

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1902.

No. 9.

## ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together  
The figures on my slate;  
The teacher calls it "adding,"  
And I like it first-rate.  
There's one queer thing about it  
Whenever you got ten,  
You have to "carry one,"  
she says  
And then begin again.  
That's what we do with  
pennies:  
When I have ten, you  
see,  
I "carry one" to Jesus,  
Who's done so much for  
me.

## ON THE BRINK OF DANGER.

This young lady, while trying to pluck a flower on the brink of Niagara, fell over the cliff and was killed. So many persons, while trying to pluck the pleasures of sin, fall into peril and are destroyed.

## MARGERY AND PETER.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Margery is five, and Peter is one year old. Perhaps I ought to explain that Peter is a snow-white cat. Then you will understand why Peter seems the older. It is easy for him to keep still, and he never frets or complains unless he really has to. Mamma has to go and see Aunt Betty, who was almost ill with headache, and as it was Saturday, Margery had to stay home with Peter and Nora O'Dowd, the cook.

"If I do not return before three o'clock, you may go and see Grandma Dill, and stay just an hour," said mamma, as she was about to start; "and in any event you must be a good girl, dear, and remember Peter's little wants."

"Yes, ma'am," said Margery, and when

mamma disappeared around the corner she hugged Peter, saying, "Just as if you wasn't my ownest cat!"

There were picture-books, and beside Peter there were six dolls to fill Margery's time; but for all that it just snailed to three. At least Margery thought so, and

past the hour his mistress returned, he mewed for joy, and then he rubbed himself against her chubby legs and began to mew softly about something else. But Margery did not mind him, her head was so full of what grandma had told her.

"If you didn't eat birds you might have heard all she read yourself," said she, shaking her finger at him. "But you know a grandma who isn't your really, truly grandma can't be bothered with cats when she has a canary."

"Mew," said Peter, politely.

"I'll take my big picture-book and play reading to you," said Margery, putting the big book on the floor. "I'm going to read you about water."

"Mew," said Peter.

"Now, you stop 'rup-tin'. Water is gas. No, it's two gases. You know we burn a gas every night, and when you turn it on you don't see it till you scratch a match. Well, one of the kinds of gases in water they put in balloons when they want to sail up to the clouds. I saw a girl go up in one at the fair, when we were at Grandpa Burton's, and he said she was a goose. Well, that kind of gas blows up if it catches afire, and come to think of it so does the other. And we breathe the other, and its name is oxy—oxygen. There, I did remember it. Grandma said if I did I would be a smart girl."

"Mee-ew," said Peter, putting a velvet paw on Margery's arm! "Mee-ee-



ON THE BRINK OF DANGER.

when Nora had wrapped her up, she darted over to see Grandma Dill in two minutes. After she was gone, time seemed to snail for Peter. He sprang into the window seat and watched with his big yellow eyes, and when just ten minutes

ee-ew!"

"Poor, dependent kitty!" cried mamma, who had just come in, and pointing to Peter's empty saucer. "What a cat wants is water to drink, not to hear what water is made of."

"I was trying to 'prove his mind," pouted Margery.

"You must improve your own," said mamma. "If you cannot attend to his wants, I must give him to some one who will."

Peter's water saucer has not been empty since that evening, and it is Margery who fills it.

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 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 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 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 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1902.

### "WHAT AM I GOING TO BE?"

It may be that already the question has come into your mind: "What am I going to be?" Sometimes it takes a long while to answer that question, because there are two points to be considered: First, to be something; secondly, what? A sensible man doesn't set a boat adrift when he wants to make a journey in her. He starts for some particular place, and rows toward it; and before he starts he decides to what place he wants to go. Then every stroke of the oar brings him nearer his journey's end. Like the man at the oars, make every stroke tell. God didn't send you into the world to drift aimlessly about, like a boat without oars or rudder. Take each duty, and do it faithfully as a preparation for something beyond; and, with all the rest, do not forget that a noble Christian manhood is the highest aim for which you can possibly strive.

God never gives but one moment at a time, and does not give a second until he withdraws the first.—Fenelon.

A duck of a boy may make a goose of a man.

### THE SCHOOL IN THE GARDEN.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It was a curious pet to have, but grown people choose strange pets sometimes, and why may not children?

Aunt Mary thought it wasn't very nice, because one night when she slept downstairs alone, Teddy's pet goose came along the piazza and pecked at her window blind making her suspect a burglar.

Teddy had the joke on her that time.

"Afraid of a goose, Aunt May," and the persistent tease kept it up, till Miss Marion would have shaken him if he had been her own child.

She really did say "You little plague!"

But that was under her breath, and she was sorry the next minute.

There was another boy besides Teddy—Alfred by name. He was too little to see

And the goose said "Quack!"  
"Pretty good. Now d-o-g, dog."  
But the goose said "Quack!" once more.

Aunt Marion listened, and she thought: "The big goose doesn't imitate Teddy so closely as little goose Alfred does." Then she prayed silently that Teddy might always be a good boy, and thus make Alfred a good boy. She knew what great influence an older brother has over a younger one.

"Teddy is old enough to think. We'll have a confidential talk about it some day pretty soon."

### LESSONS FOR A BOY.

I overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment; and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him I came out on the piazza beside him, and said "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected, "why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common-sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think that there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt," Karl began; then he stopped,

blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—Church Record.

### CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

In many parts of England the old custom prevails of crowning the May Queen with dance and song. The method shown in our picture seems to be much better. Not one alone is crowned with flowers, but several; the most diligent scholars are, at the summer picnic of the school, crowned with flowers and with the love of their teachers and fellow-scholars.



CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

jokes yet, but he laughed every time Teddy laughed. Only when the goose waddled off into the water as it would sometimes, Alfred cried for fear it might be drowned. Then Aunt Marion caught the boy in her arms, hugged him and said, "You're a goosie yourself." Alfred thought that was a compliment.

Teddy had a plan. "We'll tell it how to read."

"Es," said Alfred, who didn't know how himself.

Of course the goose came to school obediently, because it followed the boys anywhere. School kept out on the garden bench.

"Now, spell c-a-t, cat," Teddy began.

"Pell tat," echoed Alfred.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."



THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY W. J. ATKINSON.

"O mamma, who is the man I see  
 Away far-off in the moon up there?  
 Was he once just a little boy like me  
 With arms and legs and curly hair?"

"And mamma, why is his face so bright?  
 And where does he stay all day?  
 And why does he only come out at night  
 When I have to come in from play?"

"Does he have to look at each tiny star  
 To see if the lamps are lit?  
 And why do they twinkle and jump and  
 jar?  
 Don't you think his burners fit?"

"Or don't he use burners, mamma, at all  
 In his house up there in the sky?  
 I guess he just pushes a thing in the wall  
 Like papa and you." And a sigh

Came from the wearied and wee chubby  
 lad  
 As he climbed on his mother's knee,  
 And whispered, "Mamma, if I'm not a  
 bit bad,  
 Can we go to the moon, you and me?"

"And why"—but the rest I did not hear,  
 'Twas said too low for a stranger's ear;  
 For Morpheus had gently kissed his brow  
 And the wondering child was sleeping  
 now.  
 Caledon, Ont.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON V. [May 4.]

THE CHURCH AT ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

Acts 11. 19-30. Memorize verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of the Lord was with them:  
 and a great number believed, and turned  
 unto the Lord.—Acts 11. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

You remember that after Stephen's death the Jews were very cruel to the Christians so that many went away from Jerusalem and wherever they went they talked and preached the Gospel of Jesus. Antioch in Syria was a heathen city, but the people were more kind to Christians than the Jews were. Barnabas went there to preach, and so many became Christians that Barnabas went to Tarsus to ask Saul to come and help him. Tarsus was the place where Saul was born. He came willingly, and for a year the little church grew in the beautiful old city of Antioch on the seashore. It was here that the disciples

were first called Christians, and they still keep that name.

Saul and Barnabas went to Jerusalem once that year. They were to carry money from the Christians of Antioch to the poor Christians of Jerusalem, because there was a famine and food was very scarce. Though they were far away and strangers, the Lord's love made them one. It is always so with true Christians; it is a joy to them to help one another.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who drove believers out of Judea? The cruel Jews.

What did this help do? Spread the good news.

Where did some go? To Antioch.

Where is this city? In Syria, by the seashore.

Who went there to preach? Barnabas.

Whom did he get to help him? Saul.

What did they do there? They started a church.

How long did they stay? One year.

Where were disciples first called Christians? In Antioch.

Who were in need of help? Poor Christians in Jerusalem.

Who sent money to them? The Christians in Antioch.

What did this show? A spirit of real love.

LESSON VI. [May 11.]

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12. 1-9. Memorize verses 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

There had been a time of peace at Jerusalem, for the Jews had trouble with the Romans and forgot to persecute the disciples of Christ. But another Herod, as cruel as the others, had become king, and he had killed James, the brother of John, and now wished to kill Peter, so he put him in prison and set sixteen soldiers to guard him.

The disciples prayed every hour for Peter, and the night that Herod was to take his life, though he was sleeping between two soldiers, and bound with two chains, he was set free. An angel came and waked him, struck off his chains, and led him out into the street, and away from the prison. When the angel had left him he went to the house of Mary, where the disciples were praying for him. He knocked and a girl named Rhoda came to ask who it was. When he said "Peter" she was so glad that she forgot to open the gate, but ran to tell the others. But Peter still knocked, and when they had let him in he told the wonderful story of the angel's visit. We do not see the angels that lead us through danger, but we may be sure that the Lord sends them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the new king of Judea? Herod Agrippa.

Was this the one who killed the babies? No; it was his grandfather.

Whom did this one kill? James, the brother of John.

Whom did he put in prison? Peter.

Who kept guard over him? Sixteen soldiers.

How did he sleep? Chained to two soldiers.

What were the disciples doing? Praying for Peter.

How did God answer? He set Peter free.

In what way? An angel brought him out of prison.

What became of his chains? They fell off.

Where did he go? To the house where his friends were praying for him.

Who watches over all his children? The good God.

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

Annie was saying her prayers; Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white, golden curls and snowy gown, by the bed's side.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be put out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O dearing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading; "it's as flat as a board and hard as a stone. I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now."

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best, the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft, and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.—*Early Days.*



PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

### A NIGHT FISHER.

While we are all sleeping, the otter, like the owl, frequently makes this its time for catching its prey. It is a shy animal, and at the approach of the trapper it dives into the stream and remains under water, after a while coming to the surface some distance from where it entered the water.

It is a rapid swimmer, and its webbed toes and strong tail serve as excellent oars and rudder in its water journeys. By the help of its strong tail it can change its course quickly if pursued.

The fur of the otter is much sought for, and the trapper has watched the habits of this creature closely until he has found that it has a custom of sliding down slippery banks or icy places; so he sets a trap at the foot of these slopes in order to catch it.

The otter, if taken when young, can, like the seal, be trained and domesticated, and made to perform many strange feats. It becomes attached to its trainer,

and will follow him and return to him when called. Sometimes a fisherman keeps an otter to help drive fish into a net.

### THE MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A certain old man used to say to his granddaughter, when she was out of temper or naughty in any way: "Mary, Mary, take care; there's a mouse in the pantry!"

At this she would often cease crying, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but she never found one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry; and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked so often."

He smiled, and said: "Come; I will tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good,

and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep them out, you must set a trap, the trap of watchfulness."

### THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

At evening when the lamp is lit  
Around the lamp my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow around the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are the starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,  
As if in fire-lit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of story-books.

### NO USE FOR IT.

At school little boys and girls learn lessons about how many inches make a foot, how many ounces make a pound, and how many farthings make a penny.

One day, when the lesson was the table called "ale and beer measure" a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said his lesson, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the teacher.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we both mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

### THE SURE WAY.

Little five-year-old Alice was sitting on her father's knee in the cosy parlour. Her father was speaking with some friends about temperance. During a break in the conversation the little girl looked up; her father's face and said, "But, papa, if no one should begin to drink, there would be no drunkards." The little one had learned a great truth.