

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1902

No. 24.

ROOKS.

The little company in our cut looks something like a group of chimney-sweeps. If we were able to approach them closely, however, we should find that instead of begrimed and sooty little fellows, they are handsome birds with shiny, black coats,

showing purple, greenish, and bluish reflections; from this we can distinguish them from their relatives, the crows, who always dress in dull, sombre black. Rooks live in society all the year round, building their nests, seeking their food and roosting in flocks. Their resorts, called rookeries, are often very extensive. One in Edinburgh in 1847 contained 2,660 nests, with about 30,000 inhabitants of all ages.

They should be very wise birds, for they rise very early in the morning. They start off at once in search of worms in the fields, or garbage in the streets. They love best to feed in the fields, where they place a sentinel on guard and fly off at his alarm note, making a great noise and clatter. They frequently travel many miles in search of food, and if they return in the forenoon or early afternoon a storm within twenty-four hours may be confidently expected. Their eggs are light greenish blue, spotted and clouded with greyish brown and light purplish gray.

Rooks may be taught to imitate the sounds of animals, but they are less intelligent than their wise, long-lived connections, the crows.

For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest.

HOW RABBITS FIGHT.

One day as I was quietly picking wild strawberries on a hill I heard a curious grunting down the side below me; then the quick thud! thud! of an angry rabbit. Among the bushes I caught a glimpse of rabbit ears. A fight was on. Crouching

was a glimpse of Molly's ears as she made the jump that I had caught. It was the beginning of the bout; only a feint by the rabbit, just to try the mettle of her antagonist. The cat was scared; and before he got himself together Molly, with a mighty bound, was in the air again, and

as she flashed over him she fetched him a sounding whack on the head that knocked him endwise. He was on his feet in an instant, but just in time to receive a stunning blow on the ear that sent him sprawling several feet down the hill. The rabbit seemed constantly in the air. Back and forth, over and over the cat she flew, and with every bound landed with her powerful hind feet a terrific kick that was followed by a puff of yellow fur. The cat could not stand up to this. Every particle of breath and fight was knocked out of him at about the third kick. The green light in his eyes was the light of terror. He got quickly to a bush and ran away, else I believe that the old rabbit would have beaten him to death.—*From "Wild Life Near Home."*

A LIGHT.

Jesus said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." That was God's plan for the people of Israel; and it is his plan for you, just one of the

littlest of his little children. There are some boys and girls, perhaps, whom you will meet to-day who will be selfish or not truthful or easy to get angry. You must let your light shine, and that will mean to be unselfish and truthful and sweet tempered for Jesus' sake.



ROOKS.

beside a bluish spot, which I knew to be a rabbit's nest, was a big yellow cat. He had discovered the young ones, and was making mouths at the thought of how they would taste, when the mother's thump startled him. He squatted flat, with ears back, as the rabbit leaped over him. It

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, oh, there were so many!
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

—Anonymous.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

A BURDEN TO BEAR.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." That was the verse Jessie's mamma was teaching her one morning as she brushed her hair and tied the shining braids with pretty pink ribbon. She told Jessie of the Lord Jesus' life on earth; and that if we would be like him we must be kind and loving, not thinking of ourselves, but of others, and trying to make them happy. Jessie thought it a beautiful verse, one of the very nicest that she knew.

The next day Jessie was invited to spend the afternoon and have tea with her little friend Margery. She took her new dolly that Aunt Fanny had given her on her birthday. Susie was her name.

She was a very pretty dolly, with blue eyes and golden hair; and her dress was of blue silk, trimmed with delicate lace. Jessie loved her dearly, and thought that she looked very fine indeed, leaning back on the soft blue cushions of the dainty doll's carriage, as she wheeled her down the garden path that sunny afternoon.

"O Jessie, what a beautiful dolly!" Margery said. "I wish that mine were like her, but mine has only a cotton dress. One eye is gone, too, and her hair isn't nice any more."

"Well, you can take my Susie, and I'll take your dolly, and we will play going visiting. This will be my house in this corner; you can live in the other corner, and we'll have a real good time," said Jessie. And she added, for she had been thinking of her text: "It's a real burden to have a dolly with only one eye." —*Jewels.*

GOD'S DAY.

Daisy is a little girl. When she comes down to breakfast on Sunday morning it is usually with a more winsome smile than general on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

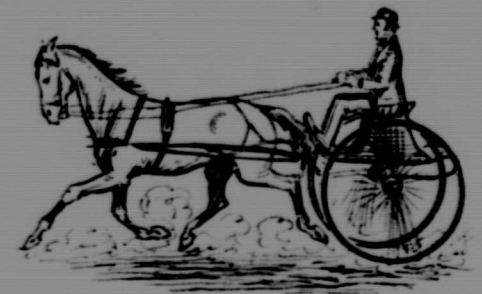
"I wonder how it is, mamma," said Mr. Denton one day, "that our Daisy is always so much happier on Sundays than on week days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely from her place on her father's knee: "You see, papa, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

"Bless you, dear," said the father tenderly; "it's right for you to do so, and for everybody else to do likewise." —*S. S. Advocate.*

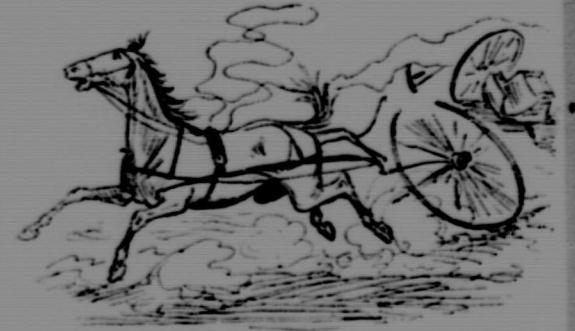
MILLIONS ARE MADE. REVENUES UPHELD. BUT OH! THE COST!

A cartoon in The War Cry, which we reproduce on our fourth page by the kind permission of the editor, sets forth at a glance the nature of this sinful traffic in strong drink. Many of the people of Canada, many of its young and strong, as well as its weak and helpless, are swept away in the current of temptation and sin, and are ground beneath the upper and the nether millstones of this wicked traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. Their strength, their manhood, their wage-earning power, their happiness, their homes, are all destroyed and swept away. And whose is the profit? The liquor dealers and distillers reap an ill-gotten harvest, which shall prove a curse to them that receive it. The State has shared this infamy by its participations in these guilty profits. It is time to declare with tremendous and unflinching emphasis, when the opportunity is given on December 4th, that we will have no more of it.



THE HORSE THAT GOES WILD.

See this Horse. He has a Bit in his Mouth, and Reins to it. He is a fine Horse, full of Fire and Strength, and so long as the bit is in the right place, and you have hold of the Reins, you can guide him as you please, and he will serve you well. But, as you see in the next cut, if the Horse gets the Bit in his Teeth and sees fit to go wild, he may do as he likes. You cannot check him. He is apt to dash off and run like the Wind, and you will come to Grief. Now, a man's Brain is just like this Horse. God gives us Sense, which is a Bit and Rein to guide the Brain, but Drink takes the



Sense from us, and so puts the Bit in the Teeth of the wild Horse, and we are, as it were, in the hands of a will that is not our own.—*Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."*

WITH AND WITHOUT.

With your glass of wine you are simply an ordinary wine-drinker; uttering no protest; showing no definite example; allowing a great movement to be conducted without you; leaving a work undone which might have been done supinely resting upon your oars; with drawing yourself from the conflict, while other men are waging a manly and successful struggle in behalf of their fellow man.

Without your glass of wine, you are a part of a great movement; uttering a humble protest; walking in the highway of blessed privilege; showing a practical example; going down to fetch a fallen brother from the mire; with vigour and energy pulling hard against the stream and at every stroke rising to higher and purer waters; and at last conducting, if may be, many souls to glory.—*League Journal.*

THE TIMID KITTEN.

There was a little kitten once
Who was of dogs afraid;
And being by no means a dunce,
His plans he boldly made.

He said, "It's only on the land
That dogs run after me,
So I will buy a cat-boat, and
I'll sail away to sea.

"Out there from dogs I'll be secure.
And each night, ere I sleep,
To make assurance doubly sure,
A dog-watch I will keep."

He bought a cat-boat, hired a crew,
And one fine summer day
Triumphantly his flag he flew,
And gaily sailed away.

But in mid-ocean one midnight—
'Twas very, very dark—
The pilot screamed in sudden fright,
"I hear a passing bark!"

"Oh, what is that?" the kitten said.
The pilot said, "I fear
An ocean greyhound's just ahead,
And drawing very near!"

"Alack!" the kitten cried, "alack!
This is no paltry pup!
An ocean greyhound's on my track—
I may as well give up!"

—St. Nicholas.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 30.]

GIDEON AND THE THREE HUNDRED.

Judg. 7. 1-8. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.—Psa. 118. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Israelites, who were ever falling into idolatry, were in trouble now because of it. The Midianites had destroyed their fields of grain, and had driven them into caves and dens of the mountains. They cried to the Lord for help, and the Lord sent them a helper named Gideon. He threw down the altar of Baal, and built an altar to the Lord, and at his command gathered Israel together to conquer their enemies. The Lord said there were too many. He did not want them to boast of their own strength, so all that were afraid to meet the great army of the enemy were told to leave the camp, and twenty-two thousand went home, and ten thousand stayed. The Lord also made another test. He told Gideon to bring them to the

waters, and to watch them as they drank, and to set aside all who drank from their hand from those who bent upon their knees to drink. And there were three hundred who drank from their hand, and by these the Lord said he would save the people of Israel. Gideon divided these men into three companies, and gave each man a lamp in a pitcher, and a trumpet. As they came close to the camp of the enemy Gideon blew his trumpet, and then each man did the same, and broke the pitcher in his hand. Then he held up the lamp that had been hidden in his pitcher, and the sudden noise and light frightened the Midianites, and they fled, fighting among themselves; but the Israelites stood in their places around the camp, and the victory was won.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did the Israelites keep on doing? Worshipping idols.

What did this cause them? Great trouble.

What did the heathen do? Troubled and harmed them.

Why did the Lord allow this? Because they had sinned.

To whom did they go for help? To the Lord.

Whom did he send to help them? Gideon.

Who was Gideon? A wise and good man.

What did he raise? A large army.

What did the Lord tell him? Not to use so many men.

How many fought the battle? Three hundred.

What did the Lord want them to know? That he fought for them.

What can the Lord do for us? Conquer our enemies.

LESSON X. [Dec. 7.]

RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth 1. 16-22. Memorize verses 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be kindly affectioned one to another.—Rom. 12. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

The story of Ruth is so beautiful that you should read it all by yourself, for our lesson gives but a little part of it. Once, in time of famine, a family left their home in Canaan and went into Moab, on the east side of Jordan. Elimelech and Naomi were the parents, and their sons were Mahlon and Chilion. The father died, but the sons grew up and married women of Moab, and after a while the sons died also. Then the heart of Naomi turned toward her old home in Bethlehem, and when she started on her journey her daughters-in-law went with her a little way. When they came to part Ruth could not say good-bye. Orpah kissed Naomi and went back, but Ruth would not go, and she said those beautiful words that

you will find in verses 16 and 17 of the lesson. These wise and tender words not only show that Ruth loved Naomi, but that she also learned to believe in and to love the God whom Naomi worshipped and served.

How glad Naomi was to still have a daughter to go with her, and how glad Ruth was that she went, for she found a home in Bethlehem and became the grandmother of King David, and, long after, into her family line the Lord Jesus Christ was born. To little Bethlehem came Rachel, Ruth, and Mary, three beloved women who lived hundreds of years apart; but, best of all, to it came the Saviour of the world.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What came upon Canaan at one time? A famine.

Where did a family of Israelites go? To the land of Moab.

Why did they go there to live? So as to get food to eat.

Who were in this family? A father and mother and two sons.

Whom did the sons marry? Two women of Moab.

What were their names? Ruth and Orpah.

Who died in Moab? The father and both sons.

What did Naomi, the mother, want to do? Go back to Canaan.

Where was her old home? In Bethlehem.

Who went to Bethlehem with Naomi? Ruth.

What did this choice show? That she believed in Naomi's God.

Who were born long after in Ruth's family? King David, and the Lord Jesus.

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 get to 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.

—Selected.

Kenneth, aged six, and Philip, his brother, two years older, asked permission of their mother to go out for a little walk on Sabbath afternoon. "Yes, you may go," she said, "if you will not forget that it is the Sabbath, and walk quietly." The boys went out, and soon returned. "O mamma," said Kenneth, running to his mother, "Philip didn't do at all as you said; he acted just like Monday and Tuesday."—Selected.



MILLIONS ARE MADE, REVENUES UPHELD, BUT OH! THE COST!—SEE SECOND PAGE.