

# HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIX.

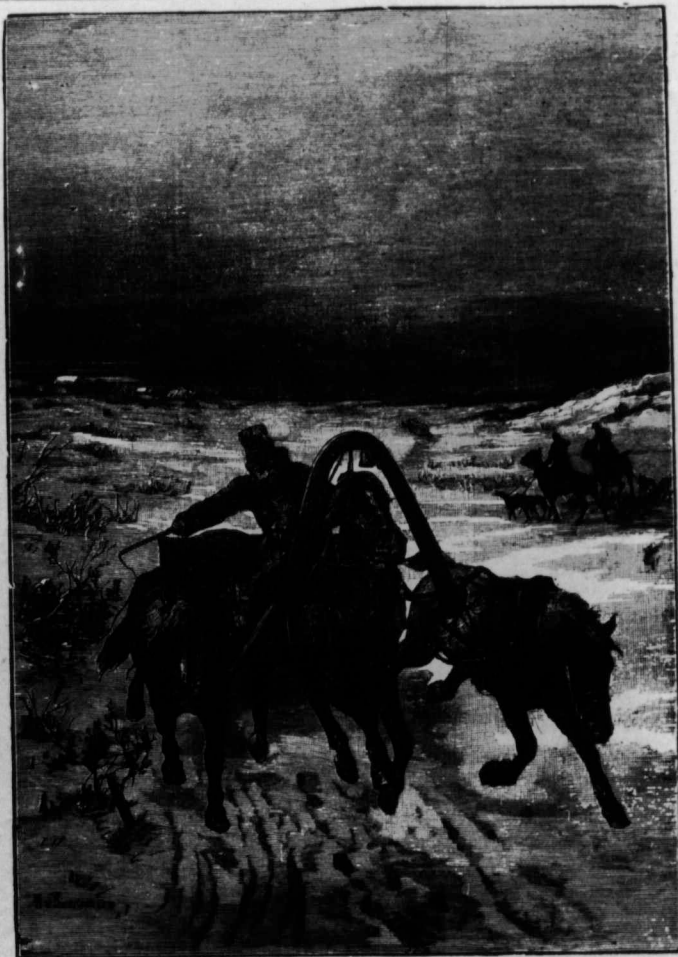
TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1904.

No. 4.

## THE STEPPES.

In the southern portion of the Russian empire stretch vast plains of sterile aspect and unbroken monotony, called the Steppes. Covering a very great area, they are so bare as to be absolutely treeless; the only vegetation they support being a low, straggling shrub, of which we see a very good example in the left corner of the picture. For a great part of the year the Steppes present an unbroken expanse of snow-covered and hard-frozen wastes—as dismal and desolate a piece of country as can be found anywhere in Europe. These conditions naturally render travelling very difficult. It is all done in sleighs, drawn by three, and sometimes more, horses, and the distances covered in a single day are often incredible.

But distance and cold are by no means the traveller's worst enemies. Good warm furs and strong, swift horses render these comparatively harmless. The greatest danger takes the unwelcome form of large, roving packs



CROSSING THE STEPPES, RUSSIA.

of hungry wolves, which, though afraid to approach a settlement unless under the influence of extreme hunger, will not hesitate to attack a lonely traveller—where

in mine, and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning

the proportion will probably be fifty to one. The picture is a typical scene of the Steppes; with the dull and threatening sky, the scanty vegetation, and the village in the background; while in the foreground a sleigh, with the peculiar mode of harnessing the horses, setting out, with a vigorous driver, for some far-distant village, and possibly to meet his worst enemy. May he have a prosperous and safe journey.

## GRAND SYMPATHY.

A little girl went to her Sabbath-school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and in her simplicity she said:

"Oh, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing; for you know there was Mary Curtis, whose brother was buried this week, and she cried so that I took her hands

and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning

quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more marks than I did, I was quite glad, too."

"My dear," said her mother, "you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction; you have wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1904.

### A CHILD'S FAITH.

In a town of Holland there once lived a poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none.

The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that he was good; so, with her little ones around her, she most earnestly prayed to him for food. On rising from her knees her eldest child, a boy about ten years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophet with food brought by the ravens." "Yes, my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time ago." "But, mother, what God has done once he may do again? I will go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my children." "Indeed," cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly

led the boy to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again; for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

### THE TRUE STORY OF A CAT.

Miss Lewis has a very smart cat. She has also a pet canary, and Puss always watches her feed the bird, give him his bath, and hang the cage on its hook by the window.

One day Puss came trotting up to his mistress in another part of the house, with something in his mouth. She supposed it was a mouse, of course, but what was her horror to find that it was her dear little birdie!

"O, you naughty Puss!" she began, but as she took it from him, expecting to find it dead, to her great surprise she found that Puss had carried the bird so carefully and tenderly that there wasn't even a feather turned!

It seems the bottom of the cage, not being properly fastened, had fallen out, bringing birdie down with it, and Puss, seeing something was wrong, and that the floor was not the place for the bird, had settled the matter by carrying birdie to his mistress. Wasn't that wonderful for a cat? If it had been a dog no one would have thought so much of it, of course.

Some people say cats haven't any intelligence or affection, and that all they care for is to keep warm and get plenty to eat; so now, whenever you hear anybody running down poor Puss, and saying she is not smart, just tell them this little story.

### "IT ISN'T FEDDERS."

BY AGNES MITCHELL.

One morning little Lulu was playing on her mother's bed. She was having a fine frolic all by herself. Standing upon the bed as stiff and straight as a Chinese doll, she would play that she fainted away, and that some kind friend caught her "dust in time." Then she would fall back, and the soft pillows would stretch out their loving white arms to her, and down she would go "dust as e-a-s-y."

Soon her mother came in, and seeing a pair of little feet mixed up among her snowy ruffles, pulled the fainting young lady out.

"Get right off the bed, Lulu dear," said she, as she left the room. But the little girl was by no means tired of the fun, and so she kept right on. She would have "just one more faint," then another and another followed.

"Oh, it's dust splendid! Only if ma hadn't have come," she said. Pretty soon

she threw herself down, as she had done twenty times before, but, alas, instead of falling on the soft pillows she struck on the foot-board and nearly fainted "for true," for she went down with a hard bump, and hurt herself badly. She began to cry, and her mother hurried in to see what was the matter.

"Oh, mamma," she said woefully, "after 'ou says stop it isn't fedders any more!"

Boys and girls, isn't it generally the case that when you go on doing things that you are told to stop doing, it "isn't feathers any more?"

The best way is to stop at once. The Bible says that they do wrong "shall be taken in their own naughtiness."—*The Water Lily.*

### THE NAUGHTY MOON.

There, pale little moon in the morning light,  
You look so wan, you look so white!  
Is it because you are up too soon,  
Poor little pale and tired-out moon!

But, that cannot be the case,  
For night's the time to show your face,  
And now it is morning, and half-past eight.  
Ah, bad little moon, you are up too late!

—Jewels.

### HOW HABITS GROW.

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old gentleman, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden, one day, I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Beware of such habits, boys!"—*Selected.*

### KEEP A HONEY-BAG.

When the bee has found something sweet she stores it away in her honey-bag. Then, after it is full, it is taken home and emptied for the benefit of the whole family. And so, a pretty story retold at tea time, or a little account of the new things seen during the day at school or on the street, will be full of interest to father and mother, and to the big brothers and sisters. It will be surprising how many interesting things a pair of wide-open eyes can discover on a little walk, through even the most ordinary streets.—*Er.*

**BEDTIME.**

Three little girls are weary—  
 Weary of books and play;  
 Sad is the world and dreary—  
 Slowly the time slips away.  
 Six little feet are aching.  
 Bowed is each little head;  
 Yet they are up and shaking,  
 When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,  
 Just for a minute or two,  
 Then when they end their clatter,  
 Sleep comes quickly to woo.  
 Slowly their eyes are closing,  
 Down again drops each head—  
 Three little maids are dozing,  
 Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever—  
 Night after night they protest,  
 Claiming they're sleepy never,  
 Never in need of rest;  
 Nodding and almost dreaming,  
 Drowsily each little head  
 Still is for ever scheming  
 Merely to keep out of bed.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

**LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 21.**

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-13. Memorize verses 6-8.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.—Matt. 12. 12.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Jesus taught his disciples as they walked in the fields and by the lakeside. He led them through the fields one Sabbath day, and as they passed a wheat field the disciples picked some heads of wheat, and, rubbing them in their hands, ate the grains. There were often Pharisees following, trying to hear some words from Jesus that would give them a chance to accuse him of sin. When they say this they called Jesus to notice it, saying it was not lawful for them to do this on the Sabbath. Jesus then showed them that David had taken bread from the house of God when he was hungry, and that the priests in the temple worked on the Sabbath day and were blameless. Then he told them that there was "One greater than the temple" with them, but perhaps they did not understand him. Then he quoted to them that beautiful scripture, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice," but they could not understand that. They did not know that the Jewish sacrifices and the Jewish Sabbath were to be taken away, and a new and beautiful meaning put into the old forms

because he, the Lord of mercy, had come. When he went into the synagogue and was about to heal a man with a withered hand, they questioned his right to heal. He asked them if they would not save a poor sheep from a pit on the Sabbath, and if a man was not better than a sheep. "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days," he said as he cured the withered hand.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

What did the disciples call Jesus? Teacher.  
 What does "disciple" mean? Learner.  
 Where did Jesus lead his disciples? Through the fields.  
 What did the disciples do? They ate wheat from the field.  
 What did the Pharisees say? That it was unlawful.  
 Who did Jesus tell them about? David and the priests.  
 What did the Pharisees think? That man was made for the Sabbath.  
 What did Jesus teach? That the Sabbath was made for man.  
 Where did Jesus go? To a synagogue.  
 What fault did the Pharisees find? That Jesus healed on the Sabbath.  
 What did Jesus say? That one may do good on the Sabbath.  
 Whom did he heal? A man with a withered hand.

**LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 28.**

HEARERS AND DOERS OF THE WORD.

Matt. 7. 21-29. Memorize verses 24, 25.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.—James 1. 22.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

There is a low mountain in Galilee called Hattin, which has two peaks, with a grassy hollow like a saddle between, and a plain just below where grass and thyme and wildflowers grow. There Jesus often gathered his disciples together and taught them; and there in that green hollow it was he sat and gave to the crowds of people who followed him there the wonderful words of the Sermon of the Mount. It begins with the Beatitudes, or Blessings, and it closes with the parable of the house on the rock and the house on the sand. Think how beautiful such a church must have been, with the blue sky for its roof, and the Lord himself speaking!

He wanted the people to be true, and he warned them against the false Pharisees. He told them that it was not talking but doing that God wanted, and that many who often said, "Lord, Lord," would not enter the kingdom of heaven. He told them of two men who built their houses by the seashore. One built upon a rock, and when a great storm came it

stood fast; but the other, who built upon the sand, lost his house, for when the rains and the floods and the winds came it fell. The first man Jesus called wise, but he called the second foolish. He taught the people, and he teaches us, that we must build our life on the rock Christ Jesus, and not upon the sand of selfishness.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

What was the greatest sermon ever preached? The Sermon on the Mount.  
 Who was the preacher? Jesus.  
 Where did he preach it? On Mount Hattin.  
 Who heard him? A great many people.  
 What did he first give? The Blessings.  
 What last? The story of the wise and the foolish man.  
 What did the wise man do? Built his house on a rock.  
 What did the foolish man do? Built his house on the sand.  
 What happened? A great storm came.  
 Did it hurt the wise man's house? No; it was safe on a rock.  
 What of the house on the sand? It fell, and it was a great ruin.  
 What do the houses mean? The lives that we choose to live.

**WHO MAKES SILK?**

BY POLLY HENDRICKS.

What is a spider's web good for?  
 "Why, it is what Madame Spider uses to catch a nice fat fly for her dinner," says some little boy whose bright eyes see things.

But does little Bright Eyes know what Madame Spider makes her web of? Every thread is silk, the finest silk that was ever spun. Once, enough of this silk was collected to make a beautiful silk gown. Think how many miles and miles of spider's web it must have taken! It was twisted into coarser threads and woven, and when it was done it was given to Queen Victoria of England, as a present. It was much finer than any silk which mother can buy at the stores. That is all spun by little worms called silkworms. They eat and eat until they grow very fat. Then they begin to spin a long white silky thread and wrap themselves all up in it, and go to sleep. When they wake up they break through their little silk cradles, or cocoons, as they are called, and fly away.

How can a worm fly? But the silkworm isn't a worm any more. He was changed while he was asleep, and when he waked up he found himself a little moth or butterfly-like creature.

It is this cocoon or silk wrapping that is taken and unwound and made up into the kind of silk that they sell at the stores. So you see, if it were not for a little worm, baby couldn't have a silk cap to wear.



MABEL'S LESSON.

## THE KITTY'S PINS.

Down the walk went Margery sweet,  
With Kitty hugged under her arm;  
She was going her papa to meet,  
When there came a fearful alarm.

For Master Doggie, who lives next door,  
Saw Margery and Kitty start,  
And out he bounced with an awful roar,  
That terrified Kitty's heart.

Home to mamma flew Margery then,  
As fast as a racer who wins,  
Sobbing, "O mamma, my Kitty swelled  
up,  
And sticked me all full of pins."

## MABEL'S LESSON.

"Mabel is going to recite a piece of poetry at the school-closing, and so she has seated herself in one of mamma's high-backed chairs in the drawing-room to study her piece quietly. Mamma is going to give

her a large doll if she says her piece nicely, because this is the first time Mabel has ever recited in public. She looks rather cross in the picture, but she is a very sweet-tempered little girl, and is only thinking deeply, and has a very pure little heart inside. So, children, do not judge a book by its cover.

## LOOKING AT THE STARS.

"Let us look at the stars, mamma, before I go to bed," said Harry. "I know the Dipper, and you can find the North Star from the Dipper; and I know Scorpio too, from that bright red star in his tail."

"The study of the stars is a beautiful one, my boy, and should lead you to think of God, who 'calleth them all by name,'" said Harry's mamma. "I hope you will be as constant in all things as are those beautiful orbs. Each one is always in its place."

## BERTIE'S BALL.

BY JULIA DARROW FOWLES.

"Up, up it goes, and down, down it comes," sang Bertie Brown, as he tossed his ball up against the house and caught it again. "Up, up," he began once more; and sure enough it did go up this time, away up on top of the porch. Bertie waited to see if he could say "Down, down," but he couldn't, for the ball didn't: it stayed up there. Bertie stood around and waited awhile, but finally concluded to go and play horse with Sam Clark, who lived next door, and ask papa to get the ball when he came home.

But when papa came he told Bertie that there was no way to get the ball then. He would have to wait till the storm-windows upstairs were taken off, for he had no ladder long enough to reach up to the roof.

Bertie missed his ball, for he was very fond of it; and the worst of it was that he could see it from his mamma's window upstairs.

One day while mamma was dressing he stood looking out of the window and wishing, O so hard! that he could get his ball, when a little snow-bird came fluttering down to the roof, peeped in at the window, and then hopped right upon the ball. It gave a little roll, which must have frightened the bird; for with a swift motion it sped away, and the ball rolled softly over the edge of the porch and dropped to the ground. You can scarcely imagine how surprised Bertie was. He ran down to the yard in a twinkling, and there was his ball in a little nest of dry leaves. He has always felt very sure that the snow-bird knew how much he was wishing for the ball, for this is a true story; and how else can you account for what the little bird did?

## A LITTLE BOY'S LOGIC.

"Ray," I said, "set the door ajar for mamma."

"Yes, ma'am," and the eager little feet rushed across the floor and opened the door wide.

"Why, my dear child," I said, "don't you know what 'ajar' means? It means that you should open the door just a little bit."

The boy stopped in the middle of the floor, and gave me an astonished look out of his blue eyes as he said: "Why, mamma, don't you know the verse, 'There's a gate that stands ajar?' and do you think that Jesus would open the heaven door just a little bit? I tell you 'ajar' means very, very wide open."—*Golden Rule.*

