

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 2, 1902.

No. 16.

TOM THE STABLE BOY.

Tom Hawkins was the son of a widow, and had to work hard to take care of himself and to help his mother. He had charge of the stable of a gentleman who lived not far from Tom's house. Tom took good care of horses, harness, carriages, and everything about the stable. The horses knew his foot-step as soon as they heard him coming, and always pricked up their ears and neighed. They knew he was their friend, and they were always glad to have him come where they were.

Tom was fond of reading, and whenever he had a few spare moments from his work he would sit down and read. He would sit on a bunch of hay or on a water-pail, turned upside down, as you see him sitting in the picture.

Thus he improved his time, and I am glad to say that he soon learned many useful things, so that he was able to do better for himself and for his mother.

THE RAINDROP.

"I am afraid to fall," said little Pearl with a shiver.

"Tut, tut," said Nurse Cloud; "you need not be afraid. It is nice down there."

"Were you ever there?" asked Pearl.

"I suppose so, but I do not remember."

"I would much rather stay up here," said Pearl. "I don't see why all my brothers and cousins should be in such a hurry to go down. Will I be able to find

you when I get back?" Just then a heavy peal of thunder drowned Nurse Cloud's answer.

"O dear, that dreadful thunder! It nearly shook me off," said Pearl.

after; faster and faster, until beneath her appear the towers of a large castle. Just then a head appears at an open window in the castle, and a pair of blue eyes look up to the sky to see if the storm is nearly

over. Down comes Pearl plump into the open eye of the princess, and the little lady laughs as Pearl tumbles out and falls into a sweet tuberosc that grows beneath the open window. This is a lovely bed for a tired little traveller to rest in; but Pearl is homesick, and wants to go back. The raindrops have ceased falling, the sun shines out, and soon Pearl feels herself becoming lighter and lighter; then she mounts up in the air, and soon finds herself in her old home—the clouds.—*Sunshine.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

When I go to bed, mamma, I don't know what to think about," said little Helen; "I see things in the dark, and think about such scary things that it keeps me awake."

"If you should see a flock of black, croaking ravens and a flock of pure white, cooing doves coming toward you, which would you hold out your hands to?" asked mamma.

"To the doves, of course," was the quick answer.

"I think that you would. You might not be able to keep the

ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this, with the thoughts that are like flying birds



TOM THE STABLE BOY.

"Now is your turn to go," said nurse. "Good-bye; don't be scared."

Down, down, went poor Pearl, with hundreds of other little drops chasing

at night, my dear. Don't give room for a minute in your mind to the troublesome thoughts that you call scaresome. Let the white doves of sweet and happy thoughts come in and stay till you go to sleep. I'll tell you how to coax them. First, send up a little prayer to Jesus to give you thoughts about him; then say over some Bible verse or some little hymn that you know, and keep turning your mind to what is pleasant and good. Don't you see that if your heart, like a cage full of doves, has no room for troublesome things, like croaking ravens, that they can't crowd in. If you think of happy things when you go to sleep, you will wake with sweet thoughts, and this makes a good beginning for a new day."

Mamma's advice to Helen about night thoughts will do to pass on to other girls and boys, who can try the plan.—*Selected.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 2, 1902.

LITTLE RED MEN.

An Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you have seen in pictures. When the little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a corn stock and take such rides as you take on a cane or broom. He would say that his horse is much better because it makes such a dust.

As soon as the little red woman is out of her cradle she begins to carry a doll or a puppy on her back, just as her mamma used to carry her. She makes cunning little wigwams, too, and plays "keep house," while her little brother plays at hunting and fishing.

But the little red boys and girls do not

play all the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her children to be polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name; they must never pass between an older person and the fire; and they must never, never speak to older people while they are talking.

When a little red man forgets these very good rules, and is rude, what do you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure you can never guess. She says, "Why, you act like a little white child!" Can it be that these little red men can teach us lessons in politeness?—*Selected.*

JOAN'S FUN.

Joan and Marjorie were twins, but no one would have thought so. Joan was as lively as a cricket—never a moment still. With her black curls and dancing brown eyes and cunning ways, she was the life of the house. Marjorie was a cripple. With her golden-brown hair, her sad, blue eyes, and her gentle ways, she lay on her couch and made every one love her.

Joan was Marjorie's little slave, and a very devoted one she was, too. Her one thought was what she must do to make Marjorie happy.

One day Joan went with a picnic party of little friends to the seashore. Though Marjorie lay at home, Joan took her with her in her thoughts, and during the day her store of shells and seaweeds and bright pebbles gradually increased.

When she got home Marjorie was asleep for the night, and the gifts must wait. But directly the sun was up next morning so was Joan. She gleefully spread the wonderful treasures out on Marjorie's couch. "There, Margie, they're all your very own."

But Marjorie hesitated.

"And what is Joan going to have?"

"Oh, I had the picnic, and now I have the fun of giving."

Marjorie threw her arms about Joan's neck, and laughed and kissed her, looking as if it were even more fun for her than for Joan.

Don't you think, after all, there is *always* more fun in giving than in getting?

ALASKAN BABIES.

Babies in Alaska have a hard life during the first year. The Alaskan mothers do not know how to treat their babies as tenderly as American mothers do, and so a great many go to heaven while they are babies.

How do they treat them? Why, they rub them with grease instead of giving them a bath, and then pack dried grass tightly around them and roll them up in a skin or a blanket and tie it so closely that the poor baby cannot move his limbs or do anything but cry. If he cries too loud

his mother puts his head under water to teach him to be quiet, poor little fellow!

Once a day he is packed in fresh grass, but if he lives to be a year old the wrappings are taken off, and he may crawl about and eat seal fat, dried meat, and dried fruit; but the country is cold and damp, and it is a hard place for little ones to live.

When a baby dies it is laid in a "burial" basket of bright colours, and that is placed in a little canoe, which they push out into the river, and the river carries it out to the great sea.

How beautiful it is that Alaskan mothers, who love their babies dearly, may now hear about the Lord Jesus, who takes little ones into his heavenly home. They do not go out to the cold sea. It is only their little earthly houses that do that.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY-SOON."

I know of a land where the streets are paved

With the things which we meant to achieve;

It is walled with the money we meant to have saved

And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,

And many a coveted boon,

Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—

The land of "Pretty-Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame

Lying about in the dust,

And many a noble and lofty aim

Covered with mould and rust.

And oh, this place, while it seems so near,

Is farther away than the moon;

Tho' our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—

To the land of "Pretty-Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land

Is strewn with pitiful wrecks;

And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand

Bear skeletons on their decks.

It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,

And farther at night than at noon;

Oh, let us beware of that land down there,
The land of "Pretty-Soon."

A child being asked to explain the expression, "Columbus went on foot from Italy to Spain," said she supposed he hopped, otherwise it would have said, "He went on feet."

Temp'rance boys make temp'rance men,

Growing each day stronger;

Able to endure more,

Able to work longer.

AN OLD, OLD LADY.

Naughty Daisy Dimple duck! I left her just a minute,
Sitting there in grandma's chair as still as any mouse;
Little tousled, curly head, with so much mischief in it!
Now I cannot find her anywhere about the house.

There's a little old, old lady sitting here demurely,

Darning grandpa's stocking and wearing grandma's specs;
But little Daisy Dimple duck is lost; yet surely, surely—

Little old, old lady I do not wish to vex;

But your cheeks are very red, ma'am, and the eyes behind those glasses,

Are very, very bright, and are very, very blue,

And little old, old lady, how very gay your laugh is!

What! naughty Daisy Dimple duck, is it really you?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI. [August 10.]

NADAB AND ABIHU—TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Lev. 10. 1-11. Memorize verses 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us watch and be sober.—1 Thess. 5. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

When the tabernacle was ready for the worship of God it was necessary to have priests, and Moses did as God had told him to do, and set apart Aaron and his four sons to be priests. Aaron was high priest. They were told in the law that God gave to Moses just what the duty of a priest should be, and it was theirs to do it just as he had commanded; but Nadab and Abihu, two of the sons, thought it was just as well to do it in another way. God had told them to light the incense in the censers from the fire that was always burning upon the golden altar, but one day they lighted it with other fire. They were careless about obeying God, and that shows that something was going wrong in their hearts. God could not let them do wrong so easily, as others would soon do the same, so they were themselves consumed by fire. They were carried out of camp, and even their father and brothers were not allowed to follow them.

Then God told Aaron that he must never drink wine or strong drink, nor must his sons, as they made ready to serve in the tabernacle, and that it must be a rule of the priesthood for ever. It may be

that the sons of Aaron had taken wine, and it had taken away their right mind.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did God tell Moses to do? To make a place of worship.

Who was the high priest, or minister? Aaron.

Who were priests also? Aaron's sons.

Who were two of these priests? Nadab and Abihu.

What were they doing one day? Offering incense.

Who had told them how to light it? God.

What did they think? That they would take another way.

What did they use? Strange fire.

How were they punished? A fire destroyed them.

What did God tell Aaron? That they must not drink wine.

What had Nadab and Abihu perhaps done? Disobeyed God in this.

What is always dangerous? To disobey God.

LESSON VII. [August 17.]

JOURNEYING TOWARD CANAAN.

Num. 10. 11-13, 29-36. Mem. ver. 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.—Psa. 31. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Israelites always walked when they journeyed; and as they had their little children to carry, and their old people to walk with them, and all their goods to carry, they went very slowly, and made long rests. The tabernacle was carried, the ark, with the cloud above it, leading, and when they rested they set up the tabernacle and stayed a long time. When they journeyed from Sinai, where great mountains of rock rose around them, they went on to the wilderness of Paran, and there the cloud rested and they rested also.

As they were about to start on their journey Moses asked his brother-in-law, Hobab, the Midianite, to go with them. "Come thou with us," he said, "and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Hobab wished to go back to his own people, though Moses persuaded him. The ark of the covenant went before them a three days' journey searching out a resting-place. By day the cloud hung just before them and led them on, and it glowed with light by night. When the ark set forward Moses said, "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered," and when it rested he said, "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who were taking a great journey? The Israelites.

Who was their leader? Moses.

Who led Moses? The Lord.

How did they travel? On foot.

What always went ahead of them? The cloud and fire.

What told them when to start? The cloud rose.

When did they stop? When the cloud stopped.

What was the cloud like at night? A fire.

What did the cloud mean? The presence of the Lord.

Where did they go from Sinai? To Paran.

Who wants to be our leader? The Lord.

How does he lead us? By his Spirit and his word.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study; it "weakens his eyes;"

But the right sort of book will ensure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears, And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear, Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound."

Very weary of life, and of "tramping around;"

But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him some day, I fear,

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit;"

But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon,

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.

Do you think he "plays possum"? he seems quite sincere,

But— isn't he queer?

—St. Nicholas.

Patty had received a doll's trunk at Christmas; and as Prue seemed to wish for one, the grandmamma, who acted as "fairy godmother" to the children, gave her one for her birthday. It happened to be a little smaller than Patty's, and Patty liked nothing better than to call Prue's attention to the fact. Prue bore it very well; but finally, when Patty said with a pitying air, "Prue, I'm so used to my big trunk that when I look at your it looks so small to me." Prue turned in fierce and virtuous indignation: "Well, I don't care, Patty; you're not a bit nice! It isn't the smallness you ought to look at when anybody gives you anything; it's the kindness!"—*Wide Awake.*



JOURNEYING TOWARD CANAAN.

WHAT THE SPIDER TOLD.

"I was spinning a web on a rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it!' she cried; 'I can't! I can't!'"

"Then her mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread, and tried to fasten it to a branch, the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times; but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it, and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled. 'What a patient spider!' she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work; and when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine, and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step."—*Babyland.*

THE PURRING KETTLE.

There was once a poor little boy named Isaac Watt. He was a dreamy child, and the neighbours thought him absent-minded and stupid. One day he was gazing at the tea-kettle, and he noticed how it purred, and purred, and purred, like a cat. He followed, too, with his eye the cloudy vapour which spurted from the spout, and he said to himself: "Why does so much steam come forth from the kettle? I wonder if it will stay in the kettle if I place

something over the spout?" After he had blocked the spout with a piece of cloth, or a cork, there was a bang! and the lid fell off. Then Isaac saw how very strong was boiling water. He knew then that boiling water shut up in a kettle will find its way out, for the heat has swelled the water, and given it great strength. The hot steam turned into beautiful clouds when it came into the air, which was colder than that inside the kettle. When your warm breath reaches the cold air on a winter's day, it turns into vapour just as the vapour in the kettle does. When the poor little boy grew up, he made many steam-engines, and became a famous and rich man.

THE CAT IN THE BAG.

Little Arabella Frost was almost asleep. Her curly head was nestled on the soft pillow of her brass cot, and the dark lashes rested on her pink cheeks. Almost asleep, but not quite; the little ears were still open, and she heard mother say to big brother Joe, "Then the cat is out of the bag."

"What cat, mother?" asked Arabella sleepily, without opening her eyes.

"Never mind, baby; go to sleep," said mother.

"What did they put the cat in the bag for?" Arabella asked herself. "It must be a wild cat." Just then she saw the bag; it was empty. She saw the cat; it

looked very wild. It seemed to be biting and scratching many people; and in a great fright Arabella screamed and—woke up!

You see, she had gone off to sleep, and dreamed about the cat getting out of the bag, and mother had to take her on her lap to get the little girl quiet again. Then mother told her that letting the cat out of the bag meant telling a thing that ought not to be told, and that a story was sometimes just like the cat she had dreamed about—it hurt people when it ran about.

"If you hear anything ugly about your little playmates, darling," said mother, "remember what the cat did when she got out, and tie your bag as tight as you can."

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now thou art above the sky;
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

An English paper tells of a dog in Birmingham that is devoted to dolls. The owner of the dog had a little daughter who taught the dog to carry her doll. The dog became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it, and carry it to his kennel, and lie down beside it. The children of the neighbourhood thought that this was fun, and would ask the dog's owner: "Please, may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?" Alas! saw the dog snatches dolls from the little owners and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. He is no longer a favourite. His reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take the dolls for a walk. He runs off with them without the owners' consent.—*Selected.*