

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TOBONTO, JANUARY 27, 1908.

No. 2

A DOLL WITHOUT A NOSE.

Three little sisters, Greta, Beth and May, slept in the great square bedroom. Three little stockings hung bulging with nice things from the mantel-drape. The room was bright with the light of the grate-fire. One little sister awakened as the clock struck twelve. It was Greta. She slipped out of bed and over to the fireplace.

"Hist! Beth! May! Wake up! Santa Claus' been here already and filled all the stockings! Here is mine on this side. It's got a doll on top! They've all got dolls!"

The other two little heads were up and awake.

But the next instant there was a cry of dismay. Greta had dropped her stocking. The doll struck face downward on the iron fender.

Beth slipped out of bed to examine the break.

"Don't cry, Greta. The doll's all there, but its nose's knocked off. It's my stocking, Greta. Santa Claus must have got the stockings mixed when he put 'em back. I don't mind her being without a nose so much."

Little Beth bravely swallowed the lump in her throat. She would keep the doll without a nose and not reproach Greta with having broken it. This little sacrifice would be her Christmas gift to Jesus. And the dear Saviour looking down into that room saw in her the Christmas spirit of love that he had come to bring to men. And you will not wonder that on the morrow people thought Beth the dearest little girl in the world.

To have sweet sleep let the conscience be pure.



A DOLL WITHOUT A NOSE.

A DOMINION DAY TEMPTATION.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish-market.

"Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White, one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe. And forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and

crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe the day before Dominion Day.

A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The Deacon was out; but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared, saying: "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do. How much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused, saying to himself: "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the Deacon that it cost fifteen cents, he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The Deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal. He could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped on the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him; but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the Deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." You have my forgiveness, Joe. Now go home and confess to the Lord; but remember that you must forsake as well as confess."

THE LETTERS.

Three little girlies are busy to-day!
 What do they care for frolic and play,
 When poor papa is over the sea,
 And "just as homesick as he can be"
 For a sight of his girlies so far away
 Who are longing to welcome him home
 some day?
 So they coaxed mamma for some paper
 and ink,
 And some nice new pens, and they're try-
 ing to think
 Of everything loving and nice to write
 Which will make papa feel happy and
 bright.
 But with all the news they may put in
 each letter
 Nothing they write will please him better
 Than the words which come from their
 hearts, you know,
 "Come home, papa, for we want you so!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1906.

THAT ROSY PEACH.

That peach did look so nice, so round,
 so rosy and ripe. Grandma had brought
 it home for grandpa. Fred Perkins stood
 looking at it; he walked toward it; he
 touched it; then he smelled it; and
 —alas!—he bit it; then he ate it all. He
 threw the stone out of the open window,
 and it fell at the foot of an evergreen
 hedge; but Fred was very unhappy; he
 wished he had not touched that peach.
 Next year, at vacation time, Fred went
 again to visit his grandparents.

"Fred," said grandpa, "come into the
 garden and see how things have grown
 since you were here."

Soon they came to the evergreen hedge.

"Why, what is this?" asked grandpa.
 "A peach tree; a little thing, indeed, but
 it will make a large tree some day."
 "Why, how did it come here?" ex-
 claimed Fred.

"I don't know," said grandpa. "I
 haven't had a peach in the house since one
 day last year grandma brought home a
 fine one; but I never had a chance to try
 it, for it disappeared mysteriously—why,
 Fred, what is the matter?" he suddenly
 exclaimed; for Fred looked strangely con-
 fused, and was blushing warmly, while his
 heart thumped away at a great rate. Then
 he confessed that he had taken the peach,
 and was forgiven.

His wrongdoing came from coveting the
 peach when he first saw it.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.

One day a little girl was standing by a
 window during a heavy thunder-storm.
 Her Aunt Annie was very much afraid of
 the lightning, and told her to come away,
 lest it might strike her. But Katy an-
 swered, "It is God who makes it thunder,
 and he will take care of me."

HARRY'S WISH.

There was once a little Irish boy named
 Harry whose heart was set upon being a
 missionary when he should become a man.
 He had heard the missionaries who some-
 times stopped at his father's house tell the
 stories of their life among the heathen,
 and though there were stories of great
 suffering and loneliness, no doubt, yet they
 were full of the joy of those who carry
 the name of Jesus and the Holy Bible to
 those who have never heard or seen them.
 But the heavenly Father knew that there
 was a better way. He took Harry to him-
 self; we do not know why, but the Lord
 never makes a mistake.

Before Harry died he asked his father
 to write upon his tombstone the words he
 would like to have there, that they might
 speak for him when he was away. So
 to-day, over a little grave in a quiet
 cemetery in Ireland, any one may read
 Harry's wish. Perhaps God knew that it
 would call more than one to the work
 Harry wanted to do, and so make it much
 greater. Here you may read Harry's
 wish, and perhaps among all who read it,
 one will remember and say some day,
 "Here am I; send me."

"I want to be a missionary; but if I
 die before I can be, I would like my wish
 written on my tombstone, that some one,
 hearing of it, may go instead of me.
 Harry."

A little girl, somewhat noted for her
 quaint and original sayings, said the other
 day at the breakfast-table that "she had
 got a piece of bread head-first down her
 cough pipe."

A FAIR GAME.

"Let's play baseball," said Frankie.
 "All the big boys play that."

"We will," answered the sweet, positive
 voice of Frankie's little sister Millie.

"I will be the batter," said Frankie.

"Yes," agreed Millie.

"You can be pitcher," said Frankie.
 So he took for himself a tennis racket and
 gave to his sister the ball.

"Now who'll be umpire?" asked the
 little boy. "There are only two of us."

"What's umpire?" asked Millie.

"Why, somebody to watch us and see
 that we play fair."

"Oh!" said Millie.

The two gazed round them on all sides,
 hoping to see some little playmate coming,
 but all they saw was Millie's doll, Clari-
 bel, tumbled down in a heap on the grass
 and Frankie's donkey that went on wheels.
 The little boy began to frown.

"There is Claribel," suggested Millie.

"She will watch us."

"She can't sit up," objected Frankie.

"Just look at her now."

Millie looked. Then she said, "She
 could if she leaned against your
 donkey."

"I wish we had somebody else," said
 Frankie, as he waited while his sister ar-
 ranged the doll.

"O, she will watch us," answered
 Millie. "Claribel is a good girl. Why,
 she will watch us every minute."

The children had been left alone with
 grandmother that morning, and grand-
 mother was busy—too busy to attend to
 them. "Run right out in the yard,"
 grandmother had said, "and be good chil-
 dren."

Perhaps Frankie remembered what
 grandmother had said, for the ugly feeling
 inside that was making a frown on his
 face went away, and he took up his tennis-
 racket bat. Millie picked up the ball and
 threw it while Frankie swung the bat. He
 did not hit the ball, but Millie smiled
 sweetly on the doll and asked, "Wasn't
 that fair, Claribel?" She asked this every
 time she threw the ball.

At last Frankie said: "I don't believe
 that's the way, Millie. I didn't hear
 Cousin Ben say anything 'bout asking the
 umpire all the time. He just said the
 umpire watched and when you didn't play
 fair you heard about it."

"I just asked her so she wouldn't get
 lonesome sitting there so still," apologized
 Millie. "Of course, if 'tisn't right I'll
 not ask her. Maybe she'll not get lones-
 some."

"Of course she'll not," answered
 Frankie. "Isn't she right by my
 donkey?"

"I guess we played fair," said Millie,
 when they were quite tired. "Claribel
 didn't say anything."

A TALE OF AN EMPTY SWING.

Swinging in the tree-top,
Playing acorn ball,
Chasing cousin Chipmunk
Over the stone wall.

Friendly with his neighbors,
Featherfolk all say:
"Jolly little fellow,
Little Frisky Gray!"

Mother Gray is watching
Frisky's funny play;
"Swing low, little Frisky,"
Cautious Mother Gray.

Prowling 'neath the bushes,
Still as still can be,
Mrs. Softly Tiptoes,
With her children three.

Spies young Frisky swinging,
Smiles in quiet glee,
Whispers to her trio,
"Children, follow me!"

Frisky, quite forgetting
Words of mother dear,
Swinging ever lower,
Sees no danger near.

Now a sudden rushing,
Swift as lightning's play;
Then the swing is empty—
Ah, poor Frisky Gray!

Now, when little squirrels
Meet in tree-tops, they
Shake their small heads sadly
Over Frisky Gray.

"Mothers know," they chatter,
"Where it's safe to play.
If poor Frisk had minded
He'd been here to-day."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 4.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 4. 14. Memorize verse 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In all points tempted as we are, yet
without sin.—Heb. 4. 15.

THE LESSON STORY.

Just after the baptism of Jesus he retired to the wilderness, where for forty days and nights he fasted and prayed. In the quietness of the lonely, rocky place he held close communion with God his Father. He felt the need of such communion, for

he knew the greatest and hardest work of his life was just beginning.

After the forty days' fasting, he was very hungry. Then came the devil to him to tempt him, telling him to turn the stones into bread. But Jesus rebuked him by saying, "Man does not live by bread alone." Then from a pinnacle of the temple did the devil try to tempt him again, telling him to cast himself down and the angels would protect him. A third time the devil tempted him by showing him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory and promising them to him if he would bow down and worship him. But Jesus scorned him with the words, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Then the coward devil made his escape, and beautiful angels came and ministered to the tired, hungry Saviour who had been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus go after his baptism? Into the wilderness.
2. What did he do there? Prayed and fasted.
3. For how long? Forty days.
4. Who tempted him? Satan.
5. What did he say to him? Get thee behind me, Satan.
6. What did Satan do then? Like a coward, he stole away.
7. Who then ministered unto Jesus? Beautiful angels.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 11.

JESUS CALLING FISHERMEN.

Luke 5. 1-11. Memorize verses 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children.—Eph. 5. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was on the shore of the beautiful blue Sea of Galilee, and around him had gathered a crowd. They had heard of some of the wonderful things he had done. How he had turned water into wine, and had healed the sick, and they were anxious to have him teach them. As they pressed upon him so closely he had to move out from shore a little bit in a boat, so that all could hear him.

After Jesus had finished speaking to the people he turned to the owner of the boat, Simon Peter, and told him to sail out into the lake, and let down his nets. He replied that he and his companions had fished all night but had caught nothing, but if Jesus wished it he would try again. What was their joy to find the net full to overflowing, and they knew it was Jesus' power that had filled their nets!

Then was it Jesus told them that he would make them fishers of men, if they would be willing to do what he wished them to.

They were to give up their boats and nets, and all they had, and devote them-

selves to the grand work of saving men from their sins.

It was their entire faith in Jesus enabled them to do this.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who surrounded Jesus? Great crowds.
2. Why did they gather? Because they had heard of his wonderful works.
3. What were some of these? Turning water into wine and healing the sick.
4. Why did he remove to a boat? So all could hear better.
5. After he had taught the crowd, to whom did he turn? To Simon Peter.
6. What did he tell him to do? To sail out to the deep and cast down his nets.
7. What happened? The nets were full of fish.
8. What did Jesus then say? He would make them fishers of men.
9. What were they to do? Leave all and follow him.

THE SNOWY OWL.

Birds which belong to Mrs. White-Owl's family are very fat and comfortable-looking; even the little dumplings in her nest are just as comfortable as their mother. They are all dressed for cold weather, and they wear their overcoats all the year round; for they live up in the Arctic regions, where it is always winter.

The nest for the little ones is only a few twisted sticks laid on the ground. It is not in a very pretty place either; there are no flowers or nice shade-trees, only rocks and a few stumpy bushes; but Mrs. White-Owl and her children are very happy, for that is their home, and home is always the best place.

The white-owl's feathers are as white as snow, with only a few dark spots here and there. It can see best in the dark, so at night it will sit on a rock by the water until a fish passes, and then seize it with its claws.

"My son," said an Arab chief, "bring me a basket of water from the spring." The boy tried and tried to fill the basket, but before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked out. At last he returned and said, "Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in." "My son," said the old chief, "what you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is. So will it be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the good words you hear, but keep trying to treasure them and they will make your heart clean and pure."

It is a pleasure to obey those we love. Their commands we do not forget. If we love God, we will keep his commandments.



PUNISHED HIMSELF.

One day Bertie's mamma put a dish of fruit upon the shelf and left the room. As soon as Bertie saw the fruit he wanted some. He brought a chair, and climbed upon it, and tried to help himself. His fingers just grasped the edge of the dish, and over it fell. The dish broke, and the apples struck his little nose so hard they made it bleed. When mamma ran in and saw the blood and heard his sobs, she said "Poor little boy!"

"No," said Bertie, as soon as he could speak. "Not poor boy; naughty boy. He punished himself. Next time, I dess he'll wait till mamma says he may have some."

BURT'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

What is it, do you suppose? You would never guess, but it is just a bound volume of Happy Days.

You see, Burt's class had compositions to write for next Friday, and they were all to be about birds. John Martin was to write about robins; James Scott about shrikes; Henry Fallon about eagles; and Burt Scott had cranes to write about.

He lived in Chicago, and had often been to the parks and seen the curious birds there, and now he went once more and followed two long-legged cranes around for a long time, to see just what they did. He had his pockets full of crackers, and he would take one out and hold it towards the big birds, and they would stretch out

their long necks and take it from his hands as politely as possible, and swallow it down at a gulp.

When Burt got home he remembered that he had read in Happy Days once a story about a pet crane owned by a lady in Florida, so he got the bound volume and looked it up. He found that it made just the illustration he wanted for his composition.

That is why he calls Happy Days his encyclopedia. He says if he ever wants to know about anything, he is sure to find what he wants somewhere in Happy Days.

Burt is very careful of his papers. After the children have all read then he files them away in a box, and at the end of the year has them bound into a pretty volume. Then, as soon as one volume is bound, he sends the volume of the preceding year to a boy up in Northern Wisconsin, who lives in the woods where there is no school, and who has nothing to read but what Burt and his sisters send him.

DON'T TOUCH IT.

"What's that?" asked Johnny, pointing to a queer-looking thing that he had never seen before.

"That's a rat trap," said his mother. "Don't touch it."

"What's it for?" inquired Johnny.

"To catch rats," replied his mother.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"I put this cheese in for bait, and when Mr. Rat comes prying about in the cellar, he smells it, and says to himself: 'Well, what's all this somebody has been getting ready for me? Very kind of somebody.' So he puts his nose in this little hole, and says: 'Ah! that smells good.' He puts his nose a little farther, and takes a good nibble; but just as poor Mr. Rat is making up his mind that it tastes as good as it looks and smells, pop goes the spring."

"And then what?" asked Johnny.

"Then he never finds his way into the cellar again to gnaw bread and pies."

His mother carried the trap into the cellar, and set it down, saying again: "Don't touch it."

Johnny stood and watched it for a little while, hoping that Mr. Rat would come and try the cheese, so that he could see the trap pop; but, as Mr. Rat seemed in no hurry, Johnny began to wonder what made it pop, and put his finger into the little hole to see if he could find out.

"Oh! oh! let go!" went Johnny. He had found the pop.

If rat traps had any sense, that trap would have known that it was a soft little finger, and not a rat, that it had hold of; but we all know that traps have no sense,

and so that one held Johnny's finger with a cruel grip of its sharp teeth.

"Oh! oh, mamma!" screamed Johnny.

If he had kept still, he would not have been badly hurt; but he tried to drag his finger out, and it was badly cut.

"I don't like rat traps," said Johnny with sobs and whimpers.

"Rat traps never hurt little boys," said mamma.

"That one hurt me," said Johnny.

"Not until you turned it into a little boy trap," said mamma.

MOTTO FOR 1906.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah xii. 2.

I will not fear
The coming year,
Nor what that year may bring;
For Christ is near
My cry to hear,
So I to him will cling.

Why should I dread
A path to tread
In which my Saviour leads?
My spirit fed
With heavenly bread,
Strength shall supply all needs.

Jesus, I know,
Before will go
In all my journeyings here,
And he will show
Each path below,
Therefore I cannot fear.

