

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

No. 18.

## GRACIE'S PETS.

"Cluck, cluck: I wish you would let my little ducklings go."

This is what the old mother hen is trying to tell Gracie. But Gracie loves to hold the soft, downy creatures in her arms, and the ducklings do not object: indeed they seem to be perfectly at home where they are. And the other ducklings are not one bit afraid, but stay around her feet, picking up crumbs Gracie has brought for them.

The old mother hen cannot understand why Gracie wants to hold the little ducks in her arms. She is satisfied if they have enough to eat and drink and a comfortable place in which to sleep. She never thinks of petting them. Gracie pets little ducks because she loves them; and they love her in return, just as any animal will, if it is treated kindly.



GRACIE'S PETS.

Last year a gentleman came from England to this country, and visited a number of the largest cities for the purpose of

organizing among the school children Bands of Mercy. The Chicago children joined heartily in the movement, and a

of whom loved to be kind to animals. But it is not necessary to join a Band of Mercy in order to be kind. I hope the

number of these bands were formed. In order to become a member each one pledged himself to be kind to every living creature, and to protect them as far as possible from cruel usage. The Bands held meetings once a month and the members told of all they had been able to do to help the cause during that time.

In one of these meetings a little girl named Florence told of a bird she had found in the street. She said that it was almost dead, but she took it home and gave it some water. Then after keeping it in the house until it had revived, she carried it to the door and let it fly away. A little boy told how he rescued a little kitten from a crowd of rough boys, who were tormenting it.

It was interesting to listen to their stories, and we were glad to see a band of children all

readers of HAPPY DAYS have learned of the better way. If the love of Jesus is in your heart, you will always be kind to everybody, and will love and protect dumb animals as well.

Hundreds of years ago there lived a little boy who used to amuse himself by catching flies and penning them up. He became a cruel man, and caused the death of many innocent people.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

### ONE OLD WOMAN'S WORK.

The story is told of how, some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals, who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps, she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spots.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention; but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed, too, and set to work levelling the hill and repairing the pavement. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a sub-

scription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life.

So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor, overworked horses from falling, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

### THE SQUIRREL'S FRIEND.

One day, not long ago, I was walking in Central Park, and as I came down a certain path I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak tree; and from what happened soon after, I think he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call:

"Come! Come! Here I am!"

The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice, for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, I thank you," for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and drew out a nut, from which he took the shell. Then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel, the gentleman holding it between his lips.

### MARGARET'S DAISIES.

"Only daisies!"

"Such common things!"

"If I couldn't take garden flowers, I wouldn't take any!"

"My mother is going to let me send a whole basket of roses."

"Will she give you buds? You know they asked that all the roses should be buds."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't cut her buds! She says if she gives her full-blown roses, that's enough."

Poor little Margaret did not hear the last that was said, for it took all her efforts to keep her from crying before the big girls. All the brightness had gone out of the little face that had been so happy when she brought in the flowers. She had gathered them herself, trotting all over the field on her little bare feet, and she had been so proud to be big enough to send flowers herself for the W. C. T. U. to carry to the Soldiers' Home.

"I didn't send them," she sobbed when she got home. "Susie said they's common things."

Mother put the despised daisies in water and said nothing till noon of the

next day. "Now, Babykins," she asked, when she and Margaret were ready to drive into town. "did you pick your flowers for the soldiers or for the girls to see?"

"For the soldiers, mother."

"Then I think we'd better take them. I am sure soldiers like daisies, if they are only common things."

So they drove into town with the great bunch of daisies between them; but Margaret wasn't happy. Susie's thoughtless words had spoiled all the pleasure of the trip for her.

At the church they were not happy, either; indeed, they were almost in despair. The tables were full of drifted and piled-up rose petals, and the bouquets that had been so lovely when they were made the day before were a sorry sight. Every one had been like Susie's mother, and wouldn't pick the buds. A great rain had come up in the night and ruined all that were left on the bushes, and the dampness and heat had made all the roses in the bouquets drop their petals.

"I could cry," declared the president of the W. C. T. U. "There aren't enough good bouquets enough left even for the hospital, and all the soldiers will be expecting them. What can we do?"

Just then Margaret and her mother came into the door. "Oh, oh, oh!" cried all the ladies, in delight, when they saw the daisies, and the worried president clapped her hands like a child. In a twinkling every one of those bouquets had daisies where the roses had been, and were carried away to the waiting soldiers, to keep fresh more than a week.

"You see, little girl, common things are better than elegant things, sometimes," said mother to happy Margaret, as they drove home.

### VALUABLE MAIL PROTECTORS.

The United States Government is sometimes served for years by valuable servants who are not even boarded at the expense of the Government. These servants are cats. Rats are one of the persistent dangers that threaten the United States mail. They destroy the bags and the mail matter.

The post-office building in New York city, says The Outlook, is a large building, and now many years old. It is said that there are sixty cats in the building, cared for by the clerks. Some of the cats have never lived anywhere else; others have come in from the neighborhood. The cats who have known only this home are very shy of strangers, and will come only to the clerks in the building. So you see that the Government is served without pay by these faithful servants, who prevent the destruction by rats of valuable property, and all that is given them is shelter.

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OUR ELSIE.

BY JULIE ADAMS POWELL.

Over the meadow and up the lane,  
Who is it I see?  
Falling in the grass, then up again,  
Who can it be?

Wee, chubby hands—hair of gold,  
'Tis our baby;  
Tiny little five-year-old,  
Our sweet Elsie.

Racing after yellow butterflies,  
With flutt'ring curls;  
Mischievous in her laughing eyes,  
Happiest of girls.

In and out among the flowers,  
Stepping daintily,  
Hiding under leafy bowers,  
To frighten me.

On she goes, hour after hour,  
Gay wee Elsie;  
Till the eyelids have to lower,  
Asleep's our baby!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 17.

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Dan. 1. 8-20. Memorize verses 16, 17.  
(Temperance Lesson.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember that the king of Babylon carried many princes and much treasure away from Jerusalem before Zedekiah became king. There were some noble youths among these princes, who held fast to the faith of their fathers and were ready to live or to die for it. The king of Babylon wanted to train them for his own service, so he had them brought to the palace and teachers given them, that they might study the language and learning of the Chaldeans. The king also sent them food and wine from his own table, that they might be strong and fair in body as well as in mind.

There were four princes of Judah—Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah—who were wiser than all, and Daniel was the one whose eyes, like those of Joseph the son of Jacob, were open to the visions of God, and who was faithful under great temptations. He did not want to eat the rich food and drink the

wine of the heathen king, and this he said to the prince who had charge of them; but the prince was afraid of the king, and dared not disobey him. Daniel then spoke to Melzar, the one who had charge of their food, and asked if he would not prove them for ten days with vegetable food and water and see if they were not better than the young men who ate of the king's food and drank his wine. So Melzar told the four youths that he would do this, and he proved them for ten days. He found them at the end of that time so fine and healthy to look upon, so fair and full of face, that he let them eat their simple food and drink water every day.

When they stood before the king, he asked them many hard questions, which they answered wisely, for they had lived temperately and had looked to the Lord God of Israel for wisdom.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who were captives in Babylon? Four princes of Judah.
2. What did the king want them to do? Learn to be wise men.
3. Whom did he set over them? Teachers.
4. Where did he want them to live? In his palace.
5. What did he send them? Food and wine from his own table.
6. Who did not want this? Daniel and his friends.
7. What did they want? Vegetable food and water.
8. What did Melzar let them do? Try it for ten days.
9. How did they look then? Fairer and fatter.
10. Did they ever take the king's food and drink? No.
11. In what other way did they grow? In wisdom.
12. What kind of wisdom had Daniel? Spiritual wisdom.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 24.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Psa. 121. 5.  
*Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.*

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

S.'s I ..... With us is the—  
H.'s P. .... God is our—  
The S. S. .... The Lord hath—  
The G. I. .... Seek ye the—  
M.'s S. and R. .... Righteousness—  
J.'s G. R. .... Remember—  
J. and the B. of L. ... I will not—  
J. B. the W. of G. ... Amend your—  
J. in the D. .... Blessed are—  
The C. of J. .... Be sure your—  
The L.-G. S. .... Whosoever will—  
D. in B. .... Daniel purposed—

CHINESE WORSHIP.

"I thought the Chinese worshipped their ancestors," said Hugh, with emphasis, as little Kitty showed him the picture of a strange-looking Chinese idol. "And so they do," said mamma, "and a great many other things besides. They have 'gods many,' which they worship according to their necessities or fancies. There are so many, indeed, that it would be impossible to collect the names of them all. Besides the gods of the woods and the fields, of thunder and rain, with many others of like kind, there are local deities without number. Then they worship oddly-shaped stones, gnarled bits of wood, and any queer thing that comes to hand. All these, besides the spirits of their ancestors."

"Whew!" said Hugh; "I should think they'd have to keep at it all the time."

"Human nature is the same everywhere," said mamma. "If men have no motive of love to draw them to a superior being, they seek him only as they feel their need of help beyond themselves."

"But how do they worship the idols?" asked Kitty.

"They bring offerings of cakes, meat, fruits, or anything they chance to have. They set them before the god, and burn incense sticks before him. Then they get down on their hands and knees, and bow their heads to the floor, in the meantime telling the god what they want. Then they carry away the food and eat it."

"Then I think I read somewhere," said Hugh, "that every god has its birthday, and has to be specially worshipped then."

"Yes; and in new moons and when they are full. There are many other strange things to be learned about Chinese worship; but the most important thing to remember is gratitude that we know the only true God."

A WISH FOR EVERY DAY.

Monday I wish for eager feet  
On errands of love to go;

Tuesday I wish for a gentle voice,  
With tone both soft and low;

Wednesday I wish for willing hands,  
Love's duties all to do;

Thursday I wish for open ears,  
Wise words to listen to;

Friday I wish for a smiling face,  
A brightener of home to be;

Saturday I wish for quickened eyes  
God's beauty all to see;

Sunday I wish for a tranquil heart  
That may to others joy impart.



TIME ENOUGH.

## TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun:  
One gathered nuts, the other had none;  
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,  
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:  
He roused him at last, but he roused him  
too late.

Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white  
shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were  
placed,

One always perfect, the other disgraced;  
"Time enough yet for learning," he said:  
"I'll climb by and by from the foot to  
the head."

Listen, my darling: their locks have  
turned grey;

One as a governor is sitting to-day;  
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of  
yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:  
One is at work, the other at play:  
Living uncared for, dying unknown,  
The business hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have  
taught

The lesson I long to impart to your  
thought;

Answer me this, and my story is done:  
Which of the two would you be, little one?

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Francis was the four-year-old son of a Methodist pastor, who, at the time of this incident, was supplying a mission in this city. A church enterprise had been started and lots secured. These lots, naturally, had figured largely in the family councils, and had thus become an object of great interest to the child. One night, having finished the prayer taught him by his parents, the lad improvised as follows: "Help little brother to be good to me, and help me to be kind to him, and not pinch him; bless mamma and give her strength, lots of strength; don't let her be afraid to ride in a buggy; give her strength, so she can tend to little brother. Bless the church and bless the church lot. Bless the man that tends to the church and locks the doors. Don't let it thunder so loud. Don't let it rain a great storm; just little sprinklings; not any big rain at all. Don't let the weeds grow so big; we lose

our ball. O Saviour, you save us all, bless us every day, and bless the meeting, and bless the church lot. Amen." The little fellow has since passed into the beautiful kingdom, where the angels of such as these do always behold the face of the Father.

## A QUICK TEMPER.

What did I hear you say, Theodore?  
That you had a quick temper, but were  
soon over it; and that it was only a word  
and a blow with you someti. mes, but you  
were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the  
way with Cain. People almost seem to  
pride themselves on having quick tempers,  
as though they were not things to be  
ashamed of, and fought against, and  
prayed over with tears. God's Word does  
not take your view of it, for it says  
expressly that "he that is slow to anger  
is better than the mighty;" that "better  
is he that ruleth his own spirit than he  
that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth  
in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about  
with him is much like a man who rides a  
horse which has the trick of running  
away. You would not care to own a run-  
away horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising,  
do not speak until you can speak calmly,  
whatever may be the provocation. Words  
do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps  
you, that you will imitate our Saviour,  
who was always gentle, and when he was  
reviled, reviled not again.

## THE BEST-LOOKING BOY.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is fair to see,  
But still there's nothing pleasant  
About that face to me;  
For he's rude and cross and selfish,  
If he cannot have his way,  
And he's always making trouble,  
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is plain to see;  
But that we never think of,  
So kind and brave is he.  
He carries sunshine with him,  
And everybody's glad  
To hear the cheery whistle  
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see, it's not the features  
That others judge us by,  
But what we do, I tell you,  
And that you can't deny.  
The plainest face has beauty  
If its owner's kind and true;  
And that's the kind of beauty,  
My girl and boy, for you.