

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 19.

## OFF FOR A ROW.

It is a fine thing to live near some large pond, river, or lake, and to be able to go out in a boat of your own when you please. Not only is it great enjoyment to sail over the calm blue waters with the sweet, pure air blowing on your face, but if it be a row-boat you own, the exercise of rowing is one of the most beneficial you can take. It strengthens and broadens the chest, and makes the muscles of the arms stronger. Thus in many gymnasiums boys and girls who cannot go out rowing upon the water are made to go through all the motions of rowing in the large gymnasium room. But those who can go out in their little row-boat have the additional benefit of the open air. The young man and young lady seen in our picture are fortunate enough to own this very commodious boat; and they are not selfish, for their little brothers and sisters are to enjoy the day on the water also. The young gentleman and the young lady can both row well, and the little ones have already learned to sit very still in the boat, so that they will not upset it. If you are fortunate enough to have a boat of your own, I hope you are no less unselfish than this young man and his sister, for it is from sharing one's good things with others that the greatest happiness is derived from them.



OFF FOR A ROW.

## HIS FIRST MONEY.

By C. H. Dorris.

Billy Barlow went home with "a bee in his bonnet"—a kindly bee which kept saying to him: "Billy, boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard

Doctor Gordon's words had fallen into at least one pair of hearing ears and his thought into one honest little heart: for the very next day, after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbor's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.

"I am pretty well, thank you," answered Billy. "And, please, Mrs. Jeffers," he continued eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work? For you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!"

"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"

"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, "Doctor Gordon

talked missionary to us. And—I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned."

"Oh, I see!" replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see. And you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when they had entered the

good-natured cook's domain, "have you any work this little friend could do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends. "Unless he be after scroobin' me floor, an' Oi was just a-goin' to do that meself."

"Could you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floor for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will give you fifty cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers."

A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire:

"O Mrs. Barlow, come over right away. I've got somebody in my kitchen doing something, to show you."

And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers' kitchen.

"Now come into the parlor while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs. Jeffers. "Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I had such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause; but now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer again entered the parlor.

Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart and kissing him, she whispered: "My precious little missionary boy! Your first work, and the first money you have ever earned for the Master. God bless you, Billy!"

#### SIXTY-SIX LITTLE WORKERS.

The first missionaries to China were sixty-six little workers, who went over in the steerage of a big ship. They were not seasick on the long voyage, nor have they ever had fever or cholera. They receive no salary, but do their work gladly and modestly. Sometimes they travel alone, sometimes two or three, and sometimes all together. They are dressed in leather and cloth. There are four who go about more than the others, and who are better known, and there are two ladies who travel mostly in plain clothes, but who are welcomed in many homes, especially by the women and girls. Have you guessed the riddle that the sixty-six little missionaries are the books of the Bible? The four who travel the most are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and the two ladies are Esther and Ruth. And do you know the names of the others? Could your Sunday School class send one of these little missionaries to China this winter?—  
—The Mayflower.



#### A THRILLING FACT.

By Jane Ellis Joy.

"Suppose," said the wise orator,—  
though 'tis a thought stupen-  
dous,—

Suppose a baby one year old, with  
arms of the tremendous  
Length of ninety-three odd million  
miles,

Should, in a freak of fun,  
Reach up and touch the sun?  
That child would be

253  
Years old,  
I'm told,  
Before it learned  
Its hand was burned!"

—St. Nicholas.

#### THE CAT'S CRADLE.

I can't find Five-toes anywhere. Sister Helen. I've looked and called till I'm tired and worried out."

"I wouldn't feel troubled, little Flo. Probably she is out in the tall grass hunting crickets."

"I'm afraid Mr. Shaler's dog has frightened her again, and she has run off and will not dare to come back."

"There is Jack out on the piazza, looking quite too lazy to chase a cat. Flo, Roy is calling you. There is time for a game of croquet before supper."

"But I can't forget Five-toes. I shall be looking round for her all the time."

"Five-toes will look out for herself. She knows it isn't supper time yet."

The little children had their game; but Flo was still anxious, for the kitten did not appear. Darkness came, and bed time. Flo hid her face in the pillow and cried herself to sleep.

Towards morning Helen was awakened by her little sister. "Do get up, Helen, and find Five-toes. She's making an awful fuss somewhere—mewing and scratching. I'm afraid she'll wear her toes all off if you don't hurry up."

It was hard to find where the sounds came from, but without doubt it was Five-toes calling for help from somewhere. They looked into all the closets and under the stairs, but could not find her.

"I should think she was in the wall," Helen said. A large trunk stood in the room. She suddenly remembered that she had taken her new dress out of it, to show to a friend who had

called on her that afternoon, and she carried it down-stairs, leaving the trunk open. She lost no time in lifting the cover, and taking up the tray, and out sprang Five-toes with a grateful mew. The kitten had carefully pushed away the folds of the dress and curled herself down in a corner of the trunk, making not even a wrinkle or a muss in the delicate fabric.

"Now, Helen," said Flo, "I guess you'll believe what I've told you lots of times—that Five-toes is the brightest kitten in the world. Think of her keeping still 'most all night, shut up in that trunk, just because she didn't want to disturb us!"—Mary A. Wood.

#### LOST SPECIMENS.

The man who said jestingly that the chief use of going to college was to get stories to tell for the rest of one's life was not without a certain foundation for his words; since no anecdotes are more constantly repeated than those which belong to this part of life.

Graduates who left the Boston Latin School have a dozen years ago, for instance, are always pleased to tell what happened to a preceptor there who had awakened much interest in natural history among his pupils by the use of the microscope. He was in the habit of bringing specimens to school, and one morning an assistant found him groveling about the floor, an empty box in his hand and an expression of the deepest consternation on his face.

"Oh, I've done the most dreadful thing!" he exclaimed. "I've drowned my box and spilled all my specimens."

"Can't you pick them up?" asked the other.

"Oh no," replied the naturalist, with a groan. "I haven't made out to catch a single one."

"What are they?" asked the assistant, obligingly stooping down to assist in the search.

"Forty live fleas," was the startling answer.

The assistant sprang up like a flash. "Don't you think," he said, laughing, "that the pupils may be trusted to pick up the whole forty, if you give them time enough?"

#### A LITTLE CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying: "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun heart sorry."

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the remark: "He do all same as Jesus."—Sel.

**A REAL HERO.**

"I wish I could be a hero,"  
A little boy said to me;  
"And when I grow up, a hero  
I really mean to be.  
Mean to be brave," he told me,  
While his face was all aglow;  
"I'll do something grand and noble  
That all the world shall know."

My little, unfledged hero,  
I've something to say to you:  
In the time when you're sorely tempted  
To your own self be true.  
Do right and let no one lead you  
Into the ways of wrong.  
And you'll be as true a hero  
As ever roused poet's song.

Be kind to the poor and needy  
You'll meet with in the way;  
Your life be a light to lead them  
To loftier heights, I pray;  
Be steadfast, and work in patience;  
In all things do your best;  
Be a man, my little fellow,  
And you will be all the rest.  
—Exchange.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

**LESSON XIV.—SEPTEMBER 30.**

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Gal. 5. 15-26; 6. 7, 8. Mem. verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—Prov. 20. 1.

LESSON STORY.

Here are some very solemn truths taught in this lesson. If people do not try to be good and to keep from wrongdoing they will have to suffer for their evil ways. There is no surer truth than that the way of the transgressor is hard and that our sins will find us out. When we read the "works of the flesh" we shudder and think what dreadful sins they are.

Let us rather turn from these beautiful "fruit of the Spirit." Think a great deal on these lovely qualities, and with Jesus' help we can have them all. It is so much better to think of good things than bad and it helps us to be good.

One reason why using wines and liquors is dangerous is because it leads people to do the "works of the flesh" rather than the "things of the Spirit." It leads to all sorts of sad and terrible sins.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What does "walk in the Spirit" mean? To do all things that our conscience tells us are right.
2. What does "walk in the flesh" mean? Many sinful things that we know are wrong.

3. What are some of the "works of the flesh?" Hate, envy, selfishness, lies, drunkenness, etc.

4. What are some of the "works of the Spirit?" Love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness and temperance.

5. What will happen if we do wrong? We will have to suffer.

6. If we do right what shall we earn? Life everlasting.

LESSON 1 - OCTOBER 7.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

Mark 12. 28-34, 38-44. Mem. vs. 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—Mark 12. 30.

LESSON STORY.

Isn't it a beautiful thought to know that God knows our thoughts and actions and judges them rightly even though those in this world cannot always do so.

One day Jesus watched the people as they put money in the church's treasure-box. He noticed many rich people dropping in big coins, but also he saw a poor widow slip up and quietly drop in the smallest coin made. It amounted to very little, just half a cent.

But Jesus read her heart and knew the love and the sacrifice that went with it. So he said that she had given more than all, for love had come with the offering.

The same day Jesus gave two great commandments, that we must love God with all our powers and our neighbor as ourselves.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did Jesus say was the first commandment? To love God.
2. What is the second? To love our neighbor.
3. How are we to love our neighbor? As ourselves.
4. How do we show sometimes that we love ourselves more than our neighbor? By being selfish.
5. What did the rich people put in the church's box? Large coin.
6. What did the poor widow put in? Two mites.
7. Which offering was most pleasing to God? The widow's.
8. Why? Because her's was a sacrifice of love.

**A WINSOME CHILD.**

Who is the child that wins the love  
The favor of our God above?  
The reverent, truthful, pure in heart,  
Such in his richest love have part.

Who is the child to whom we show  
Our kind affection here below?  
The gentle, meek, obedient, mild;  
All favor give to such a child.

Then, wouldst thou be beloved and dear  
To God and man? Oh, live thou here  
Like him, the children's Pattern bright,  
The Holy Child, the world's true  
Light!

**LITTLE RUNAWAYS.**

Polly, Dot, and Teddy skipped out one bright spring morning.

"Let's work in our gardens."  
"O, let's!"  
"Here's a pansy coming up in mine!" cried Polly.  
"Here's a seed sprouted in mine," said Teddy.

"Here's most a bud on my rose-bush," said Dot.  
"Let's go and get a hoe and a rake."

They worked for a while, but did more patting with their little soft hands than anything else. Later they heard Aunt Jane's voice. She was taking care of them while their mother was away for her health.

"Who left the tool-house door open?" she asked. "The cow has got in and eaten the seed potatoes."

Three careless little ones stared into each other's eyes. It had been done often before—so often that a punishment had been promised for the very next time. Aunt Jane was sorry, but she switched their hands with a tiny switch. It made them smart and burn. "She needn't have done it," sobbed Polly, when Aunt Jane had gone.

"No," said Teddy; "we'd a' remembered without it."  
"The birds in the trees do just what they want to."

"So do the squirrels and rabbits."  
"They never get whipped."  
"Let's run away."  
"So's to make Aunt Jane feel awfully bad."

The naughtily three took hands and walked away over the fields. For a while they found it pleasant, and thought they were having a very good time; then they grew tired.

"I'm hungry," said Teddy.  
"Birds have nice berries to eat," said Dot.

"Squirrels have nuts," said Teddy.  
"Well," said Polly, "I don't know where there are any berries or nuts. We'll sit on this fence to rest. That will be most like being birds and squirrels."

They sat on the fence, but did not feel as happy as birds or squirrels. Teddy's lips were drawn down, and there was a tear in Dot's eye.

"The birds go to their nests—" began Dot.

"And the squirrels go to their holes," whimpered Teddy.

Polly took their hands and again they started on a long walk; but this time it was toward home. As they came near, they heard Aunt Jane's voice.

They thought they had been gone a long, long time, but it was only a little over an hour, and Aunt Jane had not missed them. It was almost dinner time, and they were glad they did not have to live on berries and nuts.

"I guess I'd rather stay at home," whispered Dot to Polly.  
"So would I," said Teddy.





THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

**THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.**

With needle in hand, and workbox and scissors close by, this little housewife is making ready to mend the dresses of her different dolls. One doll is on her lap and probably needs looking after more than the others, or perhaps she is the favorite child of this little mother and so comes in first for the necessary operation of trying on her new dress.

On the floor we can see two more dolls waiting to be attended to; one a boy and the other a little girl. They, too, will get attended to in their turn, and when all the sewing and cutting are over the little family will look as neat and well-dressed as any other family ever did or will. So many little girls let their dolls go to rack and ruin, dressing them badly and never cleaning them, that we are sure this little woman will develop as she grows up into a most useful and energetic woman.

**THE DEAD SEA-GULL.**

Alice and Herbert lived at the seashore. Their father owned a sailing boat, and used to take people from the hotels out fishing and gunning.

The children loved the sand and the sea as few do who are not born and brought up by the great ocean.

They used to look for shells and seaweeds, and carry them home in a basket to their mother, who made pretty boxes and covered them with the shells; and pictures of the seaweed with shell frames. She sold them to the ladies who came down to the seashore for the summer.

The children loved the few birds that lived by the sea; the sandpipers and plovers and wild ducks, and especially the great sea-gulls, with their soft grey and white feathers and their big, strong beaks. They liked to watch them swoop down, seize a clam, carry it up into the air with their strong beaks, drop it from a height, fly down and tear open

the broken shell and eat the clam.

One day they had been gathering shells for their mother, when they came upon a dead sea-gull upon the beach. On its white breast was a large spot of blood.

"Oh! who could have shot a sea-gull?" exclaimed Alice. "They are not good to eat, and they do no harm to anybody. So what excuse could any one have for killing it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert. "I do know it is cruel to destroy an innocent bird just for sport."

"I did hear that ladies used the breasts of gulls for trimming their hats, but I don't see how they could do it. They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they loved birds as much as I do."

"Maybe they don't think," said Herbert. "Anyhow, we must go home now. So good-bye, poor bird."

**WHAT A PENNY DID.**

In a missionary meeting in England one of the speakers related an anecdote of a little boy who, having heard it said that for every penny subscribed a verse of Scripture might be translated into a foreign language, went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny, and be the means of translating a verse; "and," said the little fellow, "I should wish to be that verse, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

At the same meeting another speaker arose and stated that Rev. Daniel Currie, afterwards Bishop of Madras, was one day sent to visit a dying Brahmin. He went, expecting to find him sunk in all the darkness of heathenism and superstition. To his surprise he found him a true believer in Christ, and rejoicing in the hope of heaven. Mr. Currie inquired how he had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. "Do you remember," said the poor man, "distributing verses of Scripture at such a place?" naming the village where he lived. "You gave one to me, and the verse was 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That verse was the means of my conversion."

Vanity and ill temper are twins that every girl should turn away from her door, no matter how small and harmless a pair they may seem at first.—Selected.