

# HAPPY DAYS

—VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1902.

No. 11.

## WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

I must tell you about the time when grandpa was a boy. He told me about it himself.

Grandpa is real old. He has lived nearly eighty years; and that, you know, is a long, long time.

Grandpa's father and mother were pioneers in Ohio. Pioneers are early settlers in a country. Grandpa's parents lived in a funny little log cabin away out in the backwoods. In this cabin grandpa and his seven brothers and sisters were born.

Did you ever see a log cabin? I guess not, for there are not many of them in our country now. I do not think you would care to live in one such as grandpa lived in, for there were very few comforts in it, though grandpa says they thought it was a splendid place.

It was built of big, rough logs chopped down in the woods. The floors were made of puncheons. Puncheons are thick boards. There were only two rooms and a loft in grandpa's cabin. The children slept in the loft, and you will laugh when I tell you their staircase was a ladder. But grandpa says he never slept as soundly in any place as in that loft.

Grandpa's mother had a spinning-wheel, and she made the cloth for his clothes. Sometimes in winter he was dressed in garments made of the skins of wolves and foxes. So, you see, his clothing was not exactly what we should call fashionable.

The furniture of their cabin wasn't fine, either. It was all home-made. Their bedsteads were just rough boards, and their bedclothes were the skins of

different animals that they had killed. They had several three-legged stools and a couple of tables, all made of thick, common boards. They didn't have marble tables, and mahogany cabinets, and onyx stands, and easy chairs upholstered

boy he often went on a squirrel or rabbit hunt with his father and the other men of the settlement. They often killed as many as a thousand rabbits or squirrels on one hunt.

Grandpa says he liked the winter the best, when the snow lay heavy and deep outside, and all he had to do was to sit by the wide fireplace and watch the big logs crackling and blazing away, while the wind roared amid the trees and the wolves howled in the forests.

Grandpa had a good many pets, for he tamed some of the squirrels and rabbits, and he had a fine watch-dog besides. But the pet he liked the best was one that came in un-announced one day. It was a cunning little ground-hog.

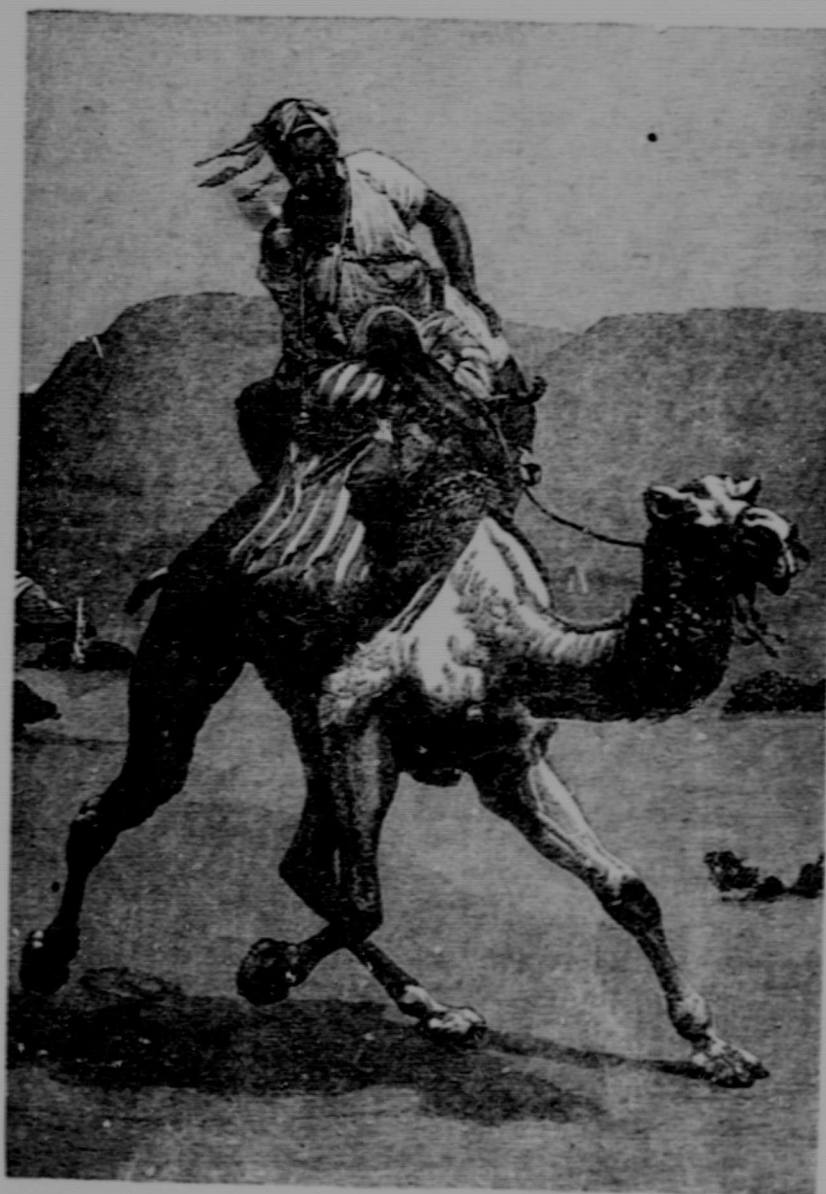
Did you ever see a ground-hog? He looks something like a raccoon. He has a bushy tail shaped like a trowel, and he has a flat nose. His feet are different from a raccoon's, for his claws are made for digging, while the raccoon's are made for scratching. But, when all is said, the two creatures are very much alike.

And why do you suppose the ground-hog's claws are made for digging? Why, for the reason his name implies—he lives in the ground, and he makes his home by digging in the earth with his claws.

Grandpa's ground-hog made his appearance in the cabin one day in spring.

He looked around him a bit, and then decided that he would stay. So what do you suppose he did. I will tell you:

The puncheon boards on the floor had shrunk a good deal since they were first laid, and there were quite large spaces be-



THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT."

in fine brocade velvets, and brass beds with silken canopies over them. No, indeed; but grandpa says they were happier than lots of people are who have all these things—happier and healthier, too.

When grandpa grew to be quite a big

tween them, where the uncovered earth showed. The ground-hog just made for one of these places, and in a very brief space of time he had dug out a burrow for himself and slid down into it.

Grandpa's father laughed at the idea of having a ground-hog in the family, but grandpa and his brothers and sisters were delighted.

The ground-hog was a little shy at first, but he soon became accustomed to them and became their greatest pet. They succeeded in teaching him some tricks, but not many. He seemed to like best just being with the children in the cabin. He had a great aversion to strangers, and as soon as any one not a member of the family appeared in the cabin, the ground-hog made a dive for his burrow between the puncheons, and there he stayed until the unwelcome visitor was gone, and no amount of threatening or coaxing could induce him to come out.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1902.

### WAS HE RIGHT ?

Once a lady asked a little boy who made him. He answered: "God made me so big, and I grew the rest." As he said this, he measured with his hands as long as he was when he was a wee baby.

How many of our little ones think he spoke truly? Do you think he would ever have grown at all if God had not made him grow? No, no, dear children. It is God who makes you grow, and who even keeps you alive. You could not grow, or do anything else of yourself, without him. Ought you not to be very thankful to him every day you live?

I once heard of a little boy who planted

himself to grow. That is the way God makes flowers and trees to grow; but he has a better way for boys and girls. They can grow as they go about. Did you ever stop to think that God has made everything just the best way that it could be made?

### A HOME SAVED.

A mother was working hard to feed and clothe her two little children and pay for their home. The man who owned the house sent a lawyer to turn them out, for they had not paid enough to suit him. The lawyer stood outside the door and heard the mother reading God's promises, and telling Fred and Mary how God had promised a home to all who love him. "Then, mamma," said Fred, "if the Lord has promised a home to all who love him, couldn't he let us keep our house?" "Yes, my dear; I am sure he could if he thought best." "Then let us ask him, mamma." They all knelt while the mother told God all their trouble, and the children said, "Amen." When the lawyer heard all this he went and told the owner of the house that he could not turn out this good mother and her children, for they had God's promise to take care of them. The owner let them stay until they could pay for the house. So, we see, God heard their prayer and answered it.—*Olive Plants.*

### WHAT RUTH HAD.

O there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, that she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much? She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Niva chatted this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Niva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace which is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Niva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is very sorry about it. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things; but you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you go out into the world no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in Algebra and Latin. If you have done

your best, it is wrought into you, whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: Every one who meets you will know, without putting you through an examination, whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practicable to quote Greek, or discuss psychology, or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."—*Union Signal.*

### THAT REGULAR BOY.

He was not at all particular  
To keep the perpendicular,  
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.

He stood upon his head awhile,  
And, when he went to bed awhile,  
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;  
The lookers-on thought ill of it;  
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom,  
And did some neat trapezing,  
Which was wonderfully pleasing,  
On every peg in grandpa's harness-room.

From absolute inanity,  
The cat approached insanity,  
To see him slide the banisters so rash;  
But once on that mahogany,  
While trying to toboggan, he  
Upset his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster  
He has gone about in plaster,  
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;  
But the kind the doctor uses,  
When the bumps and cuts and bruises  
Overcome a little regular live boy!

### CHARLIE'S GOOD IDEA.

"O, Charlie dear, don't make such a noise with your drum!"

"Why not, Kitty? I'm a soldier home from the war!" and six-year-old Charlie strutted up and down the nursery, beating his drum harder than ever.

Kitty tried to go on reading her pretty story-book, but in vain. "You forget mamma has a headache," she said, looking rather cross.

"O yes, so I did," said Charlie; "I won't do it any more," and he became as quiet as a mouse. "Can't we have a game of soldiers, Kitty?" he asked at last.

"No, it's too noisy."

"The game I mean isn't noisy. I could be a soldier in the hospital, and you the nurse reading to me," said Charlie.

Kitty laughed; yet she agreed, and she found that in pleasing her little brother she was happier than when reading her pretty story to herself.—*Our Little Dots.*

## A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Just one more kiss for good-night, mamma,  
 Just one more kiss for good-night,  
 And then you may go, my dear mamma,  
 And—yes—you may put out the light;  
 For I'll promise you truly I won't be  
 afraid  
 As I was last night, you'll see,  
 Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little  
 maid,  
 As he told me I ought to be.

But the shadows won't seem so dark,  
 mamma,  
 If you'll kiss me a little bit more;  
 And, you know, I can listen and hear  
 where you are  
 If you only won't shut the door.  
 For if I can hear you talking, I think  
 It will make me so sleepy, maybe,  
 That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a  
 wink,  
 And forget to—cry like a baby.

You needn't be laughing, my mamma  
 dear,  
 While you are hugging me up so tight;  
 You think I am trying to keep you here,  
 You, and—I guess—the light.  
 Please kiss me good-night once more, mam-  
 ma;  
 I could surely my promise keep,  
 If you'd only stay with me just as you  
 are,  
 And kiss me till—I go to sleep.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

## LESSON IX. [June 1.

PAUL AT LYSTRA.

Acts 14. 8-19. Memorize verses 8-10.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a  
 good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim.  
 2. 3.

## THE LESSON STORY.

When Paul and Barnabas left Antioch  
 they went to Iconium, sixty miles away.  
 There, too, the Jews persecuted them,  
 and they went away to a town called  
 Lystra. The people of this town wor-  
 shipped Jupiter, and an ivory image of  
 him stood in a beautiful temple they had  
 built.

There was a lame man in Lystra whom  
 Paul healed, and the people thought it so  
 wonderful that they cried out that the  
 gods had come down among men. They  
 called Barnabas Jupiter, because he was  
 large and noble-looking, and Paul Mer-  
 curius, because he was the chief speaker.  
 The apostles did not understand this at  
 first, but when the priest of Jupiter be-  
 gan to offer sacrifices to them they ran to

the people, saying, "Sirs, why do ye these  
 things?" and trying to tell them about  
 the true God; yet they could hardly keep  
 the people from offering them worship.

But soon Jews came from Antioch and  
 Iconium and set the people against the  
 apostles, so that they stoned Paul and  
 left him dead, as they supposed; but the  
 Lord raised him up, and he went away  
 to Derbe with Barnabas.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How were the missionaries treated at  
 Iconium? Very badly.

Where did they go then? To Lystra.  
 Whom did Paul heal there? A lame  
 man.

What did the people think? That  
 these men were gods.

What did they want to do? To offer  
 sacrifices to them.

Did this please the missionaries? No,  
 it made them sad.

What did they want the people to do?  
 To worship God.

What did they tell them? About  
 Jesus our Saviour.

Who came to Lystra? Some wicked  
 Jews.

What did they say? That these were  
 bad men.

What did the people do then? Stoned  
 Paul.

Who cured his wounds and sent him  
 on? God.

## LESSON X. [June 8.

THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 15. 22-23. Memorize verses 30-32.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty  
 wherewith Christ hath made us free.—  
 Gal. 5. 1.

## THE LESSON STORY.

The Jews could not understand at first  
 why people who were Gentiles and be-  
 lieved in Christ should not obey the law  
 of Moses like the Jews. They could not  
 at first know that the Lord was making all  
 things new, and they had much talk about  
 it among themselves. Then they thought  
 it best for Paul and Barnabas to go up  
 to Jerusalem and talk it over with the  
 apostles and elders. So they went,  
 preaching as they went, in Phenice and  
 Samaria, and telling the Jewish Chris-  
 tians that the Gentiles were coming to  
 Christ.

When they had a meeting with the  
 Church in Jerusalem there were some  
 who opposed, but at last they sent two  
 good men—Judas Barsabas, and Silas—  
 to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas, and  
 a beautiful letter was written to be read  
 to the Corinthians here, in which they  
 said there should be only two or three  
 things required of them, and that they  
 need not be troubled about keeping the  
 law of Moses. So they carried the letter  
 back with great joy, and read it to the

church in Antioch. After they had talked  
 much together about the new way, Judas  
 went back, but Silas stayed with them.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What were all Jews taught? The law  
 of Moses.

Who belonged to the Christian churches  
 now? Both Jews and Gentiles.

What did the Jewish Christians think?  
 That all must obey the law.

What did they not know? That Jesus  
 made all things new.

Who were sent to Jerusalem? Paul  
 and Barnabas.

What for? To ask the apostles what  
 to do.

What did the apostles say? That Gen-  
 tile Christians need not keep the law.

What is the law we all must keep?  
 The law of love.

Who gave this law? Christ.

What did the apostles send to the  
 church at Antioch? A loving letter.

What did this cause? Great joy.

Who stayed with the church in An-  
 tioch? Silas, a loving disciple.

## BESSIE'S MISHAP.

"There, have a nice time, dear," said  
 mother, tying Bessie's pink sunbonnet  
 strings. "Remember not to go in the  
 back yard; stay round in front. I think  
 Polly Dolly wants to go too."

So Bessie tied Polly Dolly's pink sun-  
 bonnet under her chin, and trotted out  
 the front door with her.

Mother was sitting by the window, sew-  
 ing lace on some ruffles, where she could  
 look out now and then at her little girl.  
 All of a sudden she jumped up. "Why,  
 Bessie's not in the front yard," she said.

Just at that moment a sound of loud  
 crying came up the stairs. "O dear!"  
 sighed mother, and "O dear!" she sighed  
 again when Bessie came in at the door.  
 The pink bonnet was hanging down her  
 back, her yellow curls were all tumbled,  
 and her blue eyes were running over with  
 big tears. "The bushes—the bushes  
 hurt me," she wailed, holding out a pair  
 of chubby hands with dreadful scratches  
 on them.

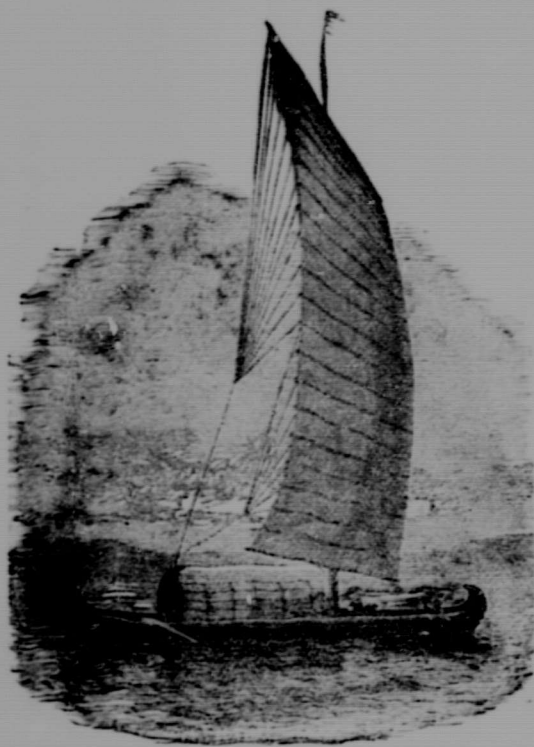
"Yes, and they tore your white dress,  
 it was too bad. Poor Bessie!" and  
 mother took her and Polly Dolly in her  
 arms and rocked them in the big, com-  
 fortable chair. "But what made you go  
 into the back yard after mother said not  
 to?" asked mother.

"Polly Dolly wanted to see the little  
 green gooseberries," sobbed Bessie, "and  
 we looked at them, and then we fell."

"Next time you must tell Polly Dolly  
 that you have to mind mother. Will  
 you?"

"Yes," whispered Bessie.

Mother says that Polly Dolly has never  
 got Bessie into trouble since.



A JAPANESE JUNK.

## JAPANESE JUNK-LIFE.

"One of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," said a recent traveller, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousands of which frequent every bay along the coast. The junks always belong to the members of one family; and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board. The smaller sail-boats are made like a narrow flat-boat; and the sail (they never have but one) extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction—that is, the mast runs up the middle of the sail when it is spread. In these little boats men are born and die without ever having an abiding place on shore. Women and all wear little clothing, except in rainy weather, when they put on layers of ringy straw mats, which give them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this watertight straw fringe, and go to sleep all together like a lot of pigs. A child three years old can swim like a fish, and often children who will not learn of their own accord are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetually tumbling overboard; but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cuffing them a little, go on with their work. It is astonishing at what age these boys and girls learn to scull a boat. I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that, notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid; nor will

any boatman save another from drowning, because, he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life keeps a chafing soul only so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor, whom the gods, by fate, seem to have selected for the purpose."

## YOUR NICHE.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,

A corner for you to fill,  
And it waits to-day  
Along life's way  
For the boy with a frank "I will."  
So, lad, be true;  
The world wants you  
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,

A corner for you to fill;  
For a girl that is kind,  
With a pure, sweet mind,  
A place that is waiting still.  
So, lass, be true;  
The world wants you  
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,

A corner for you to fill,  
And a work to do  
Which no one but you  
In God's great plan can fulfil.  
So, dears, be true;  
The world wants you,  
And your place is waiting still.

## A KING WHO WAS A SHOE-MAKER.

Humbert, king of Italy, was a good king, and loved his people. His queen, Margherita, is a widow, because a wicked man killed her husband not long ago, but she is tenderly loved by all the people of Italy, and her son is now the king.

Humbert belonged to one of those royal families who have a rule that every son born to them shall choose a trade and learn it. They do this to teach all the fathers and mothers in the kingdom that it is right to give their children a trade by which they can earn a living for themselves and their families. Humbert chose to make shoes, and he could make very good ones.

It is said that the shoes that Humbert made—and they were few, because he had to take care of his kingdom—were made so well that they would last longer than other shoes. He wanted his people to learn to do well whatever they had to do, and so he did his best.

It is a royal thing to do one's best, and

in the sight of God the poor cobbler is as good as the royal shoemaker, if he does his work well.—*Picture Lesson Paper.*

## SPONGES.

When you use your sponge, do you ever ask yourself where it came from, whether it grew or was made? The sponge is a collection of animals, really, who lay eggs which hatch and increase the size of the sponges. The best sponges are found in the Mediterranean. They used to be caught by native divers, and even with harpoons; but they have grown scarcer, and are now caught in deep waters that require expert divers in divers' suits. Sponges are found in the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean.

The Greeks are said to be the best divers in the world. A glass is placed at the end of a large tube. The boat engaged in sponge-fishing passes slowly over the ground while an expert watches the bottom through the large tube, the glass of which is beneath the surface. The water is so clear that the bottom can be seen at a great depth. When the sponges are discovered, the divers put on their suits and go to the bottom, and the sponges are brought to the surface.

In the waters of the West Indies the sponges are secured in comparatively shallow water. A box or bucket is used, with a pane of glass inserted in the bottom. The sponge-fisher puts his face into this, and when he discovers sponges brings them to the surface with a hook. The large woolly sponge, as you would imagine, is called a sheep sponge.

All sponges have to be prepared for market. As taken from the water they are unfit for use, and must be cleansed, and bleached to some extent. The very white, hard sponges are over-treated, and not as good as those cleansed without so free a use of acid. The best sponges are found in the deepest waters.



A LIVING SPONGE.