

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1903.

No. 23.

## A CHINESE BARBER.

It has been said that the Chinese are an uncleanly race. Our own observation does not confirm that statement. Indeed, we never saw people so devoted to scouring and scrubbing and steeping themselves in hot water as the Chinese. We have seen them at the canneries in British Columbia preparing huge vessels of hot water for their daily ablutions and have seen wandering barbers by the railway holding their victim by the nose while they shaved his head and performed other delicate attentions as shown in the above cut.

## A SCHOOL-BOYS' STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him, and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces," said the boys, laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and, believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble, so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other little Tubbses beside John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your breakfast all the week, and by this I shall save money for the slate, whic' it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones, and the satis-

faction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after Mr. Jones came to the school and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

boys did look at him as a criminal, and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of a fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate, that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had

gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise; and when he was done speaking, the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah, it made the school walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders, and carried him around in triumph.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind, you'll throw a fellow down."

## THE ONE WHO LOVED BEST.

The story I am going to tell you is not fact, but it has a true meaning. Into the court of a great temple in India, the story says, there fell one day a plate of gold, on which were these words: "To him who loveth best, a gift from heaven." Whenever the priests heard of a rich man who gave away large gifts they would send for him and ask about his deeds of charity. At last there came a man who had given away all he possessed, but the plate turned to lead in his hands. He cast it angrily to the ground; but when the priests lifted it, it again shone in all its beauty. There lay many blind and lame about the temple, and those who came to seek the plate of gold gave them alms. But at the end of three years there came to worship there a poor man



A CHINESE BARBER.

"What," said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him." And the

who knew nothing of the plate of gold. He had nothing to give the helpless beggars, but his heart went out to them in pity. Kneeling beside one of the most wretched, he took both his thin hands in his, and said softly: "O thou, my brother, bear thy trouble bravely; God is good." Then he went into the temple. As he heard the people telling their good deeds he thought to himself that he had none to tell. But, after looking at him earnestly, the priest beckoned to him and put the plate in his hands. It shone with a brighter glow than before. "Son," said the priest, "the gift of God is thine; thou lovest best."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1933.

### THE LOST PRIZE.

"We have each of us got a prize, mamma—each of us! Isn't that perfectly lovely?"

This mother was asked so many times a day to find so many things "perfectly lovely" that she smiled as she answered, "That is nice, indeed; are they for the same thing?"

They brought the books and laid them open on her knee. Louise was her own little maid, and Nanette was Louise's dearest friend, who had no mother to show her triumphs to, and who often came to Louise's mother, finding always a kind word and smile.

"Miss Blair offered a prize for the best composition on India, mamma, and she said mine and Nanette's were just equal; so she gave us each one."

"What does this mean?" asked the mother, reading from Nanette's book;

"From Nanette's affectionate teacher, who loves every truth-lover."

Nanette blushed a little: "Miss Blair said we must get it all out of books, ma'am; and while I was writing mine an old gentleman at our boarding-house came up and corrected some things I had written without my asking him; of course, I had to tell Miss Blair."

"Ah, I see," said the lady; "and she means you to remember that she values your carefulness about telling the whole truth, more even than your composition." She drew Nanette to her side and kissed her. "I would rather be called a truth-lover, little Nanette," she said, "than be called her Majesty the Empress of India. Could Miss Blair say the same of you, Louise dear?" she asked, but Louise burst into tears.

Her mother was much concerned when she found that Louise had slipped Nanette's paper out of the desk and read it before writing her own. "I didn't see why I might not read a composition as well as a book," she sobbed.

"But you let Miss Blair think you had done what she told you, daughter; that was not truth-telling, much less truth-loving."

And Louise was obliged to carry her pretty book back and give it up. But when her golden head began to turn grey, she used to tell her own little girls that this lost prize did more for her than any she ever gained and kept.

### HOW HE MEASURED THE TREE.

We sometimes call our Bob the young philosopher, for he is a boy who thinks a great deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself, and he solves some problems which would seem too difficult for such a little fellow. Bob is the owner of a foot rule and a yardstick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short and at other times very long. At length, however, he discovered that it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day—once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon—his shadow was exactly the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near the house which runs up tall and slim. Bob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of

this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was longer than the stake; but he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Bob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the maple. He was delighted with his discovery, and he talked about it a great deal, and said that he would some time try to measure the distance to the moon.—Nursery.

### TRUE LOVE.

"How I love you, mother dear!"

A little prattler said.

"I love you in the morning bright,  
And when I go to bed.

"I love you when I'm near to you,  
And when I'm far away;  
I love you when I am at work,  
And when I am at play."

And then she shyly, sweetly raised  
Her lovely eyes of blue,  
"I love you when you love me best,  
And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child  
And stooped a tear to hide;  
"My precious one, I love you most  
When I am forced to chide.

"I could not let my darling child  
In sin and folly go;  
And this is why I sometimes chide—  
Because I love you so."

### UNSELFISH.

There are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of the second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile; "I don't mind it at all—now."

I DON'T WANT TO.

There's a lazy little sprite that takes  
supreme delight  
In spoiling children's faces. Deary me!  
Such a tiresome, tiresome elf. I've wished  
often to myself  
He was out of sight for ever at the bot-  
tom of the sea.

Just look up at Freddy's lips when asked  
to pick up chips  
Or rock the little sister, baby Grace.  
I Don't Want To (that's his name) begins  
his little game,  
And you'd hardly know 'twas Freddy's  
pretty face.

How quick his ugly mask, though 'twas  
an easy task,  
Slipped over little Ellen's face to-day  
When mamma kindly said: "Please,  
daughter, bring my thread;  
'Twill take you but a moment from your  
play."

"I Don't Want To." There he goes,  
whining always through his nose,  
Spoiling all the lovely faces. Deary me!  
The smiles he puts to rout, and the dia-  
ples, I've no doubt,  
If they were drops of water, would al-  
most fill the sea.

—Farm, Field and Fireside.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 15.

DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD.

Psa. 23. Memorize verses 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not  
want.—Psa. 23. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

David wrote a little song, or psalm,  
which is sometimes called the Shepherd  
Psalm and sometimes the Children's  
Psalm. The King of Israel used to sing  
hymns from his own heart and never laid  
aside the harp that he first learned to play  
upon while he was a shepherd lad with  
his father's flocks. He made a whole book  
of hymns for the temple choir, and among  
them there is not one more beautiful than  
the one beginning, "The Lord is my Shep-  
herd." The great king, sitting upon the  
flat roof of his house of cedar and looking  
away toward Bethlehem, would think of  
the happy days when he was a boy keeping  
the flocks. He remembered his tender  
love for them, and how he risked his life  
for them, and killed a lion and a bear that

came to devour them. Then he thought  
of the great love of the Lord for his people  
—"the sheep of his pasture"—and his  
tender care for them, and sang to his harp.  
"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not  
want. He maketh me to lie down in green  
pastures; he leadeth me beside the still  
waters." Then, after a little, he thought  
perhaps of the caves in the wilderness  
where he hid from Saul, and sang about  
"the valley of the shadow of death," where  
he feared no evil, for God was with him.  
Then in the last part of the song, he  
thought of all the blessedness that came  
to the king, and he sang, "Thou anointest  
my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What was David when a boy? A shep-  
herd.

Whose sheep did he keep? His father's.  
Where? Near Bethlehem.

What did he love to do? To sing.

What did he play upon? A harp.

What songs did he sing? Songs of  
praise and prayer.

Did he still do this when he became  
king? Yes.

Of what did he sometimes think? Of  
his boyhood.

How did he think of the Lord? As his  
Shepherd.

And of himself? As one of "the sheep  
of his pasture."

What did he believe? That the Lord  
would care for him.

Where did he wish always to live? "In  
the house of the Lord."

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 22.

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK.

Prov. 20. 1; 23. 20, 21, 29-35. Memorize  
verses 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker.—Prov. 20. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

A long, long time ago in Arabia it was  
found that if grape juice was kept until it  
decayed it would make a strange spirit  
within that they called *alcohol*, and it still  
has that name in our country. It had the  
power to hurt whoever drank much of it,  
so that they became weak in mind and  
body. It has the same power now, and  
what King Solomon said about it thirty  
centuries ago is true now. There is an-  
other kind of intemperance which is almost  
as bad, and that is intemperate eating—  
the first makes drunkards, but this makes  
gluttons—and the only way to avoid either  
of these evils is to learn to rule your spirit  
by making it serve God's will. You need  
to begin early, for Satan, who uses strong  
drink to bind his victims, will tempt you  
to "just taste," to see what it is like, and  
then again and again, until the soul and  
body are bound fast. A wise child will

"touch not, taste not, handle not" any  
harmful thing. Our bodies are temples  
of the Holy Spirit, and we must not defile  
them with any unholy thing. Are you  
strong enough to make for yourself a rule  
of life now? Touch not, taste not, handle  
not strong drink.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is the curse of all countries?  
Strong drink.

What power has it? To take away the  
reason.

What other power has it? To destroy  
the body.

What did King Solomon say of it? "It  
biteth like a serpent."

What is a drunkard? One who loves  
strong drink.

What is a glutton? One who eats too  
much.

How can we be temperate? By ruling  
our will.

Who alone can keep our will? The  
Lord who made it.

When will Satan tempt us to drink? As  
soon as he can.

What is a good rule? "Touch not,  
taste not, handle not."

What are we? Temples of the Holy  
Spirit.

How should we keep them? Clean and  
holy.

HOW ELSIE HELPED.

Alice was knitting a pretty white shawl  
for a birthday present to mamma. Elsie  
stood by and watched her.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I wish there  
was anything little girls could do for their  
mamas' birthdays. I wish I could make  
her a shawl. Please, Alice, let me try to  
knit a wee bit of it. I know I could; it  
looks as easy as anything."

Alice laughed. "You dear little mischief,  
you would only spoil the pretty shawl. It  
is not at all easy for such little fingers as  
yours. Promise not to touch it, and I will  
let you help in another way. You may  
hold the yarn while sister winds it into a  
big ball."

"Will that be helping?" asked Elsie,  
doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed, really and truly. Sister  
can't do it alone, and if you don't hold it  
some one else must."

Elsie held out her hands very patiently,  
until every bit of the wool was wound.

When Alice gave the shawl to mamma,  
Elsie spoke up eagerly: "I helped make  
it, mamma, I did truly."

"Why, what could such little hands do  
with knitting needles?" asked mamma.

"Didn't do with 'em. I held the yarn.  
Alice couldn't do it. I did help. She said  
so."

"So you did, sweetheart," said mamma,  
kissin' her.



AN ARMY OF ANTS.

## REMARKABLE ANTS.

Bees and ants may be called civilized animals. They live in cities, and understand the value of co-operation. Indeed, they could give men some valuable lessons upon one of the oldest, the best known, and the truest of human proverbs: "In union there is strength."

Ants show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night; while chickens, lizards, and other small animals in Western Africa, flee from them in terror.

To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth, and gummed together by some secretion; and, again, it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, who hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the

"drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood; but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds, and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruin rises a black ball that rides safely on the water, and drifts away.

At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together and form a solid body of ants—the weaker in the centre. Often this ball is larger than a common baseball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.

"Hunter Ants" are found in the tropical countries. It appears that at particular seasons, when pressed for food, they leave their nests and enter the dwellings by millions. They are harmless to the residents if they do not disturb or kill any of their number. In half an hour the ants enter every room, wardrobe, trunk, and cranny in the house, in search of insects. They cover the walls, floors, ceilings, and even the under side of the roof, and woe to every cockroach, fly, or wasp, that does not immediately escape!

In Trinidad they filled Mrs. Car-

michael's house for five hours, destroying hundreds of insects, and a score of mice and rats, which she saw covered with hundreds of the little warriors, until they were worried to death and then devoured. After this thorough depopulation, the ants suddenly left for their nests.

The negroes are so impressed with their usefulness, that they call these ants "God's blessing." One of them, passing Mrs. Carmichael's house just after the above scene, called out: "Ah, missus, you've got the blessing of God to-day; and a great blessing it is to get such a cleaning!"

## MY PETS.

We two always do agree.  
For I love puss and puss loves me;  
We always play about together,  
And get so thirsty this thirsty weather.

I have a puppy, rough and black,  
But pussy's prettier far than Jack;  
Her eyes are of a brighter yellow,  
Though he's a darling little fellow.

I often wonder what puss thinks,  
She looks so solemn when she winks,  
And when she purrs I almost fancy  
She says, "I love you, little Nancy."

The pup she really seems to hate,  
And when he prowls around her plate  
And touches what I've given my darling,  
I must confess she takes to snarling.

The animals aren't perfect yet,  
But then, I too sometimes forget;  
They don't obey me to the letter,  
But by and by I'll teach them better.

—The Water-Lily.

## KATIE'S PRAYER.

Katie climbed up into the broad window seat to have a nice time with her new picture-book; and just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming she felt just like saying: "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus like this, "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie;" and then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think that Jesus answered Katie's prayer; don't you?

A bright little fellow of four summers awoke one morning, and, turning to his grandmother, said: "Grandma, I dreamed that I had a carriage last night." "Did you?" said she. "Well, what did you do with it?" "O," said he, in his thoughtful manner, "I left it in the dreamhouse."