

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1906.

No. 15.

THE PUNTING-POLE.

Eric Tims was clever, industrious boy of thirteen. He was handy with saw, axe, and plane; and during the long evenings he spent many hours in "making things." He used to say he liked making things all by himself. Many a time he delighted his mother with his work, and he used to surprise his little brother and sister by the nice things he made for them.

But he is now preparing for the boating season. His father's house stood in grounds that sloped down to the Thames, and in the boat-house were a four-oared rowing boat, a canoe, and a punt. Punting was Eric's favorite amusement, and in the summer days he had rare times in punting and fishing. Eric trimmed and polished a punting pole, a regular beauty, light and tough, for his own use.

Unfortunately, Eric's father and brothers did their hardest day's work on the Thames on Sundays. Friends would join them; the lads donned their flannels, and the girls put on their boating costumes; the hamper was not ready, and away they went for all day



THE PICTURE BOOK.

on Sunday—till they often came home on Sunday night tired and irritable.

Now, Eric had a school companion whom he dearly loved, and during the holidays Eric invited him to spend a day with him.

In fact, when Eric went home, he felt quite dull without his companion. They sometimes disagreed, occasionally quarrelled; but they always made it up again, and were good friends. Eric's mother was pleased with her son's friend, and she told him if his parents would consent he might come on the following Sunday and go with them up the river. It was only natural that this should delight any boy, and Eric's friend would have been as glad as any other boy to enjoy a day in such company and in such a way.

But it was Sunday. So Eric's companion said: "I do not think mother will allow me to come on a Sunday; but she would, I am sure, allow me to come any other day." Eric's mother was rather annoyed at the answer, and said: "O, yes! I quite understand, there are some narrow-minded people who object to such things on

Sundays; but as for that, five hundred boats passed through Maidenhead lock before four o'clock last Sunday; but if your mother objects, there's an end of it. Come some other day."

Erie's companion happily believed in his own dear mother's ways, and in going with her to the house of God. His Sundays, during his holidays, were his very happiest days, and though he loved Erie very much, he loved his mother still more. The boys were true friends, and when Erie invited him he did not argue the matter, but used to say: "Any day for boating but Sunday."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1906.

FOOLHARDINESS.

Several lads were one day amusing themselves by walking on the top rail of a bridge which crossed a swift-flowing stream. At first they only ventured on that portion of the bridge which was built above the river's bank. Presently one of them challenged the others to walk its entire length.

"You dare not do it yourself, Mr. Tom!" cried several voices.

"Don't I! I'll show you that I dare to do what all you fellows are afraid to attempt!" responded Tom.

After this foolish speech the lad sprang upon the railing and proceeded to walk along the narrow rail. But when he was half-way across, he looked down on the rushing water, became dizzy, toppled over, and fell with a great splash into the stream. His companions stood terror-stricken, expecting that he would surely be drowned. Fortunately, however, two men in a boat were crossing the river at a point just below, where its movement was less rapid, and they, after much effort, caught poor Tom, and lifted him out of the water half-dead. Talking of Tom's mishap, shortly after, one of the lads exclaimed:

"What a courageous fellow Tom is!"

Does my reader see any real courage in Tom's conduct? If he does, I do not. He was daring, he was rash, he was foolhardy; but he was not courageous, for courage is a thoughtful virtue, which only confronts danger because of some good it seeks to accomplish. But Tom's silly vanity, his vain desire to be thought brave, moved him to risk his life for no fellows, Butler, an old poet, says truly good reason. Of all such rash young enough:



"WOT LOTS OF WASSIN DOSE CHILWEN DO MAKE."

"If any yet be so foolhardy
To expose themselves to vain jeopardy.
If they come off wounded and lame,
No honor's got by such a maim."

TED AND THE GARDENER.

"I s'pose," said Ted, sitting down easily on the wheelbarrow, and resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. "I s'pose you see a good many nice things outdoors first and last."

The gardener was mending his hoe, "Yes, I s'pose I do." "I never get tired of watching honey bees, for one thing."

"O, tell me about them," said Ted, who was always hungry for stories; "I've never been very near ours, 'cause me noma's afraid I'll get stung."

"Wall, you might, till you get acquainted with 'em like. I was noticing of 'em not long since with a strange bee. They pestered it to get its honey. You see, they didn't want to kill it, 'cause then they couldn't get it; but they hectored it till it dropped its load out of its pockets and flew off."

"Pockets? What kind, like mine?" said Ted, putting his hands in them.

"No, not quite; but hairy places on their sides. Their hairs hold the honey-comb in, you see."

"O, yes, but do go on, please," said Ted.

"Wall, they get a load, and put it into their pockets, first one side and then the other, till they're full. It's funny to

see them run up a stalk of timothy and get dusty all over from it. They dust themselves off with their feet, and put the dust into their pockets. When they are loaded they take a bee line for home."

"Oh, what is that?" said Ted.

"Straight as they can go. If you move the hive a little ways, they'll bump up ag'in it, and they fly off and try it ag'in till they hit the opening."

"Oh, go on," said Ted, who was afraid the hoe would be finished before the bee story.

"They air out the hive hot days by gittin' round the open

places and then fluttering their wings like all possessed. I put a piece of paper in the top of the hive one day, and it blew round as if it was in a little whirlwind."

"Oh, isn't it funny!" said Ted (he meant queer). "I mean to get acquainted with 'em myself. I do think outdoors is a great deal more interesting than school," he added, with a sigh.

"Wall, you see, folks that can't go to school have to use their eyes; but it's nice when you can do both."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Ted, doubtfully.

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Luke 14.

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IN SUNNY HEART ROW.

BY ELIZA EDMUNDS HEWITT.

Are you weary of living in Fault-finding Street,
And tired of the troubles you constantly meet?
Come, take up your dwelling where love's sunbeams glow;
All windows look southward in Sunny Heart Row.

All seasons are pleasant where love holds the sway;
She makes, in the winter, a happy spring day.

The swallow and thrush flew far long ago,
But joy-birds are singing in Sunny Heart Row.

Good seed we may plant in the dry, barren ground,
And soon will rich beauty and fragrance abound;
When kindness and patience and helpfulness grow,
What sweet flowers are blooming in Sunny Heart Row!

The solemn-winged minutes no dulness will bring;
There's always some errand to do for the King;
Some mission of mercy on which we may go;
There's life, ever varied, in Sunny Heart Row.

A song of rejoicing is lifted above,
To praise the dear Father for tokens of love.

Like streams never ceasing his benefits flow;
'Tis always Thanksgiving in Sunny Heart Row.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 5.

FALSE EXCUSES.

Luke 14. 15-24. Memory verses, 23, 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse.—Luke 14. 18.

LESSON STORY.

What a wrong thing is an excuse. It is never quite the truth, and is a mean way of getting out of something. A good reason is very different from an excuse. Let us never make excuses. Here is Christ's parable on those who make excuse, and it teaches a very solemn fact. A certain man made a feast and invited many. But they all made different excuses. This

angered the man, so he sent his servant to bid the poor and the lame and the blind. They gladly accepted, but yet there was room. So the servant went again and brought in all the poor and outcast. The master gave them a good supper, but said that none of the first invited would be allowed in, for they had refused.

Christ's lesson from this is that God is the one who invites all to partake of the good things he provides. If we make excuse and refuse to accept them, they will be at last denied us and given to some one else.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did a certain man make? A feast.
2. What did those he invited do? They made excuses.
3. Who then was invited? The poor and outcast.
4. Did they accept? Gladly.
5. Were the first ones allowed after? No.
6. What does the parable teach? Those who reject God he will reject.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 12.

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS.

Luke 15. 11-32. Memory verses, 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord.—Mal. 3. 7.

LESSON STORY.

This is the noted parable of the prodigal son. It is one of the most beautiful Jesus ever uttered, as showing the love of his Father. An old man had two sons. One stayed with his father and served him, but the other asked him to give him what was his portion, and he went away to a far country. There he lived a wicked life and spent all he had. Soon a famine arose and he began to be in want. He got so poor and hungry that he had to eat food no better than what the pigs got. At last he saw how he had sinned, so he made up his mind to do better and return to his father.

While yet a great way off his father saw him and ran to meet him. He was full of love for his erring child, whom he kissed and forgave. Then he made a great feast and rejoiced over the return of his lost son.

So our Father in heaven loves us and is anxious to give a welcome home to all sinners who will return unto him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is this parable called? The Prodigal Son.
2. What did he do? He asked his father for money and left home.
3. What did he do in the far land? He lived foolishly and wickedly and spent all he had.
4. What happened then? A famine arose and he began to be in want.

5. What came to him? A sense of his sin.

6. What followed? He repented and returned home.

7. Did his father welcome him? Yes.

8. Will our heavenly Father welcome every sinner? Yes, indeed.

LET TI BE.

"Tell me a story, mamma, please," begged Jackie boy.

"Well, once upon a time there was a mamma cat with two kittens. The mamma cat said to the baby cats, 'Never touch anything without first asking me, for there are many things in this world that hurt cats, that you would not dream could unless you were told, for they look very pretty and innocent.' The baby cats minded until they grew pretty big for babies, then they thought they knew as much as mother cat. One day they saw something crawling about that they had never seen before. 'You'd better let it be until we ask mother what it is,' said Tabby. 'Pooh!' said Tommy. 'It is too small to hurt. I'm going to play with it.' Oh, my! what yelling and squalling! The big horned beetle had caught Tommy's paw between its sharp horns. 'I told you to let it be,' said Tabby."

"Oh!" said Jackie. "I know why you make up that story. I'm always meddling with things and getting hurt. I won't any more."

JESUS LAMBS.

Mary and May were walking across a field from school one day, when they saw some sheep with red letters painted on their fleeces. "Oh, see, May!" said Mary; "those sheep have some marks on them." "I wonder what they are for." "That's the mark the farmer knows his lambs by. Don't you know what teacher told us about Jesus having marks for his sheep?" "Yes; but Jesus doesn't have marks like that on his lambs." "No, Jesus puts his mark in us, on our souls, not on our bodies." Mary was right.

But Jesus isn't the only one who puts marks on people's souls. Satan loves to put great ugly black stains even on little children's souls. The marks that Jesus puts on are beautiful ones, and by and by will make all the life and even the face beautiful, too; but Satan's marks are ugly ones, with nothing beautiful about them. Let Jesus put his dear mark on you, and then Satan cannot put his on you. To obtain Jesus' mark you must give him your heart.

A small boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.

SUNSHINE

A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.

A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.



WAKING WITH THE SUN.

HOW TO BE A KNIGHT.

Ernest loved to play, and his Cousin Greta had always suited him until now. She had been quite sick, and everything made her "so tired." She liked best to sit and hold her dolly, Mimi Pangamonk. This made Ernest cross, and he said such sharp things to Greta that she cried a great deal.

At last Aunt Elsie said: "If I were such a nice, brave boy as you, Ernest, I should want to be a knight."

"What's that?" asked the boy.

"They used to help the weak and helpless, whether women, children, old or sick people. They were soldiers, too, and you like soldiers. They wouldn't see any one hurt or sorry—that is, a true knight was like that."

"I'm going to be a knight, but where can I find weak folks?" Ernest spoke very eagerly

"I know a little girl in this house who is very weak. You never were sick, and you do not know how hard it is not to be strong and do as you always have done. Sometimes animals are old and helpless, too."

Aunt Elsie looked at Ernest and he hung his head. He remembered how roughly he had spoken a little while ago to Greta, and he had kicked poor Fido, because he didn't run faster. He went out on the piazza, and there was Greta looking very white.

"Come to the settee," Ernest said; "I'm going to tell you a story mother read to me."

Greta smiled. She loved stories and so did Mimi, especially when they were about little girls and boys that lived far away in other countries. This story was about a little brother and sister who lived in Japan, and had a great many wonderful things happen to them. She listened to every word, and then all at once, at the very end, Ernest looked down, and there was his little cousin, her head fallen over, Mimi down on the floor, fast asleep.

Softly Ernest crept down not to waken her.

"The doctor said that Greta must sleep," he said; "I'm going to be kinder." Then he stopped to pat Fido.

Do you boys want to be knights every day?

HOW JOHNNY BURNED HIMSELF.

Johnny saw the pretty, soft, steam puffing out of the kettle. His mother cried: "O Johnny, take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear!"

"Thteam cannot burn!" cried wise Johnny. "Only fire burnth."

"You must not try it. It will burn you. Do stop, Johnnie!"

"O dear," cried Johnnie, "why cannot I have my own way sometimeth? When I'm a big man, I mean to thtand and poke my finger in the teakettle all day, thome-time, and have my own way and——"

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The little white fingers were sadly burned, and Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him.

"O, O, O! What shall I do? O dear mamma, I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live! When I'm a man I'll never put my fingerth in the teakettle. O dear, dear!"

Take care, young folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

"Mother," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus livec on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should like so much to do something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are do for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face, and said:

"Why, mother, I could run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor, old, sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for, when upon earth, he said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

"Whenever you do a kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth, and you were doing it for him."

A LONG-FELT WANT.

One day wee Willie and his dog
Sprawled out on the nursery floor;
He had a florist's catalogue,
And turned the pages o'er.

Till all at once he gave a spring:
"Hurrah!" he cried with joy;
"Mamma, here's just the very thing
To give your little boy!

For when we fellows go to school,
We lose our things, you know,
And in that little vestibule
They do get mixed up so;

And as you often say you can't
Take care of 'em for me,
Why don't you buy a rubber plant
And an umbrella tree?"

Sadie was eleven, and Alice was seven. At lunch Alice said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?" "Of course not," returned Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"