

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

No. 23.

FIRST LESSONS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

Patience and perseverance—

They are long, hard words to spell;

And blue-eyed Mistress Margery

Doesn't know P from L;

But she knows and she shows their meaning,

For a wee little maiden must use
Patience and perseverance

When she learns to button her shoes.

—*Youth's Companion.*

AN "I WON'T-ER."

"Let's ask Jerry to help. He's full of fun."

"He won't then. You may depend on that."

"Why not?"

"You don't know Jerry; you haven't been here long, you see."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Matter enough when it comes to a bit of mischief."

"But this is only a trick on the new

And the academy boys who were planning a mischievous trick for the night did not ask the "I won't-er."—*Selected.*

A GOOD NAME.

If boys knew what golden capital a "good name" is, they would work hard to get it. Well, did the wisest man say that "it is rather to be chosen than great riches." It has helped many a man to acquire riches. It is of great importance to a boy what the men of his place say to him.



BOYS IN ORPHANAGE AT SHIRAZ, PERSIA.

IN A PERSIAN ORPHANAGE.

This is a queer group of little boys at school. It is a boarding-school for orphans, and it seems to be dinner time. They have a very simple way of dining. You see they make their fingers serve in place of knives and forks, as has been the usage for ages in the East. They need, therefore, to be very particular to wash their hands both before and after meals, like the Jews of old. The schoolmaster behind them seems a very dignified sort of man.

boy. We won't hurt him. It'll be such fun! Jerry isn't a Miss Nancy. Why don't you ask him? He's as spry as a squirrel, and could help no end.

"Well, he isn't a Miss Nancy, that's a fact; but he's an 'I won't-er.' He won't do things that have to be kept a little dark. No harm in 'em, but nobody wants to shout 'em from the bell tower. Jerry is an out-and-out 'I won't-er' when it comes to anything he doesn't exactly see through. He sticks to his 'I won't,' so there's no use asking him."

Never fancy that they do not know you; that they have no interest in what you do. Every business man sees and estimates the boys who pass before him at pretty nearly their own worth; every man with sons of his own takes an interest in other men's sons. There is nothing like obliging ways to make friends of people, and to lead them to speak well of you. That will be a stepping-stone to your success in life.

There are two sides to every question except the right.

WOULDN'T SAY PLEASE.

There was once a small child who would never say "please,"
I believe, if you even went down on your knees;
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains and over the seas,
To a valley, where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say "please." —*Selected.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

MORNING PRAYER.

O Lord, thou art the Creator of all things; there is no other God beside thee; thou art the Maker of heaven and earth; thou art our Father, and hast invited us to come unto thee for those things which we need.

Be pleased to teach me how to pray, and give me right desires; help me to understand what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to bring my prayers unto thee in his precious name.

Dear Saviour, wash my soul in thy blood, and put upon me the beautiful robe

of thy righteousness; may I show such a holy and obedient spirit that thou mayest be glorified in my life, though I am but a child.

O Lord, preserve me this day from all evil, from all sickness, and accident, but specially from sin; and when the sun has gone down may I rejoice to think that I am one day nearer to my sweet home in heaven. I ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor undersized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?" He wanted to go to a Sunday-school picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad that he must go barefooted. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well, what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic; all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat, and things, and I thought if I broke it, I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm really sorry I broke your bottle, father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy; there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the

things all went into the bottle; but, you see, getting them out is no easy matter. So, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."

WHY HE CLOSED HIS DOORS.

Some years ago a certain liquor seller in New England, when the temperance agitation was first started, feared the temperance people would get him into their clutches, so he thought of a fine scheme by which he could get the best of them. He concluded to charge only for the water used by his customers, the liquor he would throw in free. He informed his customers—a regular set of toppers, of the new rule.

Things went off finely for a little while; but one day one of his old friends—a former customer—called, and after the usual salutations—the greetings between them being very cordial—the decanter was set out as usual, and a pitcher of hot water. The caller helped himself to the whiskey but took no water. As he was about to leave the liquor seller called on him for pay.

"But," said the shrewd old toper, "I didn't take any water!" He continued to call from day to day, and, drinking his liquor clear, left without paying for it, the seller not daring to refuse him. The news spread among his other customers, and they finding this game could be played by two as well as one, called, took their liquor clear also, and left without paying. The astonished liquor seller finally had to close his doors against them, because he could not afford to furnish free drinks to the many who were eager to accept them, and he finally gave up the business entirely and started a first-class grocery store on temperance principles.

A CIGARETTE SLAVE.

A young man in New Jersey induced the police to lock him in gaol, so he could not get cigarettes. He had begun smoking at the early age of ten years, and at twenty-six was a nervous wreck, with a will-power so weakened that he was utterly unable to resist the clamourings of his appetite for cigarettes when it was possible to get them. Within the past three years the terrible effect has been painfully apparent—his constitution is now ruined, his once robust body is reduced to a skeleton, he is so nervous he can scarcely hold a glass of water, and his head aches incessantly. Again and again he has determined to drop the habit, but found to his dismay that he could not do it, as he no longer had the will-power to obey the dictates of his conscience.

And still boys and men will trifle and fool with these infernal devices until they find themselves in the grasp of the destroyer, and are lost beyond the hope of redemption. Keep clear of the devil's death-traps.—*Selected.*

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

Out in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's little daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She knew little—for no one taught her.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled;
Hope promised her no bright morrow;
Or, if its flight flashed on her night,
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said: "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning."
The child was ill, the winds were chill;
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them, for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day in beauty shining,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,
Where no dear parent ever sought her;
In a winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 16.]

THE TIME OF THE JUDGES.

Judg. 2. 7-16. Memorize verses 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
and he saveth them out of their distresses.
—Psa. 107. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

The people who made the covenant with Joshua did not at once forget it. They served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the old men who lived longer than Joshua, and had seen all the great works of the Lord that he did for Israel. Joshua died when he was one hundred and ten years of age, and he was buried in the Mount of Ephraim, and when all the old men had died a younger people came after them who did not keep the covenant. Perhaps their fathers and mothers had not taught them carefully to serve the Lord alone, for they began to worship the gods of the nations around them. They worshipped Baal and Ash-taroth, gods of the Syrians, and forgot the true God who had done such great things for their fathers, and who had given them their pleasant land. They were like children who say, "I forgot," or, "I did not think," and their heavenly

Father had pity on them and sent them men of a right spirit and wisdom to lead them back to a true worship and save them from their enemies. These men were called judges, and God was with them, yet the people still turned to idols.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What do the heathen worship? Idols.
What is an idol? A false god.
Where did the Israelites learn to worship idols? In Egypt.
Why did they do it in Canaan? Because others did.
What had God told them to do? To drive the idolaters out.
What had they promised Joshua? To serve God.
How long did they keep their promise? Until Joshua died.
What did they do then? They worshipped idols.
What came upon them then? Trouble from enemies.
To whom did they pray for help? To the Lord.
What did he send them? Judges.
What did the judges do? Helped them to conquer their enemies.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 23.]

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Isa. 28. 1-7. Memorize verse 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They also have erred through wine.—
Isa. 28. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Did you ever think that there were drunkards far back in the olden times when the world was young? When God made this beautiful world he made all things good. He gave the first people all things that grow that are beautiful and good for food, and among these things was the grapevine, that bore fruit that was good for both food and drink, for grape juice is a pleasant and healthful drink. When fruit decays it is not good, and its juice turns sour and makes a poison that we call alcohol. The people learned about this after they fell into sin, and it made them more sinful.

The prophet Isaiah saw the people around him drinking a wine that had alcohol in it, and it troubled him, and he uttered a "Woe" against the people who used God's good gifts to make themselves like beasts. He told them that their beauty was a fading flower, and that they would perish in the storm of the Lord's displeasure. He wondered how the people might learn to do right, and he said there was only one way—to teach the word of the Lord line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. This is why your parents and friends and Sunday-school teachers tell you the same things about rightdoing and wrongdoing over and over. It is because they love you and want you to have a happy life

that they are so in earnest to have you know the right.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Isaiah? A good prophet.
What did he say was a great evil? Strong drink.
What does it bring? Woe or sorrow.
What comes to drunkards? Great trouble.
What is a cure for this? The word of the Lord.
What does this teach us? Not to touch strong drink.
Who made all things good? God.
What changed many things into evil? Sin.
What is one of the good fruits God made? The grape.
When does it become harmful? When it decays.
What comes from the decay? Alcohol.
What does alcohol often cause? Sin and death.

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say 'Why' when they are told to do anything.

The elder said: "If you don't, they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "O, that's a beauty, I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and cried: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—*Morning Star.*

A little boy, whose mother was absent, was put to bed by his father. After saying his prayer and receiving his good-night kiss, he was asked: "What shall I tell mamma when I write to her to-night?" He said: "Tell her I kiss her in my heart."



WHICH SHALL BABY BOY BECOME ?

WHICH SHALL BABY BOY BECOME ?

The story is told of an artist who once painted a beautiful, angelic-looking child and years afterwards wanted to paint a companion picture which would show the greatest depths of degradation which it was possible humanity could reach. He searched the slums and prisons for a model and at last found a thoroughly demoralized, degraded looking man and painted his portrait. When he came to learn his history he was horrified to find that this was the very one whose picture he had painted as an ideal of angelhood. Such awful possibilities are wrapped up in every babe.

There are two paths before each child, that of virtue, religion, and honoured old age; that of vice, depravity, and degradation. On which path shall the boy travel? What is it that can so pervert and degrade the fairest handiwork of God into the most dreadful victim of Satan and sin? Nothing is more deadly and dreadful in this respect than the strong drink. Let each child in our home be early pledged to total abstinence. Let parents as they value the present and eternal welfare of their children train them up in habits of virtue and sobriety. Let them above all seek to remove from their pathway the temptations of drunkenness presented by the wine cup and the saloon.

A little girl was putting a needle in her mouth, when her aunty said: "Don't, dear, you might hurt yourself; and, besides, it will make the needles all rusty, and then I can't sew your little apron." "Why," replied the wee daisel, "has my mouth got rust in it?"

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.

THE LEOPARD CUBS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Out in the offing lay the ship,
One tropic summer day,
That was to bear the teacher home—
Three thousand miles away;
And, gathered for a last farewell,
Around him pressed a crowd
Of dusky fellows, on the beach,
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Upon the surf the native boat,
Waiting to waft him o'er
The white-capped breakers,
churned and chafed
Against the pebbly shore.
His soul was sad with toil
and pain,
So lately had he won
From rites of fetich savagery
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye
was said,
For he must be afloat;
And with a prayer upon his
lips,
He stepped into the boat;
And stopping, heard a cry,
and saw
Come rushing o'er the sand
A lad who held a leopard cub
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' teacher, see!—De
mudder beast,
Me watch her go,—den up
Me creep into de den and
fetch
De little spotted pup;
Dis ebry tizg me hab to
bring
For pay de Captain fee;
Me want to learn big English
so,
Wid you across de sea!

"Mas' teacher! take de boy along!
De pups, dey no shall bite;
Me keep him in me bosom close,
An' watch him day and night.
De 'Meriky man, he buy him glad;
Dollars and dollars pay,
Me know big English,—me go teach
Big English den, some day."

Dim-eyed the teacher left the shore,
And o'er the breakers' swell
He still could see the Grebo lad,
As rose the boat and fell,
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,
Stretched out upon the sands,
While in his breast the leopard cubs
Nestled and licked his hands.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

Mabel and Edith were sisters, and loved each other, as all sisters should. They were also beloved by all who knew them, for they had learned the secret of true happiness: they had given their hearts to the Saviour, and were trusting in him. One day, as they were looking up some of their favourite texts on prayer, Mabel asked: "Edith, what would you do if you should call upon Jesus and he did not answer you?"

"I should keep on asking," replied Edith.

"But suppose he never answered you?" said Mabel.

"Then I should trust him anyway."



THE LEOPARD CUBS.