

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

No. 24.

SPECIMEN OF WORK DONE INSIDE.

"One of my friends," says the Rev. Charles Garrett, "is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time." One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money had

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, what ever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed in large letters: "Specimen of the work done inside!" He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped, and read

you mean the man, you did that! This morning, when he arose, he was sober; when he walked down the street, on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your gin-shop, he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"

The right sort of obedience is prompt obedience.



gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

aloud: "Specimen of the work done inside." In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and the laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did this?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who had now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if

WATCHES IN THE OLDEN TIME

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first

great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs was not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand; and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than one hundred pounds; and after one was ordered it took up a year to make it up.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1902.

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

There is a legend of a man wrecked at sea and borne by the waves to an unknown shore. At once he was conducted by the inhabitants to a palace and saluted with reverence.

Asking an explanation, he was told that "once a year the people took some one who reached their shores in this way and made him king. They obeyed all his commands, and he reigned in majesty and splendour for the period of a year."

"But what will become of me at the expiration of the year?"

"You will be placed in an open boat and conveyed to an island beyond the horizon, uninhabited and desolate."

"What will be my fate then?"

"It is to be expected that you will there starve."

Like his predecessors, the new king at first gave himself up to feasting and drinking. But toward the close of the

year he called his chief adviser to him and said:

"Am I still king?"

"You are."

"And will the people obey all my commands?"

"Every one, until the last moment."

"Then," said he, "I will devote the rest of the year to sending forward provisions and all necessities for my comfort on that island beyond the horizon."

There was One who said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

"I must not go into the parlour," said something in Helen's heart; but she went right in.

"Mamma told me not to," it said again right in her breast; but she walked in a little farther.

Mamma's fan lay on the table. "Mamma doesn't let me take that," it said again; but she took the fan and opened it. It stuck and she pulled it—when she heard the fan snap.

"You would better go out of the parlour," said the voice in Helen's heart again. It was the voice of conscience. But just then Helen saw mamma's dog, and ran to the chair where Tommy was. She patted him, but he growled at her.

Tommy would not leave the chair in which his mistress had told him to stay, although Helen wanted him to. She threw the fan on the floor and tried to hug him. Then he growled again.

When mamma called Tommy he ran to her gladly, but Helen hung her head. Doing wrong had made her ashamed.

"WELL DONE."

Napoleon once ordered the execution of a difficult and important work in bridging the canal of Languedoc. When the emperor inspected the work, says an exchange, he found it admirably done, but the engineer answered his many questions in so confused and hesitating a manner that he sent for the prefect and said to him: "I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is beyond his capacity."

The prefect confessed that the engineer neither originated the plan, nor supervised the work. It was done by a young man, a subordinate, unknown to fame. He was sent for at once, was appointed chief en-

gineer, and returned to Paris with Napoleon.

Good work never escapes the eye of our Leader, and sooner or later receives his approving word, "Well done," and his appointment to a larger sphere of service.

HANDY WEAPONS.

Once there was a young man going through an enemy's country, where savage warriors were hiding behind trees, and lurking in the shadows to kill him. He started out with a gun slung across his back, and his sword in its scabbard. But he soon found out that would not do; he had to carry his gun in his hand, and throw away the sword's scabbard, if he would be ready to save his life.

Now if you are a Christian soldier, you have two weapons to keep off your great enemy, the devil; one is the Bible; one is prayer; but it will not do to have the Bible on a shelf, and prayer only in church; you must have Bible verses (your Golden Texts, for instance), learned by heart, and also little short prayers ready for use at any time.—*Selected.*

A HELPING HAND.

We may often lend a helping hand to others. Do not be afraid to go out of your way to do kind things. Always be friendly. If you see any one in trouble, be ready to help him. A child can do a great deal of good in small ways. Perhaps you may not always be thanked for it, but remember that you have done it for Jesus. It is always pleasant to be thanked, but that should not be our reason for doing good. We do good because we love Jesus and wish to please him. We do it all "for Jesus' sake," and a just reward will be ours sooner or later.—*Young Disciple.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUE-BIRD.

"Pretty little blue-bird,
Won't you tell me true
Why you wear a brown vest
With your suit of blue?"

"O little maiden, truly,
While flying very low,
I brushed against the brown earth
Long and long ago.

And once, my little maiden,
While flying very high,
My back and wings went brushing
Against the summer sky."

Saucy little blue-bird,
Singing, off he flew,
With his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

—*Selected.*

DOUBLE TROUBLE.

Two tearful little maids I met,
Who looked as like as pins.
I asked, "What is the trouble, dears?"
They answered, "We are twins!"
"It seems to make you weep," said I.
"Why, yes; and you would, too,
If you were both of us," said they,
"And both of us were you."

"We always have to dress alike,
And on the cars or street
Some silly person's sure to say,
'Why, you are twins—how sweet!'
And as to birthdays, we've but one
To Madge and Dolly's two.
Would you like that if you were us,
And both of us were you?"

"It's very trying when mamma
Can't tell us two apart.
You'd think by this she would have grown
To know us both by heart!
But in our pictures even we
Aren't sure which twin is who.
Oh, how we wish that you were us,
And both of us were you!"

—St. Nicholas.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 29.

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

1 Chron. 28. 1-10. Memorize verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.
—Prov. 3. 5.

THE LESSON STORY.

When David was old, and he knew that the day was near when he should leave his earthly kingdom, he gathered his princes and great men around him, and he rose and told them what was in his heart. He told them of his long desire to build a house to the name of the Lord and for worship, that it might be a place of rest for the ark of the covenant, but the Lord had told him that he was not to build the house, because he was a man of war, but his son Solomon should build it after him in a time of peace. He told them how God had chosen his tribe and his father's house and himself from among his brothers, and had now chosen his son Solomon to build up the kingdom that should last for ever. Then he turned to his son Solomon and entreated him to know the God of his father, and serve him with a willing mind and a perfect heart. He told him that the Lord searched all hearts and minds, and would know all his thoughts, and would be found of him if he

sought him, but would cast him off if he should forsake him. "Take heed now," he said, "for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary; be strong, and do it." And David gave to his son all the gold and silver and precious things he had gathered, and also a plan of the house.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did David call together? All the great men of the kingdom.

Why did he wish to talk with them? Because his end was near.

What did he want to talk about? The building of the temple.

What had it long been? His heart's desire.

What had the Lord told him? That he could not build it.

Why? Because of his many wars.

Who was to build it? Solomon, his son.

What would his reign bring? Peace.

What did David wish Solomon to do? To know and serve the Lord.

What would he need to be? Faithful.

What did David say at last? "Be strong, and do it."

What did he leave for the work? Much treasure.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 6.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 4-15. Memorize verses 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—Prov. 9. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

At last, after a reign of forty years, David returned to God, and his body was laid in the king's tomb, and Solomon was king. He loved the Lord and offered sacrifices, but he offered them upon the high places. David offered his before the ark. Gibeon was a high place where Solomon made great offerings and where he found God's blessing, and it was here that the Lord came to him in a wonderful dream, or vision, by night, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee."

Solomon made so wise an answer that it seems as if he could not have been asleep, for he told the Lord how he had shown great mercy to his father and now that he had been made king in his father's place. "And I am but a little child," he said; "I know not how to go out or come in." Then he told the Lord how great the work before him was, and he prayed the Lord for an understanding heart to judge the people, so that he might see what is evil and what is good. This pleased the Lord, and he promised, because Solomon had not asked for riches or honour or long life, to give him what he had asked, and riches and honour also; and he also promised, if Solomon would follow faithfully in his

ways, to lengthen his life. It seemed like a dream, but the king knew it was God who had spoken to him, and he came to Jerusalem and stood before the ark of the covenant and made offerings to God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who now became king? Solomon.

Where was David? He "slept with his fathers."

What did Solomon wish to do? Follow his father's ways.

Where did he go to sacrifice? To Gibeon.

What was it called? A high place.

What came to him there? A vision.

What did the Lord say to him? "Ask what I shall give thee."

What did Solomon ask for? Wisdom.

Why? To guide his people in right ways.

What did God say he would give? This, and more.

What were the other gifts? Riches, honours, and long life.

How would his life be lengthened? By following the Lord fully.

CARELESS BILLY

"Billy, be sure to shut the gate!" called mamma from the pantry.

"Yes'm, I will," answered Billy.

He ran into the house for a string, and out again to the group of boys waiting for him. But he forgot all about the gate, and left it standing wide open.

A little later Mrs. West heard Bridget give a loud cry.

"What's the matter, Bridget?" she asked.

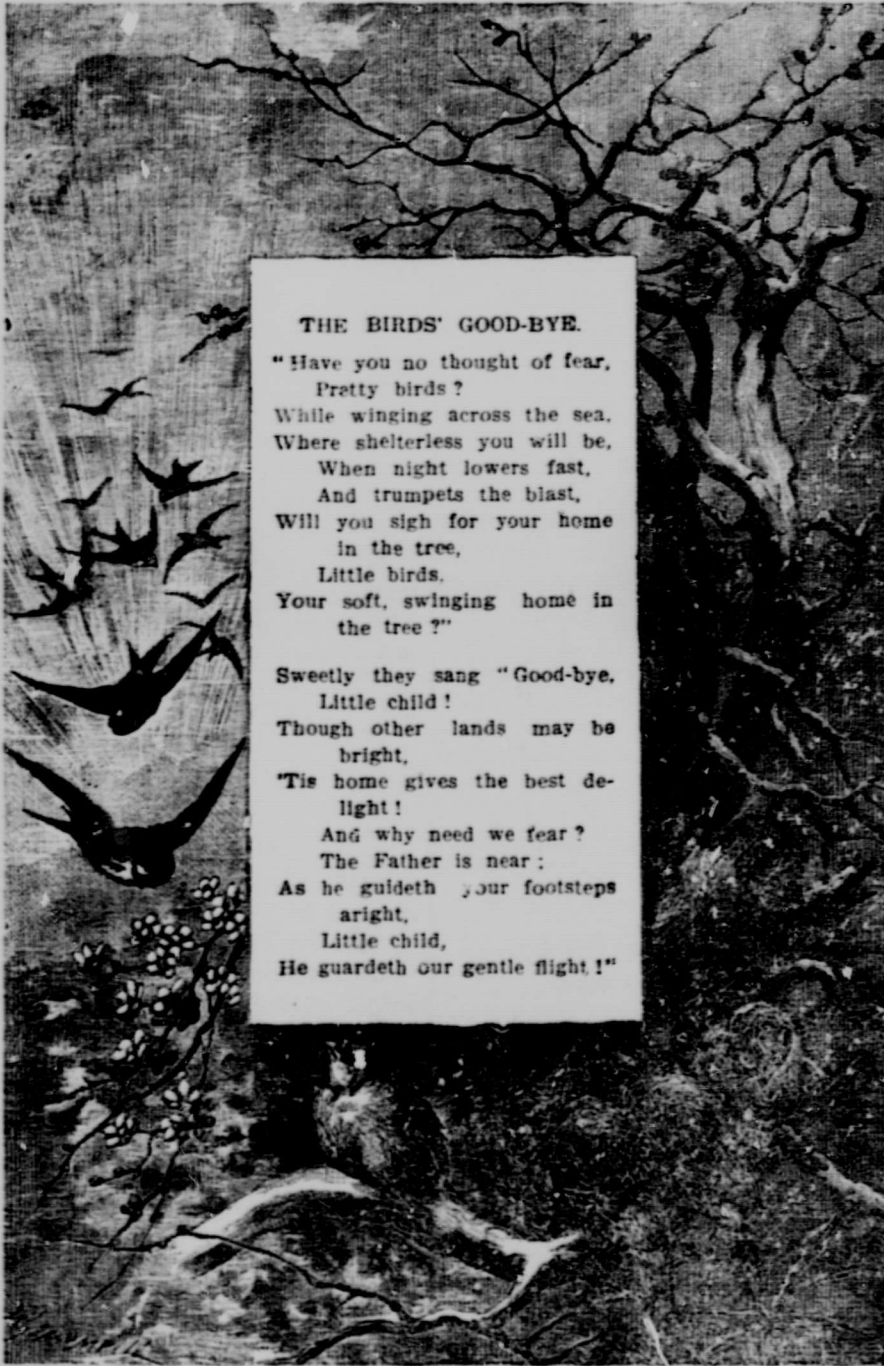
"Sure, mums, it's the pig! It's in the yard, the crathur is, ateing up all yer jeraniums, shure! Whoop, here, ye bastie!"

And Bridget was darting out of the door, but her mistress called her; "Stop, Bridget! It was Billy left the gate open when I told him not to. He must come back and drive the pig out for his carelessness."

Billy was yet with the boys digging bait to go fishing; Mrs. West could hear them in the barnyard. She went to the porch and called Billy.

"See the mischief your careless ways have caused," said she. "Now get the pig out before you go, and don't leave the gate open again."

Well, the boys were just ready to start, but Billy went back to drive the pig out. Anybody who ever tried to drive a pig knows what that means. The pig was like some boys; when he was wanted to go one way he was sure to go the other, and long before Billy had him out the boys got tired of waiting and went off without him. So he lost his fishing that afternoon through his own carelessness, and nobody felt very sorry for him.



THE BIRDS' GOOD-BYE.

"Have you no thought of fear,
Pretty birds?
While winging across the sea,
Where shelterless you will be,
When night lowers fast,
And trumpets the blast,
Will you sigh for your home
In the tree,
Little birds,
Your soft, swinging home in
the tree?"

Sweetly they sang "Good-bye,
Little child!
Though other lands may be
bright,
'Tis home gives the best de-
light!
And why need we fear?
The Father is near;
As he guideth your footsteps
aright,
Little child,
He guardeth our gentle flight!"

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

When the robins and the canaries have flitted southward, when the last leaves are rattling dry and brown on the branches of the trees, and the snowflakes are falling, we still have a few feathered friends left with us. How much lonelier would be our woodlands and the broad stretches of white fields were it not for our winter birds.

IN MID-OCEAN.

Edna Morrell's father is captain of a vessel, which sails from California to islands far away in the Pacific Ocean.

Once Edna and her mother went with Captain Morrell to those islands. The long voyage would have been very tedious to the little girl had she not taken with her many picture-books and playthings.

Sometimes sea-birds flew about the ship, and, at times, flying-fish darted out of the water.

After they had been a number of weeks at sea, they came near an island where there was no harbour where the ship could stop; but a boat was lowered, and Edna was lifted over the side of the ship and placed in the boat with her father and mother and two sailors. Then the two sailors rowed toward land. The boat went much closer to the island than the ship could, but near shore the water was too shallow to float even the boat.

Out from the island waded dark, strange-looking men, who wore but little clothing, and who shouted something that Edna could not understand. They dragged the boat through the shallow water for a way; then, stopping, one man picked Edna up and started to carry her ashore,

The little girl was badly frightened and began to scream, but the father called to her not to be afraid. Another of the men carried Mrs. Morrell, and even the captain sat astride the shoulders of a big islander, and was thus carried to dry land.

The people of the island all were very friendly, and Edna enjoyed her stay there; but some of the dark-skinned children were afraid of her because she was white.—*The Morning Star.*

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason, little friends,
Why cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:

"All genteel folks their faces wash,
Before they think of eating!"
And wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paws to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

Greta was only six years old and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. "Only I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard. "Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?"

"And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss his saucer of milk and teaches him to play with a string?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up near the fire?" asked her father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one," said mother. Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

"Every little task that we do will'ingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls. And Greta learned how she could do something for Jesus.