

HAPPY DAYS

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A TRAINING IN KINDNESS.

By Minnie Abernethy.

One day we were sitting on the front piazza and heard a terrible noise, as if some one were trying to pound a hole in the ground, in the back yard. After awhile Burwell, a little lad of three summers, ran around the house, with his large brown eyes opened nearly as large as new moons. "I dess I killed 'im, mamma; I dess I did. He tried to run off, but I mashed him flat wis your new broom, mamma."

"Killed what, dear?" asked mamma, seeing he was much excited over what he had killed.

"Don't know—dess know I killed 'im. Spec's 'twas de Bad Man, though, 'cause he had big eyes."

"No, no!" said mamma, "you can't kill the Bad Man, for he is a spirit, and you can't kill spirits, darling; but who told you that the Bad Man had big eyes?"

"Jane" (the nurse), said Burwell.

"Well, Jane has never seen the Bad Man, and she don't know whether his eyes are big or not; but come on and show mamma what you killed, and maybe she'll know what it is."

"All yite," and off they went hand in hand to the back yard, and Burwell pointed a little fat finger to a poor toad he had literally mashed into the ground. "Dare it are, mamma, and I'se your brave 'tittle man not to run off from 'im, ain't I, mamma?" looking up into her face.

"Why, it's a poor old toad. No, darling, you were not brave to kill it, for you know God made it, and it wanted to live just as badly as you do; besides, it would not have hurt anything by living, and it was very wrong to kill it. Mamma doesn't want her little boy to ever do that again; it is very cruel indeed."

"Well, I 'member, mamma, and not do it again."

"If you don't hear all I ever heard, lecturing that poor little fellow that way, and just for killing a toad, and

the child was so sure of you thanking him, too. I was in the back porch and heard it all. Why did you not encourage him for not running away and screaming, as many a child his age would have done?" said my aunt, coming out on the front porch after mamma had returned and sent Burwell out to play.

"Well," said mamma, "there are so many little boys who love to torture

why boys are so cruel to little things, and you have put it in a new light."

HARRY'S MISTAKE.

"Now, all lister," said Cora, "and I will tell you a story. Once, when Jesus was here—"

"He wasn't ever here, in this city," interrupted Harry.

"No, but I mean here on earth. He was in a city named Capernaum; crowds of people went to see him. There was a sick man who couldn't walk a step, and some people carried him on a bed to where Jesus was, but there was such a crowd round the door that they couldn't get in, so they took the roof off the house and let that man on his bed right down before Jesus!"

"Ho!" said Harry, "what a story that is! Who ever heard of taking the roof off a house to let a sick man in? They couldn't do it."

"Harry," said Nannie, in what Harry called her "grown-up tone," "that is a truly story; it is in the Bible."

"I don't care if it is," said Harry, "it can't be true. Don't you know enough to know that it would spoil a house to take the roof off, and take lots of time besides? Why, it took most all day to tear the roof off of our barn!"

"I'll ask Aunt Helen," said Nannie.

Just then Aunt Helen came in from the next room. "I heard the talk," she said; "Harry, please read the story to us from your Bible, and tell us how you explain

"I can't explain it," said Harry; "I don't know what it means, but of course I know that they didn't take the roof off while that sick man waited."

"You are sure of that?"

"Why, yes, I am; because I know it couldn't be done."

"Couldn't it? What if I should tell you that in those days houses were built so that it took only a very little time to uncover the roof and let down whatever they wished, and that it was



FEEDING A YOUNG DEER.

This picture shows the three children of L. Jodouin, merchant, Mattawa, feeding a three-weeks-old deer, which has so far thriven remarkably well. The children are Albanie, Willie and Arthur, and they are very much attached to their pet.

anything that happens to be weaker than themselves, and I believe many learn it in just that way. If I had praised him this time, he, maybe, would have killed the next one he came across, and called me to praise him again; then, if I had told him it was wrong, he would have thought I told him a story, and you know when a child's confidence in you is once shaken it is hard to restore."

"Well, well, I believe you are more than half right. I've often wondered

very often done? what would you say then?"

"Is that true, Aunt Helen?"
 "It certainly is, my boy. I think you will find it quite safe to believe just what the Bible says; and when you come to something that you do not understand, instead of saying, 'That can't be true,' say, 'I don't know enough yet to understand that.'"

"Don't forget the most important part of the story," called out grandmother from her chair in the library.

"I know what it is," said Nannie; "grandmother told me. The man had more than his body cured; Jesus cured his heart."

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "we must not forget that 'the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'"

But the rain did not stop. It poured down harder and harder. At last he went back to the house as wet as a lit-

"I think you'll have to pay for this," said mamma, as she put dry clothes on him.

And she was right. Haven't you noticed that we always have to pay in some way for wrongdoing? For three days Peter was in bed, with a sore throat and headache and fever. He had plenty of time to think about it.

Young folks like a change. Even where change is not an improvement it may be a relief. Never take a step backward for the sake of change, but try a step forward.

A PIE AND A LIE.

By Adelaide Davis Reynolds.

Mother had made a custard pie and set it on the kitchen table to cool while she went upstairs to make the beds.

Priscilla was playing with her two kittens on the porch, but the smell of the fragrant custard soon lured her in. The pie had a big golden-brown bubble near the centre, and Priscilla touched this cautiously with one fat little forefinger. It broke and she put the crisp fragments into her mouth. A moment later all the spicy, golden surface of the pie was gone, and a sober and thoughtful little girl sat in her rocking-chair by the window.

When mother came downstairs the first thing she said was: "Why, who has peeled my pie? Was it you, Priscilla?"

"No, ma'am," replied Priscilla faintly, without looking up.

"Who was it, then?" persisted mother; "you've been right here and ought to know."

The kittens had jumped into Priscilla's lap and lay there purring loudly and one was rubbing its white nose against her hand. She turned her eyes away from them as she answered, with evident difficulty: "My kitties did it."

Mother looked at her gravely a moment and then said firmly: "I shall tell father to drown the kitties to-night. I'll not keep cats that can't be trusted in the kitchen."

Priscilla said nothing. By-and-by she went slowly out of doors, the kittens following joyously. She wandered uneasily about the yard for a long time. She felt very miserable.

At last father came home to supper, but Priscilla did not eat anything.

After supper mother said to father: "Now I want you to drown those kittens. They ate the top off of a custard pie to-day, so Priscilla says. Put them into this bag and sink it in the middle of the pond."

So father put the bright-eyed kittens into the bag and started for the door.

But Priscilla was there before him. She stood with her back against it and her little feet firmly braced. "You mustn't kill my kitties!" she cried. "they didn't touch the pie! I—I told a lie! I did it myself!" and she burst into loud sobs.

Father let the kittens go and left the room.

Priscilla could not help being very much ashamed and sorry for what she had done. She kissed her mother over and over again and assured her that she would never, never tell another lie, and she went to sleep at last, happy and thankful, with the kittens tucked safely beneath her arm.

Priscilla did not always after this keep quite out of mischief, but she did learn to look bravely up into her mother's face when she had done wrong and say, "I did it, mother."

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
 Hadn't been her's a week.

One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;
 Rosy and fair was my cheek.

Now my head lies in a corner far,
 My body lies here in the other;

And if this is what human children are,
 I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read
 For fifteen minutes together;

Now I am standing here on my head,
 While she's gone to look at the weather.

My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way;

There's jam on my opening page;
 And I will not live with Miss Nancy

Gay,
 Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore
 Last night at her birthday feast.

I am the frock that Nancy tore
 In seventeen places at least.

My buttons are scattering far and near,
 My trimming is torn to rags;

And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear,
 I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said
 When these things were brought to her view.

All of us ought to be painted red,
 And some of us are not true.

We splutter and mutter and snarl and snap,

We smoulder and smoke and blaze;
 And if she'd not meet with some sad mishap,

Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

We do not have to commit open sin in order to displease God. We are told in the Bible that he regardeth our thoughts as well as our actions. "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord," also, "Let the unrighteous forsake his thoughts." Nor is it safe to harbor evil thoughts, for, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Let your thoughts be of things good and beautiful.



AH, PETER!

Peter! Why do you stand out there? Don't you know it is raining hard? Perhaps you think that basket keeps it off you. But it does not. The rain beats right through it, and your shirt will be soaked.

It comes on a slant and will wet your trousers too. And it does not help things at all for you to put your hands in your pockets, Peter, and look as if you did not care if you are wet.

What's the trouble?
 Just this. Peter's mamma told him to go to the orchard for some apples. Peter liked to go. He liked to pick up the red and yellow fruit lying under the trees. He liked to watch for a squirrel which sometimes came peeping about. But just as he was halfway there it began to rain, and mamma called him back.

"It won't rain hard," he said.
 "Yes, it will. Come back, Peter."
 Then Peter got out of sight of his mamma and sulked.
 "I don't want to go in," he said to himself. "I'll wait till it stops. The basket will keep me dry."

THE SHADOW BOY.

Shadow boy, shadow boy, black as a crow,

Why do you tag me wherever I go?
Still as a mouse you keep gliding away.

Why don't you answer me? Why don't you play?

Often I've wondered what makes you so shy;

Why you should chase me, but never pass by.

Soon as I stop, you stop following, too;

You won't come nearer, and I can't catch you.

Sometimes when I am at play in the sun,

How I do wish you could talk and liked fun!

You're just the size to be chummy with me.

My! what a gay, jolly pair we could be!

Shadow boy, shadow boy, why we're you play?

Why do you tag me so shyly all day?

Oh, if you only were jolly and stout,
Wore real, squeaky shoes, and could whistle and shout!

—S. S. Visitor.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON 8.—NOVEMBER 25.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Isaiah 5. 11-23. Memory verse 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.—1 Cor. 9. 27.

LESSON STORY.

Woe. Woe! woe! always the same story where liquors are used. There are few cases in which people can use it freely without being harmed, but they are so very few when you think of the millions who suffer woe from it. The good prophet, Isaiah, well knew its danger and warned the people of Israel against it. But in spite of his warning the sin of drunkenness was one of their greatest. It caused them to desert God and worship idols. It made judges receive bribes, so there was no true justice. In short, it was the cause of every sin and crime that could be committed.

So it is in our day. And as sure as it brought woe to Israel, so will it bring woe to Canada if we do not guard against the wicked liquor trade.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Isaiah? A good prophet of the Israelites.

2. What did he warn them against? Drunkenness.

3. Was it a common sin in his day? Yes.

4. Did it bring woe to Israel? Yes, they were made captives.

5. What does calling "Evil good and good evil mean"? Calling by pleasant names amusements or practices that we know are evil.

LESSON 9.—DECEMBER 2.
WORLD'S ESPERANCE SUNDAY

Luke 23. 13-25. Memory verses, 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then said Pilate I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23. 4.

LESSON STORY.

You remember how after Judas' betrayal of Jesus with a kiss in the garden of Gethsemane his enemies bound him with chains and hurried him off to the high priests. And by Caiaphas he was found "guilty of death." Of course this was an urgent sentence based on hate. To make it lawful to kill him it was necessary to have the Roman Governor to condemn him also, so he was brought before Pilate. He tried to give Jesus a fair trial and admitted that he could find no fault with him and that he did not merit death. He said he would scourge and release him.

However, as his enemies were bent on his death they cried to have the wicked Barabbas released and Jesus killed in his stead. So the weak governor gave in to the will of the people and the meek and patient Saviour was given into their hands to be cruelly and unfairly put to death.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Pilate? The Roman governor.

2. Why was Jesus brought to him? For trial.

3. What did Pilate say? He found no fault with him.

4. What did he offer to do? Scourge or whip Jesus and send him away.

5. What did the people want? They wanted him killed.

6. Who did they cry to have released? Barabbas.

7. Did Pilate give in to their wicked wishes? Yes.

JENNY'S FUNNY SCRAPES.

Jennie Stanton liked hunting for hen's nests in all the nooks and crannies within climbing distance. One particular quest of hers ended in a ludicrous plight.

In her father's barn was a trap-door; beneath the barn was the stable, and under the trap-door the cow was tied.

Our little girl was skipping along, never noticing the door had been left up, when down she fell, right on to the cow's neck! The cow jumped, and kicked, and Jennie screamed, but held on to the bossie's horns, until her mother ran and took her away, a very frightened little girl.

She was not hurt, but was very careful after that when she went into the barn.

Last summer she was visiting on a farm, where there were nine little pigs. They had a large lot to run in, but by some way crawled through the wall and went into the swamp. Jennie, with a friend, went out for barberries. They were picking busily when all at once those nine pigs started up from the nest of leaves where they had been asleep. One squealed, and the others joined in the chorus. Jennie added her voice and tried to run, but she was too frightened to realize the cause of the sudden noise; when lo! she found herself stretched on the ground. She had fallen over a stump, her barberries were scattered, and the pigs making the air ring with their retreating cries. She saw them all running away, and then it was time to laugh at how the pigs frightened her.



"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose strong,
Dare to make it known."

ONE THING LACKING.

I can make round O's and crooked S's
Most as good as grown-up Bessie's,
I can make my P's and my curly Q's
And as many big A's as ever I choose,
I can count my numbers ever so far,
And say, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

Oh! I can do everything in this world
'Cept stand still when my hair is curled.

Would you like to go to see a little Chinese girl in her home? Then let us take a boat, and row out on the river to something that looks like an island. As we get nearer we find it isn't an island, but a large flat boat, or raft, and the small house the little girl lives in is built away on one end of it. The rest of the boat is made into a yard by having a basket-work fence round it, and in the yard are many ducks. Early each morning the gate is opened, and the ducks crowd out, and over the edge of the boat into the water to take a bath and get their breakfast of bugs and small fish. How would you like to live out on the water in this way, with just ducks for playmates?



TRYING TO MAKE "BILLY" DRUNK. —A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

WHICH IS THE WISER?

The Dutchman in the picture thinks it a capital joke to try to make the goat drink a mug of beer. But Billy has more sense than Hans, and repels with indignation the proffered draught. I am sure he exhibits more wisdom than the whole drinking crew. They say goats will eat anything, from old boots to tin cans. But not a goat in Christendom will eat the stinking weed tobacco, which Hans seems to like. Beg pardon for using the nasty word, but no other will describe the nasty thing. When will men, created in the image of God, and destined for immortality, learn to be as respectable in their habits as the beasts that perish.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

We have recently read an interesting story. A colored man, just before he died, told his wife that he should probably come back to her as a yellow dog. It closes thus:

"Standing at the door, the old lady watched her visitors going and gazed reflectively toward the asparagus bed, where the feathery branches waved mysteriously.

" 'Suthin's in there!' she said. Presently the muzzle of a yellow dog appeared and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her.

" 'Well, I never! Where'd you come from? Sho! Go 'way!' But the dog was at her feet, and something in his dark appealing eyes held her spell-bound. A chill seized her. She breathed fast; then rallying, grasped a broom.

" 'Git outen th' yard!' the dog crouched and licked her shoe.

" 'He said how's he might come back a pore valler dog!' The broom dropped weakly. 'John Bascom, ef so be your spirit is come back to me in this beast, as ye said, gimme a sign!' Two shaggy paws leaped upon her shoulders and there was a dog's warm tongue on her cheek.

" 'Well, John,' she said, 'if so be as it is you, why stay, an' I'll try to get used to you!'

" 'But a queer twinkle came into her face as she added, 'Now it's my turn to hev th' lead. Git under the stove and stay there, John Bascom!'

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house, and asked if she did not wish for some blackberries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

" 'Yes,' said the lady, 'I will take them.' So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

" 'Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?' said the lady, 'how do you know but I may cheat you?'

" 'I am not a'raid,' said the boy, 'for you would get the worst of it.'

" 'Get the worst of it?' said the lady; 'what do you mean by that?'

" 'Whv, ma'am,' said the boy, 'I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?'

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin that is worse than all the gain.

A STRANGE DINNER.

If you ever should visit me in my island home far out in the Pacific Ocean, my half-savage neighbors would give a feast in your honor.

These people do not eat nor cook in the same houses that they sleep in. Each family has a "cook house." The food is cooked by placing it on hot stones, which have been heated in a bonfire. Water is heated by dropping hot stones into it.

Some families have a third house for an "eat house." But when you are invited to dinner the meal probably will be served outdoors in the shade of a breadfruit tree or a mango tree.

You may not like the breadfruit, though the islanders prize it much. It is their chief food. The trees bear three crops each year. Possibly at first you would not care for the mangoes, nor the jack fruit; but you would learn to eat all these and think them delicious. The oranges and bananas and pine-apples you surely would enjoy.

You need not be surprised that our host and his family do not eat with us. They would think a person very rude who would eat a part of the food that he had invited others to eat. And when we have finished dinner, all the food that is left will be sent to our homes.

You see that my strange neighbors are very particular to be polite, as far as they know how. I fear that not all people who think themselves civilized do as well.—Ex.