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Happy Days

VOL. IX.] TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894. [No 32.

TEDDY AND HIS DOGS.

TEDDY BATES earned his pet dogs in an unusual way. His father and mother were poor, unambitious people—happy and contented if they got three plain meals a day and had respectable clothes to wear on Sundays. Teddy had always longed for a dog, but his father was too poor to buy him one, as Teddy was anxious to own a pretty dog.

One fine morning as ragged Teddy was sauntering down the street, he saw a horse and carriage dashing towards him at a furious rate. He soon perceived it was a runaway, and as it came nearer he saw that there was no one but a little girl in the carriage.

"Ah, it is Dr. Fulton's pretty little girl," thought Teddy. "Her father's left her with the horse while he's been makin' a call, an' it's run away. Poor little thing!"

And quick as thought Teddy was out on the road ready to stop the mad horse. The buggy swung from one side of the road to the other, but still the frightened little girl managed to cling to the seat. It was a lonely street, only a few children being anywhere in sight, but Teddy was a bright, manly boy, and had heard how to stop a horse, though this was his first chance to try to do it.

TEDDY AND HIS DOGS.

He was successful, and when Dr. Fulton learned of his brave conduct he asked Teddy what he would like best as a reward. The boy knew all about the doctor's fine dog with the pretty little pups, and he therefore asked for one of the latter. Dr Fulton was so grateful to Teddy that he gave him two instead, saying he might sell one and keep the other. Teddy has them, and do you wonder that he is proud of them?

INDIA RUBBER.

AWAY in South America there are a great many tall trees, called rubber trees, that have a sap or juice in them. The people who live in that country take an axe and cut a small hole in one of these trees, and fasten a cup near this hole. When the sap first comes from the tree it looks very much like cream. It would be rather difficult to send the rubber to this country in that condition, and so the men who are gathering it build a fire and dip a paddle in the sap and hold it over the smoke. When the sap begins to harden they dip it in again until there is a great deal of rubber on the paddle. Then it is cut off and sent to this country in large quantities.

Of course, when the rubber reaches us it is full of dirt and bits of bark. These have to be taken out, and then things are mixed with it to make it bend easily and to take away the bad smell which the rubber has. Next, the rubber is put between two heavy rollers until it has been rolled into a long, thin sheet. Then it is ready to be made into boots and shoes, hats caps, and playthings.

SOMEONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

WHEN mamma scolds her little girl,
Or papa sugar-plums has brought her,
She says with saucy emphasis,
"I'm papa's little daughter"

When papa chides, or frowns at her,
For naughty ways we have not taught her,
She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,
"I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and when mamma too,
Must scold her for wrong in which they've caught her,
She sobs in broken-heartedness,
"I ain't— nobody's daughter."

But when she's sweet, and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought her,
She says with loving promptitude,
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

SISTER NELL.

"COME up to my room and take off your things," said Gracie Lee to her little visitor, Irma Martyn.

Irma was from the city, and was staying for a few days with her grandmother, Gracie's nearest neighbour. The two little girls had met at Sunday-school, and Gracie had invited Irma to come to see her the next day. So now, as the two little girls went up to Gracie's room, they felt already quite well acquainted.

"Oh, what a pretty room!" said Irma. "And what a lovely photograph that is on your bureau Who is it, Gracie?"

"That is sister Nell," answered Gracie. "Isn't she pretty?"

"Yes I have a sister who is a regular beauty too, so folks say."

"How nice! I do miss sister Nell so."

"Miss her! Is she dead?" asked Irma.

"Oh, no indeed! She is only away at boarding school."

"Hem! I wish my sister was away at boarding school, or anywhere else. She looks as sweet as an angel, but—well, she just isn't, that's all. Say, Gracie, do you really love your sister, or do you only say it because she is your sister, you know?"

"Why, Irma Martyn! What a question? I wouldn't say what isn't true; and besides, if you only knew my sister Nell, you would love her as much as I do. She helps me with my lessons; she mends my gloves and dresses; she makes the loveliest dolls' dresses and paper dolls for me; when I'm sick she reads to me, and tells me stories; she—she—why she's almost as lovely as mother, and I miss her every minute of my life."

"I wish all sisters were like her," sighed Irma.

"Sister Nell is a Christian. Maybe that makes a difference," answered Gracie.

"I shouldn't wonder if it did," said Irma, thoughtfully as they went downstairs.

JIP AND THE JACK IN THE BOX.

JIP was a fox-terrier. He came to Teddy in a box by express, the day that Teddy was five years old, and Jip was five months old.

Jip soon learned who was his master, and although he liked everybody in the house he was especially devoted to Teddy.

All day long he followed Teddy wherever he went, and at night he slept on the foot of Teddy's bed.

He was very fond of playing ball, and whenever his sharp teeth destroyed one ball, somebody was sure to buy him another.

Like dogs in general he was very jealous. Whenever Teddy petted a cat or another dog, or even a baby, Jip would jump and bark, and try to get into Teddy's lap. It was very funny to see him sometimes; he was so unhappy until Teddy took him and put away whatever he had been petting.

One day, Teddy's mamma went to the city for a short visit, and when she came back she brought Jip a fine new ball, and Teddy a "Jack in the box."

Teddy was of course, delighted with his new toy. Jip was out in the kitchen eating his dinner when the "Jack in the Box" was given to Teddy, and so his little master had time to show it to everybody before Jip saw it.

The new ball was lying on the front steps near Teddy, and Jip pounced upon it at once, and had quite a romp. Then Teddy thought of his "Jack in the Box," and called Jip to come to see it. The box was closed, but as Teddy released the catch the lid flew up and Jack popped out. How Jip did bark and growl! It seemed as if he would tear himself to pieces, he was so angry

Teddy laughed until he almost fell over.

Jip never got used to the new plaything, and always barked as furiously whenever he saw it as at first. He was jealous of it. I suppose he thought it a new kind of baby, and was afraid that his little master would love it better than him. His dignity was hurt in being laughed at too, I think.

MISSIONARY APPLES.

THE other day I read a story about a missionary apple tree. A good many years ago a missionary was entertained by an English lady. When he was going away he thanked her for her kindness to him and wished to pay her for her attention, but the lady would not receive any money.

"Then," said the missionary, "I will plant an apple tree in your garden as a token of my gratitude."

So he planted the tree and went away. The tree grew finely, and when it began to bear apples the lady said they should be missionary apples. And she sold them and gave the money to missions. It seemed as though the tree had a blessing on it, for it bore every year more than any other tree in the garden; and the neighbours, knowing its history, were always glad to buy the fruit and offered a specially good price for it.

When I read this story I thought, surely our little readers can think of some way to help the missionaries when they hear of what this lady did.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

WEE Bessie was very tired and sleepy, but she did not know what was the matter. Mamma knew, and she took her upstairs to the cool, dark room and undressed her and laid her in her little bed. But Bessie kept crying, "Don't want to go to bed. Want to go see the pitty flowers." And mamma was afraid that she would have to take her out and put her in the corner awhile, when sister Sue slipped into the room.

"See, Bessie," she whispered, "'the pitty flowers' have come to see you. They say it's very hot out there in the sun, and they'd like to take a nap in this nice, cool room."

Bessie took the daisies and looked at them. In a moment she was fast asleep, with the flowers held fast in her little fat hand.

OFTEN the most useful Christians are those who serve the Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else he would not hide his oaks in tiny acorns, or the wealth of the wheatfield in bags of little seeds.

HERE is the way one lady spells "mite society": she calls it "a *might* society." She was thinking of the great things it *might* do

THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad,
with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly
glide o'er the level ocean floor,
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they
pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go
to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by
chance, to move at the breezes' will.
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon,
and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and
the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on
their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad,
with a staunch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but
the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night,
that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her
course and the helmsman's watchful
care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my
boy, on life's wide treacherous sea—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of
strength to stand the stress of the
gale,
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it
flinch, whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of
God, shall conquer and prevail.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there;" and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snap-dragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window, as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snap-dragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench by his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could and said in a gruff tone as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and just buttoned my coat as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon as I came home the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was so glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerfully, as she went up to her brother Walter and kissed and patted him and said: "Please let me have that chair, Walter, dear."

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.

TOMMY'S SURPRISE.

"It's Hallowe'en," says Tommy Lee, "and I'll put my big jack-o'-lantern in little Benny Bly's window," thought Tommy. "Won't he be scared!"

So the round-eyed pumpkin stared in at the window, while naughty Tommy hid in the dark to hear Benny scream.

Pretty soon he heard, not a scream, but a merry little shout. The door opened, and out trotted the dearest little curly-head, chattering and laughing.

"Isn't it a beauty, mamma?" said he, hugging up the ugly pumpkin in his fat little arms. "I've wanted and wanted a jack-o'-lantern all my life!"

"Where could it have come from, Benny?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I s'pose somebody brought it here for me," said Benny, with a wise little nod. "Somebody awfully good and kind. It's a s'prise, isn't it, mamma?"

"I should think it was a surprise," thought Tommy, in the dark, "to hear him call me kind! I'm just as shamed as I can be!"—*Companion.*

AN IRISH GIRL.

There are always brave men and women in the world who are willing and eager to risk their own lives in the service of others whenever there is need for them to do so. An exchange tells of an Irish girl out in Iowa who lived in a farmhouse near the railway bridge over Honey Creek. One night there was a cloudburst, followed by torrents of rain. The bridge was carried away by the swollen waters. An engine, sent out in advance of a passenger train to ascertain if the track was clear, ran into the creek, and the engineer and fireman were drowned.

It was eleven o'clock. The passenger train would soon be due. The girl resolved to give warning. She took a lantern, set out through the woods, and reached the track, wading knee deep in water part of the way. Three times she was thrown down by the wind, and the last time her lantern was extinguished.

In black darkness and in a flooding rain she ran down the track, and reached a long bridge that had open ties. The train was already due, but she did not falter. Creeping cautiously from tie to tie, and clinging to the sides of the bridge, she forced her way across. The station was not far from the bridge. Cold and benumbed with wind and rain, she made a dash for it, and fell exhausted in the doorway.

"Stop the train!" she cried. "Honey Creek bridge has fallen!"

The agent sprang to his instrument and telegraphed to the next station: "Hold the passenger train. Honey Creek bridge is out."

The train was caught in the nick of time. It was held back, and its two hundred passengers owed their lives to the brave Irish girl.—*Selected.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

November 11.

Lesson Topic.—The Twelve Chosen.—Mark 3. 6-19.

Memory Verses, Mark 3. 13-15.

Golden Text.—I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit.—John 15. 16.

November 18.

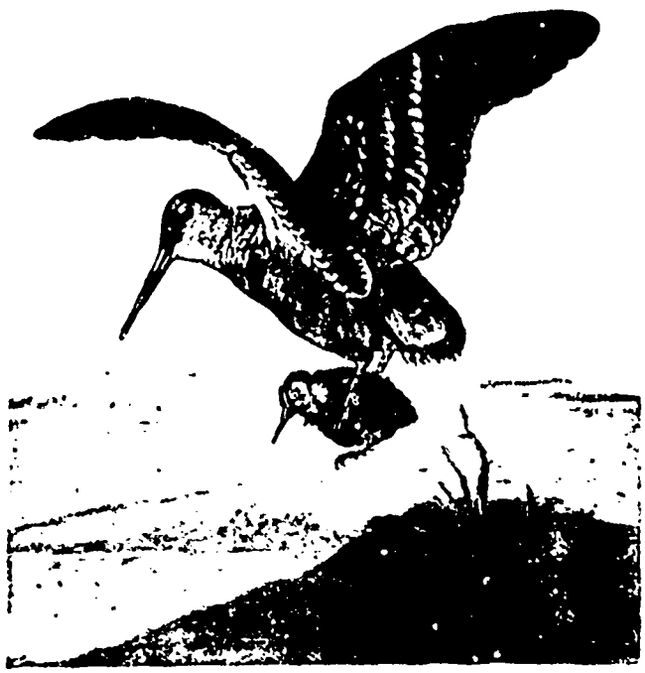
Lesson Topic.—The Sermon on the Mount.—Luke 6. 20-31.

Memory Verses, Luke 6. 27-31.

Golden Text.—As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6. 31.

"How long does it take to be converted?" said a young man to his father. "How long," asked the father, "does it take the judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have brought him in not guilty?" "Only a minute." "When a sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and is sorry for it; when he desires forgiveness and deliverance from sin, and believes that Christ is able and willing to save him, he can be converted as speedily as the prisoner can be discharged by the judge. It does not take God a lifetime to discharge a penitent soul from the condemnation and power of sin."

Now that there are so few flowers to send to sick boys and girls, can you not think of something else to send? Games, dolls, picture-books, jellies and nice little things to eat are always welcome. The other day I read about a little girl who sent a dear young kitten to the Children's Hospital. Wasn't that splendid? And don't you suppose the sick boys and girls had a lovely time with it?



A QUEER BIRD

A QUEER BIRD.

Mrs. Woodcock has a very long, straight bill and a flat head She is very shy, and always stays in the deep woods in the daytime. The light of the sun seems to dazzle her eyes At night she leaves her home and goes to damp meadows or marshes to hunt for worms and grubs

In the spring Mrs. Woodcock builds her nest of grass and roots on the ground, near the trunk of a tree. Here she lays three or four eggs When the baby woodcocks are hatched the mother is very fond of them But on the dry ground there is no food that they like, and as Mother Woodcock does not want her little ones to starve, she takes them to some damp ground. But the little woodcocks cannot walk very far, and their wings are not yet strong enough for them to fly, so Mother Woodtakes up one in her strong claws and holds it tightly between her legs, and then off she flies to some place where there is the right food for her and the babies.

A BIRD STORY.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific a flock of small birds, about the size, shape, and colour of parroquets, settled down in the rigging, and passed an hour or more resting.

The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors

At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course and disappeared, but toward nightfall they came back, and passed the night in the rigging The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs.

That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little in visible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house.

The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows, but on reaching port two days later they learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea.

ELLEN'S KNITTING.

Ellen has joined the Brownies of the Needle-Work Guild. The Brownies are little people you know, but perhaps you do not know that the Needle-Work Guild is made up of many ladies and girls, each of whom agrees to make two new garments each year for the poor. Two garments is not much, is it? I think each one of you can do that. Perhaps you can only hem two towels, or crochet two washcloths; or you may try to knit a pair of little stockings, as Ellen is doing, or you may make two aprons. Then when the cold winter days come you will know that you have tried to make some child comfortable.

Ellen seems to have dropped some stitches. They must be taken up at once or they will go farther and farther down and spoil the stocking. That is the way with your life. If anything gets wrong you must find what it is and make it right at once, if you do not it will become worse and worse.

Ellen's kind mother is willing to help her in her work, as in everything that she does. What could you do without the loving mother who smoothes out all the rough places? Do you try to make your mother happy?

Ellen works on her knitting half an hour each day. By-and-bye she will have finished the stockings. Then she will fasten the pair together by putting a thread through the top of each stocking and tying it. I think she will feel very happy when she hands the stockings to her Director at the Guild.

HOW HE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED.

"Don't want my picture taken," whined little Roland Abbott.

"What, not to send to dear Grandma Burton?" coaxed mamma.

"No! Don't want it taken 't all," he insisted.

Now mamma could make her little boy sit in the chair and be photographed; but she could not force a pleasant expression upon his face, and she did not want to send a cross, pouting, teary face to dear grandma, for she might think that little Roland looked so all the time. And that would not be one bit fair, for no little boy could look sweeter than he when he wanted to.

Suddenly a happy thought occurred to her.

"Roland, let's have the baby photographed, and send his picture to grandma."

"All right. I'd raver" (rather), he answered.

"Well, but you and Willie must stand beside him to help hold him on the chair, and to keep him from being afraid of the strange man," she added.

Willie laughed, for he understood what mamma wanted. And soon the little group was arranged as prettily as possible.

"Now baby, look at this singing birdie, and please do not stir, little lads, or the baby will turn to look at you," said the photograph man.

"Click," went something, and the man threw a cloth over the camera and went into the dark room.

A few days later a fine picture of the baby came home. But there was Roland on one side and Willie on the other.

"Why-ee!" said Roland. "How'd that picture man get my picture and Willie's? I never saw him take them."

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said Billy; and he put his fat hand on a half-sovereign, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" asked little sister Susie, quite earnestly.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus."

Stillness for a little, then Susie said. "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."

Three little King's Daughters, who could not find sufficient number to form a "Ten," called themselves the "Triangle", but they spelled it "Triangel." When some of the boys found out their mistake, they nick-named them the "Try-angels," which was a pretty nice name after all.