

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1901.

No. 18.

SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down
the land;
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine
smiled,
The wild-flowers bloomed for the
happy child,
Birds greeted her from every
tree;
But Selfish said, "No one loves
me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-
Hand
Went journeying home across the
land;
Miss Selfish met with trouble
and loss—
The weather was bad, the folks
were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the
journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time
before."

A BRAVE MOUSE.

The other day, on my travels,
I met a field mouse that inter-
ested me. He was on his travels
also, and we met in the middle of
a mountain lake. I was casting
my fly there, when I saw a deli-
cate V-shaped figure, the point of
which reached above the middle
of the lake, while the two sides as
they diverged faded out toward
the shore.

I drew near in my boat and be-
held a little mouse swimming
vigorously for the other side.
His little legs appeared like
swiftly revolving wheels beneath
him. As I came near, he dived
under the water to escape me, but
came up again like a cork, and
just as quickly. It was laugh-
able to see him repeatedly duck
beneath the surface, and pop
back again in a twinkling.

He could not keep under water more
than a second or two. Presently I reached
him my oar, when he ran up it and into



the palm of my hand, where he sat for
some time and arranged his fur and
warmed himself. He did not show the

slightest fear. It was probably the first
time he had ever shaken hands with a
human being. He was what we call a

"meadow mouse;" but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight!

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing; but it was not long before he became very restless, and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally, he could brook the delay no longer, and plunged boldly overboard; but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.—*Little Nature Studies.*

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Happy Days.

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A RICH BOY.

"O my!" said Ben. "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning round quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball and—O, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms—I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice (they tell me you sing

quite well, and I know you talk a little bit)—you would not part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think for a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you would not sell them for so much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs, ten thousand; arms, ten; voice, ten; hearing, ten; good health, ten; and eyes, fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars, at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think how rich you really are."—*The Morning Star.*

A SLICE OF BREAD.

The next time you eat a slice of nice white bread, do not swallow it whole and run away to play, but eat it slowly and think about it. Where did it come from?

A man threw some grains of wheat on a great prairie in the far West, perhaps, and it grew up with millions of others to make a hundred grains more. Then it was cut down by a great machine, beaten out and made ready for market by other machines, sent to a mill where it went through a great many queer ways—grinding, sifting, drying, bagging, etc.—until it was sent to your town, and sold to your mamma.

But there are countries where every family has its own wheat and corn growing in a nearby field, and they have no machines for cutting, thrashing, or grinding it. They beat the stalks after they are gathered and dry, and then the women grind their wheat, and afterward make it into bread. You would think it very coarse bread, but they would not like our fine soft bread.

WHERE RUBBER COMES FROM.

When you put on a pair of overshoes or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish Government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk,

of the rubber tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, without thinking of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap.

Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber trees, the trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled, as our sap is, to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed in bags and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters.

The milk, or sap, of the rubber tree is white. Perhaps, if you have a rubber plant at home, you may have discovered this when a leaf has been broken.—*Selected.*

A GENTLEMAN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little hat.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard him rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched.
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

George was fond of watching the winged creatures of the air, and one day he had an idea. "I know why wasps never sit down, mother," he said; "they have pins in their coat-tails, and are afraid to."

MY SHADOW.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I have a little shadow, that goes in and out with me,

And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,

And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,

Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow,

For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an indiarubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,

And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;

I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,

I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup.

But my lazy little shadow, like a real sleepy-head,

Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON X. [Sept. 8.]

JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28. 10-22. Memory verses, 13, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28. 15.

THE LESSON STORY.

There was trouble between Jacob and Esau, although they were brothers. Jacob had taken the blessing which really belonged to Esau, because he was the oldest son. Esau was so angry that Rebekah was afraid he would kill Jacob, and so she sent Jacob away to Haran, a journey of more than four hundred miles. That was a very long and lonely journey in those days, when people travelled on foot through a wild, rough country.

Can you imagine Jacob, tired and sad, lying down on the ground to sleep, with a stone for his pillow? God sent the beautiful ladder dream to him that night. It was a wonderful sight to see angels going up and down the heavenly ladder, all busy

and happy, carrying God's messages. Notice carefully the words that God spoke to Jacob, verses 13-15. Jacob learned a lesson then that we, too, may learn many times in our lives—that God is nearest when we look for him the least. Look on your map for Bethel, and remember that it was here that Jacob met the Lord. Remember, too, what Jacob said about the place where he met God (verse 17), and always try to be reverent in the house of God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who were sons of Isaac? Esau and Jacob.

Where did they live? In Beersheba.

Where did Jacob go to live? To Haran.

How far away was this? Four hundred miles.

What kind of a journey was it? A lonely one.

Where did he sleep at night? On the ground.

What was his pillow? A stone.

What did he dream one night? About a ladder.

What was it between? Earth and heaven.

Who spoke to him? The Lord.

What did he promise him? All good things.

In whom do we have all good? In Jesus.

LESSON XI. [Sept. 15]

JACOB A PRINCE WITH GOD.

Gen. 32. 24-30. Memory verses, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.—Luke 18. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jacob was many years older now than when he took the lonely journey to Haran. Do you remember that God promised in that wonderful night vision to go with him and keep him, and bring him back again some day to the land of Canaan?

This lesson shows us Jacob on his way home. Now he has a large family, many servants, and much riches in sheep and cattle. Jacob had obeyed and served God, and God kept his word and blessed his servant. But when he reached Gilvad (Look for it on the map), word came that Esau was coming to meet him with four hundred men. Then Jacob was troubled. His old sin in taking away Esau's birthright rose up to make him afraid. There was no one to help him but God, and he prayed all night to him. God heard him, and sent his angel to strive with him. Jacob said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Then the Lord blessed him and changed his name to Israel, which means "a Prince with God." God knows when we are in earnest, and he helps us when we hold fast to him in loving faith.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jacob go? To Haran.

Why did he go? He feared Esau.

What had he taken from Esau? His birthright.

How long did he stay away? Many years.

Where was he going now? Back to Canaan.

What had God given him? A large family and riches.

Who came to meet Jacob? Esau.

Why was Jacob afraid? He had not treated Esau right.

What did he do? He prayed to God.

How did he pray? Very earnestly.

What did God do? He blessed him.

What new name did God give him? Israel.

A LESSON ON POLITENESS.

Adrian is three years old, and a few days ago his father brought him his first cap. It is a real soldier cap, with sword and gun crossed in front.

"Now," said his aunt, "if Adrian is big enough to have a cap, he is big enough to know what to do with it." She took him on her lap and explained very carefully what gentlemen do with their hats, and how they take them off when they say, "How do you do?" or, "Good-bye," to a lady; and she told him that he must never wear his cap in the house.

At the conclusion of the lesson Adrian went out on the porch to practice it. When Miss Nina passed he took off his cap, and said "How do!"

"Why, how do you do, you little dear?" said Miss Nina.

When mamma came up the street he took off his cap, and she kissed him and called him her precious little man.

I know some boys twice as old and twice as big as Adrian who have not yet learned that lesson in politeness. It is a little thing, to be sure, but it is one of the little things that mark the gentlemanly boy. Does it not pay to learn all these little trifles well?—*Exchange*.

AT EVENING.

Shepherd Jesus, in thine arms

Let thy little lamb repose,

Safe and free from all alarms

In the love the Shepherd shows;

May my slumber quiet be,

Angels watching over me!

Often mother dear has told

How the children thou didst bless,

And I know that in thy fold

All is joy and happiness;

May my slumber quiet be,

Angels watching over me!

Shepherd, Jesus, make thy child

Pure and gentle as the dew,

Keep my spirit undefiled

Waking, sleeping, kind and true;

May my slumber quiet be,

Angels watching over me!



SPINNING A YARN.

MYSELF.

My two little hands are for Jesus,
To work for him, all my days.
My two little feet are for Jesus,
To walk in all of his ways.

My two little eyes are for Jesus,
To read his most holy word.
My two little ears are for Jesus,
That all he says shall be heard.

My one little mind is for Jesus,
To learn of his heaven above.
My one little heart is for Jesus,
And he shall have all its love.

MILDRED'S MISSIONARY TEA.

Although Mildred was only four years old, she went to the Mission Band one afternoon because mother had a bad headache. Alice and Paul, who were older, and who both belonged to the band, took their little sister along to get her out of the way. "She will love the singing," said Alice, who was eight years old, and felt very big, "even if she doesn't understand

one word, mother;" and Paul added, "I guess she couldn't understand, anyway, for Miss Brant is going to tell us 'bout the Eco-no-mi-cal Conference to-day; she said so." Paul was ten, and loved large words.

So Mildred trotted along very happily beside her brother and sister to Miss Brant's house. She didn't understand at all what the big map was, or what the Conference that Miss Brant was talking about might be; but she had a quick little mind, and she looked at the pictures which Miss Brant showed them of Chinese and Koreans, Africans and Fiji Islanders, and she knew that the bright dime which she dropped into the basket was going to some of those queer little black and yellow children "way, way off." She heard, too, what Miss Brant said about the missionary tea that the band was going to have some day to raise more money for the work. Only she got it mixed, and thought that all the far-off little heathen were to come to the tea, too, as well as the band. You see, she was a very little girl.

Next morning she began to talk about it at breakfast, but Alice and Paul were in

a hurry to get off to school, and mother was very busy putting up their lunch, and father was reading his paper, so nobody listened. Mildred had to tell somebody, she was so full of it, so she got out all her dolls after breakfast, and explained to them what a missionary tea was. Then, to make it quite plain, she decided to give them one at once, for she had her tea things, and there was Dinah, who certainly was as black as any child in the pictures, and the Japanese boy doll, too, who came from ever so far away across the world.

Mildred set the table, and put the Jap at the head. Dinah sat at one side, and Arabella, the best dolly, beside her. But Dorothy, the jointed dolly, behaved very badly. She wouldn't listen, and she wouldn't sit up straight, even, in her chair. Mildred felt very sorry, but she had to punish Dorothy. "If you will not go to a missionary tea, you can go in the corner!" she said, sternly; and the hapless Dorothy was set in the corner accordingly, with face to the wall, and feet sticking stiffly out behind, suggestive of complete dislocation and disgrace.

Mother came into the nursery just as the missionary tea was in full progress. Arabella and Dinah and the Jap were all enjoying it very much, and so was the hostess. "But Dorothy wouldn't come, so I put her in the corner!" explained Mildred.

"I'm very glad that my little girl has caught the missionary spirit so early," said mother.

HER HAPPY SECRET.

A parable says that there was a great king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were all given by the king, and he looked for people who worked diligently. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send to him, and he would help them; and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she laboured. One day when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered round the child and said: "Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah," said the child; "but I send as often as I have a little tangle."—*Selected.*

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it, but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it.