

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

No. 24.

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

"Martin," said a wise grammar school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and let me tell you what you have inside of you."
"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen: You have a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running to your very toes and out to your finger tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though; and that is not all. There is a big force pump in the middle of you pumping, pumping seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing—"

"But there is, though; and, besides all these, a tree is growing in you with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many hands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree or engine or anything else except flesh and blood."

"Oh, that is not flesh and blood; that is, most of it is water. That is what you are made of: a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt, and some other things | where is Martin?"
"The poor little fellow had run away."

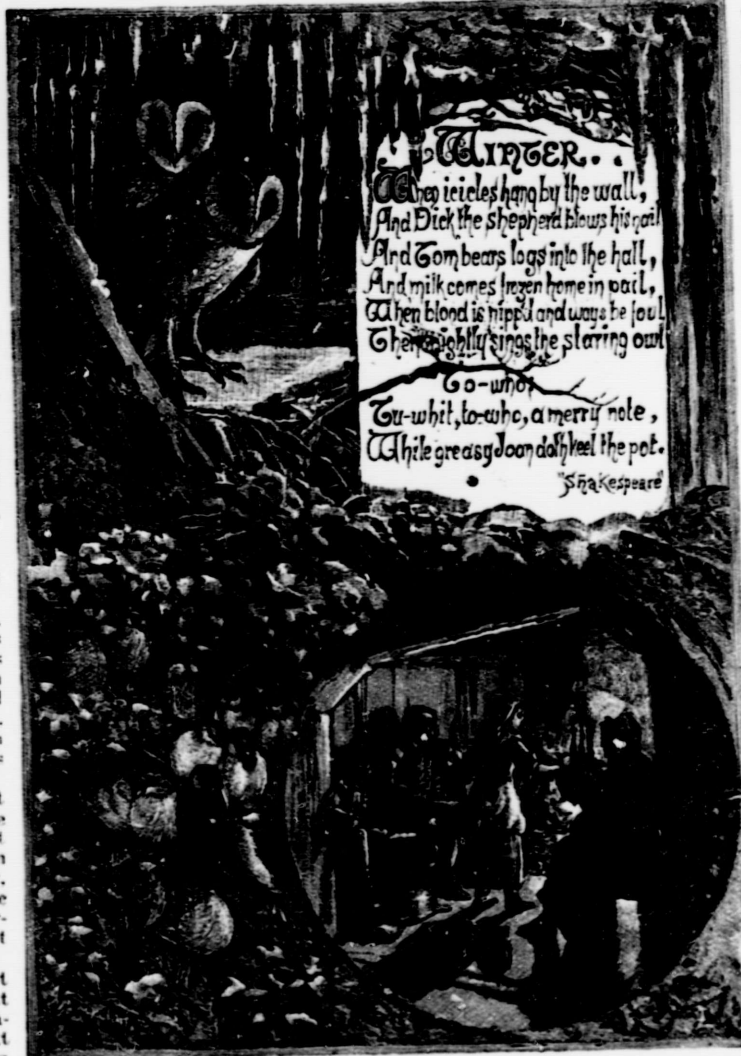
Tears stood in Martin's eyes, but the grammar school boy went on.

"And the worst of it is that there are so many million little—but

When his brother found that he was kneeling with his head in his mother's lap, and crying.

"I was only teasing him, mother, and kind of getting up my lesson that we are to have this afternoon about our body. I did not think it would worry him so."

The big boy kissed his mother and ran away to school, while the little fellow had a talk with mamma about the wonderful things inside of him.—Santa Claus.



WHEN WINTER IS HERE.

THIRTEEN HAPPY LOTS.

Little Emily was sure she should not like the seashore.

"There won't be any chickens and pig-sons, nor cats and kittens, nor a swing under the trees, nor any nice children to play with, but only grown-up folks, who would always be saying 'Hush!' if a little girl should ever find anything to laugh about," she declared; but Dr. Smith said that she must go to the seashore to get well from the long illness she had been suffering from all the spring.

When the coach that met them at the train drew up at the hotel door, the first thing Emily saw was a dear little curly-headed boy.

"There's one child here," she said.

"One!" answered the lady who kept the hotel, laughing: "there are twelve children here. We have called them our

dozen. Now, that you have come, we shall have to call you all our baker's dozen."

Emily soon became acquainted with the whole twelve, and she thought they were the dearest, prettiest, sweetest little people she had ever seen.

"Let's go to the beach, Emily," said one of the little girls.

"Is it nice there? Aren't you afraid of the water? Is there anything to do?"

"Didn't you ever build a sand fort?" asked a bright boy.

"Or make sand pies and cakes?" asked a gentle girl.

"Or get buried all up to your face in the warm sand?" asked a merry maiden.

"Or find crabs and shells?" asked another boy.

"Or dig for clams?"

"Or go in bathing or wading? or have a picnic on the beach?"

"No, I never did," answered Emily.

"Then come right on down and do them all," said the bright boy.

Such fun as those thirteen happy tots had that summer! Emily cried when she had to go away.

"Remember," said mamma, "God turns many of our dreaded trials into blessings. So let us always trust him."

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain through all bewildering,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy days in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.



CHICKADEE.

By Henry R. Dorr.

All the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below

Whirls the blast,
All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,

For each tiny, murmuring rill
Is frozen fast.

Come with me

To the tree,

Where the apples used to hang!

Follow me

To the tree

Where the birds of summer sang!

There's a happy fellow there,

For the cold he does not care,

And he always calls to me,

Galley 5 Happy Days

"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;

And his cheery little voice

Makes my happy heart rejoice,

While he calls the live-long day—

Calls to me—

"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,

"Chickadee, chickadee!"

Then he hops from bough to twig,

Tapping on each tiny sprig,

Calling happily to me,

"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,

"Chickadee!"

CRAB-APPLES.

In the garden there is a crab-apple tree. By careful cultivation each year, this tree will produce larger and finer fruit, but what kind of fruit will it be?

"Why," you answer, "crab-apples."

Certainly; and no matter how much care the gardener gives to the tree, it will only produce crab-apples.

But he wants to get some choice apples from that tree. What must he do?

He must bring the pruning-knife and cut off the natural branches. Then, with care, the new apple must be grafted on the old trunk. Then, when the new branch has become a part of the tree, its fruit will be different from that of the old tree, and the gardener

will have fine, luscious apples instead of the pungent little crabs.

But one day, as he passes the tree of which he is now so proud, he notices a number of little shoots springing up from the root. These do not belong to the new nature of the tree, but will be crabs if allowed to grow, and will take just so much strength from the grafts and prevent the good fruit from becoming perfect. So the gardener brings his pruning-knife and cuts away the shoots; and as often as they appear he cuts them off.

This is the way, dear children, that we must watch our hearts. Many of us try to serve God, and if we ask him he will help us to bring forth good fruit. That makes us happy and delights those who love us. Instead of disobedience and unkindness we show the fruits of love and unselfishness.

But some day we disobey, just a very little, or speak what is not true. Those are the little shoots coming up from the old wrong nature. If we let them alone, even for a time, they will grow very strong, and we shall never bring any good fruit to perfection. After having begun to be fruit-bearers, we shall go back and be only crab-apples after all!

Will you not keep all the shoots from the wrong nature cut off?

A SECRET.

"Why is it, my dear," said father, looking down at his little daughter, "that everybody seems to love you?"

"I don't know, father," she replied, "unless it is because I love everybody."

This is the secret of all happy little lives; for dropping sweetness into others' lives sweetens our own.—Selected



FROGS AT SCHOOL.

By George Cooper.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
This is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 9

Luke 23. 33-46. Memory verses 42, 43.
JESUS ON THE CROSS.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Father, forgive them: for they know
not what they do.—Luke 23. 34.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! what a sad picture is this of our Saviour on the cross. Yet there did he choose to die that he might indeed be our Saviour. This death on a cross was considered the very lowest and worst a man could die, and always meant disgrace.

But Jesus bore it all without a murmur and even prayed God to forgive his murderers. He felt pity for the poor Roman soldiers who nailed him to the cross and cast lots for his garments.

Around him were gathered the rulers, who delighted in his agony and mocked him. On crosses on either side of him were two thieves. One railed at him to save them, but the other did not condemn Jesus for not helping them, but prayed him to commend his spirit to God. Jesus knew the poor repentant thief was sincere and assured him he would be with him in Paradise that very day.

Then darkness came over Golgotha like black night and in the temple before the high altar was the curtain torn in two. At that moment the spirit of the Son of God went back to its Heavenly Father.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Golgotha? A hill outside the walls of Jerusalem.
2. What is the place where the cross stood called? Calvary.
3. What was the hill used for? Crucifixions.
4. What does that mean? Death on a cross.
5. Who was on either side of Jesus? Two thieves.
6. For whom did Jesus pray? His crucifiers.
7. What was placed above the cross? The words, "King of the Jews."
8. What was this for? Mocking.
9. What did Jesus say to the repentant thief? "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 16.

Matt. 28. 1-15. Memory verses. 5, 6.

JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is risen as he said.—Matt. 28. 6.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! blessed thought that Jesus conquered death. That his body did not stay in the dark grave but came forth beautiful and radiant. Because his body came forth so shall ours some day, and, like him, we shall then go to live forever with our Heavenly Father. It must have been a great surprise to the women who came early that Sunday morning—the first Easter morn—to the tomb of their Lord. They were frightened at first, for the glad Easter news had not a meaning for them just then. But as soon as they knew they ran to tell the disciples, and when they beheld their risen Lord their joy knew no bounds.

There were some hearts though that were not glad at the news—they who had killed him from cruel hate. They were sore distressed and were afraid to have the news go abroad. It would prove that Jesus was all he said he was. So these evil men bribed the guardians of the tomb to say that his disciples had stolen his body at night. But their wicked lie did not help the news from spreading that the crucified Jesus had indeed risen from the grave.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. When was Jesus crucified? On Friday.
2. When was his tomb found empty? The next Sunday.
3. Who came early to his grave? The three Marys.
4. Whom found they there? An angel.
5. What did the angel say? Fear not, the Lord is risen.
6. What did they do? Ran to tell the disciples.
7. Whom did they then see? The Saviour himself.
8. What did they then do? Bowled down and worshipped him.
9. What did the wicked elders and high priests do? Bribed the soldiers to say Christ's body had been stolen.

MIND THE DOOR.

Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is, how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting.

We have a house—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir; we shall not let you in; so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has fine clothes to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, no, you idle fellow; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is Love! How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your hearts.

THE DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead,
They are the daisies bright
That dot the meadow of the night.

And after-while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady sweet and fair
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies,
She's nicked them all and dropped
them down
Into the meadows of the town.



TRYING THE ICE.

TRYING THE ICE.

These two little girls and their brother have come out to see if the pond will bear. There, all across the field, you can see their tracks right up to the fence, which they managed to get over, until they reached the ice. And now the little brother is cautiously trying if the ice will bear his weight, and if it is not strong enough his sister, no doubt, will hold him tight enough to prevent an accident.

PENNY TELLS HIS STORY.

First I was born in a great big house where the machines were turning out lots of pennies, just like me. I was bright and shiny.

Well, I didn't stay shiny long. A man put me in his pocket, and left the bank one day, and then my adventures began. First I was given to the car conductor with four other dinky old pennies, and the conductor took a ten-cent silver piece from a woman with a basket, and gave five of us back to her. I

was then the prettiest. The old woman took me home in her old purse, and gave me to Peter, who lived near, for bringing milk.

"Hello! How bright you are! I'll take you to Sunday School next week," said Peter.

When I went to Sunday School there was a row of boys looking as I was handed to the teacher, and I was very proud. A man came and put me in a big bag with some others, and when he reached home he dumped us on the table, and put a twenty-five-cent silver piece in the bag.

"Hello! see the bright penny," said his son, Jim. "Can't I have it?"

"Yes," said his father. So I rested awhile in Jimmy's pocket. He put his hand in and held me every few minutes, and then he went to walk with his father.

Pretty soon I found I was pushing through a little hole in Jimmy's pocket. Whrr! In a minute I had dropped out of Jimmy's trousers, and was

rolling on the ground. Jimmy didn't see me. I rolled right under a little blue violet. Pretty soon it began to rain, and it rained all night. I knew I wasn't as bright in the morning, but I couldn't help it. A little girl, going to school, stopped to pick the violet, and then she saw me. "Oh-h-ee! here's a penny!" she said. She took me to the store, and said she wanted a "bull's-eye." I thought that was a queer thing to want; but I was left with the store-keeper.

Well, after that I went everywhere. I have lived in workmen's pockets, and ladies' silver purses, and have been handed around by butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, and now I am not pretty nor bright. One little girl polished me up just for fun. I wish more people would do that. I should feel so much more respectable. You see, as I haven't any hands, I cannot brighten myself. But one thing I notice, I pass for just as much now as when I was young and pretty. You see, I am worth a penny—no more, no less, and people don't mind so much just how I look. How much are you worth? And are you good for just as much in old clothes as new clothes?—The Mayflower.

THE COLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

The coldest city in the world is Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, in the empire of the Czar of the Russians. It is the great commercial centre of Eastern Siberia and the capital of the Province of Yakutsk, which, in most of its area of one million five hundred and seventeen thousand and sixty-three square miles, is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about four hundred houses of European structure, standing apart.

The intervening spaces are occupied by winter voorts, or huts of the northern nomads, with earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides, and windows of ice. Caravans with Chinese and European goods collect the produce of the whole line of coast on the Polar Sea between the parallels of seventy degrees and seventy-four degrees, from the mouth of the river Lena to the farthest point inhabited by the Chookchees.

Last year a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society made a tour of eleven weeks down the Lena, which is three thousand miles long, visiting Yakutsk and selling gospels in their own language to the Yakuts in the villages along the banks.—Leslie's Weekly.

Little Rosa's family had just moved to town, some miles away from the old home; and when night came, and her father and mother were busy downstairs Rosa began to feel sleepy. The bell of the church rang out, for it was prayer meeting night, and Rosa counted the strokes till she reached sixteen. "Sixteen o'clock!" said Rosa. "Dear me, I was never up so late before."—Ex.