

# HAPPY DAYS

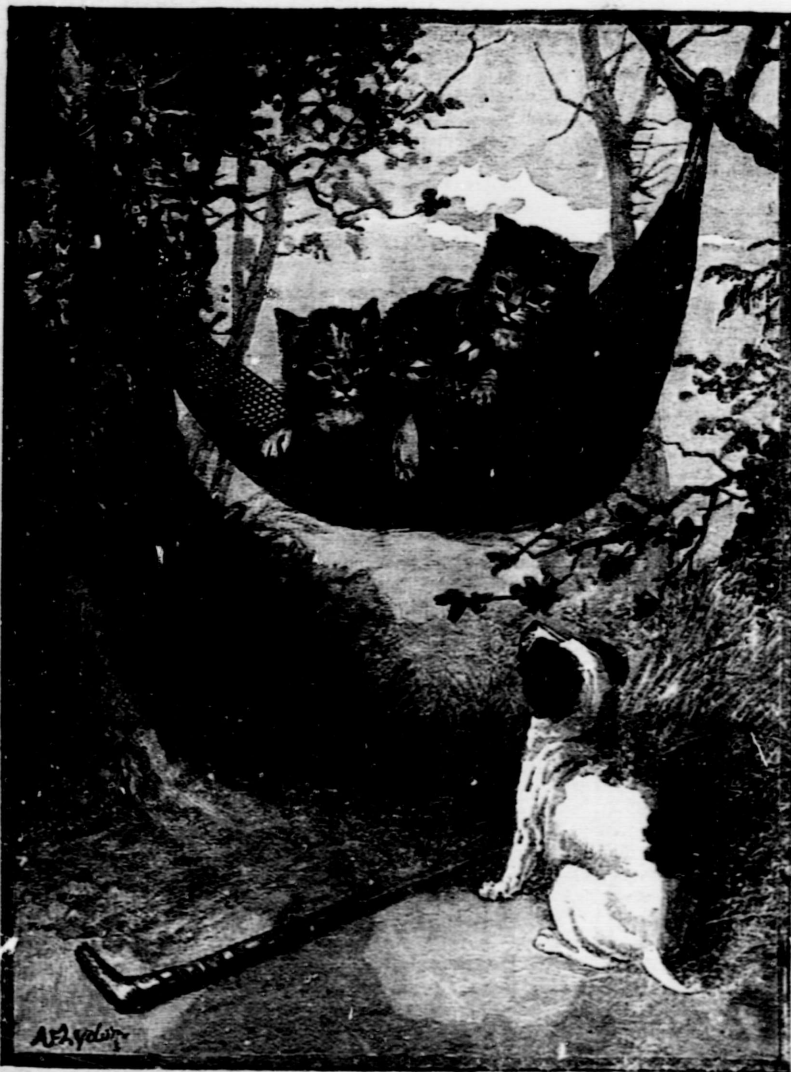
Vol. XXI

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1906.

No. 8.

## THE SIEGE.

Cats and dogs do not, as a rule, make very good friends. Perhaps Joggie is usually to blame for this. He never seems able to come near a cat without behaving rudely, and barking at her until she flies in terror to some place of shelter. With her sharp claws, kitty can easily climb a tree and so get out of her enemy's way. Three kittens were playing happily together in a garden when a black and white dog, named Spot, came along and frightened them away. Up a tree they scrambled and down into a nice, comfortable hammock they climbed. Here they are safe out of Spot's reach. He thinks he will just sit still under that hammock until the kittens are so hungry they will have to come down. But Spot forgets that he soon grows tired and hungry himself, and in a few minutes he will run away to his master. Then the kittens will go on with their game of "Cat's leap-frog." Some



THE SIEGE.

little boys, I am afraid, are something like naughty Spot, and think it fun to spoil some other boys' or girls' game.

called for supper, the house was lighted and we had a fine time. Try it and see if it is not a good plan.

But we think none of our boys would act like that. They have been taught the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

## FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLK

"Auntie, please tell me something nice to do; I'm tired of Sabbath. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything."

"Well, let me see," said auntie. "Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?"

"Yes: Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said auntie: "Benjamin. Now a C."

"Cain." "Right," said Aunt Sarah.

"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing our talk: "Daniel."

And so we went through the alphabet; and before we thought of it we were

if it is not a good plan.

## AT SLEEPY-TIME.

What do little chickens say  
When the sun goes down?  
They say, "Peep, peep, peep!"  
We're so glad to go to sleep!"—  
These fuzzy little balls of yellow down.

What do little birdies say  
When the sun goes down?  
They say, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"  
It's so good to go to sleep."  
And they cuddle in their little beds so  
warm.

What does little Johnny say  
When the sun goes down?  
Why, he cries, cries, cries,  
And rubs his sleepy eyes,  
And says he wishes bedtime wouldn't  
come.

## 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, 36 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., 80c., monthly.	0 65
Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly under 5 copies.	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., 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 26 to 28 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

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

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1906.

## THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Jean and Juliet had been quite sick for the first time in their lives. They were twins and their father said that he must have them different or he could never tell them apart. So at last mother hit on a plan. Juliet, whose hair was curly, wore long curls tied with a pink ribbon, and Jean wore her straight hair short and no ribbon.

They were much better of their sickness, but still had to stay in bed, propped up with pillows. Jean's doll lay on the bed fast asleep. Juliet was eagerly watching the window, but Jean kept her face close to her sister's, for it hurt her head to look out of the window.

"He is so long!" sighed Juliet. They were waiting for the doctor, whom they dearly loved.

In a few minutes there he was, smiling, cheery and ready to tell them a story. This time it was about a dear little boy at the hospital. The doctor had just been to see him. He had had a finger cut off and had been very brave about it. His mother lived many miles away and couldn't come to be with him.

"Dear me!" said Jean, "I thought we had had times, but he has worse." (Jean always said "worse" for worse.)

"Perhaps mother will let me send him my animal book," Juliet said, quickly.

"I'd like to send him that easy game for one to play," Jean said.

So, when the good doctor left, his pockets bulged out more than usual. For in them were a game and a big book for brave little Arthur.

Then the little girls talked of him the rest of the day, and forgot their own aches.

## THREE QUESTIONS AND ONE ANSWER.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

When little Frances and Edgar first got out of the big hot city last summer, they were as full of frolic as two little lambs in the meadow. The good old black mammy had hard work to keep up with their small, twinkling feet. But that was nothing to the trouble she had to keep up with their flying tongues! They both asked questions with every breath, and both at the same time.

"Dar now!" said mammy at last, "I gwine answer jes' t'ree mo' questions dis day; jes' t'ree and no mo'!"

This stopped the little tongues for a while; Frances and Edgar did not want to waste their three precious questions, for fear something might come along which they would be crazy to hear about, but presently Frances could hold in no longer; they were walking down the village street, with its little wooden cottages, set back in groves of trees, so unlike the tall city houses they had left with seraps of grass plots in front.

"Mammy," said the child, "what makes the houses so little and the yards so big out here?"

Mammy thought a minute and then answered, "Becuz men made de houses, and God made de yards."

God? Yes, to be sure, the children looked up into the wide sky and felt God near.

But Edgar's question followed next; it was late evening, and the villagers' strolling cows were slowly making their way back to pails and milking buckets, with never a driver in sight.

"Mammy," said Edgar, "how do the cows find the way home?"

The country-born old woman's answer was ready:

"Dem cows is God's creeters; he shows 'em de way."

God again. God must live always in the country, thought the children.

But houses, yards and cows were forgotten when our little ones met a child crying on the roadside, because he had fallen and hurt himself. He said his name was Jim, and he had no mother and he was hungry.

"Mammy," cried both children at once, "why hasn't Jim got any mother?"

Mammy had one reason, it seems, for all questions: "God took her," she said, "so as you and me mought be good to dis chile."

Then for the rest of the summer Mammy and Frances and Edgar were "good" to little motherless Jim, God's orphan.

## THE EASTER ANGELS.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

God hath sent his angels  
To the earth again,  
Bringing joyful tidings  
To the sons of men.

They who first at Christmas  
Thronged the heavenly way,  
Now beside the tomb door  
Sit on Easter Day.

Angels sing his triumph,  
As you sing his birth,  
"Christ the Lord is risen,  
Peace, good will on earth."

God has still his angels  
Helping at his word,  
All his faithful children,  
Like their faithful Lord.

Soothing them in sorrow,  
Arming them in strife,  
Opening wide the tomb doors  
Leading into life.

Father, send thine angels  
Unto us, we pray;  
Leave us not to wander  
All along our way.

Let them guard and guide us,  
Whereso'er we be,  
Till our resurrection  
Bring us home to thee.

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said: "Poor little Willie lies here. We are too poor to buy him a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live, nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.

**EASTER MORNING.**

Waken, little people,  
Waken, children dear!  
Listen, from the steeple  
Bells are pealing clear;  
"We ring  
For the birthday of the spring;  
We bring  
The happy Easter Day."

Bells of silver lilies  
Softly stir to-day;  
Though their chime so still is,  
Yet they seem to say,  
"We ring  
Only perfume-music as we swing;  
We spring  
On the happy Easter Day."

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

**LESSON V.—APRIL 29.**

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mark 4. 1-20. Memory verse, 20.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8-11.

**LESSON STORY.**

This is a very beautiful and true parable. Let every little child try to understand and learn it.

A sower went out to sow. He carried his seed in a big bag tied on like an apron.

As he would take a handful from the bag some of the seeds fell by the wayside and the birds quickly ate them up. Some fell on stony ground where there was no rich earth. It sprang up quickly but soon withered. Other tiny seeds fell among thorns, but when it tried to grow was choked by the thorns. But some fell on good ground and brought forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold.

Jesus explained the parable thus:

The sower soweth the word of God. The wayside ones are those who let Satan steal the seed from their hearts.

The stony ones are those who receive the word gladly, but when trouble comes they forget the promises and do not trust in God. The same way with the thorny ones. They let the things of this world choke out the things of the Spirit.

The good ground is that of hearts which receive the word of God and bring forth fruit.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

1. What is a parable? A story with a lesson in it.

2. Is a parable hard to understand? No, they are always simple.

3. Who is the sower? Any one who tells us of Jesus.

4. What is the seed? The Word of God.

5. Where is the seed sown? In our hearts.

6. Is it our fault if our hearts are stony or thorny? Yes.

7. How can we make them? Like rich soil that will yield fruit.

**LESSON VI.—MAY 6.**

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.

Matt. 13. 24-30, 36-43. Memory verse, 30.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

**LESSON STORY.**

The kingdom of Heaven, Jesus said, is like unto a man who sowed good seed in his field. But in the night, when no one was watching, an evil person came and sowed tares. When the good seed began to put forth little shoots the tares did also. The servants were told not to touch the field lest they tore up good grain with the tares. When harvest time came the two would be separated.

Jesus said this parable meant that the sower of the good seed is the Son of man. The field is the world, the harvest is the end of the world. The sower of tares is the devil, and the reapers are the angels. The tares or those who followed the evil one shall be burned. But those who were good shall be taken to be for ever with their Heavenly Father, in a glorious kingdom of light and joy.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

1. What is the Kingdom of Heaven likened to? A man who sowed good seed in his field.

2. Who is the sower? The Son of man.

3. Who soweth the tares? The evil one.

4. What is the field? The world.

5. Who are the good seed? Children of Righteousness.

6. Who are the tares? Children of wickedness.

7. What is the harvest? The end of the world.

8. Who are the reapers? The angels.

**WHO FOUND THE RIBBONS.**

"Shut your eyes and hold your ears," said Baby Bess; "we're going to play hunt the handkerchief, only I can't find my handkerchief, and I'll hide my ribbon instead."

So she tiptoed across the room and laid the ribbon on the window-sill behind the flower-pots.

Edna and Harold had a long hunt for it, and when they gave it up Baby Bess

herself could not find it. There was the window-sill, there were the flower-pots, but no ribbon could be seen. Where had it gone?

Now it happened that morning that Mrs. Oriole was building her nest, and when she spied the baby's ribbon in the open window she thought: "Ah, that is just what I want for my children's bed."

So she took it in her bill and carried it away with her.

When autumn came and the leaves fell, the children saw an empty oriole's nest in the elm-tree, and Harold climbed up and brought it down.

Then what do you think he found in it? How the children all laughed! For there in the bottom of the nest was Baby Bess' blue ribbon, just where Mrs. Oriole wove it in to make a soft bed for her children.

**KEEPING AT IT.**

"How do you expect to get through that snowdrift?" asked a passer-by of a little boy who was shovelling a path through a large snowbank in front of his house.

"By keeping at it," answered the boy, who had only a small shovel with which to work.

That was the right spirit with which to succeed. The boy who keeps at it will dig out a path through the deepest snowdrift, and if he shows the same spirit of perseverance in meeting all other obstacles, he will become a successful man when he grows up.

**OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.**

A boy left his home in the country and came to live in the city. His companions asked him one day to go with them to a place of amusement, to which his parents had told him not to go; so he replied: "No; I will not go."

"Oh," said one of his companions, "we see you are afraid of your mother."

"Yes," said the brave boy, "I am afraid of grieving my good, kind mother by doing what I know she would not like."

**WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.**

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The red rose says, "Be sweet."

And the lily bids, "Be pure."

The hardy, brave chrysanthemum.

"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,

Nor grudge, nor count the cost,"

The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming

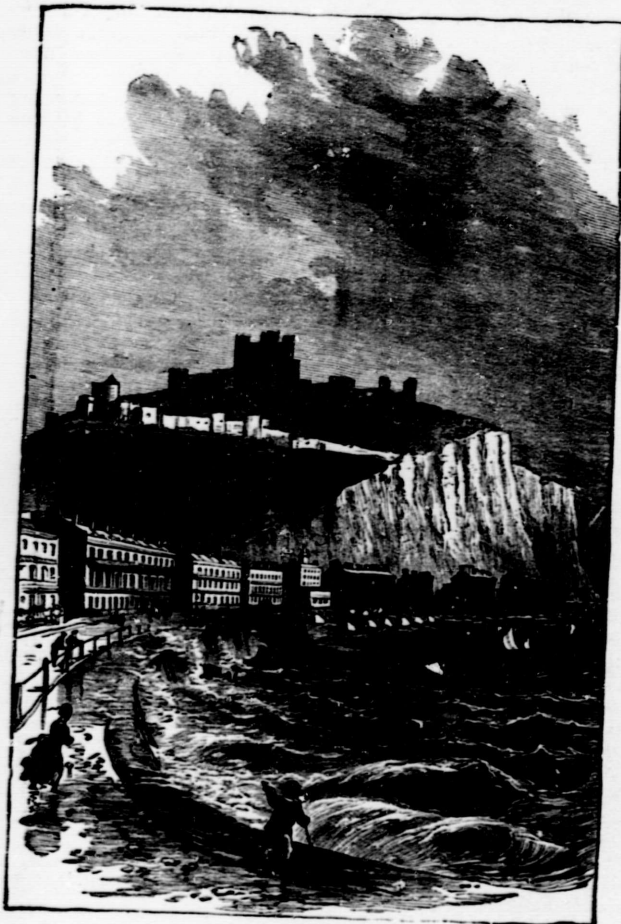
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower

Has each a several word,

Which, read together, maketh up

The message of the Lord.



DOVER AND ITS CASTLE.

## DOVER AND ITS CASTLE.

The city of Dover is situated about seventy-two miles from London, England, in a main valley of the Chalk Hills, corresponding with the opposite cliffs between Calais and Boulogne. Its dominant object is the Castle on the east heights. Within its walls stands the Roman Pharos; the Romano-British fortress church, forming a primitive Christian relic, unique in Christendom; some remains of a Saxon fort; and the massive keep and subsidiary defences of Norman building. These ancient works provide for a garrison of 758; but they are now covered by the superior site of Fort Burgoyne, a position of great strength for 221 men. The western heights, where is still the foundation of a consort Roman Pharos, forms a circuit of elaborate fortifications, with provision for 3,010 troops. Between these and stretching inland lies the town.

The Dover Cliff rises precipitously to a great height above the sea. It was the white face of these chalk cliffs that gave

to Britain in the olden times the name of "Albion," from the Latin word *Alba*, white. The following is Shakespeare's vivid description of the view from the cliff to the waves beneath:

"Here's the place:—stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing the  
midway air,  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles; half way  
down,  
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—  
dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his  
head:  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring  
bark,  
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a  
buoy,  
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring  
surge,  
That on the unnumbered pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no  
more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient  
sight  
Topple me down headlong."

## LITTLE GERTIE.

BY RAE FURLANDS.

Little Gertie was an orphan. Her papa had gone home to God when she was only two years old. She was nearly seven now, and her mamma had just been gone a week.

Gertie had no brothers or sisters, but knew nearly all the little children on the street.

Aunt Emma, who had been caring for Gertie since mamma was taken ill, now said she must go home, and as Gertie could not be left alone, she must go with her.

All her playmates were sorry to part with their gentle little friend, and some of them cried when they wished her "Good-bye," and the fathers and mothers said, "We are going to lose our little peace-maker."

This was true. Gertie was so gentle and loving that unkind words and angry looks could not stay where she was. No wonder her friends both big and little wanted to keep her.

In Aunt Emma's room there were nine boys and girls, each of whom wanted his or her own way almost all the time. This of course made constant quarrelling. Poor Gertie felt very badly about it, and often wanted to go off to a little corner all alone and cry.

But after a while her cousins began to watch the little girl who was so willing to give up her own way in order to please others, and sometimes one or the other would follow her example. Each time they did it made it a little easier for the next, and as the days passed on there were more often kind words heard and sunny faces seen.

Then the tired look began to disappear from mamma's face, until at last it was as if they were all made over into a new family. Uncle said, "We were all sick when Gertie came, but her gentleness has made us well."

Would you like to hear what sort of questions the schoolboys had to answer nineteen centuries ago? Very well, you shall. A rabbi, who lived nearly twenty years before Christ was born, set his pupils thinking by asking them: "What is the best thing for a man to possess?" One of them replied, "A kind nature;" another, "A good companion;" another, "A good neighbor;" but one of them, named Eleazer, said, "A good heart."  
"I like your answer best, Eleazer," said the master, "because it includes all the rest."