



HAPPY DAYS

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No. 5.

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

BY C. A. PARKER.

Roger came home from school one afternoon with a basketful of new pine blocks, long and short, square, oblong, and triangular.

"See what Mr. Blake gave me from his new house, mother!" the little boy exclaimed happily. "I'm going to build houses and forts, and, oh, just lots of things! He let me take this basket to bring the blocks in. I'm in a big hurry, mother, for I promised to carry it right back."

"Well, be as quick as you can," said his mother. "The blocks are very nice, and they're just in time. You can amuse yourself and baby with them while I am away. I am going to Miss Stone's to see about my new dress, and I want to go as soon as possible."

Roger emptied the contents of the basket and ran off with it, and in less than ten minutes he was back again, examining his treasure, which interested the baby also. She was a little over a year old, just beginning to walk, and as full of mischief as any baby could be.

"Now, Roger," said his mother, as she put on her gloves, "you must take good care of sister; don't leave her alone for a minute. And keep the fire going. It is so mild you will not need very much, but don't let it go out."

"No; I'll do just what you say about everything," said Roger.

He was already at work on a house, with baby trying to help; but she only

of carpentry, Roger found something else for baby to amuse herself with, and then how he did work trying the blocks this way and that till finally he had such a beautiful castle with a tower! He thought it really wonderful. "There!" he exclaimed, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, "I didn't expect I could make anything as nice as that! I'll leave it for mother to see. I wish I could keep it for a whole week. Oh, the fire! I forgot!"

He ran to the stove and took off a lid. There were only a few small coals. They would not start one of those big sticks of wood, he knew.

He opened the door into the shed; there wasn't a bit of kindling left. He knew he could find something about the yard, but he had promised not to leave the baby.

What was to be done? He hunted round hastily, but there was nothing to be seen that could be used for kindling except—oh, no! he couldn't think of spoiling his beautiful castle, and burning up any of those precious blocks!

But the fire; he had promised not to let it go out. If he did, he would be disobeying, and breaking his word, too. He hesitated only a minute; then he set his lips tightly, winked fast to keep the tears back, and took down that wonderful tower to get the four slen-



A PENNY FOR THE SWEEPER, SIR!

succeeded in tumbling down what he built.

They played together for awhile, then, anxious to be allowed to finish a piece

hesitated only a minute; then he set his lips tightly, winked fast to keep the tears back, and took down that wonderful tower to get the four slen-

der pillars which were at the foundation.

He laid these on the tiny coals, then put in a few square and oblong pieces, then some wood, and in a few minutes the fire was crackling merrily.

When he turned to his castle again, baby was busy among the ruins.

"You can play with the blocks now all you want to," he said; "I guess I'll read a while."

When his mother came home, Roger told her all about it.

"I hated to spoil my castle before you saw it, and to burn up my nice blocks, just like everything," he said; "but of course I had to. I guess I'll not forget the fire again, and anyhow, I'm glad I had something to start it with."

"And I'm glad I have a boy that can be trusted," said mother, with a hearty kiss.—*The Morning Star.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

TWO WAYS.

A father away from home was talking about his two little daughters. "It will be the middle of the night when I reach home," he said, "but I expect I shall have to wake my little girls up to say 'How do you do?' to their papa." "How will they do it?" some one asked. And then the father smiled. "Bessie," he said, "be she ever so sleepy, will be sure to say: 'Papa, what did you bring me?'" "And your little Mary?" "Why, she will just cuddle down in my arms, and be so glad; to-morrow morning she will not be able to do enough for me." The father loved both his dear children, and was not a bit angry with the little girl who liked gifts so well;

but I have told the true little story as a hint to the girls and boys who have kind fathers and mothers to show their love to. Our Heavenly Father, who gives all good things, can be served too by the hands of his little ones.

UNSELFISH.

There are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of the second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile; "I don't mind it at all—now."

A COUNTRY BOY'S PENNY.

As a rule, boys who live on a farm or in a country town are much more thrifty and economical than city-reared boys. Success considers this due to the fact that, in the city, there are hundreds of devices to catch the pennies of boys. There are nickel-in-the-slot machines, fruit and candy stands, and all sorts of contrivances to induce a boy to part with his small coins. These temptations do not exist to any great extent in the country. There is a great difference in the way the country boy and the city boy look at a nickel. The country boy sees very much more in the coin than the city boy; he sees greater possibilities—the nickel is possessed of a charm. He carries his change in his pocket, counts it over, and wonders what he will do with it when he gets his first dollar. His parents instil into him, from babyhood, the importance of saving his money and putting it in a bank. The city boy, as a rule, gets his money easier and parts with it as easily.—*The Morning Star.*

FOR GINGER-BREAD OR FOR MISSIONS.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was for many years a missionary in Turkey, tells about a contribution he made for missions when he was a little boy. His mother often read to him about heathen lands and the missionaries, and there was a missionary contribution-box in town, where the people placed their offerings. He says:

"When the fall muster came every boy had some cents given him to spend. My mother gave me seven cents, saying, as she

gave them: 'Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution-box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common.' So I began to think as I went along, shall I put in one, or shall it be two? Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for ginger-bread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way and said four cents shall go for the heathen. Then I thought, the boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and the three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. 'Hang it all,' I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary she broke down and said, 'I have always expected it.'"

SNOW.

Little white feathers, filling the air;
Little white feathers, how came you there?
"We came from the cloud-birds sailing high;
They're shaking their white wings up in the sky."

Little white feathers, I can't understand
Why you should melt when you touch my hand.

"Oh, that is because the cloud-birds rise
From the streams and rivers up to the skies."

Little white feathers, when you fall
Heaped on the ground you don't melt at all.

"Oh, that is because the frozen earth
Forgets that the waters gave us birth."

Little white feathers, how swift you go!
Little white feathers, I love you so!
"We're swift because we have work to do;
But hold up your face, and we'll kiss you true."

—Selected.

"THE LORD'S PART."

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked. "So that I can get the Lord's part out of it." And when she got it in smaller coins, she laid out one-tenth.

"There," she said, "I'll keep that until Sunday." And when Sunday came, she went to the box for offerings in the church vestibule, and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you said you gave one-tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belonged to him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."

Strike while the iron is hot.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

I am not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see ;
I had some ice-cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea.

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds, too ;
And when I met with Tommy Wells,
A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate,
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies oft before ;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda-water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat,
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON X.—MARCH 6.

JESUS CALMS THE STORM.

Mark 4. 35-41. Memorize verses 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that
the waves thereof are still.—Psa. 107. 29.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus spent one day by the lakeside teaching the crowds of people who gathered around him. To make it easier he stepped into a fishing-boat and sat there and talked, while the people stood or sat on the shore. He talked of seed sowing, for it was in the time of the sowing of the winter wheat, and perhaps they could see a sower casting his grain into the brown earth on the plain of Gennesaret west of the lake. He spoke in parables, or stories with a meaning, and "without a parable" it is said "spoke he not unto them." He told the story of the sower who cast seed in many places, and then of a sower whose seed sprang up and grew while he slept, and then of the little mustard seed that grew into a tall bush.

But when the evening came he was tired, and said "Let us pass over unto the other side." So the crowds were sent away, and the disciples took their Master out upon the lake. Then a storm-rose, and the wind was so strong that it took up the waves and threw them into the little ship until it was full. Jesus was asleep in the stern of the boat, his head on a cushion. The disciples did not waken their tired Master until the storm

grew fiercer, and then they waked him, for they were afraid. To the winds and the waves he said only, "Peace, be still," and they settled down, and there was a great calm. He wondered why they were afraid and had so little faith, and they wondered at his great power.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus often teach ? By the lakeside.

Who came to him there ? Crowds of people.

Where did he once stand ? In a boat.

What did he tell the people ? Parables, or stories.

What were the stories about ? Seeds and harvests.

Where did they go in the evening ? Across the lake.

What did they meet ? A storm.

Where was Jesus ? Asleep with his head on a pillow.

What did the disciples do ? They wakened him.

What did he say to the storm ? "Peace, be still."

What came over the lake then ? A great calm.

What else can Jesus quiet ? A storm of anger in the heart.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 13.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST (TEMPERANCE LESSON).

Matt. 14. 1-12. Memorize verses 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus' cousin and friend, John the Baptist, had been put in a black castle high up on the rocks that overlook the Dead Sea. King Antipas had put him there to please his wicked wife, Herodias. She wished to have him killed, but the king feared the people, who counted him a prophet. Herod Antipas had a birthday, and he invited his friends to the castle of Machaerus, just below the prison, to a great feast. After the feast dancing-girls came in, and the lords and officers, who had been drinking the health of Herod over and over again, were greatly pleased. Then came a surprise. The Princess Salome, the king's stepdaughter, came in richly dressed, and danced alone before the king and his lords. She was so beautiful and danced with such art that when she came and knelt before the king he told her to choose what she would have him give her, and he would give it, even to the half of his kingdom. She asked if she might go and speak to her mother, and what do you think this young girl asked for when she came back ? The head of John the Baptist ! Herod and his lords must have been shocked, but perhaps they knew that

Herodias, her mother, had made her ask this. Because he had vowed Herod kept his promise, and soon a soldier sent by the king came back from the prison with the head of John upon a platter, and Salome took it to her mother. But John's spirit had gone to heaven, and loving disciples came and buried the body.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was John the Baptist ? A prophet, and the cousin of Jesus.

Why was he in prison ? Because Herodias hated him.

Where was the prison ? Near the Dead Sea.

What else was there ? One of Herod's palaces.

What was given there ? A feast for Herod's birthday.

What did they have ? Music, feasting, and dancing.

What did they always do ? Drink wine.

Who danced before the king ? Herodias' daughter.

What did Herod promise her ? Anything she should ask.

What did she ask ? The head of John the Baptist.

Who had told her to do so ? Her mother.

Could death harm John the Baptist ? No, for God took him.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

"Yesterday," said the moon to me, "I looked down upon a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses. In the courtyard sat a clucking hen with eleven chickens, and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them. Then hen was frightened, and screamed and spread out her wings over the little brood. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her, and I glided away and thought no more of the matter. But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same courtyard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came forth again, crept quietly into the hen-house, pushed back the bolt, and slipped into the apartment of the hen and chickens. They cried out loudly, and came fluttering down from their perches and ran about in dismay, and the little girl ran after them. I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the hen-house wall. I was angry with the wilful child, and felt glad when her father came out and scolded her more violently than yesterday, holding her roughly by the arm. She held down her head, and her blue eyes were full of tears. 'What are you about here ?' he asked. She wept and said, 'I wanted to kiss the hen, and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday ; but I was afraid to tell you.' And the father kissed the innocent child's forehead, and kissed her on the mouth and eyes."



A MOONLIGHT SLEIGH-RIDE.

SCHOOL'S OUT.

BY JENNIE MAYCOCK.

Hear the merry laughter,
See the scampering about,
Catch the happy glances
Of the children just let out.

"Quit your noise," says some one.
They're very rude, no doubt,
But I love the merry clatter
Of the children just let out.

So let them, then, be merry,
And put every care to rout,
For they'll have enough of heart-ache
These children just let out.

When life's work is ended,
May we in glory shout
With happy hearts and voices—
"We're the children just let out."
Woodstock.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THIS?

How would you like to get up in the night to go to school? Well, that is what some of the children in Alaska have to do.

In Northern Alaska the winter school term is one long night. Lamps are of course used in the school-room. But great confusion often arises from the absence of the sun, whereby to mark day from night. The people are mostly savages, and have no way to tell the time. Sometimes all knowledge of it is lost, and it often happens that the children are roused up by the ringing of the school bell just as they have gone to sleep. Many times they have gone

to school without their breakfast, and their eyes so heavy with sleep that they could hardly hold them open. Of course they can't do much with their studies. How would you like to get up and go to school in the dark?

BRIGHT EYES' IRONING.

The mention of "ironing day" suggests at once a glowing fire, with shining hot flat-irons. But that is not what it means in Korea. A missionary gives a lively account of what Bright Eyes, a little Korean girl, learned to do in the mission school at Seoul, Korea.

Among other things, she was taught to wash and iron. To prepare her clothes for washing, she first ripped them apart, as Koreans always do; then wet them in lye water and beat them on rocks with a stick, and then boiled them; then she dyed them some bright colour, like red or green or purple, and starched them.

But the ironing was the queerest part of it. She fixed a round, smooth stick of wood into pivots or little holes, so that it would turn; then she put her cloth over this and turned the round stick with her foot very slowly, at the same time beating it rapidly with two long, smooth sticks, one in each hand.

Usually two girls iron together, one on each side, and the clatter, clatter of the four sticks in perfect time is not unpleasant to hear; and though it may seem to you that they cannot make the clothes look nice this way, I can assure you that they do.

As the New Testament had all been

translated into Korean, the girls were taught about Jesus and his life and death and Bright Eyes learned to love Jesus as her Saviour.

After a while she was taught to read Chinese, and at last the missionary began to teach her to play on the organ. This was a great privilege; and Bright Eyes liked it so well and tried so hard that after a while she played for opening exercises in the school, and for church and Sunday school, and now she does this all the time.—*Over Sea and Land.*

DOLLS OF OLDEN TIMES.

Dolls were used by little girls in very early times, we are told. In the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh have been found small terracotta figures and many beautiful images in ivory which are thought to have been the dollies with which little girls in Assyria played more than two thousand years ago.

The dolls with which the children in Greek and Roman cities amused themselves were made of clay. Their arms and legs were jointed and attached to their bodies by threads. There were also dolls of ivory and wax, but these were the playthings of the richer girls.

The earliest English dolls were made of rags or wood. The wooden dolls had no joints, some of them had no arms or legs and they were very strange, uncouth-looking things.

Many people have tried to find out how the word "doll" came to be used. After a good deal of study the wisest and most learned men have come to the conclusion that it comes from "Dolly," which is another form of "Dorothy," a favourite name for girls in England two hundred years ago, and still in use both in England and America.

Before the word doll came into use the word which was used to describe the favourite plaything of all girls in all countries was "baby," and dollies are still called "babies" by a good many little girls whom you and I have met.—*Apples of Gold.*

A FUNNY RIDE.

The children lived in a little cabin home, and all three of them (Nell, Rob, and Lizzie) were taking a gay "make-believe" ride on an old log. Fido jumped and barked as if he enjoyed the fun as much as anybody.

A gentleman who was passing down the road stopped and laughed. "Good morning, little folks. That is rather slow riding. Wouldn't you like a horse and carriage?"

"Yes, sir," said Rob; "but we haven't any, so we are getting the most fun we can out of what we do have."—*Sunbeam.*