

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1901.

No. 13.

THE PARROT.

What strange horny-beaked creatures parrots are. They have a dry horny tongue that makes one wonder how they can speak so plainly. They are very fond of sugar and of rice. It is very funny to see them try to eat rice off a table or plate. Their upper bill is so long that they cannot pick it up without bending the head flat on its side. They have very beautiful plumage, but their voice is harsh and discordant. Yet some of them can say a good many words quite plainly. The lady in the picture is the Princess Mary of England. How pleased the little boy looks as the parrot eats a bit of cracker!

THE JACK-A-LANTERN.

One hot day in summer twenty little children stood in the railroad depot waiting for a train. They were children from tenement houses in the city, and were being sent to the country by the managers of the Fresh Air Fund. One little fellow was lame, and he moved about on his crutch following two little girls. They were his sisters, and he was Joe Fayther.

Presently the train came and the children were put on board. They were set down at a pleasant little country town. The three Faythers were sent together to the Emmons' farm. Grandpa Emmons took special care of lame little Joe.

"Here, little fellow, jump on the wagon," he would say, and away they would

go through the fields and over the brook; such rides as Joe had never even thought of. One day Grandma Emmons took them on a picnic in the meadow. Such cakes and lemonade they had never had.

After supper Grandma Emmons always brought out the Bible and read a chapter, and they all knelt in prayer.

"I like that book," said Joe.



THE PARROT.

"It has such nice stories in it." Joe had never paid much attention to the Bible before, and he did not know how interesting much of it is.

"If I can find a pumpkin that's just right I'll make a Jack-a-lantern for those children," said Grandpa.

Grandpa found just the right pumpkin and Joe sat close by and watched while he scooped out the inside, and cut holes for the eyes and mouth. After dark, while the girls were helping Grandma with the dishes, Joe's little crutch went softly along the hall. He and Grandpa Emmons were going to light the candle inside the pumpkin. How it grinned at them when it was lighted! Grandpa told Joe he must not frighten the girls with it, because that is cruel. So he told them what it was and they all enjoyed it.

The children were sorry when the day came to go back to the city. Grandma hugged and kissed them, and gave them some ginger cookies to eat on the way, and Grandpa added a bag of apples and pears and a bunch of dahlias and other flowers

for their mother. The stay at the farm had browned their pale faces, and they all looked stronger than when they came.

About Thanksgiving Day there came a barrel to the tenement house. It was addressed to Joe Fayther, and when opened was found to contain pumpkins and apples, besides potatoes and some

nuts and a big turkey. The children were wild with delight, for they needed no letter to tell them that it came from Grandpa and Grandma Emmons. Joe begged for one pumpkin to make a Jack-a-lantern. He enjoyed cutting it as he had seen Grandpa Emmons do, and before dinner it was all ready to light.

After the good Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and pumpkin-pie Joe said to his mother, "I wish we'd have prayers as Grandpa Emmons does." Joe had already told his mother about it.

"Well, Joe, we will," said his mother. "I've got a Bible in my box, but I haven't looked at it as much as I ought to."

Mrs. Fayther found the Bible and read a few verses, and then they all knelt down and prayed to God.

After that they blew out the candle and put the Jack-a-lantern on the table and lighted it. Oh, how happy they were!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1901.

A LETTER FOR ROY.

It was a pleasant morning, and little Roy was playing with Paul Martin on the pavement in front of their home. Presently, they saw the postman coming down the street, stopping at almost every door.

Roy ran up to him, and asked, eagerly, "Have you a letter for me?" Not that he was expecting one, but he thought, "Why shouldn't the postman bring a letter to me, as well as to other folks?"

But the postman shook his head, kindly, and said, "Not to-day, my little man."

Roy felt quite disappointed, and ran indoors to tell his mother about it.

That evening, before bedtime, Mrs. Wilson said, "Come, Roy, I will teach

you the Golden Text for next Sunday."

"I am tired of learning the Golden Texts," said Roy.

"I thought you wanted a letter this morning," said Mrs. Wilson.

"What has that to do with the Golden Text?" asked Roy, curiously.

"A good deal," answered his mother. "Do you know, Roy, that the Bible is like a postman's bag, full of beautiful letters, and that some of these seem written just for children? The golden text is a bit out of our heavenly Father's letter to you. Don't you want to hear it?"

"Yes, I do," Roy said, with great interest. "If I learn this golden text, I will have another letter next week, will I not mother?"

"Yes," Mrs. Wilson said; "and every letter will be full of love, because it is our Father's word."

The next Monday morning, Roy was playing out again, when the postman came down the street. This time he smiled at Roy, and said, "I have a letter for you to-day, my little man."

Roy could hardly believe the good news, but the postman handed him a white envelope, directed to Roy Wilson, Junior. So there could be no mistake. He ran into the house, shouting, "Mother, quick, quick! a letter for me!"

Mrs. Wilson opened the letter, and found that it was from Roy's father, telling the golden text for the next Sunday, and explaining it by a pretty story.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Is there no means by which we can persuade or reason our scholars into more study of the Bible? Is there no means by which we can induce the fathers and mothers and grandmothers and older sisters, who sit by the piano during practice hour to see that there is no shirking of the scales, who preside over the study table at night to see that the spelling books and grammars receive due attention, to bestow also somewhat proportionate pains upon preparation for the Sabbath lesson?

In many careful Christian homes it would seem as though the parents were thoroughly alive to the value to their children of every branch of education, except education in the Scriptures. After providing a Bible for each son and daughter, with the name and an appropriate text on the fly leaf, there the matter, to a great extent, drops. No questions are asked, very few reminders are given, no particular interest is shown, nor apparently is application expected. Latin they must learn, but about the Bible they may do as they like. We can hardly wonder that boys and girls who would feel to their finger tips the mortification of a slip in geography or spelling, laugh and are undisturbed when caught in the most flagrant Biblical blunders. Nor is it perhaps surprising that diligent and conscientious as to their week-day tasks, eager for pro-

gress and "promotion" in them, they really are ready to feel complacent and self-satisfied if, at the end of years of Sabbath-school attendance, they have risen high enough to stumble through the Golden Text of maybe twenty words, and to have skimmed over the lesson passage at home. Can we teachers do anything in our own or any other households to alter this state of feeling?

There are certain simple little methods which, if varied sufficiently, might bring about a moderate amount of preparation; and moderation in these things would be a pleasant advance. Give out a topic for the next Sabbath, and ask each scholar to hunt up in his Bible a text bearing upon it, which he is to copy out and bring to the class, or better, memorize and recite. For instance, a text about Christmas or New Year or Easter; about harvest time, or planting, or business. Then we may have a Promise Sabbath, calling for the beautiful Bible promises; or a Golden Text Sabbath, when each must select a new Golden Text for himself, which he thinks will fit the lesson almost as well as the one given us by authority.

I was told by a member of the committee which arranges our International Series that there is more discussion in the committee about choosing Golden Texts as well as more expostulation from the public after they are chosen, than on any other point; and I believed him. Older scholars might be asked to bring opinions or illustrations or facts about individual verses or clauses in the lesson.

WHERE TEN DINE ON ONE EGG.

One egg for ten guests, says a traveller, is the custom at the California ostrich farm.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he went to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich's egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard boiled egg was laid upon the plate.

But apart from its size, there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was one of the usual colour. It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg—and had no flavour peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to equal in weight the ostrich's egg which was cooked, it was evident the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare, and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that an ostrich egg is good fare.—*Junior Herald.*

Tell me,
Do you
Town

O, this wa
'Tis pick
drop
'Tis kissin
'Tis lea
pay
'Tis helpin
'Tis readi
pence
'Tis lovin
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SECOND

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1 Cor. 6. 1
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1. The R
2. J. A. t
3. The W
4. J. A. t
5. J. and
6. The G
7. J. A.
8. The H
9. J. our I
10. J. A. t
11. J. A. t
12. A.N.H

T

GOD TH
Gen. 1. 1-2

In the
heaven and

GROWN-UP LAND.

Tell me, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Do you know the way to Womanhood
Town?

O, this way and that way—never stop.
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will
drop;
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away;
'Tis learning that cross words never will
pay;
'Tis helping mother; 'tis sewing up rents;
'Tis reading and playing; 'tis saving the
pence;
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to
frown—
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town!

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I
pray.
Manhood Town lies where? Can you
tell the way?

O, by toiling and trying we reach that
land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand.
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill, Work;
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street,
Shirk;
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part;
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart;
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions
down—
O, that is the way to Manhood Town!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God hath both raised up the Lord, and
will also raise us up by his own power.—
1 Cor. 6. 14.

Titles and Golden Texts should be
thoroughly studied.

1. The R. of J. . . . Now is Christ—
2. J. A. to M. . . . Behold, I am—
3. The W. to E. . . . Did not our heart—
4. J. A. to the A. . . . Blessed are they—
5. J. and P. . . . Lovest thou—
6. The G. C. . . . Lo, I am with—
7. J. A. into H. . . . While he—
8. The H. S. G. . . . When he, the Spirit—
9. J. our H. P. in H. . . . He ever liveth—
10. J. A. to P. . . . I was not disobedient
11. J. A. to J. . . . Jesus Christ the—
12. A. N. H. & a N. E. He that overcometh

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I. [July 7.]

GOD THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS.

Gen. 1. 1-2, 3. Memory verses, 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In the beginning God created the
heaven and the earth.—Gen. 1. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

The first book of the Bible was written
by Moses. God speaks to us through it
by his servant. The name of the book is
"Genesis," which means "beginning,"
and so it is truly the "Book of Begin-
nings."

The wonderful story of creation is in
the first chapter of this book. You
should read the entire chapter to learn
what great things God could do. Our
lesson begins with the work of the sixth
day. On that day God created man.
He had made the sun, and moon, and
stars, the birds, and flowers, and animals,
and now he made man, with a mind and
heart to enjoy all these things. When
it was all done, God looked upon his work
and said that it was "very good," which
means that in his love and wisdom he had
made all things just as they should be.

On the seventh day God rested, and so
he blessed this day, and said that it should
forever be a holy day. This shows how
we should look upon and love the Sabbath
of the Lord our God.

Think what wonderful "days" these
were! We do not know how long they
were, but we do know that only a God of
great wisdom and power could have done
this work.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who made all things? God.
Where do we read about it? In Gene-
sis.

What is Genesis? The first book in
the Bible.

What does "Genesis" mean? The
beginning.

Who wrote this book? Moses.
Who told Moses what to say? God.

On which day did God create man?
On the sixth day.

What did he tell man to do? To
rule all living things.

What did God do on the seventh
day? He rested.

What does he want us to do on his day?
To rest.

What is it to create? To make out of
nothing.

Can man do this? No; only God.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony were mine," said a
little boy, who stood at a window, looking
down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked
his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."
"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."
"You'd have to let me ride him some-
times," said his brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right
to him if he were mine."

"Father would make you let me have
him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't."
"My children," said the mother, who
had been listening to them, and now saw

that they were beginning to get angry with
each other, all for nothing. "let me tell
you of a quarrel between two boys no
bigger nor older than you are, that I read
about the other day. They were going
along the road talking together in a plea-
sant way, when one of them said: 'I wish
I had all the pasture land in the world.'

The other said: 'And I wish I had
all the cattle in the world.'

"What would you do then?" asked his
friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your
pasture-land."

"No, you wouldn't, was the reply.
"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."
"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."
"I should."

"You shan't."
"I will."

"And with that they seized and
pounded each other like two silly, wicked
boys, as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother
said: "You see in what trifles quarrels
often begin. Were you any wiser than
these boys in your half-angry talk about
an imaginary pony? If I had not been
here, who knows but that you might have
been as silly and wicked as they were?"

JAMES AND JOHN.

James and John—for their mothers
agree in not allowing them to be called
"Jim" and "Jack"—are little neigh-
bours. Their houses are side by side on
the same street. There is a hole in the
fence between that, somehow, never gets
mended, for James and John go back and
forth through this hole instead of going
around by the front gate or climbing over
palings. As their mothers would rather
have them play with each other than with
the other boys, they let that hole stay.

James and John—not "Jim" and
"Jack," remember—are so fond of each
other that they were not satisfied until
they even got clothes exactly alike. So
they were given what they wanted, and
they looked so much alike that folks took
them for twins. On one of their birth-
days—for what one had, the other had;
and so they got two birthdays a year, for
each enjoyed the others as much as his
own—they had given to them a box of
carpenter's tools. Then they were happy.
They built boats, and made a house, with
chairs, table, and all. To see them at
play, you could hardly tell which was
James and which was John; and, what is
better, they were so unselfish in their
play that you could never tell which
things belonged to James and which be-
longed to John. They went home to
sleep at night, and each one kept his
mamma for his own; but the neighbours
called them "Two Peas," for, with the
same clothes, they were really "as like as
two peas."—*The Child's Gem.*



LEARNING TO SEW.

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

I was walking along the beach one day, when I saw a little boy sitting on the sand leaning up against a rock, tightly clasping a tiny sail-boat in his hands.

"How are you, my little sailor boy?" I said.

The rosy mouth parted with a smile.

"This is mine. I call her the *Mary Ann*, after father's ship, and he named his for mother," he said, looking down at the tiny vessel in his hands.

"So your father is captain of a sailing vessel, perhaps a fishing vessel?" I asked the young sailor.

"He's captain and owner too. I'm going with him as soon as mother will let me. She says I'm not big enough yet." And the little fellow heaved a big sigh.

"Is your father out in the fishing vessel now?" I asked.

"Not just now. He's in waiting for the mackerel schools; they'll be along soon. He's out now. That's one right there. I guess you're city folks. I'm not very big, but I believe I know lots more about the sea than you do."

I must have looked pretty meek, for he added: "Well, never mind, you can't ever be a sea captain like me; so you

needn't care if you don't know much about the sea, and fishing, and all that."

I said that I had read of women who ran steamboats down the Mississippi a great river.

"Is that true?" he asked, looking at me keenly.

"Yes, honour bright, it is true."

"Hum! well, a steamboat! and a river! that's different. That's not coasting away up Labrador in the icebergs. That's what I'm going to do."

"You will wait until you lose these curls, won't you?" I asked, with a laugh, touching the pretty golden ringlets that seemed to belong only to babyhood.

"Oh! well, mother likes them, and I'll just keep them till she is willing to cut them off. You see, I'm the youngest, and all the rest are dead, so she likes to baby me. There comes father. Good-bye."

And I saw the dear little sailor boy no more, for I had to leave the next day, but I often wonder if he has gone to sea yet. I think he will be a captain some day.

A DREAM AND A REALITY.

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am

tired of my house and grounds. Come and take care of them and I will give them to you." Then came an honoured judge, and said: "I want you to take my place. I am weary of being in court day after day. I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last shambled up old Tommy, and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave. I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."

This is a dream that is not a dream. For every boy in this land to-day, who lives to grow up, some position is waiting, as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honourable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which do you choose?—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

FOR THE GIRLS.

Are you ever cross and know it. Let me copy for you a helpful page from "*Lady Betty*," a lovely, old-fashioned, book that every girl will be the lovelier for reading.

"I wish that I could help being cross," said Lady Betty. "How can I?"

"You must ask the Lord to help," said I.

"And will he?"

"Yes, if you ask him earnestly; but then you must try hard not to let the cross words come out, even if you feel cross inside. If you don't say a word, you will get over it all the quicker. . . . I don't know that you can help feeling angry, but I will tell you how I help it sometimes: I just shut my mouth, and don't say one word, only repeat to myself the prayer for charity and the Lord's Prayer. If I am firm, and don't let myself speak one word, I can generally put down the feeling pretty soon; but if I begin to talk, all is over."

A COMFORTING CHILD.

It seems to me that in all the world there is not a sweeter child than the little girl I have in mind. Her hair hangs in lovely ringlets about her face, on which the dimples come and go, while the beautiful brown eyes dance with joy—that is, as a rule. But the other day, finding her mother in tears, the big eyes opened wide, and then, throwing her arms about the neck of "the one I love best," Nellie said, pleadingly: "Let me comfort you, mamma."

The sweet way in which she did this so touched her mother's caller that she said: "I haven't any little girl to comfort me when I'm in sorrow."—*Sunday-school Messenger.*