

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1903.

N. 18.

AN AUTUMN FROLIC.

The glorious autumn days have lent the earth a new beauty, and looking on brilliantly tinted shrub and tree we are almost inclined to fancy the flower queen has assumed her reign again. How gracefully fair Nature grows old; her waning loveliness not less enchanting than her budding beauty. Can we not learn a lesson from her what our lives should be? Only the deformed, distorted character grows more repulsive with age. The true heart and well-trained mind grow yearly more pleasing. But it is not such serious thoughts as these our merry little ones in the picture suggest. They are having a fine frolic among the bright autumn leaves, as busy in their fun as the little squirrels and chipmunks storing the dropping nuts. Every season has its pleasures, and, if less numerous, there are none more enjoyable than those which this month affords.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER.

It is almost a needless question to ask of any intelligent boy or girl what a ladder is? The youngest child that reads this would be able to tell me that it is a number of steps with strong sides to keep them firm, and is used for climbing to any high place. Suppose your home should take fire some night, and the fierce flames had cut off your means of escape by door or staircase, how gladly you would make use of the ladder placed at your bedroom window.

All readers of the Bible know about Jacob's ladder, which he saw in his dream, how it reached from earth to heaven, and he saw the angels ascending and descending it. Some of my readers may know that this ladder is a type of Christ, who

which reaches to the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem. The first step is to seek forgiveness for your sins, to become a little soldier of the cross.

When you conquer some evil habit such as falsehood, temper, selfishness, love of

praise, and the like, you have gone up a few steps of the heavenly ladder. Once we start to climb, we must be careful not to go back, for it grieves the "Good Shepherd" to have his lambs giving way to anger or doing anything that will send them down instead of up this way that leads to Himself.

An old woman who loved Jesus, and who had served Him for many years, said it always helped her to do right when she thought of the text: "Thou God seest me." By steadfast climbing you may do much good. Little feet led by your example may be induced to climb. You may help them to, by telling them what dangers to avoid, and how best to keep going steadily upward.

Dear children, can one who loves you, and wishes to meet you in heaven, persuade you to take the first step up this heavenly ladder? and there is One who loves you far more, even

Jesus, who says with a heart full of love to you: "Little children, come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words.



AN AUTUMN FROLIC.

HARVEST-TIME.

Long in the strange, dark underworld,
The little waiting seeds lay curled;
Then, fed by sun and rain and dew,
They felt their life stir—and they grew.

And now the golden harvest day
Fulfills the hope of March and May—
The joy forecast in summer's prime
Blesses the happy harvest-time.

O Thou, whose sunshine brings to birth
All the fair things of Thy fair earth,
Sow in our waiting hearts the seeds
That have their fruit in noble deeds!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1903.

HE IS LOOKING FOR YOU.

"Hello, little stranger, what is the matter?"

The rough-looking waggoner softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost! I can't find my father," sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long white beard?"

"Yes; that's my father."

"It's all right, then, because he is looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him he'll find you."

And the child dried his tears, and sprang into the road again, for if his father was looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after awhile.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ, and the way seems dark, and the path steep and difficult, take courage. He is looking for you, too, and

if you only persevere you are sure to meet him in the way, and to hear his gracious voice saying, "Come unto Me."

A CHANCE FOR COURAGE.

BY PANSY.

"This is a verse for boys," said Archie Miller, as he repeated it in a loud strong voice, "'Be strong and of a good courage.' There isn't anything in it for girls. They can't be strong, and they haven't got any courage. They are afraid of the silliest things! Worms and cows, and even a mouse. I'll be Joshua; he was a soldier, and was going to take Moses' place; I know all about him. I wish my name was Joshua," and Archie marched across the floor with his head up, looking as much like a soldier as he could.

His sister Jessie said not a word. She was nearly two years older than Archie, but he always treated her as though she were younger, and often told her she was "nothing but a girl!"

On the way home from school that afternoon Archie fell in with bad company. Two boys decided to cross the creek on the log, instead of going a little farther and crossing by the bridge. They coaxed Archie to do the same, but his mother had told him never to cross the log, and he shook his head.

"You're afraid!" shouted the boys. "Oh, oh! Archie is a little 'fraid cat! he's afraid to cross the log!" They danced round him, clapping their hands and shouting, "'fraid cat! 'fraid cat!" until Archie lost his temper.

"I'm not, either!" he shouted. "I'm not afraid of anything; I would just as soon step on the log as not!"

"Oh, no," said his sister Jessie, catching hold of his sleeve. "Don't go, Archie! you know what mother said."

"Oh, oh!" mimicked the boys, "Don't go, little sissy! tie yourself to your sister's apron and let her lead you home!"

"Let me alone!" said Archie, shaking himself loose. "Girls are afraid of everything. I'm going across the log."

Away he ran. In the middle of the log his foot slipped and down he fell. The boys screamed and ran away as fast as they could. The creek was wide and deep enough just there to reach almost to Archie's head. He tried to scramble up, but the stones were slippery, and if it had not been for his brave little sister he might have been drowned.

She laid down her bag of books, scrambled down the bank, and in a few minutes more had her arms round Archie and was helping him walk the slippery road to the shore. They met half the village as they trudged home, brave "Joshua" with his wet and trembling hand clasped close in his sister's. The frightened boys had run home screaming that Archie was drowned!

"Weren't you scared," Archie asked his sister that evening, "when you stepped right into the water? You are so afraid of water."

"I didn't think anything about it," said Jessie. "I was thinking of you, and I knew I must get to you right away."

"It takes true courage, my boy," said his father, "to say 'No' at the right time, and to forget self at the right time and think of others."

RUSSIAN BABIES.

Well, now it is very funny, but I have heard that it is this way: In Russia, when the mothers want to get rid of the babies while working, they have all sorts of queer ways of doing. One traveller saw a mother wrap her baby up in a kind of bundle, only its head out, and tuck it away on a shelf.

Another had her baby hung from the wall on a peg, while a third baby was slung over one of the rafters by a strong cord. Every now and then it was drawn up and down by means of a loop over the mother's foot. This was done to quiet it.

The traveller got a look at this baby. It was as dirty as a pig in a pen.

"Why do you not wash it?" he asked the mother.

"Wash it?" she cried. "Wash a baby? Why, you'd kill it!"

How many of you would like to be a Russian baby? Didn't I hear some of those boys say they would like it? I fear I did. Oh, shameful!

ELSIE'S ONE PINK.

Grace and Elsie each had a flower garden, which they watched every day for blossoms. Next door lived Mrs. Graham, an old lady, who could not see the lovely summer flowers because she was too sick to get out of bed, and both Grace and Elsie were very sorry for her.

One morning Elsie found a lovely pink in blossom in her garden, and three had come out in Grace's.

Elsie said: "Let us take them to poor Mrs. Graham."

"No, indeed," said Grace; "I should be ashamed to take four pinks. Let's wait till we have a lot."

But Elsie said: "I'll take mine this morning. I think that she will like even one when she knows that it is all I have."

Mrs. Graham did like Elsie's one pink very much. She was very glad indeed to get it. She said that she had been wishing she could smell a pink, and the spicy odour of this one made her feel ever so much better.

So it happened that Elsie's one pink carried joy to some one because she made good use of it, although it was only one little flower; but while Grace was waiting for other pinks to blossom in her garden, the first three faded, and so they never helped any one.

THE ALPHABET-TREE.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

To Jack all play was good,
All learning very bad,
Until one night, when tired out,
A charming dream he had;
In a wide garden space,
All shine and green, stood he,
Where, in the sunniest, fairest place,
Grew an alphabet-tree.

Fruits purple, gold, and red,
Bent every tiniest twig;
A's were apples, the bunches of B's
Bananas yellow and big;
He spied an orange—O;
A plum, and that was P;
C was a cherry, Q a quince,
And a great blue grape was G.

How full of juice they were!
How ripe the syllable-seed!
And when he had eaten from every bough,
Behold, Jack liked to read!
He ate from red-streaked A
Way down to X, Y, Z,
And cried, "There never was anything
So nice as this alphabet-tree!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON X. September 6.

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 31. 1-13. Memorize verses 6-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.—Prov. 14. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

David and his men had gone to live in the borders of the Philistines, who were kinder to them than Saul had been. Their king had given David a little city called Ziklag to live in. There he was not troubled by Saul, and there he gained a great victory over the Amalekites. Saul had grown so gloomy that he had gone to a witch, or fortune-teller, and there he heard words that made him fall upon the ground with fear. He knew that he had shut God out of his life, and all was dark, and now he heard that his end was near. And so it was. The Philistines came down upon the Israelites and overcame them so that they fled, and Saul's three sons were killed, and one of them was Jonathan, the beloved friend of David. Saul was wounded so that he took his own life, and his armor-bearer did the same. When David heard of the battle that went against Israel and of the death of Saul and Jonathan he made a great lamenta-

tion. He forgot all the evil that Saul had done, and thought only that he was the Lord's anointed King. As for Jonathan, David cried, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What prince gave David a home? Achish.

Where? In the country of the Philistines.

What city did he give David? Ziklag.

Did Saul follow him there? No.

What new trouble had Saul? The Philistines came to fight Israel.

Where did he seek help? Of a witch at Endor.

What did he hear? That his end was near.

Did this come true? Yes, the Philistines conquered.

Who were killed? Saul and three of his sons.

Was Jonathan one of them? Yes.

What did David do? He made a great mourning.

Whom had he lost? His friend Jonathan.

LESSON XI. September 13.

DAVID BECOMES KING.

2 Sam. 2. 1-10. Memorize verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! —Psa. 133. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

The reason that David was fortunate was because he went to the Lord for advice. Now that he knew of Saul's death he thought he ought to go back to his own people, but he first asked the Lord. The Lord told him to go to Hebron. That was a city of Judah, David's tribe, and a holy place to the Israelites, for their forefathers lived there, and Jerusalem had not yet been taken by the Jebusites. So David and his six hundred men and their families went to the hills of Hebron, and the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over Judah. What joy there must have been that the boy whom Samuel had anointed several years before had been brought out of the wilderness and the land of the enemy to be king over his own people! Still he was not king over all Israel, for one of Saul's sons, Ish-bosheth, had been made king over the other tribes by Saul's chief captain, Abner. He reigned but two years, and was then killed by two of his own captains, who wanted to see David king over all Israel; but David lived to reign seven years and a half in Hebron, and forty years in Hebron and Jerusalem. He was always kind to the children and grand-

children of Saul, his enemy, and the large son of Jonathan always sat at the king's table.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who became king after Saul? David.

Who had called him? The Lord.

Who had anointed him? Samuel.

What did he now ask the Lord? If he should go to his own country.

What was he told? To go.

To what city? Hebron.

Who anointed him king over Judah? The men of Judah.

To whom was David very kind? To the men who buried Saul.

Who was Ish-bosheth? The son of Saul.

What was he? King over the other tribes of Israel.

How long did he reign? Two years.

How long did David reign? Forty years.

KITTIE'S NEW SONG.

Kittie had learned a new song to sing for her heart was full of joy and music.

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,"

sang little Kittie again and again, down in the summer-house; and the silvery notes came through the open window into papa's study, and papa laid down his book to listen.

Soon the voice ceased, and the little pattering feet were heard on the stairs, and then a gentle knock.

"Come in, Kittie."

"Papa, isn't this a nice hymn? Please may I sing it to you?"

And so papa listened again to that soft voice, singing the same sweet hymn.

"I like the 'Happy day' part best, papa."

"The chorus, you mean, Kittie, but why?"

"Because, papa, I can't quite understand the rest, but I know that if Jesus had not washed my sins away, I could never go to live with him."

"Why not, Kittie?"

Kittie repeated slowly the verse she had learned that morning about the city of God. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." And papa, I used to make lies."

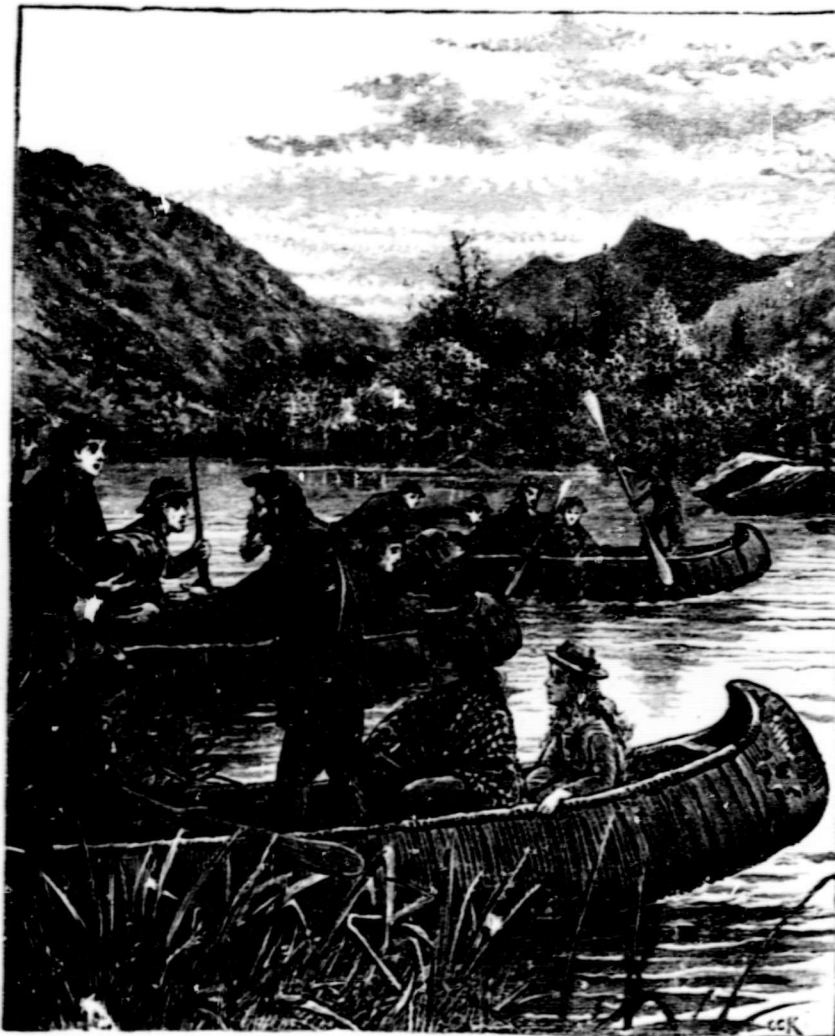
"And do you think Jesus has washed that sin away, Kittie?"

"Yes, papa, I asked him to; and if we ask we shall receive, you know. Don't you like those lines, too, papa?"

"Yes, Kittie, very much."

"Please sing it with me once."

And so papa and his little Kittie sang together of that happy day when Jesus washed their sins away.



CANOEING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WONDERLAND.

Above in the trees sings a robin;
I lie here on the ground,
I wonder where he learned that song,
And where his wings he found.

If I could become a robin,
And sing the livelong day,
I wonder if things that puzzle me
Would roll like the clouds away.

What is it makes the stars so bright?
What makes the sky so blue?
Do the angels, I wonder, up in their
homes,
See me as they look through?

But God is up in heaven
And the robin sings for joy:
He knows why He made all things,
And made me only a boy.

CANOEING IN THE NORTH-
WEST.

Till within a very few years, all the transportation to the far-off forts of the Hudson Bay Company was by means of canoes. For hundreds of miles they followed the rapid rivers, making frequent portages, when the canoes, and everything they contained, had to be carried around

some rapid or waterfall. Such a scene as that shown in our cut was of very frequent occurrence, and, in fine weather, a very delightful way of travelling it was.

TAKING OUT THE CHRIS-
TIANITY.

Norah had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up.

"What kind of a town is that, Norah?" asked her father. "Is it a Christian or a heathen town?"

"O, a Christian town," Norah answered quickly.

"Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested. "What must we take out?"

"The church," answered Norah, setting it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go. There are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library, too," her father directed.

"Anything else?" Norah asked sadly.

"Isn't that a hospital over there?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Norah very soberly.

"Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town."

"Why, father," Norah exclaimed, "there is not a good thing left! I wouldn't live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all that difference?"

—Selected.

THE SWISS BOY'S FAITH.

A man and his son were following a perilous path among the Alps. In passing along they gathered many beautiful flowers, which grew abundantly in that region. The father had for this purpose supplied himself with a long staff, on one end of which was fastened an iron hook. With this he pulled to him those flowers which he could not reach with his hands. He had told his son to keep close to him, and not to go too near the deep and dangerous gulfs around them; but ere long the boy saw at a distance some flowers waving in beautiful colours. Wishing to obtain them, and hurrying thoughtlessly along toward the object, he fell on the slippery grass, and began to roll down the steep until he was stopped by some tall bushes.

With all his strength the boy seized hold of the shrubbery, while, greatly terrified, he called to his father for help. The brush grew on the very brink of the yawning abyss, in whose fearful depths the poor boy, had he passed over the precipice, would have been crushed to atoms.

It was impossible for the father to reach the son with his hands, yet he soon adopted a plan. The boy had around him a leathern belt, which the father knew to be strong. Reaching down the staff, he fastened his iron hook in the girdle.

The lad, however, could not be drawn up without releasing his hold on the bushes. He could not see his father; nor did he, in his fright, even feel that his father held him up. He only heard his father's voice calling him: "Let go of the bushes, my son, and I will save you."

To the boy it seemed as if he would thus hurry himself to destruction. At last, relying on his father's words, he loosened his hold, and was drawn out of the danger into his father's arms.

This boy was saved through faith. His firm belief in his father's words saved his life. Had he doubted or hesitated, had he waited to find out how his father helped him up, he would have plunged, together with the slender bushes to which he clung, into the abyss beneath him.

For such faith as this in the Lord Jesus Christ we must constantly pray. He is always near to us; so that if any boy or girl is in trouble of any sort, the Lord will reward their faith if they earnestly ask him for help.