money." That night Harry told the Lord Jesus all about it, and asked him

to let him have some work to do. All the next day passed, and, though he hunted up and down the village, Harry could find no work. But you do not think that God had forgotten? On the next day, as Harry was on his way to school, a lady called him from her cottage door, and asked him to dig up the dandelions in her garden. Do you think he said yes? School could hardly let out soon enough. He dug the little garden so clean that the lady hired him to take care of it all summer. Many a bright quarter went to India to do Jesus' work. At home, at school, everywhere a child who loves Jesus can be a blessing.

#### A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

You remember how Christian came out of the City of Destruction, not with head erect and quick, free step, but bowed under a bundle which he carried on his back. When I was a child, and loved, as I do yet, to turn from picture to picture of "Pilgrim's Progress," I always lingered over the one which shows Christian at the cross with his burden falling off. Perhaps there are none in the world who carry about with them so great a bundle of woes as the drunkard, the man who, when he sees a glass of beer or wine on the table, cannot help drinking it, who cannot pass by a saloon without going in. From his eagerness for liquor you would think it must be a good thing, and do him good and give him pleasure; but he would be the first to tell you that none of these things can be said of it. His thirst is a terrible disease. Alcohol, out of which all these things are made, is not a food, but a poison. Bread is a food, and coffee and milk—anything which, when we are hungry or thirsty, we eat or drink, and get enough of. These take away the feeling of hunger or thirst, but every glass of liquor brings a stronger thirst for more. A person who had been drinking milk for many years might miss it very much if he could not drink it any more, if he were in a place where he could not get it, or if the doctor said that it was not good for him; but he would not be miserable without it, nor wake up in the night and cry for it like a crazy man; he would not tell the doctor that he must have it, though it killed him. But people who have poisoned themselves with alcohol do all these things. Many doctors tell us now that alcohol is not even good as a medicine; that it makes a great show of doing good for a while, and then leaves the sick one weaker, with less power to throw off disease—less vitality, if you can get at the meaning of the big word. Almost all doctors agree that it is a dangerous medicine; that if the patient keeps on with it after his sickness is gone he will find the medicine itself bringing on disease and death. The Bible warns us many times, both in the Old and the New Testament,

against wine-drinking. In Proverbs, which reads like a father's letter to his son, there are very strong warnings. Our lesson to-day tells us some of the things that are in the drunkard's bundle of woes. Can you remember five things? Sorrow, contentions, babbling, wounds without cause, redness of eyes. Nobody is glad in his home; he loses his own self-respect; he quarrels about everything; he talks foolishly; he meets with many accidents, and is often sick; his eyes grow dim, his limbs totter, his face loses all the goodness out of it—and the list of woes might go on and on. Only at Jesus' cross can the heavy burden fall away. Thanks be to God that the "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I said that drunkenness is a fearful disease. It is a fearful sin, too. Other diseases come upon us without our being able to help it. We can all help beginning to drink liquor. God's Book says: "Look not thou upon the wine."

#### THE BIRD'S LESSON.

"Try! try!" chirps the mother bird to the little ones in the nest. "You can fly if you will only try. Watch me, and do as I do."

So the birdies spread their weak little wings, and flutter and fall to the ground; but they try again and again until they learn to mount up in the free air and fly far away.

"Try! try!" is what other mothers say, too, and little children hear it in their homes as well as little birds in their nests.

Try to be pure! Try to be good! Try to be loving! Try to be true!

Right thoughts and deeds are like wings that lift our lives higher. God, who gives the birds power to fly, gives far more to his own dear little children: the power to rise to a good life and to a happy home in heaven.

#### OPENING THE HEART.

There was a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words: "Be bold, I stand at the door and knock."

His mother said to him: "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered: "I would say, 'Come in!'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in!'"

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made his father ask: "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, come in,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."



AWFUL.

There is a little maiden  
Who has an awful time;  
She has to hurry awfully  
To get to school at nine.

She has an awful teacher,  
Her tasks are awful hard;  
Her playmates all are awful rough  
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,  
Who often shows her claws;  
A dog who jumps upon her dress  
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister  
With an awful little nose,  
With awful cunning dimples,  
And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers,  
And they are awful boys;  
With their awful drums and trumpets  
They make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common-sense,  
Come, and this maid defend,  
Or else I fear her awful life  
Will have an awful end.

—Toronto Globe.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON V. [Nov. 3.]

DEATH OF JOSEPH.

Gen. 50. 15-26. Memory verses, 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psa. 90. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

Notice how Joseph honoured his father, according to the Lord's command. Because he honoured the good old patriarch, the king of Egypt did also, and the last days of Jacob were pleasant and peaceful. Read about it in Monday's Steps. It is easy to see that Joseph's brothers did not feel at rest in their hearts about the brother who had showed such love and forgiveness to them. Read in lesson verses of their fear and of Joseph's forgiveness. It made Joseph sad to see that they were afraid of him, for this showed that they did not believe he loved them. Do you know what puts fear out of the heart?

Joseph lived to be an old man, and as long as he lived he was loved and trusted. When he was a boy he loved the right and followed it, and so he built up a strong, beautiful character, which made him able to live a pure and useful life. "The Lord was with him," shows why he was

so good and true; but could the Lord have been with him if he had always been trying to get away from the Lord? We try to get away from the Lord when we wilfully do wrong.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jacob die? In Egypt.
2. Where was he buried? In Canaan.
3. Who showed honour to Jacob? The Egyptians.
4. For whose sake? For Joseph's sake.
5. Who were afraid of Joseph now? His brothers.
6. What did they fear? That he would punish them.
7. What did they not know? That he loved them.
8. What did he tell them? "Fear not."
9. Who tells us not to fear? Our Brother, Jesus.
10. Who will forgive yet love us? Jesus.
11. What is our part? To love and follow him.
12. Where did Joseph die? In Egypt.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 10.]

ISRAEL OPPRESSED IN EGYPT.

Ex. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 8, 9, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant.—Exodus 2. 24.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you not think Joseph was kind to take care of all Jacob's large family in Egypt? There were seventy in all, Jacob and eleven sons with their families. Ten of Joseph's brothers were older than he, but we do not hear that any died before him. But they died, one after another, and their children lived on in Egypt and grew to be a great number. They were not Egyptians, but Israelites, and when, after a long time, a new king, named Pharaoh, came, he was afraid of this strange host of people who lived in his land. He did not know Joseph, and he was not a kind king. He did not want to send them away, for he wanted them to be his servants, but he thought if they were harshly treated they would not multiply so fast, and so he set masters over them to make them work very hard and to treat them cruelly. Pharaoh did not know that God had said he would increase his people to a great nation in Egypt, and very likely he wondered why, in spite of all he did, they grew stronger and stronger all the time. Even mighty kings cannot overthrow God's wise plans.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. How many sons had Jacob? Eleven besides Joseph.
2. Where did they all go to live? To Egypt.
3. How many were there, with their families? Seventy.
4. What came from them? A great and mighty people.
5. What were they? Israelites.

6. With whom did they live? With Egyptians.
7. What did a new king think? That they were too strong.
8. What did he make them? His slaves.
9. What did he make them do? Work very hard.
10. How were they treated? Cruelly.
11. Did this make them weak? No; they grew stronger.
12. Who was taking care of them? God.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"Do you think Jesus loves you, Daisy?" "Oh, yes'm," she replied; "he loves me when I'm naughty and when I'm good. He loves me better when I do right, just as mammas do. They always love their little children, but of course they love them better when they're good. They are really sorry when the little ones are naughty." Daisy understood. Yes, Jesus always loves us, but he cannot take joy and pleasure in us unless we obey him. If we do wrong, his love becomes grief and pity for us.—Sunbeam.

A WISE LITTLE MOUSE.

A wise little mouse  
Came out of his house  
Through a small round hole for a door.  
His little eyes blinked,  
And he winked and winked,  
And he winked and he blinked some more.  
"There's milk and there's bread,"  
He to himself said,  
"And honey that's made by the bees;  
There's coffee and tea,  
But better for me,  
There's plenty of crackers and cheese.  
I'll nibble at both";  
And then, nothing loath,  
To nibble at both he began,  
When he cried, "What's that?  
My stars, 'tis a cat!"  
And away like a flash he ran.  
And this little mouse  
Ran into his house  
Through the wee small hole for a door;  
Then said to the cat:  
"I know where you're at,  
And I shan't come out any more."

—Exchange.

Boys, it would be to your good to remember that a shirk cannot get along well in this world. You must be reliable and industrious. Do not try to see how much time you can kill; for if you do time will be killing you some day. A boy of character will not be a shirk; he will not neglect his work, and try to throw it off on some one else's shoulders. A lazy boy will make a lazy man, and a lazy man is on the downward road. Satan's workshop is in the idle brain.

See how good you can be all this week.



DEATH OF JACOB.

## DEATH OF JACOB.

The above picture shows the death scene as the venerable patriarch Jacob calls his sons around him to give them the blessing as recorded in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis. These blessings had a wonderful significance, describing the characteristics of the twelve tribes as they settled in the land of promise four hundred years afterwards.

## DOLLY'S GIANT STORY.

Once there was a giant.  
But I must begin at the other end of the story. Once there was a great mountain. The mountain was full of gold.  
Now, you know gold is the most precious thing in the world, some people think. It is a real Aladdin's lamp, and with it in your hand you can do and have and be almost anything in the world.  
When people found that this great mountain was full of gold, the next thing was to break open this wonderful bank and get it.

That was not easy to do.  
They picked away at the locks here and there—that is, they dug little holes and tunnels in the red, clayey earth, and they took up panfuls of the loose soil, and washed out the little yellow specks in it.  
But the gold lay down deep in the dark heart of the mountain, and the people grew discouraged about ever getting at it.  
One day a man came along, and said: "Why don't you get a giant to help you?"

I know one strong enough to break this old mountain all in pieces, and carry it off on his shoulders."

How the men stared at that! "Why," they said, "bring us your giant, and you shall have gold and plenty of it."

But when he brought the giant they laughed at him.

Giant, indeed! He was no bigger than a candle, and looked much like one.

"Never you mind his looks!" said the man. "Just drill a little hole for him to lie in among the rocks of this mountain, and give him some fire to eat, and see what he will do."

The man was right after all.

They made a deep hole in the rock for him, and they gave him "fire to eat"—that is, touched a match to the long fuse he liked to carry around with him—and, presto! the rocks flew, the mountain gates were open, and the glittering gold specks gleamed in every fragment of rock.

Since that nobody has despised little Giant Powder.—*Youth's Companion*.

## HIS RIGHTS.

"I will have my rights!" said Tom Bell, as he walked off the playground.

"Oh, his rights! those everlasting old rights! I wish he'd take them, and be done with it!" cried Hal Hale, half laughing, and very much in earnest, too.

Tom was a trial to all his friends on account of these same "rights." He was

always on the lookout to see that he had his full share of everything that was going. He was very quick to see a slight; so quick, indeed, that he could often see one where none was intended. Of course he was not a popular boy. How could he be? He kept himself at the front all the time. The boys had to keep a sharp watch to see that Tom's feelings were not hurt, and it was a weight on their minds, you may be sure; and then, in spite of all their care, he was always feeling that he did not have his rights.

Do not take Tom for a model, boys, if you want to have friends and go through life pleasantly; and, girls, watch against the selfishness which is often called by the pretty name of "sensitiveness."

Here is a secret: The one who thinks least of self will get the most kind consideration from others, and the sure way to lose your rights is to be always trying to get and keep them.—*Sunday School Advocate*.

## EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE.

This singular looking cut is an illustration of the mummy cases or coffins of the Egyptians. They were made of wood, covered with a sort of papiermache plaster, and brilliantly decorated with pictures in red, blue, yellow, green, and other primary colours. You will remember that both Jacob and Joseph were embalmed and carried up with the people of Israel into Canaan. Jacob was buried in the cave of Machpelah, where his body still rests, and Joseph, according to the Scripture narrative, in a lonely tomb near Jacob's Well, though the Moslems say his body was afterwards removed to the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron.



EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE.