

HAPPY DAYS

Vol XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

No. 19.

HOW LONG IT TAKES.

"O, I'm so hungry!" cried little Johnny, running into the house from play. "Give me some bread and butter, quick!"

"The bread is baking, so you must be patient," said his mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was done.

"No," exclaimed the mother, "not yet."

"It seems a long while to make a slice of bread," said Johnny, impatiently.

"Perhaps you don't know how long it does take," said his mother.

"How long does it take?" asked Johnny.

"The loaf was begun in the spring; it was doing all summer; it could not be finished till the autumn."

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said mother. "The farmer dropped the seeds in the ground in April, but the farmer could not make them grow. All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat; much less could all the men in the world make a stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could

make something that looked like wheat. Indeed, you often see young ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference."

"Put them in the ground and see," said Johnny.

"That would certainly decide. The



A WATERFOWL.—SEE FOURTH PAGE.

make believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life within them, and only God gives life. The farmer, then, makes neither the wheat nor the corn to grow; but he drops it into the ground and covers it up—that is his part—and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is he who sets Mother Earth nourishing it with warm juices. He sends the rain, he makes the sun shine, he makes it spring up—first the tender shoot, then the blades—and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw out the leaves, and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving, the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his

work, but he does all things well."

By this time Johnny had lost all his impatience; he was thinking. "Well," he said at last, "that's why we pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Before now I thought it was you, mother, that gave us our daily bread; but now I see it was God."

LITTLE ELIZABETH C.

BY L. E. CRITTENDEN.

Little Elizabeth C.

Was led in disgrace from her tea
Because of a dark, grimy streak
Around on the edge of each cheek.

"You really aren't fit to be seen,"
Said mother, while making her clean.
"Look at the posies so sweet;
Their faces are always most clean."

"I know that the posies are clean,"
Elizabeth said, "where they're seen.
But I think of their feet in the bed;
I'm sure they aren't clean as their head."

Then little Elizabeth C.
Went back with her mother to tea.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

WORDS OF LOVE AND TRUST.

"If the flood comes and catches us, it will only carry us up to heaven the quicker." A little Chinese boy, Chengsah, said this. He, with his mother and her two other children, was watching the waters rise, while the rain came down in torrents. In the country where they lived here is a rainy season, when day after day dreadful rains fall. Suddenly during these rains of 1893 came an alarm such as is sounded in the great cities when fire breaks out. The neighbors cried: "Save your children! The flood is coming! An embankment has broken!" But the mother and her children could only watch and wait, while everybody around them was screaming and crying, and the flood seemed just going to sweep them away.

Then this little boy spoke these words of love and trust in his Heavenly Father.

Suppose some dear little child, known to any one of us, was in such danger, and a mother's heart was aching to see his fear, and to think of the angry water coming nearer and nearer. How glad she would be to know that he was not afraid, but was just looking across the great flood to heaven, she would be brave, too, if she was not brave before.

The flood passed by, and did not carry this mother and her children away. They are alive, to tell how sweet it is to have a Heavenly Father very near when fear and danger come, and to have his home all ready to take us in when the flood carries us out of this life.

THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.

The greatest men have the greatest respect for children. President Garfield said: "I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

Kings look upon the children with a great deal of interest, for the children will soon become men and women, the subjects of the kingdom, the strength and support of the king. If the children are not healthy, strong and intelligent, he cannot have a great and flourishing kingdom. If the children do not love and respect the king, when they become older they will refuse to obey his laws and cause him much trouble.

In some countries the kings have made schools for the children, where they may be educated, and thus become more useful and happy. Sometimes they visit these schools and speak to the children. In the picture on the first page is the king of Prussia, visiting some little children in a village school. They were greatly pleased to see their king, and especially to have him visit them, speak to them, and ask them questions. The children were very polite and answered the king's questions brightly and promptly. The king took an orange from a plate and holding it in his hand asked them to what kingdom it belonged. One bright little girl quickly replied: "To the vegetable kingdom." Then the king took a gold coin from his pocket and asked to what kingdom it belonged. The little girl answered again promptly: "To the mineral kingdom." "And to what kingdom do I belong?" asked the king. The little girl did not like to say: "To the animal kingdom;" but just then a new thought came into her mind, and looking up with her eyes flashing with brightness she said: "To God's kingdom, sir." The king was greatly moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and

said, very tenderly: "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Jesus is King of the heavenly kingdom. There was never so good a king as Jesus. There was never a king who so much loved the children. When here among men he too visited the children and spoke to them. He took them up in his arms, laid his hands on their heads, and blessed them. And while thus talking to them and blessing them he said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The children all belong to King Jesus, and they should love him dearly and believe all that he has said unto them in his Word and be careful to obey him and please him in all things."

IN ALASKA.

If you were an Eskimo and lived in Alaska, you would probably go out some day for a drive. And if you did, you would go in a queer conveyance, and you yourself would be a funny-looking object. You would put on first an undershirt of birdskins. Next comes a coat which fits very loosely, and on this coat, or "kapetah," a fur hood is fastened for the head. Then there are loose trousers of bearskin, short socks of birdskin, with soles of padded grass and bearskin leggings. Your hands would be covered with sealskin mittens, and if the wind were blowing you might hold a fox's tail between your teeth to protect the nose and lips.

Instead of horses you would have four or six Eskimo dogs, and your carriage would be a long sled. In place of harness with traces and reins and bridle and straps, you would have only the traces and one rein. This rein is thrown over the left or right side when the driver wants the dogs to go to the left or right.

The people of the Arctic regions would find it hard to live without these dogs, as they are very strong and active and go over the snow much faster than horses. They are not of a very happy disposition, however. They hate to do anything, and always howl in the most melancholy way when they are harnessed.

THE LITTLE HEART FOR JESUS.

A little boy who, during a long illness, contemplated his departure from the world, conceived the odd idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when the mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." But no, the little patient felt that he could make no further bequest, and promptly replied that the little heart must be kept for Jesus, a surprising, beautiful, almost sublime, turn in the strange colloquy.

THE NEW SISTER.

And what do you think has come
To live in our house to-day?
It's not a fife or a drum,
But something with which I'll play.

I'm sure that it is alive,
For it makes a squealing noise;
Now guess while I'm counting five.
It's not any kind of toys.

It's little, but pretty fat,
Has a kind of furry head;
But it's not a pussy cat—
The hair is a little red.

A dear little baby sister
Is just what is living here,
And I stole up and kissed her
Because she is such a dear.

What fun my sister and I
Are going to have some day.
When she gets too old to cry,
And can run around and play.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 1.

DANIEL AND BELSHAZZAR.

Dan. 5. 17-30. Memorize verses 29, 30.
GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them
that do evil.—Psa. 34. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

When King Nebuchadnezzar died his son Belshazzar became king of Babylon. If you would like to know what kind of a king he was, read the first part of the chapter from which our lesson is taken. This will show that Daniel had good reason for speaking the plain words which you find in the lesson verses. Think of it. At the very time that the people of Babylon were shut up in their city by a great threatening enemy, Belshazzar made a drunken feast, and even used the sacred vessels which his father had taken from the house of God in Jerusalem, from which to drink wine! It was right in the midst of the feast when a strange writing appeared on the wall, and although neither the king nor any of his guests could read the writing, it made them feel very uneasy. Belshazzar said in the presence of all the guests that the one who could read this handwriting should be clothed in scarlet (or purple, the color of royalty) and wear a gold chain about his neck to show that he was now a ruler, and be made the third ruler of the kingdom. Daniel came and read

the writing, for God gave him wisdom. Read the interpretation of it in verses 26, 27, and 28. That very night Belshazzar was slain, and Daniel was brought to great honor. This lesson teaches us again that the wicked shall not prosper, but that the true servant of God is honored by God and man.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was king of Babylon? Belshazzar.
2. Was he a good man? No; he worshipped false gods.
3. What did he make for his lords? A great feast.
4. What was then just outside his gates? A great army.
5. What did he see on the wall? A strange handwriting.
6. Who could not read it? His wisest men.
7. Who did read it? Daniel.
8. Who gave Daniel wisdom? God.
9. What did Daniel read? That Belshazzar's kingdom would fall.
10. What did he say about Belshazzar? That God was displeased with him.
11. What happened that night? Belshazzar was killed.
12. What became of his kingdom? It was taken by the Medes and Persians.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 8.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

Dan. 6. 10-23. Memorize verses 21-23.
GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Babylon now belonged to the kingdom of the Medes and Persians, and Darius was the king. He showed great honor to Daniel, making him the first among the nobles of the kingdom. But some of the nobles were not pleased with this. They did not like Daniel's truth and uprightness of spirit. They had a feeling of mean jealousy toward him, and they thought they would make a plan by which to bring him into trouble. Read about the evil plan they made in Dan. 6. 4-9. You will notice that they said, "We cannot find any occasion against Daniel except . . . concerning the law of his God." King Darius did not understand why they asked him to make a new law, and when he found that it was all a plan to ruin Daniel he was much troubled. Notice in the sixteenth verse of this lesson that the king believed that Daniel's God would save him out of the mouth of the lions. Do you wonder why the king did not save him? It was a law of the land that nothing should ever change the king's decree (or word), and so he was obliged to let Daniel be thrown

to the lions, but it comforted him to think that Daniel's God would not let any harm come to him. We must not forget that Darius was a heathen king, and that it was Daniel's faith and good life that made the king believe in his God. This wonderful story ends well. God did indeed allow Daniel to go among the lions, but he did not allow them to hurt him, and when he came out of the den "no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was now king? Darius.
2. What was Daniel's position? First officer of the king.
3. How did some bad men feel? Jealous of Daniel.
4. What did they want to do? Get him out of the way.
5. What bad law was passed? That no one should pray except to the king.
6. What did these bad men know? That Daniel would pray to God.
7. What did Daniel do? He prayed openly.
8. How did the king feel about his new law? Very badly.
9. Where was Daniel thrown? Into the den of lions.
10. Why could not the lions hurt him? God would not let them.
11. Who was glad when he found Daniel safe? King Darius.
12. What did he tell all his people to do? To fear Daniel's God.

A GOOD MOTTO.

Two children once took this for their motto: "What would Jesus do?" When they were tempted to be cross or selfish, they would think of their motto question; when they wanted to disobey, this question would ask itself in their hearts. They listened, and so they always heard it; and they tried to obey what the Voice said. Do you think that they grew to be good children? Indeed, they did; and so will all children who adopt this motto, and in every temptation ask themselves the question: "What would Jesus do?"

SHE HAD A MOTIVE.

Children are like grown people; they can put up with pretty shabby treatment if they have a sufficient motive. *Good News* reports a conversation of two little girls:

"If Susy Stuekup was as cross to me as she is to you, I'd get mad and never speak to her."

"No, you wouldn't—not if you knew what I know."

"What's that?"

"She's going to have a birthday party next week, with two kinds of ice-cream and a lot of lady-fingers and fruit cake."



IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

These two young men have managed to find their way into somebody's studio, and whether they ought to be there or not is hard to say; but anyhow we are sure they will be very careful not to make a mess of the paints and pictures which are lying all around them. Perhaps some day they will both become artists themselves and paint beautiful pictures, or perhaps they have already begun and are in their own little studio in the picture. If so, all the better for them to begin so early.

WHAT FREDDIE SAW.

"A great many years ago, there was a little boy named Freddie," began papa, who always told the children a story Saturday nights.

"Oh!" interrupted Fred, Jr., "that's my name."

"Yes, but this was many years before you were born; and the Freddie I'm talking about lived in the country, on the edge of a deep wood. There were no other houses nearer than five miles to the one he lived in. One winter, his father was cutting logs for the timbers for a big barn he meant to build when summer came again, and Freddie carried his dinner every day. The big trees grew deep in the woods on a ridge called 'Hard Wood Hill.'

"Freddie found his way by the blazes his father cut on the trees as he went along."

"What are blazes, papa?" asked both children together.

"Blazes are the white marks on the trunks of trees where the bark has been cut off with an axe. You could see the white wood a long way off. Well, as I

was saying, Freddie was carrying his dinner to his father one winter day, when almost at the foot of Hard Wood Hill he saw something strange. A big log began to move. It rolled a little one way and then it rolled back. Now, logs don't roll about that way on the snow of their own accord. Freddie looked and looked, but he could see nothing touching it. 'I'm just going to find out what's rolling that log,' said Freddie to himself. So he went boldly up to it and around it. When he came to the end he saw that the log was hollow. He stooped down and looked in. With a growl, a big brown bear rolled himself out and stood looking at the boy who had dared to disturb him. Freddie did not wait to find out what the bear would do, but ran screaming up the hill. His father, fortunately, heard him, and rushed down with his gun. That bear's skin is in the nursery upstairs now."

"Oh, you were the little boy. I just knew it!" shouted Fred, Jr.

"I'm so glad the bear didn't eat you up, or I wouldn't have had any dear papa," said Elsie, with a loving hug.

TALKING SWEDISH.

Susy—six years of age—had noticed that the girls of foreign nationalities who served in her mother's kitchen spoke English in a way somewhat different from the English she was accustomed to hear from her father and mother.

One day her mother sent Susie downstairs with an order to the cook not to prepare any soup for dinner. Presently the little girl came back.

"Well," asked her mother, "did you give Mary the order?"

"Yes, mamma; I told her in Swedish."

"Told her in Swedish! Why, child, what did you say?"

"I said to her, 'You needn't make no soup, Mary!'"

TO A WATERFOWL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last step
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink,
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose cars
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
phere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is here.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
tain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

A WONDERFUL THING.

"A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless for ever;
For ever old, and for ever new,
Utterly faithful, utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.
Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow."