

HAPPY DAYS

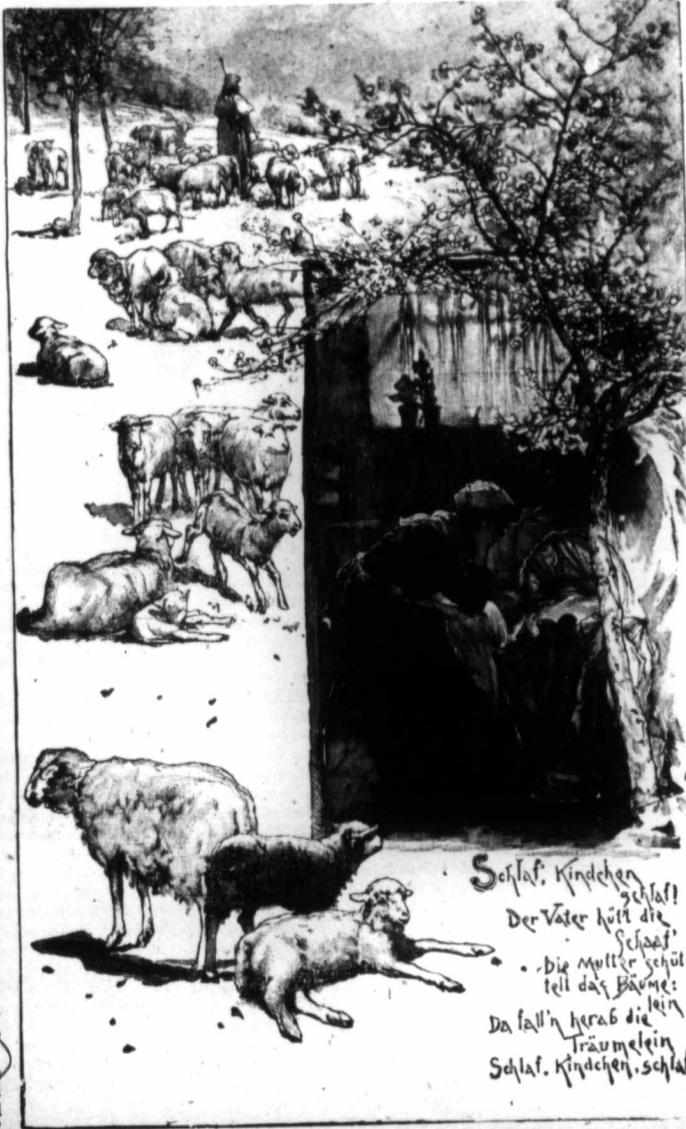
Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1904.

No. 18.

GEORGIE'S PRAYER,

Little Georgie was a boy only about five years old. He was trying to love Jesus and be a good boy. Georgie's fault was that he would get sulky and be obstinate. One day he had been doing wrong and his mother had to punish him for it. This made him very sulky, and it took him a long time to get over it. Every night, when he had done saying his prayers after his mother, she used to teach him to pray in his own language; to speak freely to God and tell him all that he wanted. So on the evening of this day Georgie remembered how wrong he had been, and he thought he must pray about that. And he did it in this way. He said: "O God, bless Georgie and give him a new heart. Don't let him be a naughty again, never; no, never. Because you know when he is naughty he thinks to it so. Help him to give up easy, and make him a good boy for Jesus' sake. Amen."



Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!
 Der Vater hüt die
 Die Mutter schüt-
 tell das Bäume:
 Da fall'n herab die
 Trümmlein
 Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!

UNDER THE BARK.

Several kinds of insects have sharp jaws for cutting holes in wood. Some, we are told in *St. Nicholas*, make queer markings in intricate and beautiful patterns just beneath the bark of decaying trunks. Others bore smooth and even holes of about the diameter of a lead pencil, deep into the tree. Some insects make these holes, or intricate network of passages, for homes where they may live and be protected from storms. Others not only cut the wood, but use the chips for food.

It is interesting to pull up the bark and break off clumps of the decaying wood to see the variety of insects that scurry out, terrified by the noise and unexpected blaze of light.

Then again we find perforations of such extraordinary form that they look like tiny palaces built by fairy architects. Sometimes the channels lie just beneath the bark, partly in the wood, so that

when the bark is peeled off the work of the wood-cutters has the appearance of fanciful etchings. The insects especially fond of this kind of labor are called engraver beetles; others make holes not by their jaws, but by a long, drill-like apparatus.—*Ex.*

"I'D BEEN BORN A SUNBEAM BRIGHT."

If I'd been born a sunbeam bright,
I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd laugh and frolic all the day;
And tell me, wouldn't you?

I'd kiss away the flowers' tears,
And make the weak ones strong,
I'd play cats' cradle with the showery,
With rainbows short and long.

I'd peep into the hospital,
And smile on beds of pain,
Play "catch" with babies running in
And out their hands again;

And when at last the sky grew dark,
As little children do,
I'd hurry to my soft, warm bed,
Now, tell me, wouldn't you?

—Selected.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1904.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE WASH-TUB.

Did you ever know a little girl who liked to begin things, and not finish them? I once knew a little girl like that, and her name was Hetty. Her basket was full of begun-and-not-finished things; her flower-bed was only half planted, and her

dolls lay about the house with only half their clothes on.

One day Hetty said she would wash all her dolls' clothes and make them nice and clean.

"Now, little daughter," said Hetty's mother, "I can't let you begin this task unless you will promise me to finish it. All the doll clothes that you bring down into the kitchen must be washed."

Yes, indeed, Hetty promised fast enough. So cook gave her a corner of the back yard to herself, and fastened a string from window to window for a clothesline, and poured out the water for her.

Hetty, meantime, had to hunt up her doll clothes, her tub, her wringer and her stove, and even by the time she got ready to wash she was sort of tired, and thought she would rather play having a tea party!

But she had promised, so she rubbed and rubbed, and rinsed and dried, until her little arms ached. Sometimes she would sigh very loud and look at cook; but cook was busy and took no notice. Hetty had to do her work by herself.

"I wish I hadn't brought so many things to wash," the little girl said to herself, with another big sigh.

At last the job was done and the little tub emptied. And what do you think Hetty had learned by that morning's work?

"Mother," she said, "I didn't fink washin' was so much trouble. I'm goin' to teep my d'sses t'leaner, so Mary Ann'll not have to work so hard washin' 'em!"—*Ex.*

THE LOST BABY.

Oh, dear, dear! What a fright we all had! Baby was lost. Our sweet, wee Baby Belle, with her pretty yellow, short curls, her bright, brown eyes, and two rosy lips, so sweet to kiss.

We all ran as fast as we could to look for her. Mamma opened all the closets, looked under the beds and sofas, and even in the big trunks.

Nell ran to the barn, and peeped into every dark corner, and climbed the ladder up into the hay loft. As if our Baby could climb a ladder, when she could only just creep up-stairs! But Nell never thought of that.

Will looked into the cellar, down the well, up on the roof, and into the trees, as if she had wings, and had flown into the robin's nest. Nora looked under the sink, and in the big oven. Everybody seemed to have gone crazy. I went out to the garden, and looked behind the rose bushes, and in every spot that could hide a wee girlie. The gates were both shut, and Baby could not open them. By and by, I saw a loose board in the fence at the end of the garden. Could she have crept

through into the field? I saw something down in the tall grass. It moved. Yes, it was the lost baby! Naughty Belle!

When I caught her, she was standing a big bunch of daisies and clover, and the butterflies were flying around her. She called to me, "See, auntie, me catch pu fyaways." And I said, "I have caught a pretty runaway."

WE LEARN BY DOING.

We learn by doing, little folks,

No matter what the work may be.
Just try, with all your might, and find
How one by one your giants flee.

Don't say, "I can't," before you try,
But try and see what you can do,
For if you're helped by others, why,
'Tis others do the work, not you.

See happy bird in yonder tree,
How soft and warm he builds his nest.
He asks no help from you or me,
But tries to do his very best.

And if like birdie, little ones,
Your very best you try to do,
You'll find how easy will become
The tasks that seem so hard to you.

—Kindergarten News.

WE ARE SAFE.

When I was in England, a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else.

She said she was wakened up by a strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window pane in great fright and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught; and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butch his fly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow.

So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger.

I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get at us.

GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep.
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

FOR YOU.

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man,
'Tis this: where'er your lot is cast,
Oh, do the best you can!
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest things to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands,
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully,
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do,
Just measure by the golden rule,
That which is set for you;
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours,
Oh, keep your honor bright!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 4.

ELIJAH ENCOURAGED.

Kings 19. 9-18. Memorize verses 15-18.
GOLDEN TEXT.
Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—
Isa. 41. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

Although Elijah had been fed by an angel of the Lord before he took the long journey of forty days and forty nights into the great stony desert of Sinai, in Arabia, he was troubled and discouraged as he sat under his cave by Horeb. Perhaps he remembered that Moses was spoken to from the burning bush in that place, and perhaps he was again hungry and thirsty. The Lord spoke to Elijah, saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," said Elijah, "for the children of Israel have forsaken their covenant, thrown down thy altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword, and I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it." Then the Lord told him to go out and stand on the mount before the Lord, and he passed by. There was a great wind that split the mountain and broke the rocks, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not

in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. When Elijah heard that he wrapped his face in his mantle and stood at the door of the cave, and the Lord asked him again, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and the prophet answered, as he did before. Then the Lord told him to go back and anoint a new king over Syria, a new king over Israel, and Elisha to be prophet in his place, and that there were yet many in Israel who loved God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Elijah go? Into the desert of Sinai.
Where did he live? In a cave.
What great thing occurred there? The giving of the law to Moses.
Was Elijah discouraged? Yes.
What did the Lord say to him? "What doest thou here, Elijah?"
What happened on the mountain? There came a great wind, an earthquake, and then fire.
What came at last? "A still small voice."
Did Elijah listen to this? Yes.
Was he still discouraged? Yes.
Where did the Lord tell him to go? Back to Israel.
What did he give him to do? Three great things.
Was he ready to go and do them? Yes.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 11.

ELIJAH TAKEN UP INTO HEAVEN.

2 Kings 2. 1-11. Memorize verses 9-11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

He was not; for God took him.—Gen. 5. 24.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Elijah came back to the land of Israel he went first to find Elisha, the son of Shaphat, and he found him ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen. As Elijah passed him he threw his mantle over Elisha, and then Elisha knew that he had been called to be a prophet of the Lord. He gladly went with Elisha, and they became dear friends. Elijah had much to do, and Elisha became a true helper. They went from village to village trying to keep the worship of the true God alive among the people. There were schools also where young men studied the word of God, and Elijah was a friend and teacher to these young men. They went on a last journey to these schools at Bethel and Jericho, and Elijah seemed to try to go away by himself and leave Elisha behind, but Elisha would not leave him. He knew, and the young men knew, that Elijah was to be taken from them. When they came to the river Jordan, Elijah took off his mantle and, folding it, struck the waters and they were divided, so that they went over on dry ground. Elijah said, "Ask what I shall do for thee," and

Elisha prayed that a double portion of his master's spirit might rest upon him. Elijah said it would be so if he saw him when God took him, and Elisha soon saw the horses and chariot of fire that took his master in a whirlwind from him, and then he saw him no more.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What new prophet did the Lord call? Elisha.
How? Elijah cast his mantle upon him.
What did he then do? Worked with Elijah.
Where did they at last go? To visit the schools of the prophets.
How did they cross the Jordan? Elijah wrought a miracle.
What did they all believe? That Elijah was leaving them.
What did Elisha ask of Elijah? A double portion of his spirit.
How was he to know that he was to have it? By seeing Elijah when God took him.
What came for Elijah? Horses and a chariot of fire.
What carried them and Elijah away? A whirlwind.
Did Elisha see them? Yes.
What did Elisha have? Elijah's mantle and his spirit.

A TALK ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Many of our little readers have seen an elephant, I suppose, in one of the menageries or zoological gardens. But while in our land they are an uncommon sight, in some parts of India an elephant is as common as a horse is with us.

A full-grown elephant weighs from three to five tons, that is, from six to ten thousand pounds. Just think what an immense weight that is! No wonder that an elephant needs an enormous quantity of food every day. One elephant, which was kept in London for many years, ate three trusses of hay and about two hundred pounds of carrots and fresh vegetables, besides drinking from sixty to eighty gallons of water, according to the records which were kept of his daily meals.

The elephant is one of the most intelligent animals, and can be trained to perform all kinds of useful services for its masters. It is used especially for lifting heavy loads, and for travelling from place to place. It does not fear the water, and can swim over deep rivers.

There are two kinds of elephants—the Asiatic and the African. The African elephant is hunted for its ivory, and also for its flesh, which the natives eat with great relish.

There are many other interesting facts about elephants, but these we must leave for our little readers to look up for themselves.—Ex.



THE KIND REBUKE.

BENNIE'S TEN FAULTS.

BY HAROLD FARRINGTON.

Ten faults altogether had Bennie Byne;
He learned to keep his nails clean, then
there were nine.

Nine faults—what a sad tale to relate!
He learned to keep things in their place,
then there were eight.

Eight faults—for so many could one be
forgiven?
Bennie learned to keep his word, then
there were seven.

Seven faults—think of it; what an awful
fix!

He learned to smile instead of frown,
then there were six.

Six faults had Bennie now, sure as I'm
alive,
Till he never more got cross, then there
were five.

Five faults—fortunate Bennie had no
more!
He learned not to equivocate, then there
were four.

Four faults—from them all we hoped he'd
soon be free!
He learned to be prompt at his meals,
then there were three.

Three faults—I'd get rid of them,
wouldn't you?

Bennie learned to speak politely, then
there were two.

Two faults—just enough to spoil his play-
mates' fun!

Bennie ceased to tease his friends, then
there was one.

One fault—selfishness, no; now he shares
each toy—

Did you ever in your life know such a
perfect boy?

Sunday-School Visitor.

THE KIND REBUKE.

Here we see a kind brother taking his
sister out for a ride on her pony. It is
always nice to see brothers who are kind
to their sisters and who remember that
they cannot take part in all the rough
games that the boys do; but for some
reason or other he has deserved the gentle
reproof which his sister is evidently giv-
ing him. We wonder what he has done!
Perhaps the fat little pony did not go as
fast as he wished, and he used his whip
too strongly, and his sister's love of show-
ing kindness to animals has led her to tell
her brother that he should be more gentle
to them. Whatever it is that she is say-
ing, we are quite sure he will take it in
good part and think about it.

A kind sister, if she is wise, can be
great service to her brothers, by showing
them more gentle ways of doing manly
things which boys are apt to do roughly,
and by making them think a little, before
carrying out a thoughtless joke, which
may be unkind to somebody, whom they
never think about in their eagerness for
fun.

THE LITTLE MAID WHO HAD
GREAT FAITH.

BY MRS. N. C. ALGER.

"That was a 'ceeding long chap-
ter papa read this morning; now, wasn't
mamma?" said little Esther Knox, as her
mother sat down to do some mending.

"Why! did my Esther get tired of
that beautiful faith chapter?"

"No-o, not 'xactly, but it's long, and
no little girls in it. It says the elders had
a good report—why not the young ones?
Didn't little folks have faith, long ago?"

"Yes, indeed. Hand me the Bible,
and I will tell you about one who is
more than most grown people. I have
heard many speak of her, but never
of her faith as our pastor did last Sunday
evening, when you were asleep. He
in 2 Kings 5, 3 we are told that the
little maid whom the Syrians had brought
out of the land of Israel said to her mis-
ter—

'Would God my lord was with
prophet that is in Samaria, for he would
recover him of his leprosy.' Now
turn to Luke 4, 27, and find that Je-
sus said there were many lepers in Israel
that time, but none of them was clean-
sive Naaman the Syrian. This shows
that the little captive maid had never
heard of a leper being healed, and her
master had the white leprosy, which
people said could never be healed;
Elisha's servant, who did wickedly, was
punished by having Naaman's disease,
and here in 2 Kings it says he became
white as snow. You remember I have
told you the story many times about
great captain going into the river Jor-
dan and being healed, but I have never
told you what wonderful faith the child had.

Do not know her name; perhaps it
was Esther, like yours. I hope you will
have as much trust in God as she had.

She was carried away from her home,
people, and lived among those who wor-
shipped idols, but remembered the true
God, and wanted to help her master."

"Mamma," said Esther, "don't
worry she was in the faith chapter?
'zerves it, don't you think?"

"She certainly does, and we will
tell about her whenever we read the chap-
ter and believe it includes her. By faith
the little captive maid led the mighty heath-
en captain to be healed of leprosy and
to worship the true God."

