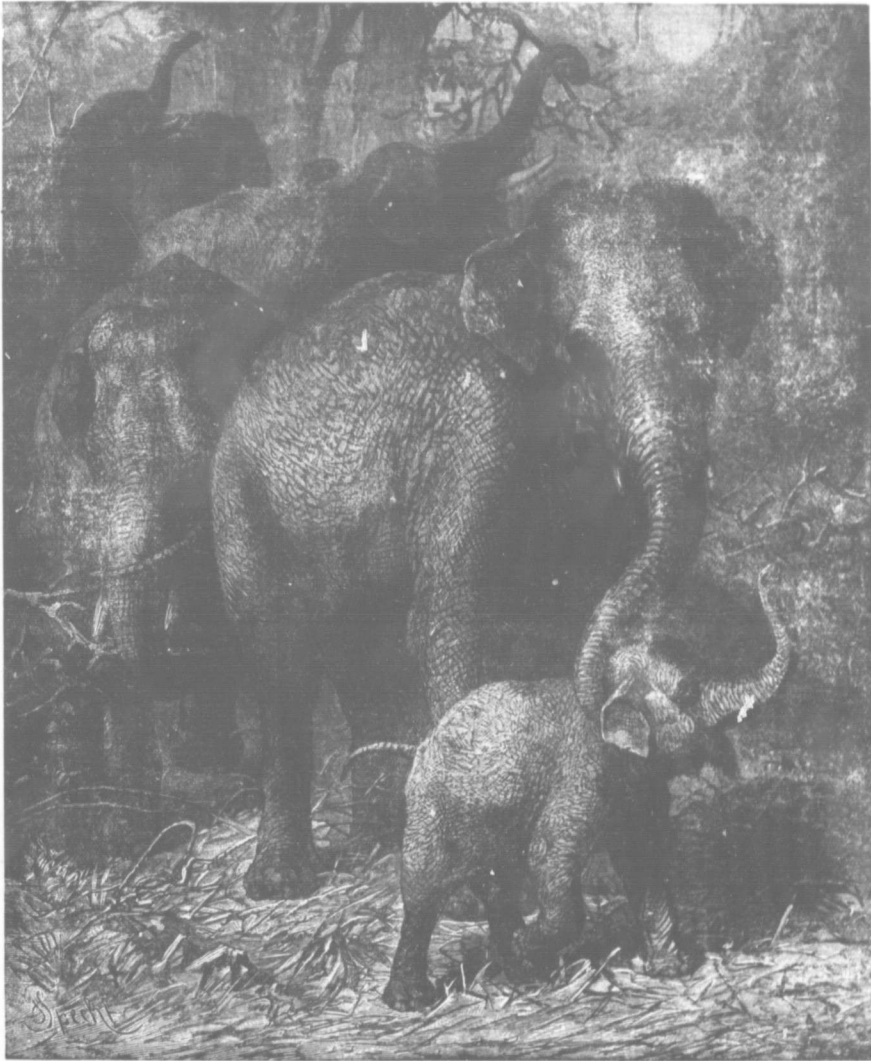


HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

No. 25.



THE ELEPHANT AT HOME—SEE NEXT PAGE.

NELLIE'S REASON.

The wind blew softly down from the hill, across the lake, and through the vines straggling about the porch. It rustled the paper little Nell held until the sound made Aunt Mary look up.

"What are you reading, Nellie?" she asked. For Nellie did not read well enough yet to care much about reading to herself.

"My Sunday-school paper," answered Nellie. "I like better to have you read the stories to me, auntie, but, you see, George Flynn likes stories, too, and he isn't any Aunt Mary. When I go and sit under the tree by the garden fence, he comes and sits down by the great tree on the other side of the fence, and I am trying to read this over so that I can do it well enough to read out loud to him. It's most all the Sunday he has."

Was that not a good reason for trying to learn to read well? She was doing in her home just what the missionaries are doing across the sea—learning for the sake of helping others. Any girl or boy can do that.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

"HIDE THE BOOK, LOUIS."

Not many hundred years ago, only priests were allowed to read the Bible. People who had any of the Scriptures were punished severely. This only made men more eager to read for themselves, and the bits that belonged among them were treasured and shared most carefully.

John of Claremont was a hill farmer. He owned the Gospel of Matthew, written on parchment. People came long, hard

journeys to hear it, and this made the priests think John must have a forbidden book. So they sent soldiers to look.

John saw them coming and there was no chance for him to move. "Hide the book, Louis!" he said to his boy. "God will help you."

The men found John quietly working in the same place they had seen him from below.

"You know our purpose," said the captain, gruffly.

John answered calmly, "You are free to do your will."

They went into the house and searched beds, cupboards, chimneys, frightened the grandmother and children, and made disorder everywhere. Then they began to search outside. "You shall show us the hiding places," said the captain, roughly clutching Louis.

It was hard for John to sit still while his son was thus used, but he could only pray for Louis and the book.

At last the soldiers departed, scolding at being sent on a foolish errand.

"How didst thou do it?" asked John, who was paler than the boy.

"I hid the book in a tree hollow that I found yesterday. It was the last place the captain spied. He asked me whether the tree was hollow, and I though fearing, would not lie. The hole must be deep, for the man who thrust in his arm found nothing. Some one cried, 'Cut down the tree,' but the captain said 'No,' and my heart beat free again."

"Thank God that my boy and the book are saved," said John reverently.

Do we think what treasures we have free to-day?

THE ELEPHANT.

Few studies are so interesting and instructive as those of natural history. We would like to see books of solid fact take the place of much of the vapid fiction of our Sunday-school libraries. We here present an account of the most intelligent creature next to man that God has made. This hugest of beasts has from the dawn of historic time been an object of curious study.

The distinguishing feature of the elephant is his proboscis, or trunk, which is not only the elephant's nose, but also his hand; for there is a kind of finger at the end of the trunk and a thumb-like thickening under the finger with which the great animal can pick up a single straw, while, twining his trunk about a tree, he can unroot it with ease. We all know that elephants are valuable because of their tusks, but perhaps not many of us realize their value in India and Africa as beasts of burden. They are remarkably sagacious animals and are very affectionate, an elephant many times proving a careful nurse to the children of its *mahout*, or driver.

Elephants have a great dislike to camouflaged, if laden, they will travel with it without fighting. Nothing distresses an elephant more than to be followed by a horse, especially at a canter or any pace; but, of all animals, the rhinoceros has his special aversion, for he can hardly be induced to approach within sight or of one, even if the rhinoceros be dead.

Years ago it was thought impossible to hunt elephants with guns, but there are plenty of reliable records of daring adventures while shooting the great animal. Mr. Charles John Anderson has been particularly famous as an elephant-hunter and I was so interested in one of his adventures that I have copied it to read you.

On a magnificent tropical moonlight night, Mr. Anderson—alone, as usual, took up his position on a narrow neck of land between two pools of water. He was protected by a small *skarm* built of logs and had with him two or three guns and a blanket. Presently a noise like that made by the passage of a train of artillery broke upon his ear, and an immense elephant appeared, followed by others, to the number of eighteen. "Their towers of forms told me at a glance," says Anderson, "that they were all males. I was a splendid sight to behold so many large creatures approaching with a sweeping, unsuspecting, and stately gait. The somewhat elevated ground where they emerged, and which gradually sloped toward the water, together with the moonlight-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their natural giant structures. Crouching down as far as possible in the *skarm*, I waited with a beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of the peril, was making straight for my hiding place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot, and, known from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But, when further chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that while the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the *skarm* my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder he swung himself round and the trunk elevated and ears spread desperately charged me. It was now too late to attempt flight, much less of taking aim. So that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some lence, in which position, and with shouldering the rifle, I fired upward random toward his chest, uttering at the same time the most piercing shouts of cries. The change of position in all

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than a single good one.
While Hezekiah was trying to bring his
people in Judah back to a true faith, the
rest of Israel—called the Ten Tribes—
went farther away from it. They built
altars to strange gods all through the land,
using the hills, and beautiful groves,
and wide spreading trees for their idol-
service. They knew that the faith of
Israel was in one great and good God who
was a father to his earthly children, but
they loved themselves, and did not want
to put aside the real evil of their hearts,
which the deaf and dumb idols could not
less of taking any. They went very far into
idolatry, for they made two molten images
in the form of calves, and they served
Baal. There was a kind of worship that
made parents compel their children to
pass through fire, and even this the poor
misguided Israelites did, thinking to
please some evil power that might harm
them. The Lord had sent message after

probability saved my life, for at the same
instant the trunk of the enraged animal
descended precisely on the spot where I
had precisely crouched, sweeping away
the stones—many of large size—that
formed the fore-part of my *skarm* like so
many pebbles. In another moment his
broad fore-feet passed directly over my
face. I now expected nothing short of
being crushed to death, but imagine my
relief, when, instead of renewing the
charge, he swerved to the left and moved
off with considerable rapidity—most hap-
pily without my having received other
injuries than a few bruises from the falling
stones." Yet after all this Mr. Anderson
snatched up another rifle, and, taking aim,
pulled the trigger, when the piece missed
fire. Had this happened at first nothing
could have prevented his instant death.
It is very dangerous to get upon soft
ground with an elephant. As soon as the
animal feels himself sinking he seizes the
first thing he can reach and puts it under
his feet to keep himself up. The first
thing is generally the *mahout*, or driver,
and next he drags the *howdah*, on which
the riders sit, to support him. The mo-
ment the *mahout* cries "*Fuss-gya!*" every
rider scrambles or tumbles off the ele-
phant's back as soon as possible.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 11.

CAPTIVITY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

Kings 17. 6-18. Memorize verses 1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them that
do evil.—1 Pet. 3. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

While Hezekiah was trying to bring his
people in Judah back to a true faith, the
rest of Israel—called the Ten Tribes—
went farther away from it. They built
altars to strange gods all through the land,
using the hills, and beautiful groves,
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in the form of calves, and they served
Baal. There was a kind of worship that
made parents compel their children to
pass through fire, and even this the poor
misguided Israelites did, thinking to
please some evil power that might harm
them. The Lord had sent message after

message to them by his prophets, but they
would not listen, and so he allowed the
king of Assyria to come and take them all
out of their land into captivity in his land.
All their pleasant homes, and vineyards
and fields, and olive yards were left to
strangers, while they took up their little
ones, and their aged and sick, and went
into captivity. It was what they had long
been told would come, and at last it came.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.
Where was Israel once in slavery? In
Egypt.

What did the Lord do for them? He
made them free.

Where did he bring them? Into their
own land.

What did he say they must do? Wor-
ship the one true God.

What did they do? They worshipped
the gods of the heathen.

What did the Lord say about them?
That it would send them into captivity.

Was this done? Yes, they were carried
away.

Who was then king over Israel?
Hoshea.

How many tribes did he rule over?
Ten.

When did Judah go into captivity?
More than a hundred years after.

Why was all this needful? To bring
them back to God.

Do people serve for their sins now?
Yes.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 18.

READ.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God
and him only shalt thou serve.—Luk.
4. 8.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
oughly studied.

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| Titles. | Golden Texts. |
| E. S. E. | Let a double— |
| The W. O. I. . . . | Trust in the— |
| E. and the S. . . . | The gift of— |
| E. and N. | Heal me, O— |
| E. at D. | The Angel of— |
| J. the B. K. | When the righteous |
| J. R. the T. | We will not |
| I. M. to J. | Cease to do |
| W. T. S. | They also have— |
| H. R. the T. | Them that honor— |
| C. of the T. T. . . | The face of— |
| R. | Then shalt— |
| The P. of P. . . . | His name shall— |

TIT FOR TAT.

Six and Nine had a falling out,
I can't say what it was all about.
One grew angry and said, "O fie,
You know you are worth three less than
I!"
The other cried, with a pout and frown,
"You're nothing but Six turned upside
down."

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

No matter how good I've been all day,
No matter how little I've had to say,
No matter how kind I've been to Paul,
And let him play with my cups and doll,
My mother often says at night,
Just before she takes the light,
"I'm always glad when my babes are in
bed,
So und asleep with prayers all said,
Good night! little girl, go away to bed,
It is nearly eight; my! how time flies!"
And then she hurries off down stairs,
Almost before I'm through my prayers,
And I lie awake and think and think,
While the stars through the window blink
and blink;
And it gets so lonely in my room,
It seems that I came to bed too soon,
And I wish my mother hadn't said,
She was always glad when I went to bed.

PATTY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BY ANNE OLIVE.

Patty is three years old. Her mamma
is very busy one day, and so let her go
into the garden to pick some flowers.
Patty had gathered some pinks and
roses, when her mamma heard her
crying and crying.
"What is the matter, Patty?" asked
mamma, in alarm.
"See!" said Patty, "my prettiest flower
has got some wings and flown away!"
Then mamma smiled, and took Patty to
her arms and kissed her. She told her
that in the garden to-morrow she might
see the same beautiful butterfly on another
flower.
That is how Patty mistook the butter-
fly for a flower.
She knows now that butterflies have
wings, but flowers do not.

AN EASTERN MOTHER AND
CHILD.

Some of the manners and customs in
Eastern lands are very different from our
own.
In Eastern lands women always wear a
veil. The veil that they wear is not light
and transparent as with us, but it is
usually a heavy, dark covering which quite
hides their faces, except where the eyes
and mouth are exposed to the air.
In the East it is considered a great dis-
grace for any woman to appear on the
street without her veil. It is true that
some poor women do not wear a veil, but
it is only the very poorest that are content
to go without this article of clothing.
One might think that where women
were so carefully veiled, they would al-
ways be treated with respect. But this is
not so in many parts of the East, and, in-
deed, it is only in Christian lands that
woman is really respected and truly
loved.



THE PORTRAIT.

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little frightened baby!
The wind has tossed her golden fleece,
The wind has scratched her dimpled
knees;

I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid:

I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last." She shook her
head;

"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your
name?"

"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought
came:

"Yes, when you're good; but when they
blame

You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing.

"'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says," the culprit owns,
"Mehetabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

THE PORTRAIT.

This little girl has been getting her portrait taken, and when nurse brought her home she showed mamma how she sat, and this is just the way in the picture, her shining curls falling so prettily over her shoulder. She has got her new straw hat on that mamma bought her the other day, all trimmed with pretty blue rosettes of ribbon and the pretty lace collar that papa brought for her when he went away; I am sure that it will be a good portrait, because she sat so quiet.

HAROLD'S BUTTONED BOOTS.

BY NELLIE LETITIA M'CLUNG.

"You're a girl-boy! a girl-boy! wearing buttoned boots. See the boy with his mother's boots on!" cried Aleck, excitedly, pointing to the little new boy who had come out to play on the street.

Little Harold looked down in dismay at his new shining boots. They had been the pride of his little heart until now.

Aleck's excited manner had attracted Jack and Tommy, who were playing marbles on the sidewalk, and they came running down to see what it was all about.

They looked curiously at the little stranger, who shrank from their gaze while the big tears gathered in his eyes. If he had not been a brave little boy, he would have run home crying to his mother. But he stood his ground, trying in vain to think of some word to say in defence of his footgear.

Aleck's mother had overheard Aleck's remarks, and came out to the gate.

"Good-morning, little boy!" she said pleasantly, "you are going to play with Aleck and Jack and Tommy, aren't you? What lovely boots you have! See, but Harold has buttoned boots, just like the grown-up men wear! They are so nice looking, and keep out the dust, and the water, too; I must try to get a pair, Aleck!"

Little Harold's face brightened, and he kicked up the dust with one foot.

"Aleck will take you round to the swing, and give you a good, long swing won't you, Aleck?"

But Aleck had disappeared! "I will!" cried Jack and Tommy, eagerly taking Harold's hands, and running with him round to the back garden, where the swing was.

Aleck was standing at the kitchen window, with a very red face when his mother came in.

"Poor little Harold!" she said, "how lonely he looks this morning. I hope the boys will be kind to him. I am sure they will, dear."

"Mother," said Aleck, still looking out of the window, "I was making fun of the poor little chap's boots when you were out."

"I know," answered his mother gently. "I remember when we came to Winnipeg first, you often came home crying bitterly because the boys made fun of you. Do you remember, Aleck?"

"I do," said Aleck, and kissing his mother quickly, he ran out to swing the new boy, Manitou, Man.

The Bible is a window in the prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

Children, obey your parents.