

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

No. 29.

REVERIE.

One would think, to judge from the expression on her face, that it is not a very happy train of thought this dreamy maid is indulging in. Do you know, young friends, that the thoughts you oftenest entertain leave their impress on your countenances, and declare your character, as well as even words could, to every observing eye? Well, such is the fact, as any one of considerable experience can tell you; so be very careful, even from this lesser consideration, what you permit yourselves to think about. If you are a studious child much applied to research after useful knowledge, your face plainly shows it; if merely inquisitive, whether of good or ill, that can be read, too. If you are cheerful and happy-hearted every one can see it at a single glance; if inclined to sulk and meditate upon grievances, they can perceive that just as plainly. The girl in our picture does not look like the kind of a young person last described; she only seems a little puzzled or troubled about the subject of her reverie.

THE ONE-TALENT MAN.

He came slowly, he was in no hurry.



REVERIE.

He had had no chance, at least none to signify. Those others had been well treated in the start and had made money; of course they were eager to come and boast. But he?—well, he never had had much to brag of in this world and he supposed he never should. It was queer how some masters helped one servant and hindered

people! How ungracious they are! how suspicious! how self-centred! Honest! Oh, yes, they would not spend their Lord's money, but their very honesty comes from timidity. They would run a risk of discovery and punishment if they squandered their talent. Read Matthew 25, 14-29.

another. If he had only had their chance now!

Well, what would he have done with their chance if he had it?

Precisely what he did with his own chance. He might have been flattered at first that so large a sum as ten talents had been entrusted to him, but after a few cautious ventures with it, he would have suspiciously remembered that his lord was sometimes hard, and concluded that the best and safest way was to bury and keep it and thus be sure of returning to his master all he had received.

But how did these other men do? They went cheerfully about the duty of using their master's money so as to increase it. They knew that if they did their best he would not blame them for lack of success. They put forth the talents he gave them and trusted that they would bring back more than their value, and what a reward they received! Oh, boys and girls, the world is full of one-talent

THE QUARRELSOME BROTHERS.

Dot and Spot and Fido,
Marmaduke and Ned,
Five bright-eyed little doggies
Live down behind the shed.
Spot and Ned and Fido
Are happy and polite,
But Dot, alas! and Marmaduke
Are always in a fight.
They quarrel in the morning
Before they're out of bed;
They leave their food at breakfast time
And snap and snarl instead.

"What naughty, naughty doggies!"
I hear the children say;
And yet—I know some little folks
Who act the self-same way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Lelia and Tiny were sitting under the tree in the garden. Tiny said: "I am so happy; I do love the flowers and birdies and you and everybody so much; and I love God, who made us all so happy. Sister, I wish I could give him something, something that would give me trouble. Can't you think of something?"

Lelia thought a moment, and then said: "Perhaps you could print a text for the flowers mother sends to the hospital every week."

"Oh, I should like that; I will print; 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

Tiny was only six years old, and she could not print more than two letters a day. When the text was done she knelt down and said: "Please, God, I did this text for you; please take it from Tiny, for Jesus' sake."

The text was sent to the hospital, and was given to a little boy who was very sick and afraid to die. It led him to love the Saviour, and he was no longer afraid. Just before he died he said: "Please, Lord Jesus, I am coming." The little girl's work had helped to bring him to Jesus, and he is waiting for her in heaven.—*Westminster Junior Quarterly*.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a young prince was growing up in England who became one of the best and wisest of kings. Everybody loved and respected him, and everything that is great and glorious in England to-day can be traced to the labour and inspiration of this great king. We call him Alfred the Great; but in his own day he was spoken of as Alfred the Atheling, and sometimes as Alfred the Truth-teller, because he always spoke the truth.

When Alfred was growing up the people of England were very much afflicted by the incursions of the Danes. These people lived in Denmark, and were pirates and sea-kings. They came in great fleets, and landing wherever there was promise of booty, they ravaged the coast far and wide, burned the houses, and carried away the children. Sometimes they would capture a town, and driving away the inhabitants, settle there themselves. The English were not strong enough or brave enough at this time to drive them away, and every year they grew more and more afraid of the cruel Danes.

They were thorns for many years in Alfred's life. All through his boyhood he had heard nothing else talked of but the Danes, their burnings, their plunderings, and their murders. His father's life had been shortened by anxiety on their account, and three older brothers perished in the long, uncertain contest. And so at last the crown came to Alfred.

His subjects had confidence in Alfred, and they believed he would be able to drive their cruel enemies away. But it was a long, distressing struggle, and many times the young king was almost discouraged.

On one of these occasions, when everything looked dark, he hid himself away to think over what was best to do. He took refuge in the hut of a poor cow-herd, and was there quite a while. The cow-herd's wife did not know that he was the king, and one day she left him to watch some cakes that were baking upon the hearth, while she was away. The king, full of his thoughts about the Danes and how he was going to drive them out of his kingdom, forgot all about the cakes, and they burned black as a coal.

When the cow-herd's wife returned and saw their supper spoiled, she scolded him

angrily. "You are a lazy, careless wretch!" she exclaimed. "You can eat cakes fast enough, but you cannot watch them."

I can imagine how the good king must have laughed to himself at the poor woman's sharp words.

It was not long after this that Alfred went out to fight a battle with the Danes. No one knew the strength of the Danish host, and so Alfred disguised himself as a harper and went boldly into their camp. He was an accomplished musician, and was summoned to the tent of the Danish king. You may be sure that he kept both eyes and ears open, and learned all that was to be learned of the strength and the weakness of his enemies. At any rate, when the two armies met, Alfred won a great victory. After this the Danes were obliged to stay in one place and become the subjects of Alfred.

This great king lived to help his people. He was an earnest student, and had wise and learned men about him. He established churches and schools all over England. He built a great fleet to keep the Danish and Norman sea-kings away, and thus laid the foundations of England's naval greatness. He taught his subjects how to measure time. There were no clocks or watches in those days; and Alfred had candles made which would burn just eight hours, and had them marked to indicate the passing of each hour. As the houses of those days were more or less draughty, the wise king placed shields of horn around the candles to keep the wind away from the blaze. They are the first lanterns, or lanterns, that we read of.

King Alfred made wise laws for his people, and they were executed so faithfully that men said a purse of gold would hang untouched for a year in a tree by the highway in his reign, for no thief would dare to take it.

All his life he was a great sufferer from a bodily affliction, and hardly knew a well day, but he was so patient and so industrious that he accomplished more in his short reign of twenty-nine years than any other English king has done. He was only a little over fifty when he died, and though a thousand years have passed away, still the name of good King Alfred is dear to every English heart, and all men love to repeat the words which he spoke with his dying breath: "While I have lived I have striven to live worthily."
—*Zion's Herald*.

TWO AND ONE.

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his Word,
Two little hands his work to do,
Two little feet his way pursue,
One little tongue to speak the truth,
One little heart for him in my youth;
Take them, dear Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to thee.

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CLEAN FACE AND HANDS.

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

A little boy once loved the dirt
So much that he felt really hurt
To bid it a good-bye.
His nurse used coaxing and commands
Each time she washed his face and hands,
And each time he would cry!

At length one day his mother said,
"Nurse, let him play outside instead,
And when the lunch bell rings,
I'll send him some dry bread to eat.
A little boy who is not neat
Must go without nice things!"

He begged, but begged in vain, to stay;
But after that unhappy day
Matters were altered quite—
And with clean hands and smiling face
Each mealtime found him in his place
At morning, noon, or night.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON I. [October 6.]

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Gen. 37. 23-33. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him.—Acts 7. 9.

LESSON STORY.

You have not forgotten Jacob, who had the wonderful dream of the ladder. He lived in Canaan now, and had twelve sons; Joseph was next to the youngest, and was seventeen years old. You may learn by Gen. 37. 1-4 why his brothers were jealous of him. Gen. 37. 5-11 will show you what made them still more angry with their young brother, and yet you will see that Joseph was not at all to blame for their ill-will. In reading the lesson verses begin back with the twelfth verse. Find out all you can about the "Ishmeelites" and the "Midianites." Is it not hard to believe that the spirit of envy could grow into a hatred that was willing to kill a brother? This should be a warning not to let any evil thought stay in the heart, for we can never tell to what it may grow. Reuben did not want Joseph to be killed. Perhaps he thought if he were thrown into a pit he might be able to come back and save him. We know that he did go back, and was in great trouble when he found Joseph was gone. How hard-hearted were these men who were willing to bring such grief to their poor father! This shows what the spirit of envy can do.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Joseph? The son of Jacob.
How many sons had Jacob? Twelve.

Where did they live? In Canaan.
How old was Joseph now? Seventeen.
How many older brothers had Joseph? Ten.
Why did they hate him? They were jealous.

Why were they jealous of Joseph? He was Jacob's favourite.

What did they want to do? Get rid of him.

Where did they throw him? Into a pit.
Who wanted to save him? Reuben.
What did they finally do? Sold him as a slave.

Who mourned for Joseph? Jacob.

LESSON II. [October 13.]

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

Gen. 39. 20—40. 8. Mem. verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy.—Gen. 39. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

The story of Joseph's life in the house of Potiphar is one of great interest. Read it in Gen. 39. 1-6. We learn here the secret of Joseph's success in pleasing his master—"the Lord was with him." But will the Lord be with Joseph when he is in the prison? This is where we find him next. It was through no fault of his own, but a wicked woman told falsehoods about him, and he had to suffer for her sin. Read the lesson verses and see how he took his good heart and helpful hands with him into the prison, and soon he had plenty to do in helping and blessing others. Try to notice how one thing led to another in all this story of Joseph. It is like a chain, and God's own hand is making the links. Joseph had to go to the prison to find his way to power. "God had his plan for every man," says the old rhyme, and those who believe this and go along cheerfully, no matter what trials may come to them are the ones whom the Lord can help and bless. If you will read on through Gen. 40, you will see how Joseph was getting ready to interpret the king's dream, and so find his way to a high place in the land.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who bought Joseph in Egypt? Potiphar.

How did Joseph serve his master? Faithfully.

How did Potiphar treat him? Very kindly.

What did he give him? The care of all he had.

Who became angry with Joseph? Potiphar's wife.

What did she tell about him? Wicked lies.

Where did Potiphar send him? To prison.

Who was with Joseph there? The Lord.

What did he help him do. Good deeds.

Who always helps in trouble? God.

When will he help us? When we help others.

What did Joseph find? God "a present help."

ONE, TWO, THREE.

BY H. C. RUNNER.

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under a maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell
you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—

With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

"If boys are to develop into good men, they must be wisely trained for nobility and worth in our churches and homes. They must have the right kind of culture—heart, mind, and body—to make out of them the right kind of men."



IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

BY A. M. BARNES.

How would you like to take such a trip as this? I shouldn't think it would steady one's nerves much to look downward into an almost bottomless abyss, and know that one's safety, one's very life depended upon the next step of that tall fellow with the rather shaky-looking staff. Yet hundreds of adventurous travellers have taken just such perilous journeys across the peaks of the Andes. But so sure-footed and steady-headed are these Indian guides of South America that there have been fewer accidents than the nature of this dangerous mode of travelling would lead one to believe. In most cases, when accidents have occurred they have been owing to some foolhardiness on the part of the traveller himself or through some wilful disobedience to directions.

The Andes, the great mountain-chain of South America, are among the wonders of our continent. They are next to the highest mountain-chain in the world. The average elevation is about twelve thousand feet, and many of their peaks are constantly covered with snow. Yet among them volcanoes are numerous and earthquakes common.

Mount Chimborazo is not the highest mountain in the world, but it has been ascended to a higher altitude than any other. An explorer by the name of Boussingault is reported to have ascended to the distance of twenty thousand feet, which was one thousand feet above the point reached by Humboldt. This monster mountain is fully four miles high.

Cotopaxi, one of the volcanoes of the Andes, when in eruption causes a noise that can be heard for hundreds of miles, and gives forth a torrent of flame which

ascends for many thousands of feet.

One of the great wonders of the Andes is the Natural Bridge of Leonzo. The structure presents so perfect an appearance as to make it appear almost incredible that it could have been formed by nature and not by man. Humboldt, who visited it in 1802, pronounced it one of the most extraordinary wonders he had seen on either continent.

A QUEER DREAM.

A little boy had a dream. He had eaten a big supper; more because it was good, than he ought to have eaten, hence the dream. And the dream had a mis-

sion which was not overdone as the mission of the big supper had been overdone. He dreamed that his head ached, O so hard! It jumped as if the pains were playing leapfrog, and it twinged and stung till it seemed as if his head must go to pieces. But there was a little work which must be done, and so he hurried to do it. As soon as that was done there was a little more and a little more, and the boy's head ached a little more and a little more, but it seemed that he must do the work before he could lie down and rest. And all at once the boy dreamed that he was not a boy at all, but the boy's mother, and he (or she) was saying to herself: "If my little boy would only help me, or if he would only remember to wipe his feet and

to put away his playthings, and to leave his dinner plate clean and in tidy fashion as to bones, and crumbs, and not litter the tablecloth; if he would 'play at work' sometimes, run willing errands for mother, and learn to do the things which he dislikes, maybe my head wouldn't ache so hard, and I should have time to lie down and rest it." The little boy awoke and saw his mother holding the candle above him, and he heard her saying, "Are you sick, dear?" and he answered, "No, mother, I am not sick. I thought I was you in my dream, and my head ached so. Does your head ache, mother?"—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE LITTLE LAD'S ANSWER.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet;
His playtime had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat;
"I'm glad I'm home!" he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner by the door,
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
"This little lad always comes here,
When there are many other homes
As nice and quite as near.
He stood a moment in deep thought,
Then with the love-light in his eye
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "She lives here, that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
Her mother heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given,
That thoughtful, loving little lad;
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true and dear;
That they would answer as he did,
" 'Tis home for mother's living here."



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.