

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1902.

No. 25.

## A COLD MORNING.

This little girl is very full of pity for the little stone statue. Her wee doggie is shivering with the cold, although he has a warm blanket on. So she thinks the naked little boy must be cold too. So he is, I am very sure. But when he does not feel it. And though she takes off her own warm cloak and puts it on him, he is none the better for it. Bless her little heart, I hope she will always be as full of pity, and when she grows a little older she may find many shivering children whom she may make glad by her loving heart and helpful hands.

## TWO BRAVE BOYS

Ben Wilder came running home one day and called his brother Rob.

"Rob, I have found out how we can earn the money to buy our bicycle!"

"Good!" exclaimed Rob. "How can we?"

"There's a man up at Frost's store who says he'll pay us ten cents for every quart of berries we'll pick; and you know the pastures are full of blackberries."

"Hurrah!" cried Rob, throwing up his hat. "We'll do it."

"Yes. Come up to Frost's with me, and we'll settle where to deliver them."

Away the two went, and were soon deep in the trade with the man from the city. The arrangements were made, and the boys turned away to begin their picking. Ben stopped for a

last question: "What'll you do with all those berries?"

"Make wine of them—wines and other liquors. I belong to a liquor firm."

"Rob," said Ben, "we can't do it. We don't want to help to make drunkards. Let's go back and tell him we can't work for him."

They went back and told the man that they could not sell their berries for that purpose. He was very angry and called them names, but the boys stood firm. They have not yet saved enough money to buy their bicycle, but they have never regretted their decision.—*Juvenile Templar.*

## SHE WAS INNOCENT.

Poor little Lillian was the innocent cause of much trouble and worry in her home one day.

It was not caused by naughtiness, for a more sweet tempered, unselfish or loving little girl could not be found. She usually made sunshine in the home and souls of the inmates, instead of making trouble.

It was a very warm day, and after her mamma dressed her up sweet and clean, she said, "Now, dear, soon as I finish a little work we will go out for a walk."

When Mrs. Harris was ready, Lillian was not to be found. She went all through the house calling, but her darling was not to be found. Mr. Harris came to help in the search; then brother

Joe came in from school and was very much excited when he heard his dear little sister could not be found.

Just as Mr. Harris and Joe were start-



A COLD MORNING.

"H'm—yes, sir. We just wanted to know." The boys walked away, but they looked at each other soberly, and soon stopped.

ing out in town to continue the search, a very warm, sleepy little girl came slowly into the room and said, "Are you ready, mamma?" Of course she met with a warm reception. She had been asleep on a couch in the library, which was hidden by curtains. Being asleep, she failed to hear her mamma's call.

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## Happy Days.

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### BESSIE'S PREACHING.

They had been studying the lesson which says that the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word. Soon after this Aunt Rena was going to Uncle John's for a few days, and she said to Mrs. Allan that she would like to take Bessie. "She has had a poor appetite lately. The change would do her good, and when I go again I will take Edna."

"Very well," said Mrs. Allan; "she will be delighted."

"I wish that you were going too, Edna," she said fondly.

"Of course it would be more fun if we were together," replied Edna, "but I can go next time, and you need to go now."

"I'll bring you something," Bessie promised.

"Our lesson last Sunday was about people going to different places."

"Was it?" asked Bessie with great interest. "What did it say?"

"It said that they went everywhere preaching the Word."

"O," said Bessie, "that is not for me at all; I wish that it had been a little girl's text."

"Kind looks and obliging manners," said Aunt Rena, "often preach very

pleasant little sermons. Perhaps, too, Jesus may give you a message for somebody."

"O, I hope he will," Bessie said.

The little girl enjoyed the ride in the cars very much. There was a child about three years old in the next seat, and Bessie began to play with him. The mother, finding that Eddie was so well entertained, leaned back her head and dropped asleep. Presently Eddie grew fretful, and it was rather hard work to amuse him; but Bessie persevered, and soon had him laughing again.

"Thank you, dear," said Eddie's mother when the train stopped. "You have been a great help to me. I have had a long, sad journey."

"I am sorry for you," said Bessie, "and the dear Saviour is sorry too." Then Bessie kissed Eddie good-bye, and she never knew that she had been preaching the Word to the tired lady.—*Sunshine.*

### POLLY'S NAMESAKE.

BY GRACE B. STEVENS.

Polly's mamma sent her on an errand to Mrs. Brown's. She was shown into the parlour to wait until Mrs. Brown came downstairs. Just as the door was shut a voice called out, "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?"

Polly looked around in surprise. There was no one to be seen, but again the voice said, "I don't like it, I don't like it a bit, I don't like it a little bit."

Polly didn't like it, either, and began to think of ghosts and such things.

Just then a sound like the clucking of a hen was heard, which instantly changed to the quacking of a duck, and soon it seemed as if all the barn-yard fowls were in the room. Polly was too frightened to move, and again the voice called out in a mournful tone, "Wouldn't you like to get out, Polly?"

Yes, indeed she would, and she began to wonder if anything would catch her if she tried to move away. A loud laugh, which seemed to answer her thoughts, made her fly to the door, which she managed to open in time to fall into Mrs. Brown's arms.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" Mrs. Brown asked, as Polly gave a scream of terror and almost fainted.

"Oh, don't you hear it? that dreadful laugh, and those fearful sounds," cried poor frightened little Polly.

A smile came over Mrs. Brown's face, but she knew Polly's terror was real, so she took the little girl by the hand, and said soothingly, "Why, Polly dear, the sounds you heard came from your new namesake. Come into the parlour again till I show you what a nice present Uncle Jack brought me last week."

So Polly reluctantly went back into the room, and there behind a curtain was a cage, and in it a beautiful parrot. "Don't

you want to get out, Polly?" it said again, as they went near, and Mrs. Brown explained that that was its way of asking that it might be taken out of the cage.

Polly got over her fright, and very much enjoyed hearing "Pretty Polly" talk. Mrs. Brown gave her a bright red feather and a green one, which had fallen out of her namesake's tail, and Polly wore them in her hat.

### DAD'S OLD BREECHES.

When dad has worn his trousers out,  
They pass to brother John;  
Then mother trims them round about,  
And William puts them on.

When William's legs too long have grown,  
The trousers fail to hide 'em;  
So Walter claims them for his own,  
And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest,  
And, when they won't stretch tighter,  
They're turned and shortened, washed  
and pressed,  
And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps  
When I have burst the stitches.  
At doomsday we shall see (perhaps)  
The last of dad's old breeches.

—*New York Weekly.*

### TWO INVESTMENTS.

"The Cheerful Workers" was the name of the mission band to which Jack Trevor belonged. Once a month he worked in his father's shed, to earn five cents to give at the meeting, for the "Cheerful Workers" was raising money to educate a boy in Japan.

For over a year Jack had been saving his money for a bicycle. He could get a second-hand one for five dollars. At last he had the money, and the wheel would next day be his.

That night Jack had a dream. His bicycle got started, whizzed across the ocean, and Jack found himself in Japan.

The Japs seemed glad to see him. One boy asked, "Are you a 'Cheerful Worker'?" "Yes, I am," said Jack proudly. "How much did you give us Japs?" said another. "Five cents," meekly answered Jack.

"What did you pay for your wheel?" came next. "Five dollars," said Jack. "Mighty mean boy," said the first Jap, "gives five cents for us, and five dollars for himself."

Next morning, when Jack related his adventure of the night, his father said, "I wonder, Jack, if you had forgotten that the Bible says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

No troubles are so great that they cannot be built into the steps of the staircase by which souls mount up to heaven.

**SOMEBODY'S SON.**

Somebody's son in a gutter sleeps,  
 With bloated lips and with ghastly brow.  
 What do we care if his mother weeps?  
 For Jones is paying a license now!  
 The low dives stopped when the high dives  
 came.  
 Cash made them respectable—every  
 one;  
 And surely nobody is now to blame,  
 Because this boy is a drunkard's son.  
 Somebody's wife in that hovel dwells,  
 The canker of care is on her brow;  
 Her home has the ills of a hundred hells—  
 A drunkard husband stays with her  
 now.  
 But what does it matter to you and me;  
 And what do we care for their grief  
 and woe?  
 The Nation gets pay for it all, you see,  
 And Jones has a fine saloon, you know.  
 Somebody's son at the morgue now lies,  
 With a dagger wound in his lifeless  
 heart;  
 What do we care for his mother's sighs—  
 Since Jones and his license have done  
 their part?  
 Somebody's son was a sinless child,  
 But he went astray where the drink  
 was sold;  
 What do we care how he was beguiled?  
 The Nation was paid for it all in gold.  
 —Pioneer.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

**LESSON XI. [Dec. 14.]**

THE BOY SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3. 6-14. Memorize verses 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.  
 —1 Sam. 3. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

Eli was now high priest and judge, and little Samuel, whose mother, Hannah, had "lent him to the Lord," lived with him and "ministered unto him." Eli had two sons who should have done this, but they were bad men. Their names were Hophni and Phineas.

One night when both Eli and Samuel had lain down in their beds the Lord called Samuel. The little boy thought it was the voice of Eli, and he ran to him, saying, "Here am I," but Eli told him that he did not call, and bade him lie down again. Three times did the Lord call and Samuel answer before he knew that it was the Lord who was calling. The last time he answered as Eli had told him to do: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." Then the Lord told him what he must do about the wicked sons of Eli, who ought to have been good men like

their father, and ministers in the temple. When Eli made Samuel tell him what the Lord had said to him, Eli said, "It is the Lord."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did the people worship now?  
 In a temple.  
 Who was the high priest? Eli.  
 Who helped him in the temple? Little Samuel.  
 Where did Samuel sleep? In the temple.  
 Who spoke to him one night? The Lord.  
 What did he think? That it was Eli speaking.  
 What did Eli tell Samuel? To answer the Lord.  
 What did he say? "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."  
 What did the Lord give him? A message to Eli.  
 To whom can the Lord speak? To the pure in heart.  
 What may we all do? Listen for the Lord's voice.

**LESSON XII. [Dec. 21.]**

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

1 Sam. 7. 2-13. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.—1 Sam. 7. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the Lord called little Samuel to be a child minister he knew that he was to grow up to be a prophet and a judge in Israel. The Israelites were always in trouble on account of their sins, and they needed a strong hand to lead them and hold them to the worship of the true God.

It was the Philistines that next troubled them and robbed them of their flocks and their harvests, and came out to battle with them. Samuel told them that if they would truly return to the Lord he would deliver them from the Philistines, so they had a great meeting at Mizpah, and they fasted and prayed and confessed their sins, pouring out water before the Lord as a sign. Samuel also prayed as he offered sacrifices, and just then the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel, but the Lord sent a great thunderstorm upon the Philistines and Israel pursued them while they fled. Then Samuel set up a stone in memory of that day, and called it "Ebenezer," which means "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The Philistines came no more while Samuel lived. So God still helps and saves his people who trust in him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What kind of a boy was Samuel? One who served God.  
 What did he grow to be? A prophet and judge.  
 What was his work? To help the people to be good.

What were they always doing? Turning to idols.

From what did they suffer? From war and robbery.

Who troubled them now? The Philistines.

Who were they? Heathen people.

What did Samuel do? He prayed for Israel.

Who came while he was praying? The Philistines.

What came just then? A great thunder-storm.

What followed? The enemy ran away.

What did Samuel say? That the Lord had helped them.

**LESSON XII. [Dec. 21.]**

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

Luke 2. 8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Out in the fields near the little town of Bethlehem some shepherds were watching their flocks one night. But suddenly an angel stood by the shepherds, and a great light shone round about them, and the angel spoke kindly to them, saying, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David (Bethlehem) a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then in a moment the air was full of angel faces and heavenly voices sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The shepherds went quickly to Bethlehem, and there they found Mary and Joseph, and also the Holy Child lying in a manger. They told the people of Bethlehem what they had seen and heard, and they were astonished; but Mary kept these things in her heart to think and pray about.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was the first Christmas? In Bethlehem of Judea.

When was it? Almost two thousand years ago.

Who were in the fields one night? Some shepherds.

What were they doing? Watching their flocks.

What did they see? An angel, in a great light.

What did he bring? Good news.

What was it? That Christ was born.

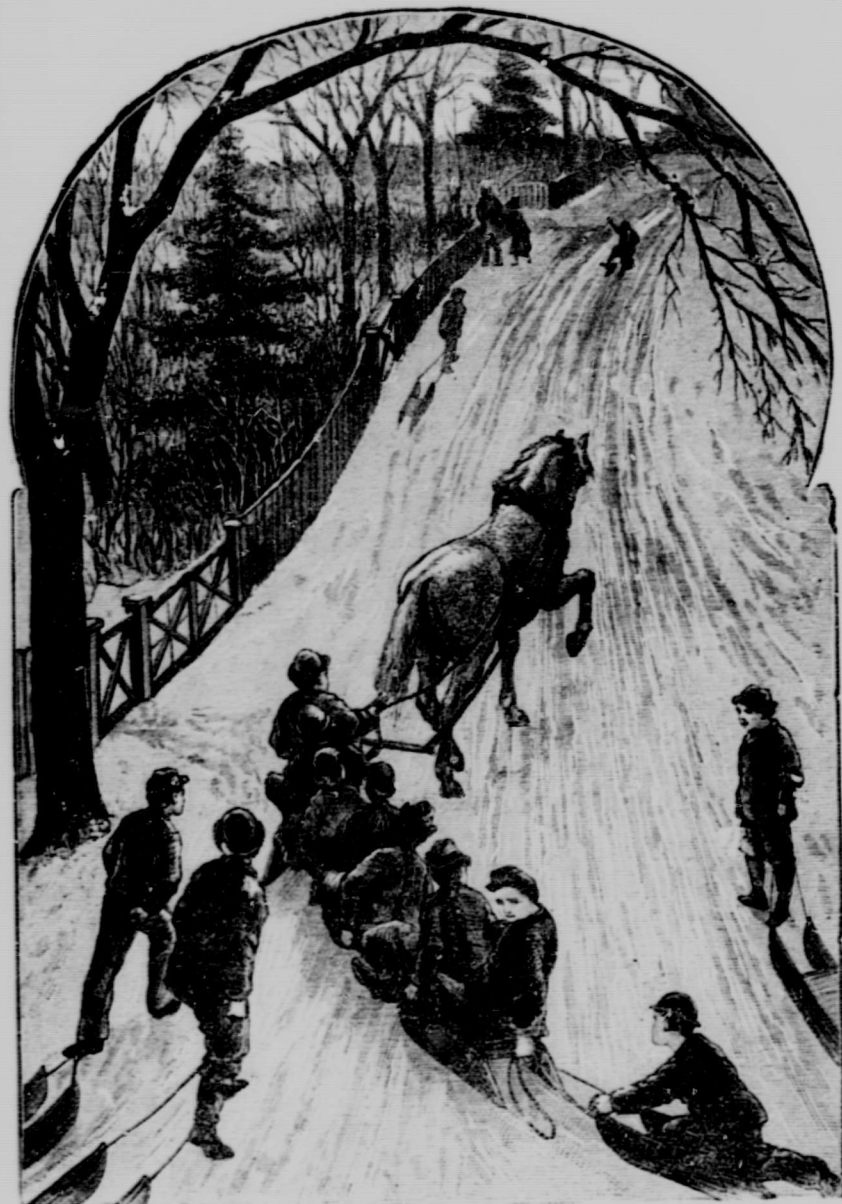
Who came then? A great many angels.

What did they sing? (Verse 14.)

Where did the shepherds go? To Bethlehem.

What did they find? The Holy Child.

Who were with him? Mary and Joseph.



HOW OLD BILLY GOES COASTING.

## HOW OLD BILLY GOES COASTING.

Billy is an old gray horse kept by a family in a town near Boston. When the boys and girls go out coasting he goes out with them to take part in the sport; that is to say, the children have the sport and the old horse does the work, as you will see in the picture.

The boys have a long "double runner" that carries a good many of them at once. It is fine fun to coast down the long hill upon it, but hard work to drag it up again; so they harness Billy to the sled, and he drags it up for them.

Sometimes they all get on and ride up, and even take some of the single sleds in tow; but usually the boys walk up, as they need the exercise to keep them warm. When they get to the top they throw the reins on Billy's back, and he jogs down to the foot of the hill and waits for them to come down again.

Old Billy seems to enjoy the sport as much as any of them. Sometimes a party of merry boys and girls get on the "double runner" and drive all about town. If the

snow is deep they are pretty sure to be upset once or twice, but they don't mind that, as the snow is soft and nobody is hurt. The boys always keep a guard at the foot of the hill while they are coasting, so that no harm can be done to the people who are passing by. The hill is steep and the sleds come down with great speed, but the track is always cleared when the word is given. Nobody is so surly as to stop the boys' fun.

## WHAT A LITTLE BIRD SAID.

Mamma had told Phoebe she could not go to play with Jenny Wright that morning, so when Phoebe knew mamma would not see her the naughty little girl ran away.

A little bird lit on the fence and sang, "Phoe-be! Phoe-be!" Phoebe stopped. Again the bird sang, "Phoe-be! Phoe-be!"

Then Phoebe turned and went back home, saying to herself, "If the birds have found out I'm running away, I'd better go back home just as quickly as ever I can."

## A WONDERFUL BOY.

We met in the midst of a dream;  
But I'm waiting for him to come true!  
The style of his nose I've completely forgot,  
But his eyes, I remember, were blue.

It was just 8 p.m. by the clock—  
Which stood, I recall, on its head—  
When his mother spoke up and said:  
"Kiss me, my son,  
And run away quickly to bed."

I thought that the next thing would be  
Loud wrath and perhaps even tears;  
But instead—well, I really give you my  
word  
That I've not been so staggered for  
years!

For he mumbled, this wonderful boy—  
(I can feel my astonishment yet!)  
"It's a pity I can't go at seven, when you  
know  
How tired and sleepy I get!"

I felt myself falling away—  
(In dreams chairs collapse without  
squeaking),  
And when I came to, the first thing that  
I heard  
Was the voice of the fond mother  
speaking.

She was kind, she was patient, but firm;  
And her calm words deci'ded his fate;  
"It is settled, my son, that a boy of your  
size  
Must learn to sit up until eight."

I sat on the floor, and I stared  
In a dazed way from one to the other;  
Then I said, "You are truly a wonderful  
boy,  
And the son of a wonderful mother!"  
—Frances Wilson, in *St. Nicholas*.

## WHAT BETH THOUGHT.

"We always have a good time, mamma, when we play with Flossie!" cried Priscilla, as she came running into the room followed by her older sister Beth.  
"I wonder why?" Mrs. Allan said smilingly.

Priscilla shook her head and ran out of the room to find her kitten. But Beth, who remained behind, said in her sweet, quaint way, "I think it's because we all try to make a good time for each other, and don't try to make it just for our own self."

"Wise little woman! I am certain that is the reason!" exclaimed Grandpa Allan, suddenly sitting straight up in his chair and startling Beth, who had been quite sure he was asleep.

So we have written about the unselfish plan these small folks had for making a good time.