

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1904

No. 19.

## LITTLE KIND- NESSES.

Brothers, sisters, did which little acts of you ever try the effect kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favours ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair and get slippers for father; to watch if any little rvice can be rendered to mother; to help brother; even to leave an exciting game of ball to show your sister how to get over a hard place in her lesson—how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can learn it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up—

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister! help your little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum; but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face flushes, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the lost stitch.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."



THREE FRIENDS.

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't be so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "Oh, go away, and don't trouble me!" or to scold the little ones all the time you are performing the little favour.

Brothers, sisters, love one another—

love with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that in the sight of God we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.

## AT THE SEASIDE.

Isn't it great fun to take off your shoes and stockings and wade down to the edge of the breakers in the soft wet sand, and then race back with the rolling waves close after you? Then when you are tired, it is so restful to sit down higher sand, and snuggle down as in a feather-bed, in the warm dry bed, and cover up your feet until they are buried quite out of sight. Then making sand forts is great sport. And hunting for shells, star-fish, sand dollars, sea urchins, jelly-fish, sea anemones, and all the rest, is so very interesting. When you are so happy at the seashore, does it ever remind you of the Maker of all these wonderful things? Do you ever think of him who is Lord also of the sea, and all that is living

within its depths? Spare a few moments of your happy time in thanking him for his good gifts by sea and by land.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein, for he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods."

Jesus said, "He that is not with me is against me."

## A MORNING PRAYER.

BY EMILY BRYANT LORD.

Thou by whom the birds are fed,  
Give to me my daily bread;  
And thy Holy Spirit give,  
Without which I cannot live.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
As becomes a little child;  
All day long, in every way,  
Teach me what to do and say.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Thine more truly every day;  
And when thou at last shall come,  
Take me to thy heavenly home.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

## ON MAY'S INVITATION.

Pretty soon after Delia Cope came to town to live the minister called on the family. He invited them all to Church and Sunday-school. Delia's mother thanked him, and asked him to come again, and he did often. Then, besides, whenever he saw Delia on the street he shook hands with her and said: "We haven't had you at Sunday-school yet. When are you coming?" And Delia would hang her head and say: "I don't know, sir; pretty soon, I guess." But she did not go.

A nice old lady, who lived at the end of the street, went over one day to the Cope house. "I see this little girl go to day school," she said, "with all the other children, but I don't see her go to Sunday-school with them. How is that?"

"Well, I haven't got her started yet," said Mrs. Cope. "She ought to go, I know."

But the weeks passed by, and still Delia spent her Sundays at home.

The pretty young lady who taught a class of small girls at Sunday-school tried two or three times to coax Delia to come; and every time Delia thought that she really would start, but she didn't. When the superintendent invited her she acted the same way.

One Sunday afternoon, when May Hobart was on her way home, she saw Delia swinging on the gate. "I wonder," said May to herself, "why she doesn't come to Sunday-school. I just believe I'll go and ask her."

"Why don't you come to our Sunday-school on Sunday?" she asked Delia. "It's lovely there; you'd like it."

"I'm going some time," said Delia, just as she always said.

"When?"

"O, pretty soon."

But May was not satisfied. "We sing beautiful hymns," she said; and we learn verses, and our teacher tells us the nicest stories you ever heard."

Delia was beginning to be interested.

"All of us girls just love her," May went on. "Wouldn't you like to come?"

"I guess so."

"Couldn't you come next Sunday if you want to?"

"I suppose I could."

"Well, then, I'll stop for you at two o'clock, and you must be sure to be ready."

Delia was ready, and now she never misses a Sunday when she can possibly help it.

The minister could not do it, nor the Sunday-school teacher, nor the superintendent, nor the dear old lady neighbour; but it was done by a very little girl.

## MARGERY'S CUSHION.

"I'm like a pin-cushion," said Margery the other day.

"Indeed, I think you are like some kind of cushion," laughed mother, looking at the roly-poly little figure.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Margery. "But when I showed grandmother the new cushion I made for father I asked her for pins to put in it—bright, straight, good pins that he could use, I told her. She said she hoped I'd be careful of my life as I was of my cushion, and put good, useful things into it, and nothing spoiled or crooked."

## MOTHER BUNNY'S NEST.

Did you ever see an old coat and hat hung up on a pole in a cornfield? The farmers call such things "scarecrows," and put them up to keep the crows away from the corn.

Once in the springtime a farmer went out to a field where he had left one standing, and what do you think he found? The body of the scarecrow was an old bag filled with straw, and inside were five tiny rabbits. Some old mother bunny thought she had found a beautiful nest for her babies.

## PATTY AND FIDO.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Grandfather was sitting in his big chair. Fido came up to him and grandfather patted him.

Patty came, too, but with an angry little face. "I want you to whip Fido, grandfather," she said. "Here is your cane. Whip him hard."

"Why do you want Fido whipped, dear?" asked grandfather.

"He's been digging a great hole in my garden. My garden's been so beautiful, you know, and now Fido's scratched and scratched, and spoiled my pansies."

"Poor Fido," said grandfather, stroking his head again, "he doesn't know any better. Can't you forgive him, Patty?"

"Not till he's whipped for it," said Patty, stoutly. "That will teach him better."

"Fido loves you, and I thought you loved him."

"Well, so I do," said Patty, slowly. "He always wags his tail and jumps about when I come, and looks at me just as if he wanted to say, 'I'm glad to see you.'"

"A long time ago," said grandfather, "as much as three or four years, I think, there was a wee baby girl playing about here. Fido was very fond of her, and when she took hold of his long hair and toddled at his side, he walked slowly, so that her little feet should not slip. She used to play with him as he lay asleep, and he never got angry when she pulled his ears or his tail."

"One day she was down by the river with Aunt Amy. She took a swift little run and before her aunt could catch her she fell off the bank into the water. Aunt Amy screamed, but there was no one near to help. Then Fido came with a rush and jumped into the water. He took hold of the little one's dress and brought her ashore. If it hadn't been for him the dear baby would have been drowned."

"Oh, what a dear doggie!" said Patty. "Who was the baby, grandfather?"

"It was a little girl we call Patty."

Patty put her arms round Fido's shaggy neck. "You sha'n't be whipped, Fido. Not if you should dig up all my garden."

"No," said grandfather, patting both curly heads. "God has not made Fido so that he knows when he does a little mischief. But he knows enough to love us and to help us when he can. Now, if you want him whipped you must do it yourself, for I cannot forget that he saved a life very precious to me."

"Oh," said Patty, putting away the cane, "I wouldn't do it for the world, grandfather."

"That is right," said grandfather. "After this, when he scratches up your posies, you must remember that he doesn't know when he is doing a naughty thing, as my Patty does, and that if it had not been for Fido grandfather would have no little curly-haired girl."

THE GREAT TEACHER.

Who taught the bird to build her nest  
Of softest wool and hay and moss?  
Who taught her how to weave it best,  
And lay the tiny twigs across?

Why taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest herbs and flowers,  
And lay her store of honey by,  
Providing food for winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way  
Her narrow hole so well to bore?  
And through the pleasant summer's day  
To gather up her winter store?

It was God who taught them all the way,  
And gave these little creatures skill;  
And teaches children, if they pray,  
To know and do his holy will.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE  
PATRIARCHS.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 22.]

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

God made our bodies to be strong and beautiful. He made them to serve us and help us to enjoy the world in which he has placed us. But there are many who treat their bodies badly. They do things which destroy their strength and beauty, and unfit them to do the work God wants them to do. One of the most common ways in which people do this is by the use of wine and strong drink. This lesson tells how these people look and behave when they have become slaves to the dreadful habit of drinking. Read the verses very slowly, and think, is it not just so?

It is a sad picture, is it not? A strange thing is that no one thinks that it will be this way with him: the Golden Text tells why. Learn to hide it away in your hearts so that if you are ever tempted to taste the wine which looks so good and beautiful, these true words of God, "Wine is a mocker," may be right there ready to help you to turn away. It is so ready to promise pleasure and happiness, but do not trust it, it is a "mocker." Take God's safe direction, "Look not upon the wine," and God will bless you and guide you in the right way.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is wine? The juice of the grape.  
What enters it sometimes? Alcohol.  
Into what does this turn it? Strong drink.

Who has woe? The drunkard.  
What more does he have? Wounds and bruises.  
Who suffers for his sin? His friends.  
What is an easy way out of this? Obeying God.  
What does he say? "Look not upon the wine."  
What is wine? A "mocker."  
What does it promise? A good time.  
What does it give? A very bad time.  
Who are safe and happy? God's obedient children.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.—Psa. 103. 17.

1. God the C. of A. T. In the beginning—
2. B. of S. and R. . . . . Where sin abounded
3. N. S. in the A. . . . . Noah found grace—
4. God C. A. . . . . I will bless thee—
5. A. and L. . . . . Whatsoever ye would
6. God's P. to A. . . . . I am thy—
7. A's I. . . . . The effectual fervent
8. A. and L. . . . . By faith Abraham—
9. I. the P. . . . . Blessed are the—
10. J. at B. . . . . Surely the Lord—
11. J. a P. with God. Men ought always—
12. T. L. . . . . Wine is a mocker—

THE LOOKOUT.

(See next page.)

Far over the waters, the faithful lookout is peering, to catch the first glimpse of some distant island or the dim outline of some approaching ship. From constant practice in gazing over the great blue expanse of water, the sailor's eye becomes very sharp in detecting the first angry swell of the waves, or threatening aspect of the sky overhead; and some far-away object, that to a landsman's eyes appears to be but a speck of white cloud or small line of grey mist on the horizon, he will recognize as a ship, a steamer, or the outline of an island.

It is very important that the sailor on the lookout does his duty honestly. Many accidents have occurred from the sailor on this duty neglecting to keep up his watch. We remember once being in a fog for several days, during which time the captain himself kept on the outlook day and night. At last, when he thought the vessel was in little danger of running on the treacherous islands, he went to have a sleep. His post was taken by the first mate, a dull, lazy-looking man.

In a short time the fog raised, and we saw about seventy yards off a long, wild and desolate-looking island and in a few seconds there was a great thumping noise on the bottom of the boat and we were aground. Every effort was made to get the vessel off the rocks. The captain was on the scene in a moment and gave the

order to reverse the engines; the engineer put on full power of steam, but not until ten hours afterwards, when thousands of dollars' worth of corn had been pitched into the water, making little islands of yellow corn, could the vessel be moved. When it was thus made light, and the engine running in full force, we drifted easily off the rocky island. The accident, however, had incurred a heavy loss, which might have been prevented had the mate been doing his duty.

RALPH'S MISTAKE.

"I don't want to play with Walter any more, mother; he is not a nice boy at all," said Ralph.

"What has Walter been doing?" asked mother, looking into the earnest brown eyes of her little son.

"I was sailing my boat in the brook back of the garden, and I anchored her and came to the well for a drink, and while I was away somebody upset her in the water."

"And you think it was Walter?"

"O, I'm sure he did it; nobody else was there."

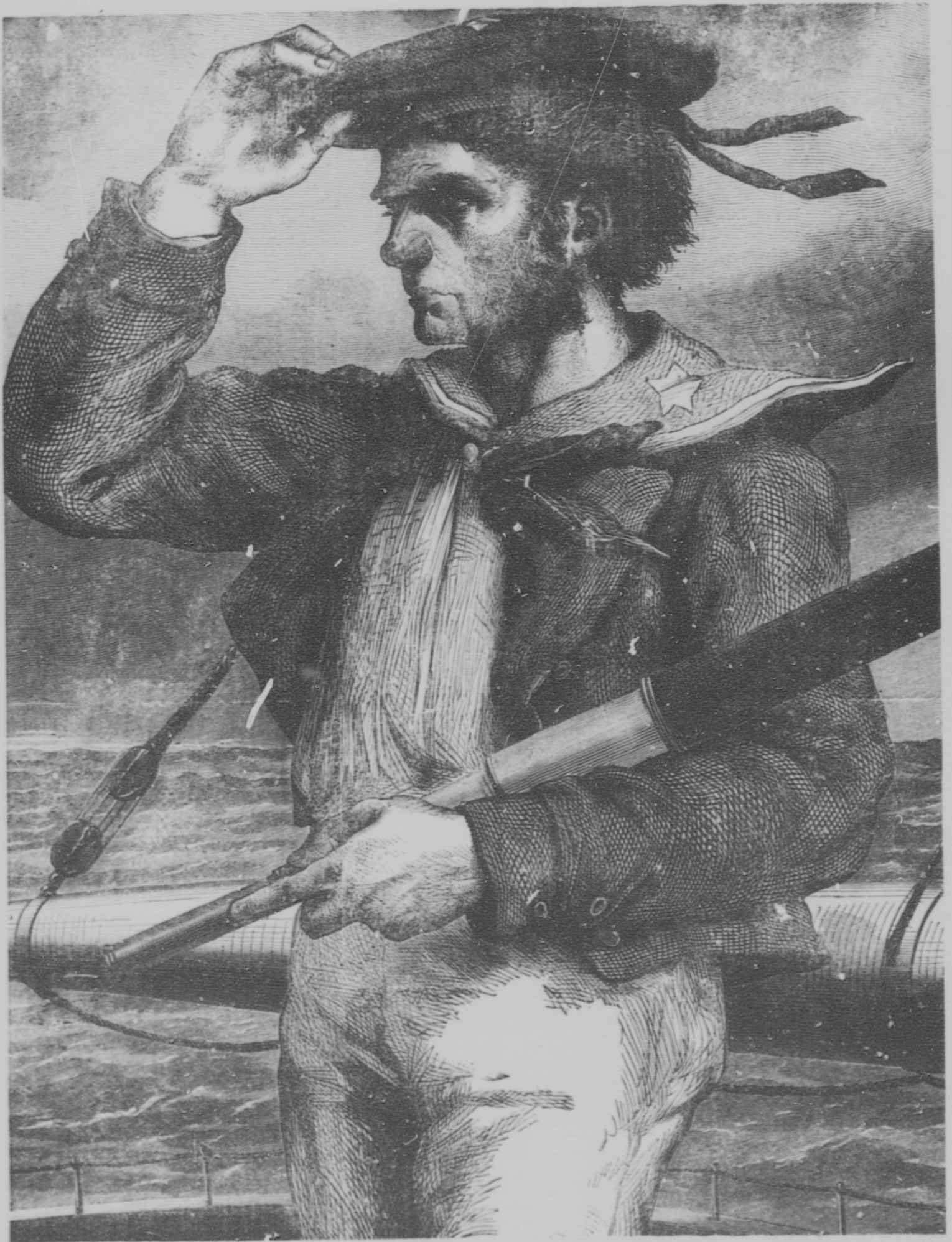
"Perhaps Walter is innocent; and you ought to return good for evil anyway, you know. Take this apple and give it to Walter, and here is a rosy one for yourself. Don't have any quarrel over the boat."

Ralph hesitated a moment, and then trudged sturdily off with the apples. The little boys were together all the afternoon; and Ralph did not once refer to the upsetting of the boat, although he was certain that his companion knew something of the matter.

The following morning Ralph again went to the brook with his boat. Again, while the *Jenny* was lying peacefully at anchor, he went into the garden for some pebbles to serve as a cargo; and presently, on peering through the bushes to see if his craft were safe, he gave vent to a startled "Oh!" A big yellow dog had run down the opposite slope and plunged into the brook for a bath, and the waves thus formed caused the little *Jenny* to capsize. "Shoo! shoo!" cried Ralph, rushing to the spot, and driving away the intruder. The boat was drawn from the water and dried in the warm sunshine, and soon was sailing to and fro as lightly as ever, while her little master resolved that he would not again blame his boy friend for the faults of a big yellow dog.

Do the little people who allow themselves to be angry know that they are hurting their bodies as well as their souls? They are; the doctor says so.

"Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig."



THE LOOKOUT.