

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

No. 24.



THE BABY—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TELL JESUS.

Little ones are often sorry
For the naughty things they do;
Troubles reach us all, and worry
Little hearts and big ones, too.
Then tell Jesus,
That's the best thing we can do.

Let's tell Jesus all our trouble,
Tell him we are sorry, too;
Every happiness he'll double,
Help us to be good and true,
And forgive us;
Yes, oh! yes, and love us, too.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

THE BABY.

The poet Tupper has said, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of delight." Truer words were never uttered; there is something that appeals to all that is best in our natures in the guilelessness, and innocence, and winning ways of childhood. Small wonder that the loving Saviour took them in his arms and blessed them. He must have a cold, hard heart who does not love the little children. Their angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Our cut is a very clever example of engraving. See how plainly the baby's face and the nurse's fingers show through the veil, and how delicately the embroidery is shown.

The whole world is preserved in being for the sake of the righteous men in it. One good Christian may save a whole neighborhood, and ten may redeem a city.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

Hold up the light, as you see others around you in the store, the school, the family, falling into peril. One word of warning may be enough. If not, throw yourself, soul and body, into the attempt. The light in the lighthouse on the Scotch coast got out of order and would not revolve. The keeper stood by it, making it turn with his hand, until he was completely tired out.

Then he called another man, and so all night the light was kept on the move.

"If it doesn't turn," said the trusting keeper, "there may be a hundred ships that will mistake it for another, and go to wreck."

"Ye are the light of the world."
Give no uncertain flicker.

BURNING JUDAS.

It was holy week in the queer old Mexican city. Every day Nellie saw many people go into the church across the square or plaza. Every evening the priests and monks carried great wax images of Jesus and of the virgin and saints through the streets. When they passed the people lay flat down on the ground, praying to the images. On Friday all the Spanish ladies, and even the little girls, were dressed in black in memory of the death of Jesus.

At night Nellie went with papa and mamma to the church. It was very dark. A few candles were burning, and before the altar lay an image of the dead Christ, and people were kneeling before it, crying and praying. Nellie was glad to come away when papa and mamma were ready. When she went out early Saturday morning what a change she found! In every street queer images were hanging from trees or from ropes stretched from house to house. She thought they looked like scarecrows trimmed with firecrackers, but her papa told her they were meant for images of Judas. She wanted to know what they were for, but her papa told her to wait and see.

The morning was hot, and she was glad to go home and take her nap. When she awoke the bells were ringing for twelve o'clock. Then all at once, fiz! pop! bang! all over the city there was such a noise. It was as bad as three Dominion Days. She ran to the window and saw men, women and children shouting and laughing. Then papa came to the window too and said: "Well, little girl, this is what they call burning Judas. Isn't this a queer ending to holy week."

Was this too a part of their worship? was this the way they kept the day between the death of Jesus and the morning when he arose?

Mamma knew what her little girl was thinking of. When all was still she gave her an open Bible, and Nellie spelled out

the verse in Isaiah xxix. 13: "Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their faith toward me is taught by the precept of men."

THE ESKIMO MOTHER.

The seal is the chief food, clothing, and wealth supply of the Eskimo. The seals' skins provides them with their luxuries from richer lands. They wear sealskin, and eat seals' flesh.

The Eskimo man builds a hut-like shelter of blocks of ice and snow near the water where the seals come up to breathe and play. In that shelter he sits hours after hour, spear in hand, until he hears the snort and cry of the seal, when he springs up and gives it a deadly blow.

Occasionally, a bear is killed, and there is great joy in the igloo. Whales are also killed, and a feast of whales' blubber is a treat.

An Eskimo igloo is a large hut. Around the inside is a high shelf or platform, and the floor is covered with hard snow, for seat and sleeping place. There is never heat enough in the igloo to thaw it, and it is covered with seal and bear and deerskins, and with feathered robes. A small oil lamp supplies light. The entrance to the igloo is so small that every one enters crawling on hands and knees.

The Eskimo are a cheerful, kindly, and hospitable folk, easily made happy, and ready to learn. Many of them have a decided taste for carving and make wonderful images and ornaments of bone and ivory.

A boat, a sledge, a few reindeer, a pack of dogs, and an igloo make an Eskimo very rich man.

THE BEST WAY.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three little faces were very cross. "It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins," said Nellie.

"I won't carry it!" said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mother looked and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a log stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins. "They all took hold of it together," said mother, "and then they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it was very easy to carry.

FAMILY HIS

BY RUFUS

Can and Will are c
Who never trust to
Can is the child of E
And Will the child

Can't and Won't are c
They are always on
For Can't is son of N
And Won't is son of

In choosing your cou
Select both Will and
But turn aside from C
If you would be a n

LESSON N

FOURTH QU

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LESSON IX.—NOV

WORLD'S TEMPERAN
28. 1-13. Mem

GOLDEN T

They also have erred t
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Isa. 28. 7.

THE LESSON

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his warning, make fun

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God will send an army
peak a strange languag
destroy them also, just
destroy the drunkards
hey will not hear God's
which has been to them

FAMILY HISTORY.

BY RUFUS C. LANDON.

Can and Will are cousins dear,
Who never trust to luck;
Can is the child of Energy,
And Will the child of Pluck.

Can't and Won't are cousins too;
They are always out of work;
For Can't is son of Never Try,
And Won't is son of Shirk.

In choosing your companions, dear,
Select both Will and Can;
But turn aside from Can't and Won't
If you would be a man.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 27.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

28. 1-13. Memorize verses 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They also have erred through wine, and
through strong drink are out of the way.
—Isa. 28. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

In the very middle of the Holy Land
lay the beautiful country that was given
to the tribe of Ephraim. Manasseh's por-
tion was beside it, and the fathers of these
two tribes were the sons of Joseph, Jacob's
loved son, who was sold into Egypt and
became the saviour of his people. Jacob,
when he was dying, blessed Joseph above
all his brethren, and Ephraim should have
kept the blessing. He, or rather his tribe,
grew rich and satisfied with their "fat
alleys" and vineyards, and while pleased
with themselves, forgot God. Isaiah
new about these people. Many of them
were drunkards and he knew that God
could soon punish them for their intem-
perance and sin. So he tells the drunkards
of his own city, Jerusalem, to whom he is
speaking, to take a warning from the pun-
ishment God is about to send upon their
neighbors in Ephraim. But they despise
his warning, make fun of him, and ask:
"Whom shall he teach knowledge?
Surely not us! We are no longer children
that he should tell us the same thing again
and again—"precept upon precept . . .
line upon line." But just this way, says
Isaiah, will God answer these haughty and
wicked men who refuse to be warned.
God will send an army of strangers who
will speak a strange language against them to
destroy them also, just as he is about to
destroy the drunkards of Ephraim. If
they will not hear God's warning, his word
which has been to them precept upon pre-

cept, that is, repeated over and over again,
cannot save them; but they will go, "and
fall backward, and be broken, and snared
and taken." They will be utterly de-
stroyed.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What was Ephraim? One of the tribes
of Israel.

Where was the land of Ephraim? In
central Palestine.

Was it a good land? Yes.

Were the people good? They were
proud and lovers of wine.

Who called them to a right life? The
Lord.

Through whom? Isaiah and Hosea.

Did he speak to them alone? No, to
people of Judah and to us also.

How does he teach us? "Line upon
line; here a little, and there a little."

How can we be kept from any evil?
By never touching it.

What does God give us instead? His
Holy Spirit.

What is the drunkard's crown? "A
fading flower."

What will the Lord be to his people?
"A crown of glory."

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.

HEZEKIAH REOPENS THE TEMPLE.

2 CHRON. 29. 18-31. Memorize verses
28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honor me I will honor.—
1 Sam. 2. 30.

THE LESSON STORY.

It is not often that a bad king has a
good son, but Ahaz, king of Judah, was
one of the worst of men, and his son
Hezekiah one of the best. He was
twenty-five years old when he began to
reign. Of him we are told that "he did
that which was right in the sight of the
Lord, according to all that David his
father had done." The first year of his
reign he began to bring back the true
worship his father had despised by open-
ing the doors of the temple and repairing
them. He also gathered the priests and
Levites together and began a great
cleansing of the temple. They made the
altar clean and bright, and all the vessels
that had grown dim, and set all in order
as they had not been in many years. After
this there was a great sacrifice; all the
people worshipping, and the Levites sing-
ing and playing upon the psalteries and
harps and cymbals that were David's while
the sin offering was made for the people.
They sang also the psalms of David and
of Asaph, and did it with gladness and
thankfulness of heart.

Then the people came with their offer-
ings, and peace offerings, and the king
rejoiced that their hearts were so ready to
turn to the worship of their fathers.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was a very good king of Judah?
Hezekiah.

Who was his father? The wicked King
Ahaz.

What does the lesson story tell us about?
How he reopened and cleansed the temple.

What did Hezekiah first do? Open the
closed temple.

What next? He had it cleansed and
set in order.

What was their first worship? A great
sacrifice.

Who served in the temple? The priests
and the Levites.

Who were in the chorus? The Levites.

What did they sing? The psalms of
David and Asaph.

What did they play upon? David's
instruments.

What did the people bring? Their
thank offerings.

What did the king do? He rejoiced
that God had prepared the hearts of the
people.

A MAKER OF LACE.

One day a little girl while playing in
the attic was surprised to see close beside
her a spider busy at work. She sat down,
and after watching the little, black, shining
creature, soon fell asleep. In her dream
this is what the spider said and did:

"Little maid, see the lace house I am
making without tools. It is nearly finish-
ed. Watch closely and I will show you
how to do it."

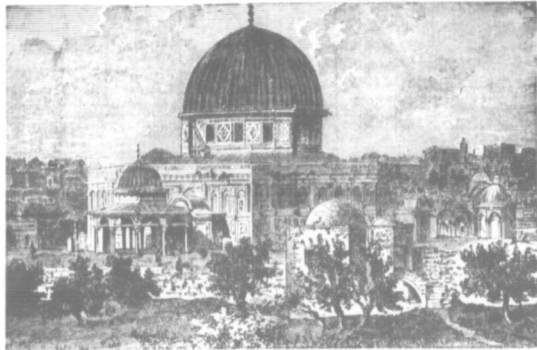
"But where," said the child, "is your
shuttle and loom, your silk, thread, or
cotton? I see no machinery here in your
room. How did you weave this dainty,
beautiful web?"

The spider smiled and said: "Little
maid, my thread is always at hand. It is
hard to explain to you just how I do it,
but look sharp, and perhaps you will see
through it. The thread lies within my own
round, black body. And the little spider
begins to spin out its thread, and soon had
completed its house."

"So, my little maiden, you find me a
spinner of thread the finest in the world;
an architect who plans and builds his own
home; a skilled decorator of barn and
house; and a plain, honest, contented
worker."

The child then opened her eyes, and ran
downstairs to think over what she had
learned from the little spider. Did you
ever watch a spider? If your mother does
not allow spider webs in her house, you
may have to wait for warmer weather.

It is a brave, a beautiful thing to say:
"Forgive me, I have been wrong; I will
amend."



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There are two or three naughty fairies
Who lurk in our pretty house;
They are sly as the wily foxes,
And one is as still as a mouse,
And one can growl and mutter,
And one has a chain on her feet—
These naughty and mischievous fairies,
Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers,
When a bit of work must be done,
"Oh, just let it go till to-morrow,
And take to-day for fun!"
And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you
Till you pucker your face in a scowl,
Or whimper and fret in a corner,
Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies
Is the one with the chain on her feet;
And the strangest thing is her fancy
For a child who is gay and sweet.
She makes her forget an errand,
And loiter when she should haste;
And many a precious hour
She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,
Please pass them proudly by,
With lips set close and firmly
And a flash in your steadfast eye;
For three very naughty people
These little fairies be;
Who mean, wherever they're hiding,
No good to you and me.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

BY SOPHIA M. PALMER.

The Mosque of Omar is beautiful; its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colors, and the dome is roofed with tiles of a brilliant blue, and some green and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquoise dome roofing walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements

and tall cypresses around; steps lead down to other courts, once the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Great Brazen Laver, etc., and olives, and grass of emerald green, and abundant with flowers, cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the Golden Gate and the eastern walls of the Temple itself.

Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars encloses the veritable rough rock top of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory divide the little side chapels from the central passageway between them and the sacred rock, the scene of Abraham's awful obedience, and of the sacrifices which interpreted to men and made them partakers of the one great sacrifice of the Son of God. We saw the opening cut in the rock for the escape of the sacrificed blood, and descending into the excavation below we found a similar opening communicating with a duct which discharged into a cess-pool by the Brook Kedron. We crossed the outer southern court, and passing the fountain supplied by the same water as its grander predecessor on the backs of brazen oxen, we descended beneath the present Mosque El Aksar, close to the Mosque of Omar, into the very same gallery which led to the old Temple from the south, and up which our Lord walked again and again when he was here. It is now half-filled with rubbish and earth, but the ceiling is still so high above that we needed to be reminded that the ground level is far down under the rubble. The pillars in single, solid blocks, the round keystone in the roof, and the lintels of long single stones, are witnesses of the glory which has departed. Leaving this gallery, we climbed the city walls by the Golden Gate, and walking south at the

angle of the walls we descended underground into the stables of Solomon. They may have utilized by him and certainly were by the Crusaders, the halting rings declare; but it seems that the original intention was to raise the level of the valley, and the thick forest of pillars are chiefly for support.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye is a hard word to say sometimes. Mother had just said it to her beautiful Horace, and Horace had said to the "best mother that ever lived."

Now mother stood by the window looking after her boy as he trudged down the path with his satchel in his hand, her eyes full of tears, and such tender feelings cannot be told.

And Horace walked straight on without looking back. "It's no use," he said to himself; "it will only make me feel worse. I'm going to do just as mother wants me to and be her good, noble boy."

Those were the words he wrote in his first letter home. Mother wrote back, "I'm glad, dear Horace; it rejoices my heart that you are resolved to do just what I want you to, but I hope you will go higher than that, and do always that which will please the Lord. Then you will be able to please mother, and you will be safe." She was reading this morning in Ruth 2: "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou shalt come to trust." That is it, dear Horace, come and trust under God's wings, and your life will be happy and successful."

How little the boys understand of mother-love! Thank God, dear boys, you have a good mother, one who prays for you and longs after you in the Lord. Mind what she says and do not grieve by your wrong-doing. "Honor thy father and thy mother."

GOOD FRIENDS.

BY M. K. H.

George and Fred were cousins, and fond of each other that you seldom see one without the other. They shared each other's pleasures, and if one had a sorrow or difficulty, the other was ever ready to sympathize and help.

"They are like brothers," some one once said. I have seen some brothers who treated each other very differently, and perhaps you have seen the same. It should not be so, however; brothers should always be kind and affectionate and helpful toward each other.

It would be a sad thing to live in the world without friends; but it is more sad to be without "the Friend who sticks closer than a brother"—Jesus, the friend of sinners. Is he your friend?