

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1904.

No. 14

## WHO KILLED WILLIE?

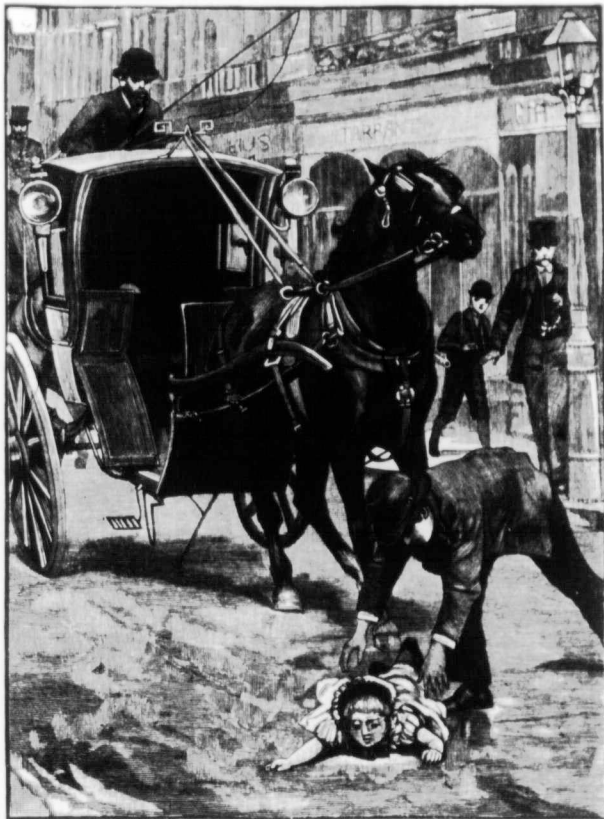
"Please, mamma, what are you thinking about?" said Ernest to his mother one day, when she did not answer one of his questions, but appeared to be lost very deeply in thought.

"I am thinking about who murdered Willie," said his mother.

"Who was he?" and "Who murdered him?" were questions all asked in one breath by Ernest.

"I'll tell you about it, Ernest. There is a green grass mound in the churchyard of a village on the hills, where the stone markers are. The little fellow who now lies in that humble grave was the sweetest little boy in that rude place. He was the son of a poor but decent woman, whom you know very well. She had other children who were all very dear to her, but she had none so lovely as Willie. He was 'the flower of the flock,' she said. Indeed, he was so gentle and affectionate and obedient, that all who knew him loved him.

"One day he was sent to the stone quarry with the dinner of a man who was working there, and he gave him a glass of ale. He might as well have given him a glass of poison. Poor child! His father had killed himself with drink, and yet—can it be believed?—Willie's mother had never told him of the dan-



CHILD RESCUE IN A LONDON STREET.

ger in tasting, and so the poor child tasted that one glass of ale, and it was his last. As he was returning from the quarry he felt the poison running through his limbs, making them tremble at first, and then bow beneath him; so he got on the cart with which he was going back to the village. They were expecting him at home and wondered why he stayed so long. Little did they think they should

never hear Willie's voice again. They went rattling on over the rough road, then jolt, jolt over a large tree, which, as Willie could not steady himself, threw him off, again the broad wheel jolted—crash. It has crushed little Willie! Poor murdered Willie! There he lay, the curls, and the blue eyes, and the dimpled mouth, and the rosy cheeks, were all crushed in the cart rut. There lay one of the many victims of strong drink! Strong drink murdered Willie!"

## A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Compositions, so called, are not written for amusement, but are sometimes very amusing. Here, for example, is what a schoolboy has to say about girls, according to one of our exchanges:

Girls are very stuck up, and dignified in their manner and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dolls and

They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time, and go to church on Sunday. They are always making fun of boys' hands, and they say, "How dirty!" They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, "Ain't the moon lovely?"

## WHAT CAN I DO.

A little girl I am indeed,  
 And little do I know;  
 Much help and care I yet shall need,  
 That I may wiser grow—  
 If I may ever hope to do  
 Things good, and great, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try  
 To do what good I may;  
 God never meant that such as I  
 Should only live to play,  
 And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,  
 And sleep and wake, and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
 Or one kind, loving deed,  
 May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
 Prove like a little seed;  
 And who can tell what good may spring  
 From such a very little thing?

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1904.

## WINNING THE PRIZE.

BY A LITTLE ONE.

Alta was nine years old, and very bright, and far advanced in her studies for a girl of that age, especially spelling. She was in the class with girls and boys of sixteen and seventeen.

At the beginning of the term the teacher offered a prize to the one getting the most headmarks, and Alta had resolved to win it. She took her speller home almost every night, and studied, too. She did not do as some children do, take the book home and not think of it again till school-time the next morning.

School usually commenced the first Monday of September, and lasted nine months.

The first week of November, one of the small boys went home with a high fever, and the next morning he was no better; the doctor was sent for, and he pronounced it a case of measles. As the weather was fine, he did not catch cold, and was able to be at school again the next Monday.

The next week was cold and stormy, and several of the children stayed at home on account of being exposed to the measles, and Alta's mamma wanted very much to keep her at home, but Alta was so afraid she would not get the prize, she begged to go, and her mamma, much against her good judgment, did not prevent her.

On Friday morning, Alta felt bad, but was too ambitious to give up, so she said nothing to her mother, but went to school as usual. At recess, her face was flushed and a few tiny red specks began to make their appearance. The teacher told her she had better home, but Alta said, "I'd rather wait till after we spell, for I'm head," and again she had her own way.

The little red marks kept coming, and the teacher, really alarmed now, heard the class recite before its regular time, then asked one of the large girls to go home with her, so she would know Alta reached home all right.

It was growing colder, and the wind was blowing hard, but it was only a short distance they had to go, about a quarter of a mile.

How surprised Alta's mother was, for strange to say, she had not noticed anything unusual about her little daughter that morning!

Alta was soon in bed, where she lay restlessly tossing and moaning.

No little red specks could be seen now, and Alta was a very sick child for nearly two weeks. Part of the time she was delirious, and in her delirium she would spell word after word.

When she was able to sit up, she was looking out of window, when the children were going home from school, and many of them nodded and waved to her—how pleased she was to even see her playmates from a distance!

After they had all passed, her mother found her softly crying to herself; when asked the reason, she replied, "Oh, I can never get the prize now, after being out of school so long."

Presently some one knocked on the door; it was Alta's teacher, and how pleased she was to see how much improved her little pupil was!

Of course, Alta asked, "Who has the most headmarks?" and was glad to know it was her dearest little friend Anna, who was one year older than herself.

Although Alta was behind in all her lessons, she did not give up, but studied harder than ever when she was well enough to go back to school.

Anna, no doubt, would have won the prize; but her Aunt Mary was going to Niagara Falls, and wanted Anna to accompany her. She was not as anxious to go as her parents were to have her go, for they knew what she saw while gone would be very interesting and instructive, for travel is a good teacher.

She was gone eight days, and in all she missed eleven days of school, and Alta was now again at the head of the class.

On the last day the prize was awarded to Alta, but she only had one headmark more than Anna. The prize was the book called "Paul and Virginia."

## CHASED BY A PRESIDENT.

Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children. At Canton, before and after the election of 1896, the young boys and girls of the town, knowing the reception which they would find at the famous little house in Market Street, had a way of running in quite informally to see the wife of the future president. One day during a rainstorm a ragged little fellow walked up the yard to the porch and tried to get in at the door. In some way he had heard the Mrs. McKinley liked little boys, and he, too, wanted the honour of her caresses.

And perhaps he should see and speak with the President himself—who could tell? So he marched bravely up, all by himself. But he didn't know how to ring the bell, and his little knocking brought no response. No one happened to hear him, and he waited and waited, his head sinking lower and lower under his torn dingy jacket. After a time hope and courage failed him, and he started mournfully away, the tears gathering in his brown eyes. Some one in the house saw him as he walked sadly down to the gate, and called the attention of Mr. McKinley to him.

Quick as a flash the president-elect ran out of the house hatless in the rain, and brought the lad back with him, when Mrs. McKinley's kindness and a big plate of ice-cream rewarded him for all his trials.

It is not every poor boy that has had President of the United States chasing him bareheaded in a rainstorm.

## A GOOD RULE.

Keep to the right, within and without,  
 With stranger and kindred and friend;  
 Keep to the right, and you need have no doubt

That all will be well in the end.

**NEVER GET ANGRY.**

Do not ever get angry when you are at play,  
 Good temper will gain you a friend;  
 But sour looks and words drive companions away,  
 And lead to a sorrowful end.

Nor ever get angry when you are at school,  
 If you would a rich reward earn,  
 Be cheerful and practise each wise golden rule,  
 And soon every lesson you'll learn.

Nor ever get angry when you are at home,  
 Let love and affection there reign;  
 Where angry words enter, oft quarrels will come,  
 And there lead to sorrow and pain.

Nor ever get angry when you are abroad,  
 Strive wisely right habits to form,  
 For better is he who can thus obey God,  
 Than he who can great cities storm.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

**LESSON II.—JULY 10.**

**JEROBOAM'S IDOLATRY.**

Kings 12. 25-33. Memorize verses 28-30.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Keep yourselves from idols.—1 John 5. 21.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Though Rehoboam, King of Judah, had so small a part of the land to reign over after the division of the kingdom, he had the beautiful city of Jerusalem that held the golden temple that Solomon had built. Besides that there were palaces and gardens and fish pools and great treasure gathered by Solomon within a region spreading fifty miles each way, for the little tribe of Benjamin was joined to Judah. The great feasts of the Jewish church were always held at Jerusalem, and from every part of the land of Israel the people gathered to worship in the temple and keep the Lord's commands. Yet many mingled their worship of the Lord at Jerusalem with a worship of household idols at home. When the new king of Israel, Jeroboam, was building up Shechem, in Mount Ephraim, for his capital city, he thought a great deal about that wonderful temple in Jerusalem. "When the people go up again to sacrifice in the temple," he thought, "Rehoboam will win their hearts, and they will kill me and go back to him. What shall I do?" A wicked thought came into his

mind, and he made it a wicked deed. He made two golden calves, and set up one in the northern part of his kingdom, and the other in the southern part, and sent word through all Israel that, as Jerusalem was too far for them to go, he had set up places of sacrifice for them, and the gods that brought them out of the land of Egypt were there. This became a great sin of both king and people, which brought trouble and death with it.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

Where was the kingdom of Judah? In the southern part of Palestine.

Who was the king? Rehoboam, the son of Solomon.

What was in Judah? Jerusalem and the Golden Temple.

What was the kingdom of Israel? All the rest of Palestine.

Who was king of Israel? Jeroboam, the son of Nebat.

What was the capital city? Shechem, in Mount Ephraim.

What did he fear? That his people would go to Jerusalem to sacrifice.

What did he do? He set up idol-worship in his own kingdom.

What were the idols? Two golden calves.

Where were they placed? In Bethel and in Dan.

Did the people worship them? Yes. Against whom did they sin? The one true God.

**LESSON III.—JULY 17.**

**ASA'S GOOD REIGN.**

2 Chron. 14. 1-12. Memorize verses 2-5.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee.—2 Chron. 14. 11.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

After Rehoboam, King of Judah, died his son Abijah reigned for three years and was no better than his father; but his son Asa, who became king, was a good man, and for forty-one years kept the pure worship of God in the temple at Jerusalem. He took away the altars of strange gods that were upon the hills, and cut down the groves around them, and broke the idols, and commanded his people to seek the Lord only and do his commandments.

Then God gave the people of Judah rest, and they built walls and towers around their cities, and through ten years of peace prospered. Asa, too, built up his army, so that he might be ready when any of the nations around him made war upon him.

That soon happened, for Zerah, the Ethiopian, came out against Judah with a thousand thousand men, while Asa had hardly more than five hundred thousand.

Then Asa, instead of sending to other nations to help him, offered a prayer to the Lord, which many have since found a great help in time of trouble. A part of it is in our Golden Text. He said, as he faced that great army in the valley of Zephathah, "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God: let not man prevail against thee." So the Lord helped Judah, and their enemies fled.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

Who reigned in Judah after Rehoboam? His son Abijah.

Who followed Abijah? Asa, his son.

What can you say of him? He was a wise and good man.

What did he first do? Sought the God of his fathers.

What did he do next? He broke down idols and their altars.

What did Judah have for ten years? Rest from wars.

Who first made war with Asa? Zerah, the Ethiopian.

How large was his army? There was a thousand thousand men.

Did Asa go to meet him? Yes.

What did he do before the battle? He prayed to God.

What is a part of his prayer? The Golden Text.

Which army conquered? Asa's army, because God helped Asa.

**WAKING UP.**

The brown earth was fast asleep. Folded under her thick coverlet lay the seeds of the flowers and the bulbs of the tulips and hyacinths. She was so fast asleep, with all her children, that even the south wind could not rouse her, though he shook the branches of the trees softly and whispered, "Spring is here, Mother Earth! Wake up!" But the brown earth slept on.

The sun shone bright in the sky. "Wake up!" he cried. "I have come for the summer to make a long stay with you. Where are your beautiful garments of grass and flowers? Wake up and put them on." But the earth did not hear, though she felt warmer.

Then April came merrily along. A bee flew beside her, and a bird perched on a bush and sang loudly as she passed.

"April is here! April is here! A welcome to April," he sang over and over again, and the bee buzzed with all his might, though he could not sing a note.

Then April laid her rosy palm upon the cheek of the sleeping earth. "Wake up!" she cried, in her laughing voice. And all of a sudden the earth woke up!



MASTER CHARLES AND HIS HORSE.

## MY BOY.

It was not on the field of battle,  
 It was not with a ship at sea,  
 But a fate far worse than either  
 That stole him away from me  
 'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,  
 That the reason and senses drown;  
 He drank the alluring poison,  
 And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,  
 To the depths of disgrace and sin,  
 Down to a worthless being  
 From the hopes of what might have  
 been;  
 For the brand of the beast besotted,  
 He bartered his manhood's crown;  
 Through the gate of a sinful pleasure,  
 My poor, weak boy went down.

## A KIND VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and griefs, and falls

like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.

## THE PICTURE.

Papa was away off on the big ocean, and he could not come home for three years, so mamma said she wanted to send him something to help him remember his four little children. So she took them all down to the place where they take pictures; and the man made them stand in a pretty group and told them to look right at a queer box on long legs. They stood still. The man squeezed a rubber ball that was fastened to a box by a rubber cord, there was a little click, and the man said:

"That is all. You may go now."

"Where is my picture? I want to see it," said little Baby Paul.

"You will see it next week, little one," said the man.

Sure enough, in ten days there came home a dozen pretty pictures. There was Grace with her doll, and Ned with his red fez cap upon his head—only it wasn't red in the picture—Helen with her hand up to her fat cheek, and Baby Paul with his cart and dolly, looking as if he expected the picture to come right out of the little round hole he looked into.

Captain Papa, as the little folks called him, was very glad indeed to have this

picture to look at when he was far away from his dear little children. But papa was not likely to forget his little ones even if their pictures had not been taken. He loved them so well that their picture were in his heart; it was not possible to forget them.

## WHAT LOVE IS.

"One afternoon," writes a teacher, "just after school had closed, as I was locking my desk preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed up on the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me. 'I love you, teacher,' he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" asked.

"It's what makes us good to folks," he replied."

Was that not a good answer, and as true as it was good? It was our Lord's love that made him so good to us in living and dying for our sakes. Let us all try to get a great deal of the love that makes us good to folks.

## A WILL AND A WAY.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"O yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"O yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"O I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"O I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors which he passed as they went through the city. The teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the sign-boards of the houses. What may not be done by trying? "Where there is a will there is a way."

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If you have anything to do, do it once. Don't sit down in the rocking-chair and lose three-quarters of an hour dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first.

Keep this motto: Be on time in small things, as well as great. The boy who behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life.

