

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 17.

## A POUTING GIRL.

My mother says a girl she knows  
Whose face with love and kindness glows,  
Who carries sunshine where she goes—  
A darling little human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,  
Who frets at all she has to do;  
With sulky face she scowls  
at you,  
While anger clouds her eyes  
of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain  
to see,  
From mother's laughing  
face, that she  
Means one of those two  
girls for me—  
Now which, I wonder, can  
it be?

## WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL?

I said to Etta, who is  
my eldest daughter, "Etta,  
dear, I want you to help  
me sew an hour before you  
go out to trundle your hoop  
this afternoon."

"I don't want to. I  
want to join Fanny and  
Jennie and Nelly. We are  
going to have a nice time,"  
my child replied.

"No, you must sew an  
hour first," I said firmly.

Then with much frown-  
ing and pouting my child  
drew her hoop into a cor-  
ner, and taking her needle  
and her work, sewed in  
silence for an hour. Was  
that a nice way, think you, for Etta to treat  
her mother who had done so much for  
her? I hope, my dear children, you  
promptly and cheerfully do what mother  
asks, for you can never repay the debt of  
love you owe.

## A LITTLE RED GLOVE.

The twins were almost ready for church,  
they had on their white pique dresses,

starched as stiff as anything, and their red  
sashes; white pique bonnets with red  
ribbon strings and red slippers. I don't  
see what else little girls could expect to  
wear to church!

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute  
pair of little red gloves from Richmond,  
and this was the first chance they had had

But one little red glove was gone! It  
was not in the bureau drawer, and it was  
not in mother's glove-box, and it wasn't  
anywhere.

"Look in the slop-bowl, mamma," sug-  
gested Rosy, the tears trembling on her  
brown lashes. Rosy had had several sad  
experiences of finding things in the sicp-  
bowl that ought not to have  
been there. But the red  
glove was not in the slop-  
bowl.

Posy had hers on and  
buttoned tightly across her  
fat wrists, and she thought  
they were the prettiest  
things in the world.

The church bell began to  
ring, but no glove could be  
found. Poor Rosy! The  
tears rolled down her  
cheeks, keeping time to  
the ding-dong of the  
bell. But what was  
Posy doing!

With a very sober face  
Posy was tugging at her  
pretty gloves until at last  
they came off, turned inside  
out.

"There," she cried,  
"now we won't either of us  
wear them. Come on,  
Rosy."

Away flew the clouds  
from Rosy's face, and away  
twinkled the little feet over  
the fields to church. The  
day was warm, the sermon  
long, and our little maids  
took a sound nap in the mid-  
dle of it, but the best sermon  
of all to me was the sight  
of Posy's chubby bare  
hands, prettier than all the  
gloves in Paris, because they were holding  
fast to the Golden Rule.



NAUGHTY ETTA.

to wear them. They were fairly on their  
tiptoes, they were so eager to get their ten  
fat fingers into them.

"Here, Rose, honey," said their old  
colored nurse, "you jes' run youn fign-  
ers into dese while I looks for Posy's."

"But these are mine, Mammy," cried  
Posy. "See, they are marked on the in-  
side, 'Posy.'"

"All right, den, chile, I ain't carin' who  
dey 'ings to, jest so I finds t'odder one."

"Well," said little Frances indig-  
nantly, after a long search for her  
school-book strap, "I've hunted every  
single place where it could possibly be.  
Now I'm going to hunt where it can't  
possibly be, and I suppose I shall find it."  
This she proceeded to do with great  
success.

© Coasting Cats! my nerves you thrill  
As in your box you bounce and fly!  
If Jack  
and Jill  
are



### STAR TIME.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

'Tis star time! 'tis star time  
And time to go to bed;  
Late eyes are sleepy eyes,  
And tire the little head.

Far, far the tiny feet  
Have wandered through the day,  
Chasing the butterflies  
And learning games to play.

Much, much, the little eyes  
Discovered on the road,  
Watching the men at work,  
And riding on the load.

Star time! 'tis star time,  
And time to go to bed;  
Now I'll smooth the pillows  
Beneath the sleepy head.

### UNCLE TALKS.

WONDERFUL TREE OF MADAGASCAR.

There are trees on three sides of the homestead—a row of cherry-trees in the wide lane, some noble, towering maples in the rear, with a half-dozen fruit trees, and right before the door, and halfway between it and the gate, a grand old apple-tree, whose wide-spreading limbs make a favorite seat for the boys in summer, and whose sea of blossoms in spring is a marvel of beauty to all who live in the neighborhood. Its apples are the biggest, reddest and sweetest on any tree for miles around. But some of its limbs are showing signs of decay, and ere many more summers elapse the old tree must be brought under the axe.

"Dear old tree!" said the boys, when Uncle John, after inspecting it, the other day, told them of this decision. "It seems like a friend to us," added Tom.

"The young folks will miss it very much," said mamma, sadly.

"Yes," said Uncle John. "There is

life, but I never could make out just what it meant."

"It means," replied uncle, "that the trees are necessary to his comfort and, in some parts of our earth, to his very existence. There are trees in some countries that seem to supply almost everything that man needs for his subsistence."

"Tell us of them, uncle, please," cried Ted, who had been an eager listener. "Are they big apple-trees like ours?"

"No, my boy; they bear something that may not be quite so toothsome, but it is much more precious than a sweet apple. Humboldt," continued Uncle John, "mentions a tree he saw in South America, and which he calls the cow-tree. It is a tree so called because it takes the place of a cow in supplying the people with milk."

"How funny to think of wooden cows that give real good, sweet milk!" cried Ellie.

"Yes," continued the traveller, "these trees grow out of the rocks. They have large, wood roots, and the leaves are dry and leathery. For several months of the year no rain falls to moisten the leaves and the branches look dry and dead; but when the trunk is pierced, a sweet and nourishing milk oozes out. The best time for milking, the natives say, is at sunrise, and at that hour they go out with bowls and calabashes to pierce the wooden cows. They make incisions in the branches, and soon have the bowls overflowing with nice, fresh milk, which some drink on the spot, while others take it home to the little ones."

"But does it taste like real milk, uncle?" asked Tom, incredulously.

"So I gather from what travellers say. The smell is pleasant and the taste agreeable."

"There is surely no other plant like it in the world," said Ted, in wondering tones.

"Wrong, my boy. There are others, but they don't give milk. There's a remarkable tree in the island of Madagascar,

no plant in the whole world so deserving of man's affection as a tree; yet there is none that exacts less care and trouble at his hands. In our climate we think less of trees than people do in some other parts of the world."

"Oh, yes," said Ellie; "I remember reading the Bible, a little while ago, in Deuteronomy 22. 19, where it says 'the tree of the field is a man's

called, the 'Traveller's Tree.' The branches don't grow out of the trunk, but spring out in a line, like the spokes of a wheel. Each branch grows at the end of a big, broad leaf, which spreads out like a fan. Under the branches a dew collects in the evening in a myriad of drops that form little streams which run down the lower side of the branches. At the base of the branch is a cuplike hollow, where the dew gathers, and thirsty travellers have just to poke something between the branches and hold a cup or jar under, and it is speedily filled with sweet refreshing water."

"Another illustration of how our Heavenly Father provides for his creatures in all places," remarked mamma from the sofa.

"Yes; all trees are useful in some way or other," responded uncle, "but there are some whose every leaf, branch and fibre are valuable in various ways. The coconut is one of these; its fruit yields oil, a sugary milk and solid food, while from its rind or shell are made spoons, cups, bowls, and even tables. The bark of the tree is made into twine, cloth and mats; the tender young buds are eaten, and the sap makes capital sugar. The tough, leathery leaves are used for sails for boats, for sacks, for baskets, and thatch for cottages."

"Well!" exclaimed the deeply interested group, "surely no other tree can be so useful."

"Ah, but the bamboo in China is even more so," was the smiling reply. "It grows about eighty feet in height, and has neither blossom nor fruit. Its leaves are short and slender, but many of its canes are thicker than your papa's arm. The biggest stems are used for pillars of buildings and for rafters and planks, and its leaves are woven as thatching for the roof. The fibre makes mats for the floor. In many Chinese houses the bamboo is made into bedsteads, tables and chairs, and workmen also turn it into umbrellas, hats, baskets, cups, brooms, shoe-soles, pipes, bows and arrows, and sedan-chairs. The finer fibre is spun into twine, and the shavings are used for stuffing pillows. Its leaves make a capital cloak for wet days, and the chopsticks, which you have seen Chinamen use instead of knife and fork, are also made out of its stems. But that isn't the whole: its tender shoots are boiled and eaten and the pulp is transformed into paper, and the pith into pickles and sweetmeats. Boats, floats, sails, cable, rigging, fishing-rods and fishing-baskets are all made from the same tree. Chinese farmers have it in the form of carts, wheelbarrows, ploughs, wheels and fences. In fact, I might go on for an hour telling you about this remarkable tree which is everywhere used by the Celestials. It is the most useful plant on the globe."

## NOBODY.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"Nobody broke it! It cracked itself,  
It was clear away on the topmost shelf.  
—p'raps the kitty-cat knows!"

Says poor little Ned,  
With his eyes as red  
As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully  
Put my cap just where it ought to be.  
(No, 'tisn't ahind the door.)

And went and hid,  
Why of course it did,  
For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things will  
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone still!  
I was just jumping over the fence—

There's some spikes on top,  
And you have to drop  
Before you half commence."

Nobody! Wicked Sir Nobody!  
Playing such tricks on my children three!  
If I but set eyes on you,

You should find what you've lost!  
But that, to my cost,  
I never am like to do!

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED.  
IN THE GOSPELS.

## LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 2.

BARTIMEUS AND ZACCHAEUS.

Luke 18. 35-19. 10. Mem. verses, 42, 43.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is come to seek and save  
that which was lost.—Luke 19. 10.

## LESSON STORY.

Let us learn the names and the stories  
of these two noted New Testament charac-  
ters, Bartimeus and Zacchaeus.

Bartimeus was a poor blind man. It  
was his custom to sit by the roadside and  
beg. One day he heard unusual numbers  
passing and asked why it was. He was  
told that they were following Jesus. As  
soon as he knew this, he called out "Jesus,  
thou Son of David, have mercy on me."  
Then Jesus asked him what he would  
have. The poor blind man said, "O  
Lord, restore my sight." He had faith  
that Jesus could do it, so he received his  
sight.

Another example of faith is that of  
Zacchaeus. When he knew that Jesus was  
coming he climbed up into a tree, for he  
was short and was afraid he could not see.  
When Jesus saw him He knew he had  
faith. He told him to hurry down, for  
He wished to be his guest. Imagine the  
joy of this man, who knew he was a sin-  
ner, at the thought of having the Saviour

from sin stay in his home. That day did  
he indeed find salvation.

## LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Bartimeus? A blind beggar.
2. Where did he sit? By the roadside.
3. What did he hear one day? Crowds passing.
4. Who was with them? Jesus.
5. What did the blind man cry? "Son of David, have mercy on me."
6. What did Jesus do? Restored his sight on account of his faith.
7. Where did Zacchaeus climb? Into a tree.
8. Why? To get sight of Jesus.
9. What did Jesus say to him? "Come down: I must abide in thy house to-day."
10. What did he receive that day? Salvation.

## LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 9.

JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM.

Matt. 21. 1-17. Memory verses, 9-11.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of  
the Lord.—Matt. 21. 9.

## LESSON STORY.

I wonder if Happy Days readers know  
what Palm Sunday means. It is kept by  
some people in memory of the day when  
Jesus entered Jerusalem on donkey-back,  
and when the happy people and children  
spread palm branches before him. It was  
a triumphal entry, although in a humble  
way. There was no royal coach or body-  
guard of soldiers. Nevertheless the Sa-  
viour rode as King and was so greeted  
by the rejoicing people.

As soon as Jesus entered Jerusalem he  
went to the Temple and cast out the money-  
changers and those who would make a mar-  
ket-place of the house of God. Then the  
blind and the lame came in and Christ  
healed them.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Why do some people observe Palm Sunday? As the day that Christ entered Jerusalem in triumph.
2. On what did he ride? On a donkey.
3. What did the people do? Spread palm branches and sang joyfully.
4. Why were they so happy? Because they accepted Jesus as their King.
5. Where did Jesus go? To the Temple.
6. What did he do there? Put out those who were selling.
7. Why did he do this? Because it was the house of God.

I would sooner walk in the dark, and  
hold hard to a promise of my God, than  
trust in the light of the brightest day that  
ever dawned.—C. H. Spurgeon.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I come to-night with loving thanks  
For father and for mother;  
But most of all, dear Lord, for him,  
We call our Elder Brother.

I come to-night with loving thanks  
For those who are to me so kind,  
For pleasant schoolmates, happy days,  
For health and strength and mind.

I come to-night with loving thanks,  
Dear Lord; for I would show  
That gratitude within my heart  
Doth sweetly spring and grow.

## MARY THE HINDU CHRISTIAN.

When Mary was a little girl of six years  
old she was married to an old Brahman  
priest. When she was eleven she had to  
go and live with her cruel old husband as  
his wife. All her happy childish days  
were now over for ever. She was shut up  
in a big dark room with three other wives  
of the old Brahman, without books or toys  
or sewing.

One day a missionary lady came to the  
house and asked if she might teach this  
poor little girl to read. The old man said  
"You might as well try to teach my cow."

But in a few months he was astonished  
to hear little Mary read. All this time  
Mary was learning about Jesus and how  
he had died for her, and she told her hus-  
band she could not worship idols any more.

When the old Brahman heard that he  
took Mary and beat her cruelly, and sent  
the missionary away. But down in a dark  
corner Mary had hidden a Testament and  
a hymn-book, and every moment she could  
get she spent in reading them.

One day her husband found her with  
the Testament, and took it away and tore  
it up and then beat her again. But still  
Jesus kept his little lamb and said, "No  
one shall be able to snatch her out of my  
hand."

One day her husband found her hymn-  
book. In a rage he tore up the little girl's  
last treasure, and then dragged Mary to the  
fire and with red-hot iron burned away the  
palm of her hand. But even this was not  
enough. He gave her another cruel beat-  
ing and kicked her into the street half  
dead. The Lord Jesus sent one of his mis-  
sionaries along, and she was carried safely  
to the missionary's house, where she was  
loved and cared for.

Mary is now a happy Christian in a  
mission school, and to-day she is singing  
from her Bengali hymn-book, "I am so  
glad that Jesus loves me." She loves her  
Bible, she loves to pray, and she loves to  
work for Jesus, and every day she is grow-  
ing to be more like him.



THE "TRAVELLER'S TREE" OF MADAGASCAR.

## THE FAR COUNTRY.

You stand at the brim o' the hill, little girl,  
And look with a sweet despair  
At the melting hilltops of purple red,  
With the fleecy bars of the blue o'erhead,  
And you want to be running still, little girl,

To the country of Over There.

Oh, a brave, brave country it shows, little girl,

With colors and trappings rare,  
A bustle of happy sounds and sights,  
A glistening current of sweet delights,  
Where every one's known and knows, little girl,

In the country of Over There.

There are strains of a sweeter song, little girl,

Than hearts of this land can bear;

There are delicate whispers and flitting feet,

And gay, bright, laughing pleasures fleet,  
Where nothing but sorrow's wrong, little girl,

In that country of Over There.

But no one can tell you the way, little girl,

To that land so dear and fair;  
It glows in the sunset pools of light,  
It shines in the starry clouds at night,  
And only your heart can stray, little girl,  
To the country of Over There.

## ONE MAN'S WORK.

Some seventy years ago a Harrow boy of noble birth was standing not far from the school gates when he saw with indignation the horrible levity with which some drunken men were conducting a funeral.

Then and there that generous boy dedicated himself to defend through life the cause of the oppressed, to pity the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and to see that those in need and necessity had right done them.

To this high service he felt himself to be anointed as by the hands of invisible consecration; and nobly was his vow fulfilled. He saved the little chimney-sweeps from the brutalities to which they were subjected. He mitigated or cancelled the horrors of factories and mines. He founded ragged schools. He helped the poor costermongers. He went about, like the knights of old, redressing human wrongs. To few men has it been given to achieve more for the amelioration of the human race.

He passed, as all the truest and bravest men pass, through hurricanes of calumny, and felt the heartsickness of hope deferred amid painful isolation. Never was there a more remarkable and beautiful sight than that of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his noble lot to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to sink into the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

His name was Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury. His statue stands by the western gate of the great abbey, chiselled in marble not whiter than his life, and the two mighty monosyllables carved upon it,

"Love, serve,"

are the best epitome to the best work of the young man in the church.

## THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

A little girl of six years old was playing on the verandah of a summer hotel the other day, and a lady sitting near said to her:

"Do you remember Jessie, with whom you used to play?"

"Yes, we were in the same weader (reader). Jessie has gone up to live in heaven with Jesus."

"There are four of Jessie's family there—a little sister and two little brothers—Jessie and Florence, Harry and Arthur."

"How nice!" said the little girl simply and with an air of conviction. It was to her as if the four little ones had gone away together to a very pleasant place, to be very happy, as indeed they had.

The faith of childhood accepts literally the promises of the Saviour. If we could all become as little children!

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard, scratching. In an indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."