

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1905.

No. 5.

## THE VENDOME COLUMN.

The Vendome Column in Paris is an imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome, 142 feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. It was erected by order of Napoleon I. in 1806-10 to commemorate his victories over the Russians and Austrians in 1805. It was thrown down by the Communists in 1871, but a bed of manure was prepared to receive it, so that though broken, it was not utterly shattered. It was skillfully re-erected in 1875. It is constructed of masonry covered with plates of bronze, forming a spiral band of 300 yards, on which is represented in high relief the military career of Napoleon. The figures are about three feet high. The metal was obtained by melting down 1,290 Russian and Austrian cannons. A figure of Napoleon crowns the column. In 1879 the present writer climbed to the



VENDOME COLUMN, PARIS.

gallery shown at the top.

## FOR LITTLE HANDS.

There are so many things which little hands may do that I am going to give you a hint about them. One task that almost every mother will be glad to have assistance in is dusting. There are, perhaps, vases that little hands may not meddle with, and costly trifles mamma has told you not to touch; but all the ins and outs, crooks and corners of fancy chairs, table legs, piano stools, and the like, as well as sofas and cabinets, may be carefully wiped and kept free from dust by a very small child. Then there are little errands to be run, and extra steps to take, that will keep mother from getting tired so soon. It helps mother, too, if the little hands will not throw toys or books on the floor, and will put hats and wraps neatly away.

## AWAKE AT NIGHT.

In the dark and silent night,  
Little child, you need not fear;  
Just as much as in the light  
God is near you—God is near!

Though the room be dark and lone,  
Though no moon be shining clear,  
You may say in truthful tone,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

If you feel afraid, or start  
At some sudden sound you hear,  
Keep this thought within your heart,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

He will guard you with his arm,  
He is your own Father dear;  
He will keep you safe from harm—  
God is near you—God is near!

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## Happy Days.

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## SOPHIA'S SWEEPING.

Everybody in the great Treasury Building at Washington knows "good old Sophia," the janitress. She has been there thirty-four years, respected and loved by the officials and clerks.

She was the first woman ever appointed officially in the government service. For her honesty, in saving Uncle Sam one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in one night, long ago, President Lincoln gave her a life appointment in the Treasury, where she has seen nine administrations come and go.

Among the ninety scrub-women at the Treasury, Sophia was one. One day, after a hard evening's work, when the great building was emptied of its workers,

Sophia, as usual, swept and cleaned the rooms, where (with shears in those days) the bank notes were cut and trimmed. Under the shavings she found a box packed with notes all ready for the safe. It had been forgotten.

"Now," thought Sophia, "what can I do? So I keeps on thinkin' and sweepin' fast, and thinkin'. The watchman stops at the door, and says: 'Sophia, you're mighty particular this evenin' with your cleanin'.'

"I says, when I had covered the box with shavin's: 'Yes, I likes to be nice.'

"Up an' down, up an' down, the watchman walks, an' I sweeps an' thinks: 'S'pose he steal, an' 'cuse a poor woman like me.'"

The long, dark evening she kept her watch. It was midnight. It was so still and lonely; only the steps of the watchman to and fro, on the marble floors. "One," "two," the big clock struck, with a ring. Sophia prayed the dear Lord to help her, to take care of her little children at home, to protect her and this great amount of money for the government.

At last, General Spinner, the United States Treasurer, came past her door. He cried out: "Why, Sophia, good woman, what are you doing here this time of night?"

It didn't take long for Sophia's story to be told; and the precious box hidden in General Spinner's room, all the officials were brought from their beds, and Sophia kept prisoner until, in their presence, the money was counted.

General Spinner had dreamed that something was wrong in the Treasury, dressed and gone to his office. Sophia was sent home in his carriage.

The Secretary said next day: "Sophia, don't you know you have saved this big government a quarter of a million of dollars?"

"I see glad, sir; it's a great deal of money to lose."

Visitors often ask: "Sophia, were you a bit tempted to take a few notes that time?"

"Sophia's mild eyes flash, and she stands very straight, and always replies: 'No, no! It never entered my mind, honey! All the gold and notes in the United States Treasury ain't nothin' to leavin' my little black children the legacy of a white soul!'"

## HOW ROBBIE DISOBEYED.

Robbie was getting to be a pretty big boy; and Robbie thought himself even bigger than he was, for he thought he was big enough to know better than father or mother—which is a very foolish idea, indeed, for either a little boy or a big boy to have.

One day, when Robbie was going over the bridge on an errand for his mother, he saw two boys in a boat by the side of the bank, having a very good time. They

were eating bread and molasses; and though one of them had very ragged clothes on, he did not seem to mind that at all. Robbie knew who they were. They were two boys from the flats, whom his father had told he must not play with; but, you see, Robbie thought he knew better than his father. So, when they called to him and asked him to take a row with them, Robbie forgot his mother's errand and got into their boat with them.

Robbie found it great fun to row, and the boat went along so easily and fast that he did not see how far he was getting away from home. He did not like the boys very much, though, for their talk was rough and ill-tempered. He began to wish, after a while, that he was back on the bridge; and then he looked at the shore and found that he was far away from home. He told the boys he wanted to row back again, but they said it was their boat, and they were going down to Bushy Point to stay all the afternoon.

Robbie pleaded with the boys to put him ashore, and at last one of the boys took his side; but still the other boy would not give in. Then they got to quarrelling, and in their excitement forgot to watch the oars, which soon slipped overboard.

That stopped the dispute; but as they were reaching after them in the water, the boat suddenly went over a little too far to one side, and they were all upset into the river together.

The boat turned bottom side up, and the three boys caught hold of it and climbed up; so they were safe enough, but they were wet through; and when the boat drifted to land, Robbie had to walk several miles to get home.

Robbie thinks now that his father knows more than he does about the boys at the flats, and his father is glad that Robbie had his lesson without hurting himself worse than he did. Father always knows best, anyway.

## DON'T CRY, TOMMY.

Tommy is in sad trouble. His book is all torn, and he can't keep back the tears. It is only a few days since his teacher gave him a new book, telling him to take good care of it, and now, though how it happened Tommy can hardly tell, his nice new book is in pieces and Tommy does not know what to do.

Tommy's little sister Emily feels very sorry for him, and is trying to comfort him as best she can. She is telling him not to mind, for he did not mean to tear the book, and she is sure the teacher will excuse him this time.

I think Emily is right, for Tommy means to be a good boy, and I am sure that, after this, he will be more careful with his new books, so that they will not get torn.



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 thing 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.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 19.

HEALING OF THE MAN BORN BLIND.

John 9. 1-11. Memorize verses 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the light of the world.—John 9. 5.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus and his disciples were walking one day they saw a man who had been blind from his birth, and the disciples asked their Teacher a question: "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?" Jesus wanted to teach them that God did not punish his children in that way; so he told them that neither the man nor his parents sinned, but he was born blind that the works of God might be shown through him. He said that God's work must be done while it is day, for "the night cometh when no man can work." And it was just here that he said those wonderful words, "I am the light of the world." Then he spat "on the ground and made clay of the spittle," and with this he anointed the eyes of the blind man. Do you remember that he asked the man lying at the pool of Bethesda if he wanted to be made whole? Here he does not even ask the poor man what he would like, but begins to heal him at once. Then he sent him away to the pool of Siloam to bathe, and when he had bathed he came back seeing. It was like Naaman, whom the

prophet sent to bathe seven times in Jordan for the cure of his leprosy. The neighbors could hardly believe that this man was the beggar who always sat holding out his hand for some one to drop a coin in it. Some said, "He is like him," but he said, "I am he." Of course they were anxious to know how his eyes were opened, and he told them just how it was done, and that the man who did it was called Jesus. "Where is he?" they cried, but he could not tell them.

There was much talk when they took him to the Pharisees, but the man stood bravely for the One who had given him sight, and they cast him out. Afterwards he found that Jesus was the Son of God, and he believed on him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did Jesus see one day? A blind man.

How long had he been blind? Always.

What did the disciples ask? If this man or his parents had sinned.

What did Jesus say? That neither had sinned.

Why, then, was he born blind? That God's work might be shown in him.

When should it be shown? While it is light.

What comes? The night, when no man can work.

What did Jesus call himself? The Light of the world.

What did he put on the eyes of the blind man? Wet clay.

Where did he send him? To wash in the pool of Siloam.

How did he come back? Seeing.

What greater blindness was he cured of also? That of unbelief.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 26.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20. 31.

*Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.*

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. C. the L. and L. of M.. In him was—
2. The W. of J. the B. to J. Behold the—
3. J. W. H. F. D. . . . . Thou art—
4. The F. M. in C. . . . . Whatsoever—
5. J. and N. . . . . For God so—
6. J. at J. W. . . . . Whosoever—
7. The S. M. in C. . . . . The same—
8. J. at the P. of B. . . . . And a great—
9. The M. of the L. and F. I am the—
10. J. at the F. of T. . . . . Never man—
11. The S. of S. . . . . Whosoever—
12. H. of the M. B. B. . . . . I am the—

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE TAKING OF LIFE.

The celebrated Russian novelist tells a touching incident from his own life which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When Tourgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they stamped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin that he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment) the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father," he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature! If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death; and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

THE WRONG BUTTON.

A man in an electric car the other night wished to leave at a certain corner. He was talking with a friend at the time, and carelessly, without looking round, reached back to press the button. The car rolled steadily on. The man, with an impatient frown, pressed harder; still the motor-man, looking off in the darkness, paid no attention. The car passed another corner. With an angry exclamation the man looked about for the conductor, when his friend, quietly reaching over, touched the button for him. In instant obedience to the signal, the car began to slow, and the passenger who had been pressing, not the button, but a little screw above it, hastily left the car. After all, it generally turns out to be our own fault when things go wrong with us.

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"



AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

## AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

What a jolly team is this! How would you like to take a ride behind it? But there doesn't seem to be any too much room. Yet I guess we wouldn't quite tumble off, for those upright staves of that rather queer-looking body would doubtless keep us from falling. And what ungainly wheels! and just one pair, too!

There is another kind of carriage in use in India that I'd like to show you. It is called a travelling cart, and there are only two wheels to it as to this one. But it has much more body. Indeed, the body is like a large platform, and over it there is a huge cover of straw, arched over like a brick oven. This is to protect the traveller from the rain and from the fierce sun. Bullocks draw it, too, just like they are drawing this one. Indeed, these grave, sober fellows, with their long horns and small, sure feet, seem to be the prevailing style of horse in India.

How many interesting things we may read of this far-away country, India, with its palmy groves, spicy breezes, and delicious fruits! But how sad to think that of its 250,000,000 people only a few hundreds have heard the name of Jesus! If our young people would like to read a book about India that will instruct as well as interest, and tell them some of the many things the good and noble missionaries have done to teach the people there, let them send seventy-five cents to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and get a book called "Seven Years in Ceylon; or, Stories of Missionary Life." It is written by those noble Christian ladies, Mary and Margaret Leitch, and the wonderful and interesting things they have to tell will keep you reading on and

on from page to page. There isn't a dry line in the whole book. It is filled to the brim, too, with all manner of instructive and delightful pictures.

## WHY MARY WAS LIKED.

I read a story the other day about a little girl named Mary, and I thought you would like to read it too, so here it is.

A queer old man once made a tea-party for the little girls in the town; and when they had all come and were gathered in his front yard, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl, and asked them all to vote which should have the prize. But many of them did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked little girl. Then they all voted, and Mary was the one who had the most votes and received the doll, though no one could say she was either the prettiest or the cleverest of them all.

"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered at first. But presently one of them spoke up and said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us wants to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"

That was a good answer, and it showed what a beautiful, unselfish disposition Mary had. No wonder that all the other little girls liked her and that she was voted the most popular little girl in the town.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door: "All who have no money, and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by, and

said: "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said: "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then, if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money." So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said: "Oh, if I might go in there and eat! But, alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit; he would turn me out." So she passed on.

And so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by, and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me, too. I'll go in!" And in he went; and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed, and given a beautiful home in which he should be for ever happy.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.

I read a pretty legend not long ago about three women who were trying to decide which had the most beautiful hand. One reddened hers with berries, and said that the beautiful color made her hand the most beautiful. Another put her hand in a mountain brook, and said that the bright, clear, sparkling water made her hand the most beautiful. The third plucked some lovely flowers from the roadside, and said the bloom of the flowers made her hand the most beautiful.

While they were talking, a poor old woman appeared on the scene and asked for alms, and another woman who did not claim that her hand was the most beautiful, gave her what she sorely needed.

Then all the women decided to ask this beggar-woman the question as to whose hand was the most beautiful, and she answered: "The most beautiful hand of them all is the one that gave relief to my needs;" and as she said these words, her wrinkles and her rags and her feebleness seemed to disappear, and there stood the Christ who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

## GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun  
And a little pearly dew,  
And a pushing up and a reaching out,  
Then leaves and tendrils all about:  
And that's the way the flowers grow,  
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,  
And lots of quiet sleep;  
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,  
And lessons learned and things in place:  
Ah, that's the way the children grow,  
Don't you know?