

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902

No. 20.

"CHIP."

BY ETHEL L. BEERS.

Ruth had been studying her history lesson over as she sat by the school-room stove. Just then there was a tap at the outer door.

"Come in," she said, and then the door opened, and a boy nearly her own age with brownish yellow curls sticking out from his cap and poor shoes on his feet, asked:

"May I get warm? 'most froze. My name's Chip." And as Ruth explained that it was the room where she came to school every day he looked around curiously at its fittings and then at her.

"Kin you read?" he said, as he turned his red hands around by the fire. "I can't, know nothin'."

"Why don't you go to mission school? It's real nice there to learn."

"I ain't goin' to school there, if they are missionaries."

"O Chip! why not?"

"'Cause they look at a chap so, and they stare when he goes blunderin' over a book, like they did when Ratty went in one afternoon. I'd rather sit on the dock timbers in the sun, any day."

"Yes, but, Chip, you know some day you'll be a big ship-carpenter or something like that, and then you'll have money in the bank, and you can't write your name for a cheque."

"Readin' ain't writin'!" grumbled Chip. "How can you write, Chip, if you don't know what to say? Now, if you come real early I'll teach you a bit every day."

"mother!" and poor Chip picked at his cap until there was a hole all ready for his yellow curls to stick through. "I guess I had one once, but it was awful long ago."

I shet my eyes sometimes and try to 'member how she looked. I guess I wasn't Chip when she lived. Liza calls me Chip 'cause I'm round the ship timbers so much, and she says I am too poor to have any other. 'Ratty' is the other feller that lives with Liza."

"Is Liza good to you, Chip?" said the little woman pityingly.

"Not werry. She licks us when we don't steal wood anywhere."

Ruth Roe coaxed the friendless boy to learn his letters. Every morning, rain or shine, he came stealing in softly, with one hand clutching his cap, and the other trying to smooth down his yellow locks. At first Chip ran timidly away as soon as any of the scholars came; but little by little he grew accustomed to them, and they to him, and sometimes Ruth would have a quiet group of listeners around her as she taught her one scholar his lesson.

But there came a bright spring day when Chip did not make his appearance, and Ruth looked up street and down in vain. Another and another day went by, and then she felt so troubled and anxious that she asked her



"CHIP."

before the other boys come. My mother taught me when I was a little wee bit of a thing."

"It must ha' been nice to have a

ance, and Ruth looked up street and down in vain. Another and another day went by, and then she felt so troubled and anxious that she asked her

teacher's counsel. There seemed no clue by which to find him, and as the days went by Ruth began to think that he had fallen off the dock. She missed her bright-eyed scholar and his funny stories, but a week passed without a sign of his appearance.

The next Sunday afternoon Ruth's father went to the hospital to see a fellow-workman who had been injured. After his return he was speaking of the varied painful sights of wounded and injured men, and pretty soon Ruth laid down her book, for she heard the name of "Chip."

"Queer name, wasn't it, Betsy?" he was saying to his wife—"that's all the name anybody knows."

"What happened to Chip, father?" and in a moment Ruth stood beside him.

"What do you know about Chip, daughter?" said her father. "He was only a poor little loafer from the docks who got cut on the head by a piece of timber; they were bringing him into a larger room as I passed out."

"O father, why! he is my scholar!" And then she told of her effort to help the poor lad. "And I must go and see him, and you'll take me, won't you?"

"Why, Ruth, he won't know you; his talkin's all kinds of gibberish now. You can go with your teacher to-morrow and see your scholar."

The next day Ruth lost no time in finding Miss Stewart and inducing her to walk to the hospital with her.

Through the long lane of beds in the children's ward, they came at last to one where no name, only a number, was on a ticket at the foot of the bed, but the nurses had in some way found out from his ramblings and disjointed talk his queer name, and knew at once where to direct their steps.

Poor little Chip. The face that used to be so rosy was pinched and pale, the hands that had never been thoroughly clean before were white and idle now, and the yellow curls had been cut off and the eyes were closed.

The quick tears came to Ruth's eyes as she looked at the bandage across the forehead, and she said very softly, "Chip."

He did not open his eyes, but smiled a poor ghastly smile, and presently began to mutter, as he had done the day before.

"Don't tell Liza. She'll beat me. I don't see what Liza's fur, only to beat me."

The next day Ruth took a big orange in her hand, and when she came up the child just opened his eyes a moment and closed them wearily. Miss Stewart had a lovely voice, and she sang "Shining Shore" very softly. Then Chip opened his eyes in earnest, and saw Ruth as if she had been a vision.

"You 'membered me, after all, didn't you?" and he held up the poor weak hand to Ruth's plump little brown one. "Who's that?" and he pointed to Miss Stewart, who had drawn back a little.

"Why, she's the nice teacher in the mission-school, and when you get well you are going to be in her father's store, and you're to be in her class, and have a jacket and a new hat. Now all you've got to do is to get well as fast as you can."

And that was the way the merchant now going down to his big store began to learn to read. A kind-hearted little girl was willing to take a few minutes every day, before her own school began, to help him on his way. No patient inquiry could ever discover his real name, or find a friend, so he called himself "Mr. Wood," in memory of the little "Chip."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.

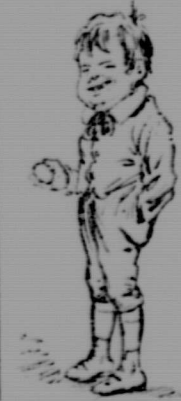
A GREAT DESTROYER.

If a lion or a tiger should break out of its den and escape from a menagerie in your town, and should go prowling around tearing and wounding some people and killing others; if it had devoured some of the children and torn to pieces some of the men and women, what do you think some of the people would do? Would they sit with their hands folded and allow their little ones to wander through the streets where they knew the tiger to be lurking, or would every man turn out and hunt the tiger until they destroyed him? I think they would do the latter.

Now, there is to-day in every village, town, and city, a more relentless destroyer than tiger or lion. He has destroyed men, women and children in every city and country village; and yet many a father and mother sit, as you see them sitting in the picture, quite unconcerned while their children are in danger. The name of this destroyer is strong drink.

HOW RUM COOKS THE BRAIN.

See this Boy. What has he got? It is an Egg. Will the Boy eat the egg? I guess he will, for is he not a Boy? Did



some one cook the Egg for him? Yes, his good, kind Ma did. How did she cook it? She put it to boil a short time in a dish on the Stove. An egg is soft when it is raw, and has what we call a Yolk and a White. This White is clear stuff, but when you cook the Egg, it gets quite firm and does not look at all the same. Now, the white part of the Egg is just the same as your

Brain, and the fire that is in Strong Drink will cook your Brain to the same state as heat cooks an Egg. If you wish to prove this, just break an Egg in a glass of Rum, or Rye, or Gin, and you will see how soon it gets hard. My Child, see to it that you keep your Brain as God made it. Be a raw Youth as to your Brain, for it will hatch out no right thought if you cook it, just as you could not have a live Chick out of an Egg that had been



set to boil. Shut your Lips tight and keep out Strong Drink, if you would be safe.

BAD APPLES AND BAD HABITS.

"If I put one rotten apple in a box of healthy apples, what will happen?"

"O, well, when we open the box to have a look at them, we will find what we put in: one bad apple, and all the others quite good."

"No, you won't. Say you have thirty apples, twenty-nine good and one bad; shut them up together for five weeks, and then open the box. What have you got? Thirty rotten apples, most likely. The one has touched the others, and made them like itself. And so the bad habits of a life will spread and spread, unless we check them, until they spoil the whole."—*Little Folks.*

BRAIN.

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ALMOST A MAN.

I don't wear dresses any more—
See my coat and breeches,
Cuffs and collar, pockets, too.
Made with many stitches!
I must have a watch and chain,
A silk umbrella and a cane.
No more kilts and skirts for me—
I'm a big boy, don't you see?

You can give away my dresses
And my other baby clothes,
Give away my horse with rockers—
I want one that really goes.
But two nice goats, I guess, will do,
And I want a carriage, too;
No more chairs hitched up for me—
I'm too big for that, you see!

I think I'll give my picture-books
To little sister Mary;
I'll go to school and learn to read
In the big dictionary;
Or maybe in a g'ography
Or 'rithmetic or history.
They're just about the size for me;
For I'm a big boy, don't you see?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [Oct. 5.]

JOSHUA ENCOURAGED.

Josh. 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong and of good courage.—Josh. 1. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

Two weeks ago we came to the end of the story of Moses. God called him home, after showing him the land of Canaan beyond Jordan. Moses was the greatest and the humblest man among all the people of Israel, and, though he was one hundred and twenty years old when he died, he was still strong in mind and body.

After the Lord had sent his angels to bury the body of Moses in a valley in the land of Moab he spoke to Joshua, the son of Nun, who had been Moses' helper. He told him to rise and go over Jordan with all the people of Israel. "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon," he said, "that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses." He also told him that no man should be able to stand before him all the days of his life. "As I was with Moses," he said, "so will I be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." Three times he said to him, "Be strong, and of a good courage"—those good words that have been a help to both Jews and Christians ever since. There was one thing, however, on which all else depended. Joshua was to obey the law

given by Moses, think about it night and day, and teach it to the people, for only by doing what God had commanded could they overcome their enemies and enter their own land. And what God says to Joshua he also says to us.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Moses now? God had taken him away.
Who was the new leader of the people? Joshua.
What had Joshua been? The friend and helper of Moses.
What did the Lord know? That he was always faithful.
What did he tell him now to do? To go over Jordan.
Who should go with him? All the people.
What was on the other side of Jordan? Canaan.
What was this to be? Their home.
Who wanted to keep them out of it? Enemies.
What did the Lord say? "Be strong."
What did he tell them to do? Keep his commandments.
What did he promise? To be with them.

LESSON II. [Oct. 12.]

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Josh. 3. 9-17. Memorize verses 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the day they had so longed for really came, and the children of Israel were to pass over Jordan, Joshua called the people together, saying, "Come hither, and hear the words of the Lord your God." Then he told them that the living God was among them, and that he would drive out the heathen nations from their land. He told them, also, how the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth should pass before them over Jordan, and that the waters should part before them and make a path through the river for them. So it was, but they had to trust God to do as he had said, and go forward. Not until the feet of the priests who carried the ark touched the river brim, and were tipped in the water, did the waters part and make a path for them. Then the waters that came stood up in a heap, and the waters that went ran down to the Dead Sea, and the priests with the ark stood firm in the midst of Jordan until all the hundreds of thousands of Israel had passed over. So, just as they were led through the Red Sea when they came out of Egypt, they were led through the Jordan as they came out of the wilderness into the promised land. When all had passed over, twelve men—one from each of the twelve tribes—took up twelve stones

from the river bed where the priests bearing the ark stood, and carried them over to the place where they were to encamp, and there they piled them up for a monument in memory of that day.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Joshua tell the people? To cross the Jordan.
What was the Jordan? A deep, wide river.
What did they fear? That they would be drowned.
What did Joshua say? That the Lord was among them.
What did he say would go first? The holy ark.
Of what was this the sign? Of God's presence.
When are we always safe? When God is near.
Who carried the ark? The priests.
How did they cross the river? God made a path.
What did they set up on the other side? Twelve stones.
What were the stones for? To help them remember.
What did they want to remember? God's goodness.

KING ALCOHOL.

BY WILLIAM G. KENNEDY.

There is a king doth rule the land,
From all he takes his toll;
Destruction follows in his path,
His name is King Alcohol.

He takes the young man in his strength,
With hopes so bright and fair;
Fair prospects wither 'neath his blight,
For hope he gives despair.

The mature man with ripened powers,
For country's use and weal;
Lo! manhood shrivels at his touch,
E'er, reason's throne doth reel.

The mother's sigh, the orphan's tear,
Attest his ruthless reign;
O'er bleeding hearts he tramples still,
He bears the mark of Cain.

O thou great God, in whom we trust,
Our refuge and our tower;
Stay thou this foul king's onward march,
Stretch forth thine arm with power.

A BAD HABIT PUT AWAY.

Bertie is a little boy who has a bad habit of saying: "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him: "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am," cried Bertie, "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret and hide it."

Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Aunt Nell;" and away he ran. He must have hidden it very carefully, for he has not found it yet.—Selected.

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THE PLAYMATES.

WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself—all but the buttons "ahind." For this he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work (the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort); so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him. Things would get upside down, "hind side fore," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now!" shouted Van.

"Why no, Van," said papa soberly; "you haven't put on everything yet."

Van carefully inspected his clothes from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet,"

said papa, "with the tiny wrinkles creeping about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you."

And Van began to put it on then and there. After that he always remembered that he couldn't call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.—*S. S. Advocate.*

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie; "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side,"

said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "O, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"What ails papa, mother?" said a sweet little girl,

Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;

"I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,

But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

"But, mamma,"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—

"Do you like those kisses of 'bacco and smoke?"

They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls,

I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?"

With kisses like yours, mamma—that's what I mean;

I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit;

And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit;"

And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,

As she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen

That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;

For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss,

From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

God sets up his king-dom in men's hearts, over their lives, in the Church on earth, and in the triumphant Church in heaven. Children and childlike believers are members of it.