

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1901

No. 5.

## "SHE NODDIT TO ME."

BY A. DEWAR WILLOCK.

An old woman standing at her cottage door sees the royal train passing, and has the good fortune to obtain a bow and a smile from her Majesty, hence the title, "She Noddit to Me."

I'm but an auld body,  
Living up in Deeside,  
In a twa-roomed bit hoosie,  
Wi' a toofa' beside;  
Wi' ma coo an' ma grumphy,  
I'm as happy's a bee,  
But I'm far prooder noo,  
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—  
I'm gie trig an' hale,  
Can plant twa-three tawties,  
An' look aifter my kale;  
An' when oor Queen passes,  
I rin oot to see,  
Gin by luck she nicht notice  
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,  
And the blinds were aye  
doon,  
Till last week the time  
O' her veesit cam' roon,  
I waved my bit apron,  
As brisk's I could dee,  
An' the Queen lauched fu'  
kindly,  
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—  
It's nae eese to freit—  
An' yet when I think o't  
I'm sair like to greet,  
She may feel for my sorrow—  
She's a mither, ye see,—  
An' maybe she kent o't  
When she noddit to me!

## A MANLY BOY.

In the window seat of the playroom sat two little children studying their Sunday-lesson. Perhaps I had better not say little children, for if Hal heard it he might feel hurt. He likes to think of himself as being almost a man.

Though he is not yet seven, and small for his age, he is really a manly boy. You never saw any one run more quickly when mamma calls than he; and then he does

her messages so well, and helps her in every way he can think of.

As for Doris, I don't know what she would do without him. He dresses her in the morning, takes her to and from school, holds the umbrella over her when it rains, plays with her, and, as they are doing now teaches her the Golden Text.

mamma says, it just means we have to listen to what she tells us to do, and then go and do it right away; and we have to listen to what God says, and then go and do that right away too. You know it is of no use hearing, if we don't do it, Doris."

Just then mamma peeped in at the door and said, "If my big boy and little girl know their Sunday-school lesson by the time I am ready to go to grandma's I am going to take them with me."

You may be sure the lesson was quickly learned, and when mamma was ready, she found two happy children waiting for her.

## THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY VIOLET ROBINSON.

It was lunch day in the primary school. Miss Austin had laid a red cloth on the table and a blue plate at each place. The children were emptying their baskets.

Rob saw something new in Nellie's basket—a little cake covered with pink frosting with a white candy swan on top of it. There was only one. All the rest was bread and butter.

The children began to pass their plates to one another. Soon Nellie reached hers across to Rob.

In a minute his fingers were on the pretty biscuit. Nellie's face fell, but she said nothing.

What was it, I wonder, that made Rob think of Sunday's text?—"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

"No," thought Rob, "I won't take it, I wouldn't like Nellie to do it to me." So he took a piece of bread instead.

When he turned round from passing his gingerbread to Tom Adams he found the candy swan at his plate. Nellie had cut it off and given it to him. I think she knew the text too.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Doris wants to go and play, but Hal says:

"Well, a Miss Gordon asks all those who know the text to stand up, you will want to stand up with me, won't you?"

"But it is a big one, and I don't know what it means," objected Doris.

"It is not very big," said Hal, "and

## A MUSIC LESSON.

BY RUTH CADY.

You can learn to play it, dearie,  
Hold it up just so.  
Put your finger here where mine is;  
Touch it soft and low.  
Lots of tunes are shut up in it,  
Just like birds with wings;  
And it sets them all to flying  
When you touch the strings.

If you try your very hardest,  
You can learn to play:  
Then maybe we'll give a concert  
For poor folks with wings,  
When you play as well as I do.  
We can do it soon,  
For I know six exercises  
And 'most half a tune!

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1901.

## KIND-HEARTED CARLO.

Jack and Carlo are fast friends, though Jack is fifteen years old, and Carlo but three. Jack is a poor old sorrel horse, so lean he shows all his ribs, and Carlo is a homely little yellow dog; but when I tell you what he really did, you will think he has as noble a heart as the most costly, fancy-bred dog could possibly have.

Jack's master drove him to town one day, and Carlo followed along behind the waggon as usual. When his master hitched Jack in front of the store and went in to do his trading, Carlo climbed up on the waggon seat, lay down with his nose on his paws, and appeared to be asleep. Old Jack hung down his head and went to sleep, too.

A grocer's team dashed by with a basket of big, red apples, and one of them bounded off and rolled across the street. Quick as a flash Carlo bounded out of the

waggon and caught the apple almost before it stopped. What do you think he did with it?

He carried it in his mouth, and standing on his hind legs gave it to Jack, who "woke up bright," and took the apple as readily as it was offered. Carlo stood and watched Jack chew it down, seeming to enjoy it equally with him, then went back and climbed up on the waggon seat again, with a happy sigh of satisfaction.

Wasn't that lovely?

## MR. BUZZ'S POWDER-BOX.

Mr. Buzz was dreadfully angry. He fussed and fumed and scolded away until Mrs. Buzz, who had just stepped into Neighbour Rose's to borrow a little perfume, came flying back to see what could be the matter. "Dear, dear, Bumby, what is it?" she asked, looking very cross at having to come home so soon.

"What is it?" he repeated with a scowl. "Well, it's enough to make any bee stinging mad. Some one has been at my powder-box. Here I've spent half the afternoon brushing up my velvet suit, and was all ready to powder up, and there isn't enough left to dust a housefly's foot."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Buzz, with a reproving shake of her wise little head, "I wouldn't make such a time over it; we can find some more."

"There isn't another bit like it on the place, and we haven't time now to go scouring around for any. The party begins at four, and it's after three now. I'd counted on looking my best. Mr. Stinger has been rubbing up his yellow jacket all day. Mr. Hopper says he's worn out six flies' wings on it. "I wish folks would leave my things alone!" he added, as he angrily stamped the floor of his pretty little "Lily Lodge."

"Now, Bumby," began his wife—but she broke off in astonishment as Mr. Buzz suddenly darted off towards the hotel veranda.

"O!" screamed Dorothy Bell; "go 'way, you horrid thing!"

"Give me back my powder! give me back my powder!" said Mr. Buzz, trying hard to light on her chubby little nose.

But Dorothy didn't understand the talk, and only screamed harder.

"Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking at him with her sand-shovel. "O mamma, mamma, come quick!"

Mrs. Bell dropped her sewing, and came running out of the sitting-room door just as Mr. Buzz fluttered down at Dorothy's feet with a broken wing. "There! he shan't try to sting my little girl again," she said crushing him with her foot. "O!" she laughed as she caught sight of Dorothy's nose. "What a funny-looking little girl! You've been smelling that big tiger lily, and now just come and look at your face."

How Dorothy laughed when Uncle Jack held her up at the buffet mirror!

Out in the "Lily Lodge" a little bee wife sat in her best black-and-gold gown waiting, waiting, all the long afternoon

"Mr. Stinger was the best-dressed man on the floor," so the Gats told her the next morning; but on a violet leaf Mrs. Buzz had found part of a crumpled black velvet suit, and she had no heart to listen.

## WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning—all but the buttons "that run up and down ahind."

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder-blades, so he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work he had on hand, the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort, so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down, "hind side 'fore," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now," shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said papa, soberly, "You haven't put everything on yet!"

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you!"

And, if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.

## I CAN.

I read about a little child who was often called "Little I Can." Why did they call her so? Because she was always ready to jump up to wait on some one, and to say: "I can; yes, I can." Would not you like to be so called?

You may long for better chances. All right, if you do not long in a bitter, discontented way. If you do your best with what aids you have, you will be better fitted for wider privileges and higher places, and they are pretty sure to come to such kinds of workers. No matter about the kind of work which is yours, if it is right work. The lowliest of labour can be done with the highest spirit and intent, as well as so-called greater deeds. "Do your best," tending baby, washing dishes, learning that hard history or algebra or music lesson. Let it be your best truly everywhere, whatever it is, right along. The strong Helper is always at hand. And then see how fast you rise.

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Matt. 26. 5

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## THE STORY OF THE CHRIST.

If you'll listen, little children,  
I will tell a story true,  
Of a loving little baby,  
That up to manhood grew;  
All the little children loved him,  
Many grown-up people, too,  
For he always helped and blessed them  
In all the ways he knew.

Now you know, dear little children,  
Though we sometimes try with might,  
Our hands forget their loving,  
Our faces lose their light;  
But his hands were always loving,  
His eyes were always kind,  
And he never was too busy  
To heal the sick and blind.

Now his feet seemed never weary,  
They would travel day or night,  
If, by going on a journey,  
He could make a sad face bright.  
Only words both kind and gentle  
From his lips were ever heard,  
And though many people called him,  
He heard their every word.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

## LESSON X. [March 10.]

## JESUS AND CAIAPHAS.

Matt. 26. 57-68. Memory verses, 62-64.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

## THE LESSON STORY.

What a strange, sad night was this for the Lord and his disciples! Away through the moon-lighted streets of Jerusalem the rude soldiers led Jesus to the high priest's palace, where many scribes and elders were waiting. Do not forget that the disciples were so much afraid that they all ran away and left Jesus alone in the hands of his enemies.

When a prisoner is brought before a judge it is because some one thinks he has done wrong. But no one could tell of any wrong thing that the holy Jesus had ever done, and so wicked men were hired to come and bear false witness against him. But these witness did not agree, and at last the high priest asked Jesus if he was really the Messiah for whom the Jews were looking. When Jesus said he was, the high priest pretended to be shocked, and said that this was blasphemy, and that Jesus ought to be put to death. Then followed such a shameful scene that it is hard to read, or even think of it. What must it have been, then, for our divine Lord to have borne it!

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To whom was Jesus taken? To the high priest.

Who was the high priest? Caiaphas.  
Who were with him in his palace?  
Many scribes and elders.  
Why were they there in the night?  
They were waiting for Jesus.  
What was Jesus now? A prisoner.  
Had he done wrong? No; he was without sin.

Who were hired to say that he had done wrong? Bad men.  
What did the high priest ask Jesus?  
If he was God's Son.  
What did Jesus say? That he was.  
What did the high priest say then?  
That this was blasphemy.  
What is blasphemy? A great sin.  
Was Jesus guilty of it? No; he had told the truth.

## LESSON XI. [March 17.]

## JESUS AND PILATE.

Luke 23. 13-26. Memory verses, 20-24.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23. 4.

## THE LESSON STORY.

If you will read Luke 23 1-13, you will learn how Jesus was sent from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back to Pilate. Perhaps you do not know why the Jews did not put Jesus to death. They had no right to condemn a prisoner to death. The Romans were the rulers in Palestine, and so the high priest had to send Jesus to Pilate.

Read the whole story carefully, and you will see how weak and wicked a man Pilate was. He did not believe that Jesus was a bad man, but he was afraid he might lose his place and power if he displeased the Jews. Even now people sometimes turn away from following Jesus for fear they might lose pleasure, or riches, or honour. How foolish it is to fear anything but sin.

This story teaches a lesson about choosing. Does it seem strange that the Jews would choose Barabbas, a man whom they knew to be a thief and murderer? But they were really choosing self in choosing Barabbas. They were determined to have their own way at any cost, and so Jesus gave up his life for the "sin of the world."

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Pilate? A Roman governor.  
Who sent Jesus to him? The high priest.

What did he want Pilate to do? Put Jesus to death.

What did Pilate say? "I find no fault in him."

What did the people cry? "Crucify him."

Why did not Pilate let Jesus go? He feared the Jews.

What did he do at last? Said that Jesus must die.

What did this show? How weak and wicked he was.

Between whom did the Jews choose? Jesus and Barabbas.

Who was Barabbas? A very bad man.

When do we make a bad choice? When we choose our own way.

Why was Jesus crucified? To save you and me.

## HOW ADA TRIED TO BE NAUGHTY.

BY GULIELMA ZOLLINGER.

Ada was three years old, and she thought she was such a big girl that surely now she need not be put to bed at dark.

"I don't want to be put to bed," she wailed, one evening. "I want to go myself."

"You must be put to bed, my dear, till you can unbutton your own dress," said mother.

Ada kept still to think a moment. One cannot think when one is crying, you know; that is, when one is trying very hard to cry as loudly as possible and tears are scarce. Suddenly she reached one hand behind her and fumbled at the only button she could reach on her small back, but she could not get it out of the button-hole. Then she sighed. Mother had just begun to smile, thinking that now all the trouble was over and her small daughter would be reasonable, when Ada began to cry again.

"Anyway, I don't want to be put to bed at dark," she wailed. "I want to sit up ever and ever so long, like big folks."

"Like big folks!" said mother, pleasantly. "It is nicer for little girls to go to bed like the birds and the chickens and the little lambs and the flowers." By this time mother, who was talking very slowly and working very fast, had the day clothes all off and the little night-dress on, and before she knew it Ada had said her prayer and was laid gently on her bed.

"Be good, my darling, and go to sleep," said mother, as she kissed her good-night. Then mother went away.

"I don't want to be good!" said Ada. "I'll be bad! I will not go to sleep! I'll stay awake ever and ever so long, like big folks! I don't want to be birds and chickens and lambs and flowers! I want to be big folks!" Then she opened her eyes very wide.

But in five minutes she found out that it is sometimes very hard work to hold eyes open. Ten minutes later when mother came back into the room, there lay Ada like the birds and the chickens and the lambs and the flowers, fast asleep.

"How did you like being naughty last night?" asked mother the next day.

"Did you hear me?" said Ada, astonished.

"Yes, how did you like it?"  
Ada hung her head. "I tried," she said, "but I couldn't. My eyes wouldn't stay open."

Were there ever such sweet words as these? Who spoke them? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"



EIGHT O'CLOCK.

#### A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

A little song for bedtime,  
When robed in gowns of white,  
All sleepy little children  
Set sail across the night  
For that pleasant, pleasant country  
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,  
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,  
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy,  
And the heavy lids droop down  
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,  
Gray eyes and eyes of brown;  
A thousand boats for dreamland  
Are waiting in a row,  
And the ferrymen are calling,  
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Then the sleepy little children,  
Fill the boats along the shore,  
And go sailing off to dreamland,  
And the dipping of the oar  
In the sea of sleep makes music  
That the children only know  
When they answer to the boatman's  
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,  
Ere you sail away from me,  
In the boat of dreams that's waiting  
To bear you o'er the sea:  
Take a kiss, and give one,  
And then away you go,  
A-sailing into Dreamland  
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

#### HOW TED LENT A HAND.

He is such a little boy, this Ted, and his legs are so short and his chubby fists are so very wee that you might think he would have to wait quite a long time before he could lend a hand that would be of any use; but he does not think so.

There was a fine shower the other night, and in the morning what should Ted see, right in front of his home, on prim, precise Cottage Street, but a mud-puddle? yes, a dirty, delightful mud-puddle! How he hurried through his breakfast so as not to lose a minute!

He had a baker's dozen of beautiful mud pies on the curb, and was admiring them for a moment while he rested, when bump! a big bundle came down upon those lovely pies, flattening them dreadfully.

He jumped up, frowning, but when he saw the tired, sad face of the poor old washerwoman, Mrs. Connolly, the frown smoothed itself into a dimple smile; and he picked up that bundle, which had dropped off the tired arms which held several others, and carried it 'way to the avenue, which was as far as mamma let her little man explore the city, on account of the electric cars.

There he touched his hat and bowed, just as he had seen big brother Don do on the way to church when he met any of the college girls.

And Mrs. Connolly stood and smiled after him as he ran back to rebuild his pie. Such a happy little face! The solemn, slow-paced professor whom he met brightened up and stepped off briskly and began to whistle—actually whistle! Think of it! So you see Teddy lent, not only a hand, but two feet and a happy face, even if he was such a little boy.

#### THE BEST KIND OF RICHES.

Hope Brandon was considered a very rich little girl because her papa had a great deal of money, and Hope was allowed to buy almost anything she wanted.

As she had no brothers or sisters with whom to share her pretty things, she grew very selfish. She thought she ought have her own way in everything. Having our own way does not make us really happy, so you see she was only rich in money, and not in happiness, which is the best kind of riches.

In this she was very poor indeed. But she did not stay poor always, for at church one Sunday the minister preached a beautiful sermon to the children, which made a great difference in Hope's life.

The minister chose for his text the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

He said, when it was hard to be unselfish Jesus was always ready to help if we only asked him to do so. Hope listened and longed to be like the loving, gentle Jesus. She felt a new love to him growing in her heart.

When she went home she went to her own room, and, kneeling down, told Jesus that she loved him, and wanted to please him every day. She asked to be shown how she might help others.

At first it was hard to give up her own way, but Jesus helped her every time, and made it grow more and more easy for her.

She tried to be always on the lookout for something to do for others. Soon she learned to enjoy pleasing other people more than to please herself. Indeed she was so happy in her new life that she thanked God for it every day.