

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1905.

No. 20.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

BY M. C. HARRISON.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed my little Jeannie, running to me in an ecstasy of delight; "see what a beautiful book father has given me. And only see, mother, my name is written in it, so everybody will know that it is mine, and nobody can rub it out!"

Like the lightning's flash came into my mind our Saviour's words: "Rejoice,

"It is a very pretty book, Jeannie; but I know of one more beautiful, in which I trust my darling's name will be written."

"Oh, mamma, what sort of a book is it? What is it called?"

"Our Saviour called it the Book of Life, and he said that we must rejoice over our names being written in it more than over anything in the world."

"Is everybody's name written in there, mamma?"

his waggon; you refused, saying that you were in a hurry. If you had given up your own pleasure and helped him—because Jesus says we must love and be kind to each other—you would have served Christ."

"O mamma, I didn't know such a little thing as that was serving Christ."

"Why, my daughter, have you forgotten what Jesus said of the cup of cold water given for his sake? Our lives are



JERUSALEM RESTORED BY NEHEMIAH.

because your names are written in heaven.

"Mother, do you know why father gave this book to me?"

"No, Jeannie; I have forgotten."

"Why, don't you recollect that I always said, 'Wait a minute,' when you told me to do anything? Well, father told me that if I wouldn't say it for one whole month he would give me something, but I didn't expect anything so beautiful as this."

"No, my darling; only the names of those who love Jesus, and try to serve him while they are on earth."

"How can I serve him, mamma? I don't know anything that I can do for him."

"Yes, my child, you can do something for him every moment in the day. Kind words, little things done because we love Christ—in all these we serve him. This morning Tommy asked you to help him tie

made up of the little things that happen every day, and what we do for Christ's sake is put down in his Book of Remembrance. You overcame a bad habit for the reward of this pretty book. Remember that Jesus promises all the glorious things of heaven to every one that overcomes temptation and sin, and serves him truly."

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

FRET NOT THYSELF.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret—
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do.

Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub's
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 16 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and 1 over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Over 20 copies	0 25
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Deo Droop, weekly	0 05
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25 cents a dozen; 52 cents per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 35 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUBBARD,
216 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1905.

PERSIAN GIRLS.

A Persian girl does not begin to wear the chuddar, or veil, until she is nine years old. After that she must cover her face in the presence of any man, excepting the members of her own family. She is obliged to fast and pray, while her brother need not begin until he is sixteen. She helps her mother in the housework, brings the daily supply of water on her back in large earthen jars, and arranges in order the shoes which callers shuffle off at the door. She waits on her father and brothers, and when they have company, serves, but cannot eat nor sit down in their presence.

When she goes out to play she must take the baby, if there is one in the family. The baby is tied firmly on her back. Then she runs, plays jackstones or bounds ball, not minding the weight on her back any more than the baby minds the shaking up. Girls make their own dolls of sticks

padding at one end, for which they delight to make clothes.

After a girl is nine, however, she must leave her dolls and begin to sew on her wedding outfit. Besides making her own wardrobe and household furnishings, she must, at her marriage, give a sample of her needlework to every member of her husband's family, as well as to other friends. As a girl may be married at twelve, nine is none too soon to begin the wedding preparations.

Girls never go to school. Occasionally a tutor is employed to teach a favorite daughter to read, but it is against the law that a woman should learn to write. Among the rich the girls are not obliged to do housework, but are kept more strictly than their poorer sisters. They never leave the harem except when, closely veiled and attended by an escort, they visit the public bath or pay a call, or occasionally go for tea drinking to some secluded garden. Those of the upper classes are often very fair and beautiful.

THE FRONT AND SIDE DOORS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some locked; some, bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it.

ALLOWED TO ESCAPE.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

One of the funniest stories ever told of dogs is one told of a foxhound. It was in the days when fox hunting was a recognized sport in the State of Delaware. In one family there lived a foxhound that was a great pet with the children. So gentle was he that he would let them dress him up in their own clothes, as they delighted to do.

One day, when he was obediently lying on the grass, dressed in a sun-bonnet and waterproof cape, waiting patiently for his next orders, a sweet familiar sound broke upon his ears. It was the baying of the hounds. He at once grew intent and excited. The children were dismayed and strove to keep him quiet by holding him forcibly by tail and ears. But as the baying again broke upon his ear, it was like

martial music to an old war-horse, and breaking bounds, away he sped joyfully to the meet, waterproof, sun-bonnet and all. Up hill, down dale, tongue hanging, sun-bonnet bobbing up and down, waterpr of cape flying in the wind—away he sped.

At last he reached the baying pack and joyfully jumped in among them to participate in the sport. But they were all so startled at the appearance of this truly remarkable creature that they stopped stock-still to stare at him. Meanwhile the fox took his way gaily to cover unmolested.

The huntsmen, overcome with the ludicrous appearance of the visitor, burst into shouts of laughter, and poor doggie returned to his home, shamefaced and crestfallen, to think that, after all, the fox had been allowed to escape, little knowing that he himself had been the principal actor in the denouement. But clinging to his shoulders were still the sun-bonnet and cape with which he had so eagerly started out to the meet.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

NIGHT.

In their warm nests all the birdies are sleeping.

Each little head 'neath a soft, downy wing;

Stars up above faithful watches are keeping,

Softly the night winds their slumber song sing.

Out in the meadows, where daisies are hiding,

Gently the long grasses wave to and fro;

Violets, with blue eyes, so sweet and confiding,

Nod all night long to the brook's drowsy flow.

Up the long stairway dear mother comes slowly,

To take a last peep at her darlings in bed;

Takes on her lips the great name that is holy,

Asking a blessing on each sleeping head.

MORNING.

Over the hills comes the rosy light streaming,

And wakes up the birdies to sing in the sun.

Come, flowers! come, pets! put an end to your dreaming,

For sleeping time's over—the day has begun.

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.

STUDIES

ESRA 1.

The us, wher

It wa had been zar. Al Babylon them, th they sho had com lem. If and lonel read Psa of Persia heathen captives, them fre worship sent word all who

SUMMER.

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

"In the dusty weather
Midges fly about,
Katydid and crickets
Keep up quite a shout;
And the great grasshopper
Climbs up on your frock,
And the silly lassie
Blows the four-o'clock.
O the heart is weary,
Through the lengthy days,
All the earth is panting
In the sun's warm rays.
Sitting on the doorstep,
Knitting grandma lace—
O I hate the summer!"
Cried little Sour Face.

"Blush and bloom of roses,
Cherries hanging high;
Daisies in the meadow,
Blackbirds in the sky;
Beautiful deep shadows
Up the grassy lanes;
Bushes red with berries;
Soft, delicious rains;
Flying down the strawstack,
Hiding in the hay,
Fun and light and laughter
All the livelong day;
Helping with the baby
As the hours fly—
O I love the summer!"
Cried little Smiling Eyes.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 15.

RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

Ezra 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.—Psa. 126. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was seventy years since the Jews had been taken captive by Nebuchadnezzar. All this time they had lived in Babylon as slaves. The Lord had told them, through the prophet Jeremiah, that they should be set free, and now the time had come for them to go back to Jerusalem. If you would like to know how sad and lonely they had felt in a strange land, read Psalm 137. Cyrus was now the king of Persia. The Lord had given this heathen king a tender heart toward the captives, so that he was willing to set them free and also to build a house of worship for them in Jerusalem. Cyrus sent word to all parts of his kingdom that all who wanted to go to Jerusalem and

help build the Lord's house might go. There were some who could not do the actual work of helping to build the Lord's house, and Cyrus showed how such as these might help in other ways. This looks as though Cyrus, like Darius, had really begun to believe in the God whom the Jews worshipped. When the Jews were carried into Babylon, seventy years before, Nebuchadnezzar took away also the beautiful vessels of gold and silver which had been used in the Lord's house. There were five thousand and four hundred of these, and they were worth a great deal of money. Nebuchadnezzar had put them into the house with his gods, but Cyrus said that they should be taken back to Jerusalem to be used in the temple which was to be built. This made the Jews very happy, and with joyful hearts they went forth, giving praise to the Lord who had turned the heart of Cyrus toward them and brought them back to their own land.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who carried away the Jews captive? Nebuchadnezzar.
2. Why did the Lord allow this? Because they disobeyed him.
3. How long were they kept in Babylon? Seventy years.
4. What promise had God sent them? That he would set them free.
5. Who was now king of Babylon?
6. What did he say he would do? Set the Jews free.
7. What else did he want to do? Build the Lord's house in Jerusalem.
8. Who made him want to do these things? The Lord.
9. What did he tell the Jews they might do? Go home and help build the temple.
10. How did they feel about this? Very glad and happy.
11. How many were ready to go? About fifty thousand.
12. What did they carry back with them? The gold and silver vessels of the Lord's house.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 22.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Ezra 3. 10 to 4. 5. Memorize vs. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.—1 Cor. 3. 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was a great company of perhaps fifty thousand people who went back to Jerusalem to build the Lord's house. Some of them were boys when carried away into captivity and now were old men, but most of them were young, strong men who knew nothing about their own land except what they had learned from their fathers. When Nebuchadnezzar took the

city, seventy years before, he burned and destroyed it, and now there was no temple in which to worship God. An altar was built, however, right away, upon which sacrifices could be offered both morning and evening. Then the builders laid the foundation for the new temple, and the people gathered to worship and praise God for his goodness in bringing them to their own land and letting them build a house for him. Some were so happy that they shouted aloud in their joy, but the older men wept aloud, for they remembered the sins of Israel for which God had punished them. Both their sorrow and their joy showed that they loved the Lord, but even more did their willingness to work for him and to give their treasure toward building the Lord's house show this. While the Jews were in Babylon the Samaritans and others had settled in their land, and now they wanted to hinder the work of the Jews. The Samaritans claimed to be the people of the Lord, but they really worshipped idols, and they wanted to hinder the Jews in every way possible. It is so now. If any one, even a child, wants to build a temple of the Lord in his own heart, there are enemies ready to hinder him and to tear down what he has tried to build. To all such God says, "Be strong, for I am with you."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who went from Babylon to Jerusalem? The captive Jews.
2. How did they feel when they found the city in ruins? Very sad.
3. Who had burned it? King Nebuchadnezzar.
4. What did the Jews build first? An altar of worship.
5. What did they offer upon it? Burnt offerings.
6. Why was this wise and right? They wanted God to bless and help them.
7. What did they then begin to build? The temple of the Lord.
8. What was first laid? The foundation.
9. What did they then hold? A praise meeting.
10. How did the people show their gladness? By smiles and tears.
11. Why did some weep? They remembered their sins.
12. What were they now ready to do? To obey God and work for him.

A LITTLE PROVERB.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it:—
"Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it."



NUTTING TIME.

'Tis and out the trees, there,
Merry voices sound—
Where the bark is steepest,
Ripest nuts are found.

Reach a hand and catch them,
Clusters small and great;
Take care, little maiden,
Set your basket straight.

'Twould not be so pleasant,
Gathering them again,
If they once went spinning
Down the dusty lane.

WHAT BERTIE GAVE.

Mrs. Burton had been calling upon Mrs. Rogers and telling her about the new hospital for children.

Bertie stayed in the parlor all the time that Mrs. Burton was there. She had a very interesting way of telling about the suffering little ones, and Bertie had hard work not to cry right out loud when she told of the little boy who had been kicked downstairs by a drunken man and would never walk again; and of the little girl whose arm had been so badly crushed by a trolley car that it had to be cut off at the elbow.

Mrs. Burton saw how much Bertie was interested, and she asked him if he did not want to make life a little brighter for these poor children, and help them bear their hours of pain. She said that she knew he would gladly spare some of his pretty toys, if mamma was willing. Of course he would; and of course mamma was willing.

As soon as Mrs. Burton had gone, Bertie rushed upstairs to gather some toys for the hospital children.

Mrs. Rogers thought that she would go up and see what her little boy had selected to send. It was well that she did. Bertie had two picture books, a Jack-in-the-box, a big rubber ball with pictures on it in gay colors, his express waggon, and in it the weak-old baby kitten, in a fur cap. Poor mamma cat looked very much distressed.

"Why, Bertie dear," said mamma, "you are not going to send away the kitten?"

"Yes, mamma, I am, 'cause it's the sweetest thing to pet and cuddle. If I had to stay in bed with a back all broke, I'd want kitty all the time."

"But you have no right to send away pussy's baby from her. Besides, kitty would die away from its mamma. It is not old enough to eat. Send the other things, dear, but give back the little passy to poor Tabby."

Bertie very reluctantly put the kitten back in its box, and filled the waggon with toys, which were sent away that very day. The next day Bertie went himself to the hospital, and when he saw how

happy his toys made the poor, suffering little children, his heart was filled with joy that he had been able by his gifts to make them forget their pain for even a little while.

THE LOVE BOX.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes he had outgrown and the toys he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity-box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children who will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity-box any more; it is a love-box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children."

JOHNNY CLEBURNE.

One cold Sunday in December a Sunday-school teacher picked from the sidewalk a dried oleander branch. Putting it in her muff, she began to muse about this branch thrown out to be trodden under foot of man. She had taught in mission schools, and the stick reminded her of Johnny Cleburne. To-day, when she watered her thriving red oleander, she thought of the day that she put it in her muff, laid it on her table in the Sunday-school room, and afterwards put it in a glass of water, and placed it in the sunshine in her living room; then, after a time, putting the roots in clean sand, and seeing the plant grow.

Johnny Cleburne's teacher could do nothing with him. Johnny was motherless, fatherless, and loveless. The teacher who picked up the oleander stick asked to have Johnny come into her class. She put him in the sunshine of her love.

It was never words for the sake of words; she loved Johnny. He is now one of the brightest boys in his college, and a straightforward Christian young man.

Sometimes it seems as if there were no "sticks" in the world, but every one is a living branch or vine. If they are left to die because no one cares to stop and lift them up, who will at the last bear the responsibility? It will be useless to ask: "When saw we thee naked, cold, hungry, homeless, friendless?"

TWO FRIENDS.

"In a minute" is a bad friend. He makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

"Right away" is a good friend. He helps you to do what you are asked to do pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.