

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

No. 23.

MOTHERLESS.

Poor little Laura sits on the floor with folded hands and a whole world of sorrow looking out of her eyes from her sad little heart. No mother! Perhaps some of you, little readers, have lost that best of all earthly friends, mother, and can feel for the lonely little girl in the picture. Perhaps she is thinking now, as she sits there, that if she had her mother back again she would have been a better little daughter sometimes. Is there not a lesson there for all of us?

ONE BOY'S SUCCESS.

One day, not many years ago, a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in 'course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book,

and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste, the story goes, that he left the book behind. The kind youth examined the

to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the following four years he discovered six comets.



MOTHERLESS.

He was next engaged by the Lick Observatory. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, he discovered eight comets, and astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a method of photographing the nebulae in the Milky Way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in star photography.

That boy is now the famous astronomer, Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory.

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Happy Days.

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A NOBLE BOY.

I saw a boy do something the other day that made me feel happy for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it is.

As I was walking along the street of a large city, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slowly, feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And it's very high, too; I wonder if some one won't tell him and start him in the right direction."

Just then a boy about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the man's arm, and said: "Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over

another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now, this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and better, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving towards every one for many days afterwards.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act or to make any one else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and to do good, is to be happy.

If any of you boys and girls who may chance to read this little account doubt that it makes one happy to do a kind deed, suppose you try it for yourselves. I am sure you will prove it true, and that you will be so well pleased with that method that you will keep on at it.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

About ten years ago there was a little girl, about six or seven years old, sojourning for a time in a city apart from her parents. She was a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school, and one day she told her teacher she wished to have a conversation with the minister. He was informed of the fact and called upon the child, when she told him to find her a short and appropriate morning prayer. She said that the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., did for the evening, but she wanted one like it for the morning.

The minister promised to gratify her request and took his leave. A few days after, and before he had fulfilled his promise, the little one was stricken with the scarlet fever, and although the minister called upon her, she died without seeing him. He then set about the task, and decided to publish the facts and call for an original prayer suitable for the morning. The case was published in one or two leading papers, and taken up by others, spread all over the country and parts of England. In response hundreds of prayers were sent in, and it was the intention of the minister to publish a little book containing a full account of the case and all the prayers, but it has never been done, or had not been when the writer met him. The best one of the collection is given below, and may fill a want that has been felt by many parents and children.

"And now I rise and see the light,
I pray the Lord to lead me right;
In all I do and think and say,
I pray the Lord to guide my way."

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

BY AGNES LEE.

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She walked abroad like any queen.
She held it proudly for display,
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,
And never little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!
Such a wee umbrella!
One day upon the market-place
I met her; dripping were her curls,
She looked, despite her sunny face,
The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!
Where's your new umbrella?"
Said I: "The storm has drenched your
hair!

Just see your frock! just see your
And what is this you lug with care?
A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She looked at me and shyly spoke,
The raindrops pelted on her yet;
"I have it here beneath my cloak,
P'cause, you see, it might get wet!"

YOUR EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine looking healthy a lad as ever left the country into a city warehouse. His checkered with health, his arm strong, and step quick. His master liked his lad and said, "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk about six months when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his hollow, and he always seemed slow. Mr. Abbott said nothing for awhile, length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-house one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph. "You have looked sickly of late," Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?" Joseph blushed. "As early as most the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Not as my pious mother would prove," answered the young man, standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it; it is a young man's evenings make him or break him."

THE LARKSPUR AND THE POPPY.

Larry Larkspur, Larry Larkspur,
Wears a cap of purple gay;
Trim and handy little dandy,
Straight and smirk he stands away.

Larry Larkspur, Larry Larkspur,
Saw the Poppy blooming fair;
Loved her for her scarlet satin,
Loved her for her fringed hair.

Sent a message by the night wind:
"Wilt thou wed me, lady gay?
For the heart of Larry Larkspur,
Beats and burns for thee away."

When the morn began to brighten,
Eager glanced he o'er the bed;
Lo! the Poppy's leaves had fallen;
Bare and brown her ugly head.

Sore amazed stood Larry Larkspur,
And his heart with grief was big;
"Woe is me! she was so lovely;
Who could guess she wore a wig?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13.

JOASH REPAIRS THE TEMPLE.

2 Kings 12, 4-15. Memorize verses 9-12.
GOLDEN TEXT.
We will not forsake the house of our
God.—Neh. 10, 39.

THE LESSON STORY.

The beautiful temple that Solomon built could not last for ever unless it could be kept in repair, and it was more than a hundred years after it was finished that King Joash looked at it and said within himself that he would set men and money to work to put it in good order. He called the priests together and told them to use the gifts of money that were brought in to make the house of the Lord strong and beautiful. But the priests were very slow to do this work. Perhaps they thought it did not belong to them to do. Then Joash called Jehoiada, the high priest, and he undertook to set the temple in order. He had a strong chest made with a hole in the lid, and it was set beside the altar, and into it were put the gifts that the people brought when they came to worship. Then the high priest and the king's secretary counted the money, and gave it to those who had the oversight, and they gave to carpenters and builders, and to masons and hewers of stone, and to buy timber and stone to repair the Lord's house. It was all given to the workmen, and the king did not need

to reckon with the men who paid the workmen, "for they dealt faithfully." They must have loved the Lord and his holy temple.

After this Joash ruled over Judah wisely, and in the fear of the Lord many years. But after his friend and adviser, the high priest, Jehoiada, died, the king listened to other men and forsook God. Therefore, God forsook him also, and at last he was put to death by his enemies, who made his son Amaziah king in his place.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the baby Joash hidden? In the temple.

How long did he live there? Six years. What then? He was made king.

Who had taught him to love God? Jehoiada, the high priest.

Later, what did he want to do? Repair the temple.

Who finally began the work? Jehoiada.

How did he get the money? The people gave it.

What did they put in it? A chest by the altar.

Who found workmen and material? The overseers.

Who paid them? The same men.

Were they reckoned with? No, they were faithful.

Who next repaired the temple? Josiah, another boy king.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20.

ISAIAH'S MESSAGE TO JUDAH.

Isa. 1, 1-9, 16-20. Memorize verses 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—
Isa. 1, 16, 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

Isaiah was one of the greater prophets and lived to see four kings reign in Jerusalem over the kingdom of Judah. In the year that Uzziah, the first of the four, died, Isaiah was in the temple and saw a vision of the Lord high upon his throne, and there an angel touched his lips with a live coal from the altar, and there he heard the call of the Lord to give a message to the people, and said, "Here am I; send me." After that he did not fear, for he knew that the Lord had called him to be a prophet.

Isaiah was greatly troubled because his people were so far from the Lord. Only one of the four kings was a bad king, yet the people had lost the pure faith of their fathers. He saw the temple profaned while Ahaz was king, and even the priests were not deeply troubled. He had once seen the Lord, and had been touched with holy fire, and he could not bear evil. In the lesson of to-day the prophet tells the

people to listen, for the Lord has spoken. That he is a father mourning for children who do not think—whose hearts are turned away from him. He tells them that they are sick with sin, and if it were not for the fact that the Lord always keeps his word alive in some heart, they would become like Sodom and Gomorrah, which the Lord destroyed. Then he tells them what to do, and a part of it is in our Golden Text, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; But if ye refuse and rebel," that is, if you continue to be disobedient as you have been, "ye shall be decoured with the sword." You will be destroyed, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What great prophet lived in Judah? Isaiah.

When? About seven hundred years before Christ.

How did the Lord call him? By a vision.

Where was he when he saw it? In the temple.

What did he say to the Lord? "Here am I; send me."

What burden did he bear? The sins of his people.

Why did he hate sin? Because he had seen a vision of holiness.

What did he say about the Lord? That he was a tender father.

And what about his people? That they were unloving children.

Is that just as true now? Yes.

What was the sickness of Judah? Sin.

What was the cure? A return to the Lord.

NAN'S THREE KITTENS.

When little Nan was four years old, her Uncle Will gave her as a birthday present three pretty white kittens. They lapped sweet creamy milk from Nan's pink fingers. At night they lay on Nan's blue-cushioned rocking-chair close by Nan's bed.

When she woke up, she found the three curled up in three little round balls down the coverlid right by her feet. It was their happy purring that woke her. Nan reached down after them, and they nestled up in her neck, and she laid her face on their soft fur.

After breakfast mamma said: "Come, little Nan, it is time you should begin to learn to read." Nan's mother could read when she was four years old. She thinks Nan ought to too; but Nan is a little play-girl and don't want to read. Do you know of any one who is like this little girl?



SUNDAY MORNING.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn and say:
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah! if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive, with all my might,
To be so true, so brave, so lithe,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old;
'Twould be a joy

To hear one, looking at me say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—Independent.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The village church is probably a long way for the old lady in our picture to walk, and so when the other members of the household have gone her little grandchild places a comfortable arm-chair in front of the porch and makes her grandmother nice and comfortable with a pillow. Then she brings a stool for herself, and taking on her lap the old family Bible, their most precious book, she reads aloud some of the passages the old grandmother knows so well and yet loves to hear over and over again. Her life has been a long one, and in her troubles and difficulties she has many a time sought comfort from its golden pages and is never weary of listening to the same old story. What a pretty pic-

ture it makes, with the little girl reading reverently and the old lady listening thoughtfully, and the old-fashioned cottage-window behind them, with the child climbing up the wall. A thoughtful grandchild can do a great deal to make his grandmother happy and save her trouble in her old age, if she only tries.

FAIRY GIRLS.

Rachel was poor. She had nothing to play with excepting a few broken dishes. In these she mixed her mud cakes and then put them on the shelves of her cupboard. This was made of two boards with bricks between.

Lelia and Myra had a play kitchen in their nursery. They mixed biscuits with their little dishes, and baked them in their toy stove.

As soon as the biscuits were done, Lelia said, "Let's put our biscuits and our cakes on the shelves of Rachel's mud house to surprise her."

"Yes," said Myra, "and let's give her our tea-set to go with the nice things we eat—that is, if mother is willing."

"Oh, the fairies must have been here," cried Rachel, as she saw her rough cupboard filled with beautiful china dishes and a little biscuit or cake on every plate. "And here's a card that says, 'A present to Rachel from Lelia and Myra.'"

How happy Rachel was! She knew then that little girls can be good fairies whenever they wish.

WHICH?

Dear me, which shall I play with? Here's pussy pulling at my back, dolly my arms, and now Fido wants to get into the carriage with me. It is such a trouble to have so many nice things at once, especially dogs and cats, for pussy is sticking out her tongue now, and I am afraid she and Fido will fight. Oh! dear! I wish nurse would come."

Nurse had rolled Master Charlie and the carriage under a bush, while she went to have a chat with a friend. A very unkind thing, but one which many nurses do to and again.

Robin sang overhead on the branch, knowing that he was safe from Miss P., whose attention was centred upon Fido. Fortunately, nurse came back in time to save the two from having a battle in the carriage, and what would have happened to Master Charlie in such a case, I should not dare to say.

He concluded to play with his doll, which was more happy than when he had three to play with; so you see that happiness and contentment does not consist in the abundance of the things we possess, but what does it consist of?