

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1904.

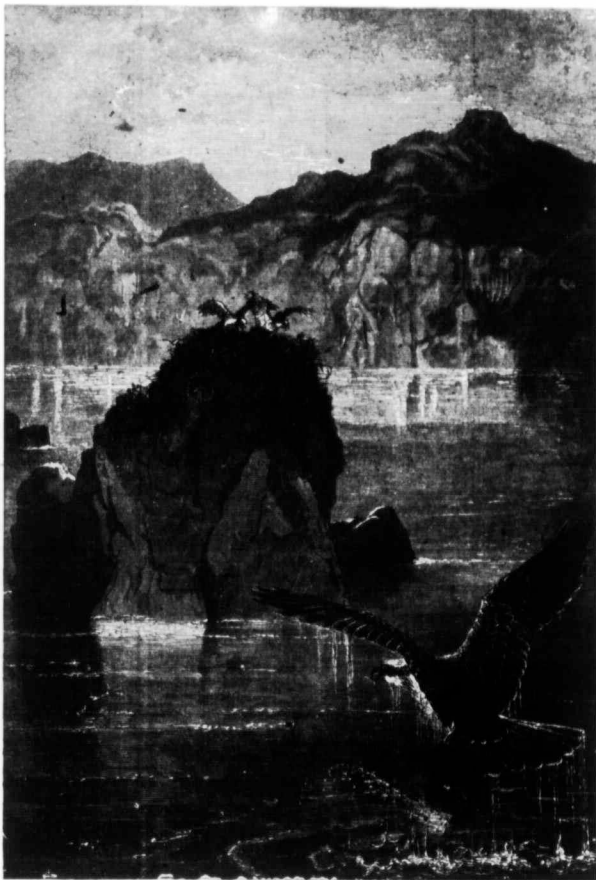
No. 15

THE NEST OF A SEA-EAGLE.

One of the largest of those birds that are found by the sea and build their nests in the cliffs along the coast, is the sea-eagle. The species represented in the picture measures about three feet and a half from tail to head, and when his magnificent wings are spread out to the full they measure over six feet and a half. This bird loves to build his nest in such a position as we see here—on a solitary rock far away from the reach of men and other animals. The food of the sea-eagles consists entirely of fish, the nest of our cut seems to be in a particularly good position; for with very little trouble the big birds can dive in and catch a fish or two for their young ones. Here we see one of them with a fish in its claws, and the two young ones, who have been eagerly watching the operations, are flapping their wings in great delight at the successful termination of their parent's hunting expedition. The nest seems to be hardly out of the reach of angry waves, but the old birds may be safely trusted to build their little home well out of danger's reach.

HAL'S DREAM.

No; I'm not going a step! It's hotter than Africa here! Besides, I know



THE NEST OF A SEA-EAGLE.

all about it, anyhow. Wasn't I listening when that missionary was here to tea?"

Mamma only said, "Very well," and went upstairs so quietly that Hal tried to think of a better excuse, and had just about decided to add that his mite-box was empty when he heard her bell

gry and weary, no kind hand to help him, until at last the sea came in sight.

Poor Hal! his little brown feet were more tired than his white ones had ever been; his head ached, and he trembled all over with fear. Oh, if somebody would only come and help him! If he

room door shut. So he began to whistle, and went out to climb into the old cherry-tree, his favorite resort; stretching himself out on the largest limb, he looked up at the fleecy clouds, and watched the sunlight and shadow chasing each other in and out among the green leaves. He did not know that he had shut his eyes, but, opening them suddenly, he saw a queer mud hut at the foot of the tree. And the tree itself seemed different; the leaves were larger than they had been a moment before and so odd shaped! His clothes were gone, and his skin looked brown, and, oh, how much hotter it had grown in those few minutes! A strange noise seemed coming nearer; he heard the sound of hurrying feet, mingled with cries of pain; he slid down from the tree just as a throng of dark-skinned men, women, and children were passing by. "The slave traders!" He tried to hide, but Soon he was bound, and being driven on, on, over marshes and through jungles, hungry and weary, no kind hand to help him, until at last the sea came in sight.

only lived in a land where such dreadful things were unknown!

"Nobody cares," he said. "It's pleasanter to sit up in a tree than to go to meeting, and the mite-box is empty, 'cause it's just whiptime!"—and Hal was getting mixed in his dreams. But he felt the air grow suddenly cooler, and he saw Somebody with kinder eyes and a more grieved look than mamma; and a voice said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Hal's eyes were opened very wide now; a cloud had come over the sun, a soft breeze was swaying the branches of the tree, and he sat very still for a minute. Then two drops fell—not from the skies—and he climbed down quickly and ran to find mamma.

Next Band Sunday Hal and his mite-box went to meeting.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1904

SOME GIRLS' WAY.

It was Saturday morning in a big farm kitchen. Nell was bending over the sink picking a chicken, with a decided scowl on her face. Hattie was kneading bread, with an expression of grim determination suitable for a soldier scaling his enemies' breastworks; and Susan was shelling peas, her pretty face spoiled by the settled discontent about the mouth. The girls were not talking—they never talked while they worked—but they often spoke sharply and unkindly. Work was to them a separate state of existence in which the Christian graces played no part.

"Did I leave my whip in here?" asked a hesitating voice at the open door, and a boy in a big straw hat appeared behind the voice.

"No," snapped Nell, "but it's a wonder you didn't, for you are always leaving something around for us to tread on."

"It has fallen down under your chair, Susan," he said, coming in to pick it up. "Ned, you are always bothering somebody," fretted Susan, while she abuse with ungraciousness in every movement.

"Father called me to come quick and catch the chicken, and I stood it in that corner," replied Ned roughly, and gladly made his escape.

That same morning in a neighbouring farmhouse kitchen, Lucy was kneading the bread as deftly as Hattie, but at the same time planning with Helen and Grace how to earn money for their mission-boxes. Grace had a funny story to tell while she washed the dishes; and Helen told them of a meadow-lark she saw while picking the strawberries that she was now hulling for the strawberry shortcake for dessert.

Sam came in with an armful of wood and threw it with much noise into the wood-box, twisted Grace's curls, and made believe to dive his hand into Lucy's pan of flour, snatched the largest strawberry from Helen's dish, and pranced out whistling a Sunday-school hymn.

The girls smoothed out the little smiles that Sam's antics always brought to their faces, and began to sing his hymn, being echoed by Fanny, who was sweeping the front stairs.

Which family do you belong to, girls?

THE EARTHEN JAR.

Rabbi Joshua, the son of Channahiah, was a very learned and very wise man, but he was ugly. His complexion was so dark that he was nicknamed "The Blacksmith," and little children ran away from him. Yet his wisdom and learning caused him to be esteemed by every one, and even the Emperor Trajan treated him with much consideration.

One day when the Babbi went to court, the Emperor's daughter laughed at his ugliness, and said, with a smile:

"Rabbi, I wonder how it is that such great wisdom as yours is contained in such an ugly head?"

Rabbi Joshua kept his temper, and, instead of replying, asked:

"Princess, in what vessels does your august father keep his wine?"

"In earthen jars, to be sure," replied she.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Rabbi, feigning surprise. "Why, all the common people keep their wine in earthen jars! The Emperor's wine should be kept in handsome vessels."

The Princess thought that the Rabbi who always said such clever things was really in earnest; so off she went to the chief butler, and ordered him to pour all the Emperor's wine out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels, the earthen jars being unworthy of such precious drink.

The butler followed these orders, but when the wine came to the royal table had turned sour and was unfit to use.

The next time the Princess met the Rabbi Joshua, she expressed her astonishment at his having given her such a strange piece of advice, and said:

"Do you know, Rabbi, that all the fine wine which I poured into the gold and silver vessels turned sour?"

"Then you have learned a simple lesson, Princess," was the Rabbi's reply. "Wine is best kept in common vessels; so is wisdom."

The next time the Princess met the clever Rabbi, she did not laugh at his ugly face.

ALICE'S KITTY.

Bedtime had come, and Alice's mamma had called her to the nursery. But Alice wanted kitty Daisy first to be put into her small warm bed in the shed, and though she had cried "Daisy, Daisy" many times, yet the kitty would not answer.

She put her little curly head out into the rain, but could neither see nor hear her "Daisy" anywhere. Then she cried very much, for she feared Don, the big dog, would hurt or kill her dear kitty. But at last she went to sleep, with a little salt tear in each blue eye.

The next morning, when she woke up the clouds had gone, the rain was past, and the sun was shining. She heard her mamma say, "Come, Alice, I have something very nice to show you." She was so dressed and ready. Then her mamma took her out to Don's little house, where the dog slept each night. And there, all snuggled and warm, lay kitty Daisy, asleep between Don's great black paws.

When she came all cold and wet, to her house in the dark night, he had taken her in and let her share his soft bed of hair and kept her warm all night.

Alice gathered her dear kitty in her arms with glad joy, while she patted Don, and said he was the next best to kitty Daisy.

If all flowers were alike, the bouquet market would be dull.

Jesus loves to hear little children singing hymns of praise to him.

True honour is not derived from other people but originates only from ourselves.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

I know I should not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON IV.—JULY 24.
JEHOSHAPHAT'S REFORM.

Chron. 19. 1-11. Memorize verses 4-6.
GOLDEN TEXT.
Deal courageously, and the Lord shall
be with the good.—2 Chron. 19. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

King Asa had trained his son Jehoahaphat to believe in the one true God and to serve him, so that when he came to reign over Judah in his father's place he sought the God of his father and not the idol Baal. Riches and honours flowed in upon him and he grew very great, and the Philistines and the Arabians, instead of making war upon him, brought him presents of money and of flocks of sheep and goats. He tried to make friends with Ahab, king of Israel, but a prophet told him that the Lord did not want him to help the ungodly or love them that hate the Lord, and so he stayed at home in Jerusalem, and went about among his own people, teaching them about the Lord God of their fathers, and bringing them back to their faith in him. He set judges in all his kingdom, and told them to judge not for man, but for the Lord. "Let the fear of the Lord be upon you," he said; "take heed and do it; for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect for persons, nor taking of gifts." He also appointed priests and Levites in Jerusalem to judge among the people, and he told them that they must do it faithfully and with a perfect heart. He set Amariah, the chief priest, over all matters of religion, and Zebadiah over the king's matters, with the Levites as officers under them. The king ended his speech to them with the words of the beautiful

Golden Text, "Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good." God always prospered the nation when the king and the people obeyed him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Jehoshaphat? The seventh king of Judah.

Who was his father? Asa.

How had he been brought up? To worship the true God.

How did he begin his reign? By seeking God's blessing.

Was he blessed? Yes.

What did he do when reproved? He tried to do better.

What did he begin teaching his people? The law of the Lord.

What did he give them? Judges in every city.

What did he give the judges? Wise counsel.

What did he do at Jerusalem? Made judges of the priests.

How did he tell them to judge? Faithfully, and with a perfect heart.

Can you give his last words to them? Golden Text.

LESSON V.—JULY 31.

OMRI AND AHAB.

1 Kings 16. 23-33. Memorize verses 30-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. 14. 34.

THE LESSON STORY.

While two good kings had been reigning over the house of David, or the kingdom of Judah, the kingdom of Israel had been falling lower and lower. After Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, came Baasha, who gained the kingdom by killing Nadab. His son Elah followed him, and he was slain by one of the captains, Zimri, who reigned seven days, when all Israel made Omri, captain of the host, king. All were evil men, and it is not pleasant to think about that time. Omri reigned twelve years. He bought the hill Samaria and built the city of Samaria, which still is called by that name; there also was he buried. There was no great prophet in his day, but the Lord was about to send one. Ahab, the son of Omri, was more wicked than any of the kings who went before him, and he was led into a worse state by taking for a wife Jezebel, a daughter of the king of the Zidonians, a worshipper of Baal and a cruel woman. The Lord gave Ahab a victory over the Syrians twice, but his heart was not given to the one true God. He made an altar to Baal in the temple that he had built in Samaria. He also made a grove such as

the heathen had, and did more to turn his people from the true God than all the kings of Israel that were before him. In our next lesson we shall learn about a great and fearless prophet, Elijah, whom God sent to this wicked king Ahab to warn him and to announce to him the punishment which God was about to send upon the king and all the people because of their wickedness.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What happened after Solomon died? The kingdom was divided.

Who reigned over Judah? Rehoboam. And who over Israel? Jeroboam.

Who followed Rehoboam? Abijah, Asa, and Jehoshaphat.

Who followed Jeroboam? Nadab, Baasha, Elah, and Zimri.

Who was Omri? A captain of the host who was made king of Israel.

How long did he reign? Twelve years. What city did he build? Samaria.

Who followed him in Israel? His son, Ahab.

Whom did he marry? Jezebel, a heathen princess.

What did Ahab do? He built a temple and altar to Baal.

What can you say of him? He was worse than his fathers.

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

One cold winter day an Italian stood at a street corner grinding from his organ some doleful music. A group of children, large and small, were gathered around him. Among them were several good-sized boys who seemed disposed to make sport of the organist. One of them said to the others: "Boys, I'm going to hit the old fellow's hat." In a moment he had a snowball in his hand, and he threw it so violently that it knocked the Italian's hat off, and it fell into the gutter.

What do you suppose the organ-grinder did? Strike the boy, knock him down, shake his fist at him, curse him, swear at him? Some men would have done this after being treated in that way. But he did nothing of the sort. He stooped down and picked up his hat, knocked the snow from it, and put it on his head. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gratefully, and said: "Now I'll play you a tune to make you merry." Who was the gentleman, the boy or the Italian?

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may find no room to enter.



MARY AND HER LAMB.

SLUMBER SONG.

Oh sleep, my little baby, sleep!
And thou, fair moon from out the deep
Of-heaven's blue, a watch-care keep
Above my baby, till the day
Hath dawned and shadows flee away.

Oh sleep, my little baby fair!
I'll leave thee in a safer care
Than loveliest lights that changing are.
I'll give the orb that never sets
And memory that ne'er forgets.

Oh sleep, my little baby! Close
Thy tender lids in sweet repose,
All through the night thy mother knows
The Lord will watch her little one
Until the dawning of the sun.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not

neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

A missionary at Mandalay, in far-off Burmah, writes about a little Burmese girl there who has become a Christian. He says: "She is but twelve years old, but she has already quite a history. At the age of nine she was the only one left to take care of her old grandfather. Leprosy, that terrible disease which is so like sin, had made him deaf and blind, so that he could do nothing to earn his living. She had no father, and her cruel mother had gone away and left her. She used to lead about her horrible-looking old grandfather, begging. She cooked their little meal of rice—they seldom had anything else for breakfast, dinner, or supper—and

took all the care of him when he could no longer help himself."

After a while the good missionaries found the wretched pair. They gave the old man a clean bed in their hospital, and there he died on Christmas two years ago. His kind little grandchild, whose name is Mah Shway Mah, went to the mission school, and soon her quick wits made her the sharpest and best learner of all. She has become a faithful little Christian, and when she grows up she is to be a teacher and will teach the dark-skinned Burmese children to read the Bible and love her Saviour.

HOW BUNNY WAS LOST AND FOUND.

Frank Goldthwaite is a little boy, and so of course he does not care for dolls; but instead of a doll, he has a white rabbit made of Canton flannel that was sent to him at Christmas. For a long time Bunny slept with Frank every night, came to the table with him at meals and was his constant companion.

One day in February when it was snowing hard, Frank's father was going out. He asked the little boy if he would not like to go, too.

Soon, in warm coat, cap, mittens and leggings, Frank was ready to start. "But must go, too," he said. "I don't think he was ever out in the snow; were you Bun?"

Bunny said nothing. Indeed, it would be hard for any one to speak who was squeezed so tightly in Frank's hand. It was cold outdoors, and Frank grew tired of holding Bunny; so he tucked him in his pocket.

When he came home, mother said "Well, did you and Bunny have a nice walk?"

"O, yes; didn't we, Bun?" and Frank put his hand in his pocket to get his pet. Alas! the pocket was empty. Frank wanted to start right out to find Bunny, but mother said there would be no use, the snow had covered him by that time. Little Frank felt very sorry about his pet.

Some weeks after Frank's father was making a call, and happened to tell the lady about Frank's rabbit. When he finished, the lady excused herself and went out of the room. She came back with Bunny. "There," she said, "I am glad to know whose it is. I found it, but I didn't know to whom it belonged."

It was night when Frank's father came back with the rabbit, and Frank was asleep. But when he awoke next morning there was his own lost Bunny sitting on the bed. And that very day his father bought a real, live rabbit for him, snow white, and with pink eyes, and now he has two bunnies to play with.