

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1903.

No. 22.

GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

Jack Frost has come back once more. The leaves, all red and brown and gold, are covering the ground. But the sharp frosts that have stripped the trees of their leaves have ripened the butternuts. Katie and her good dog Watch are wandering through the October woods gathering butternuts that Katie knows just where to find. Sometimes Katie will gather enough to sell a bag or two, and in this way she earns her Christmas spending money. What a sweet, bright face Katie has, and what good care Watch seems to take of her! Her basket is well filled, and they are now going back through the woods to Katie's home.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a horrid boy, and I don't love you one single bit, so there!" said Gracie to her brother.

Harry had been teasing Gracie all day, and had at last broken her very best

doll, Marie Ethelinda De Coursey, all to bits. This was quite too much for Gracie's temper.

"Really and truly, Gracie, I didn't mean to break your doll. I'm awful sorry."

"I don't believe you. You have been as hateful all day long as you could be, and I know you did this on purpose. I wish

you'd go away and stay away where I'd never see you again."

Harry walked out of the room winking very fast. Gracie should not see him cry. That night he was taken very sick and for several days they feared he would die. At last, however, he got well. The first day Gracie was allowed to see her brother, she

climbed on the bed and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Harry," she said, "I was so wicked to talk to you the way I did when you broke my doll. I did not mean what I said, indeed I didn't. I thought God was going to punish me by letting you die. I do love you. Will you forgive me? I have asked God to."

"Of course," answered Harry. "And I'm not going to tease you any more. I was as bad as you to plague you so. Really I didn't mean to break your doll. I was sorry for that right away. Since I've been sick I've had lots of time to think. I don't see why boys should like to make girls cry. I'm not going to do it any more, see if I do."

Harry made the right decision when he said to Gracie that he would not make her cry again.

POISON! LOOK OUT!

At a dog show in Los Angeles there was this sign over the door of the



GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

then these rough, big boys laugh and make fun. Cigarettes are full of poison. Do not take poison because some cruel boy tries to make you. There are little fellows whom the bad boys in their neighbourhood leave alone. They have found that they can say "No" and stick to it, and they respect them for it. And knowing how to say "No" to the offer of a cigarette will after a while keep a boy safe from a worse temptation, the offer of a glass of liquor.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1903.

"WHERE ARE YOUR SINS?"

A young girl came to her minister, being anxious about her soul. "Are you saved," he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?"

"I am trying," she sadly replied.

"How are you trying?"

"I am praying and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully said.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"Oh, I believe in Jesus," she quickly responded.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not here to see him die."

"I know it because God says so in his Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct; for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him, therefore, when he was nailed to the cross, were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is up in heaven."

"You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his Word. Are your sins upon him?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to-day he is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments, and then said, "They must be in his grave."

THE BEST WAY.

BY C. N. CINNETT.

"Mamma, I do think that you ought to have come home sooner. I got very tired watching for you."

"The train was a few minutes late, my dear," said mamma, "and then I met old Mr. Trask on my way up from the station and I tried to answer his questions in as cheery a way as I could. I had been to see some old friends of his. He seemed to feel quite happy to know they were getting on so well. And those deaf and dumb people I called upon were so glad to hear from him."

"O, mamma!" said Sarah, "did you really see folks that couldn't hear or speak?"

"Yes, indeed, I did. Come and sit here beside me and I will tell you about them. When Mr. Trask asked me to call on these friends of his I thought it would be very hard work. When I came near the house I wondered how I would be heard when I rang the doorbell. But just as soon as I pulled the knob a little boy came running to the door."

"Could he hear and talk, mamma?"

"Yes, and so can all his brothers and sisters. He asked me if I were Mrs. Albert, and then told me his papa and mamma were at home and would be glad to see me. We had a pleasant chat writing on a slate."

"Oh! they just have to scratch, scratch, with a slate pencil. Did the woman write, 'I do wish that I could speak'?"

"No, my dear, the lady wrote how glad she was that her children could hear and talk like others and were learning fast at school. The man wrote, 'I feel thankful that I cannot any more hear men and boys

speak wicked, unkind words. They used to hurt me so before I lost my hearing and speech.' Then he wished to know if I hadn't a little girl at home who could come down with me sometimes."

"Would he teach me to talk with my fingers, mamma?"

"He would be very glad to do that. And the children would like to play with you."

"Tell me more, mamma, please."

A great many interesting things were told about the deaf and dumb family. Then little Sarah looked soberly into her mamma's face, and said:

"I guess that deaf and dumb man knows when folk don't speak nice, if there can't a single word creep into his ears."

"How is that, my dear?"

"Why, all such words leave a mark on the face worse than a pencil scratch on a slate. Anyway, that's how my face looked when I asked you so crossly to-day why you hadn't come home sooner. I saw it in the looking-glass, and I guess it hurt you; so I'm going to get over all such naughty, scratchy thoughts before I go down to see the deaf people."

THE CHESTNUTS.

The chestnuts closed their purses tight. But Jack Frost opened them all last night. I think some time I'll sit up and see When he opens the burrs, if he won't show me.

For I've wondered so, and I wish I knew Why he don't get pricked, as my fingers do;

And I can't see why, after all his fuss, He leaves them here on the grass for us!

—Ex.

A BOY IN BLOSSOM.

"O grandpa," said Charlie, "what lots of apples there are going to be this year! See how white the trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," said grandpa; "if the trees keep their promises, there will be plenty of apples; but if they are like some boys I know, there may not be any." "What do you mean by keeping their promises?"

asked Charlie. "Why," said grandpa, "blossoms are only the trees' promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are only the blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy, and they never bear any fruit." "I see," said Charlie. "Then you think when I promise to be a better boy than I am only in blossom? But I will try to show you, grandpa, that the frost cannot nip my blossoms; I am going to bear fruit." "I hope you will," said grandpa, delighted with his answer.—*Little Christian.*

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A QUEER RACE.

I saw the queerest race to-day
Out at the county fair,
The riders all were tiny tots;
The racers all were rare.

I saw a little winsome maid,
With flying yellow hair,
Hold fast and ride around the ring,
Upon a big brown bear.

Another one laughed loud in glee,
And raced around the track,
And she was seated fearlessly
Upon a lion's back.

And one rode on a tiger fierce,
Another on a deer,
While others rode on prancing steeds,
Without a sign of fear.

And round and round the track they rode,
All at a rapid pace,
And no one beat, though all tried hard
To win the funny race.

At last the racers came to rest,
The music ceased to sound,
And all the little tots went home,
And left the merry-go-round.

—*Youth's Companion.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 1.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

2 Sam. 15. 1-12. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exod. 20. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

King David had the love of his people and was feared by all the nations around him; but he also had some great sorrows, greater even than when he was hunted by Saul from cave to cave in the wilderness. He had a son named Absalom, who was a handsome boy, and as he grew older he began to think it would be a very fine thing to be king himself. His heart must have been very much like one of those apples that are smooth and bright-coloured outside and are rotten inside. He had the kindest of fathers, but he had no real love in his heart. He stole the hearts of many of the people by asking them about their troubles, and saying that if he were only judge he would do them justice, and sometimes he would kiss them. Then he tried to act like a king by having

horses and chariots and fifty men to run before him when he went out.

After a while he asked the king to let him go to Hebron to pay a vow to the Lord; so the king said, "Go in peace." He took two hundred men with him who did not know what he had planned, and sent out spies to every tribe, so that at the sound of the trumpet he could be called the king, and he hoped that all the people would follow him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Absalom? The son of King David.

What was he noted for? His beauty.

What did he like to do? Show himself to the people.

How did he try to act? Like a king.

What did he wish to be? King of Israel.

How did he begin? By flattering the people.

What did they think? That he was their friend.

What did he ask of the king? That he might go to Hebron.

Why? To pay a vow to the Lord.

Whom did he take with him? Two hundred men.

What did he intend to do? Call himself the king.

What did he hope? That the people would follow him.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 8.

DAVID'S GRIEF OVER ABSALOM.

2 Sam. 18. 24-33. Memorize verses 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A foolish son is a grief to his father.—Prov. 17. 25.

THE LESSON STORY.

Absalom had talked so much and so well to the people that many thought he would do more for them than David had done, and so they listened to Absalom's spies and went to Hebron until he had an army around him. He thought he surely would be king, and David thought so too when he heard how many men had gone to his son. It made him very unhappy, because it hurt his heart to know that his own son could turn against him, and he left the palace and went over the Mount of Olives, weeping, and the men who were with him wept also. The trouble had made David's faith in God weak perhaps.

But the Lord would never help Absalom against his servant David, and David's men drove Absalom and his men into a wood, and Absalom, who was riding fast upon a mule, was caught by his thick, long hair in the branches of an oak, and hung there until he was slain by David's men.

David was waiting by the gate of Mahanaim to hear the news of the battle, and his first question was, when a messenger

came, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" There was a little chamber over the city gate, and up to that went David, weeping for his lost boy. He did not think of him as an enemy, but said, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST

What had Absalom done in Jerusalem? Talked deceitfully to the people.

What did they think? That he loved them.

What else did he do? Sent spies to all the tribes.

Where did he gather them? At Hebron. What did he expect to do? Take Jerusalem.

What did David do? He went away weeping.

What hurt him most? The unkindness of his son.

What was then going on? A great battle.

Which side conquered? The king's men.

What happened to Absalom? He was caught on an oak.

By whom was he killed? By Joab.

How did David bear it? He wept bitterly for his son.

PATSY'S WATER-WITCH.

"Please, Nora, tell us a story," begged the children.

"Sure, and did I ever tell you about my brother Patsy's water-witch?"

"No, indeed, you didn't. Do tell us now."

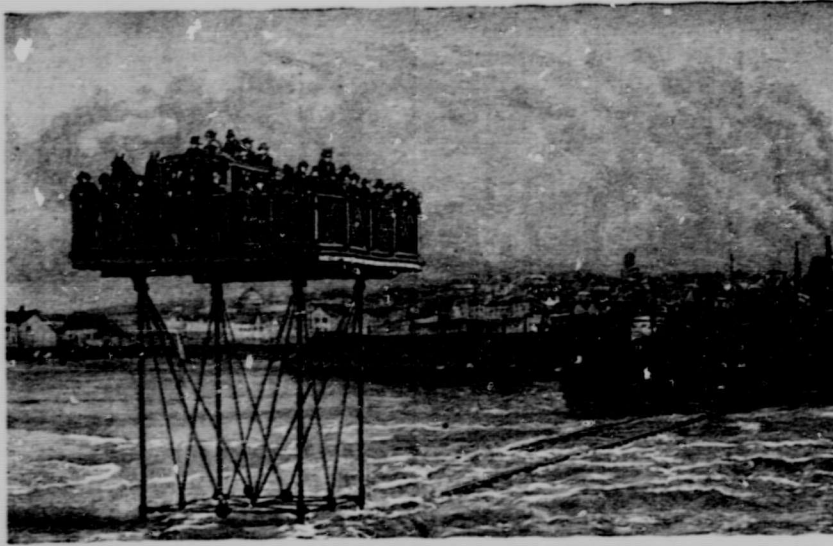
"Well, it was when I was no bigger than Miss Jeannie, and Patsy was just about as big as Master Fred, and baby Mary was going on two. We never had water come into our houses through pipes, as you do in this country, but we had to bring it from a lake a long way off. So the men folks used to keep a big barrel full of water near the house.

"Patsy was the funny boy. He believed in fairies and bogies, and such. One day, when he and the baby and I were playing by the water barrel, Patsy climbed up and looked in. 'Oh,' says he, 'here is a water-witch. I——' and over he tumbled into the water; and all I could see was his two feet. I hollered so loud that mother came running. She hollered too; but she pulled him out. As soon as he could speak, he said: 'The wicked water-witch pulled me in. I saw her two eyes a-glaring at me!'"

"Was it a witch?" asked Jeannie.

"No, Miss Jeannie. 'Twas his own face he saw in the water."

Never let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.



A ROLLING BRIDGE.

A FAIRY'S MONDAY.

A fairy washerwoman, down in a dell,
Set her acorn-cup tubs under a drooping
harebell.
She washed her clothes (queer little duds)
With the greatest of care in sea-foam for
suds.

To make them look as good as new,
She rinsed them well in the fresh morning
dew,
And for indigo used a bit of blue sky;
Then, on a cobweb for clothes-line, they
were hung up to dry.

A ROLLING BRIDGE.

BY ALICE WOLCOTT.

This curious little bridge is in the north of France, and is called by the French the "Pont Roulant." A lady who is visiting there has written this account of it. The bridge moves across the water like a ferry-boat on wheels. The little stream it crosses is an arm of the sea, and runs between the towns of St. Malo and St. Servan in Brittany, and they cannot have a fixed bridge over it, as it connects the harbours of both towns with the big sea, and ships large and small of all kinds are continually coming and going. Now you will ask, "Why not have a real ferry-boat?" Well, one of the wonderful things about this beautiful coast is the height of the tides; they rise and fall from twenty-eight to forty feet. So when the tide has run half-way down you would have to go down a steep ladder to get on a ferry-boat, and when entirely out there would be no water at all for the boat to float on. They have therefore laid rails on the bottom of the river and this funny, movable bridge runs across, backwards and forwards, high tide or low, pulled from side to side by an endless chain worked by a steam engine.

Lately a fine causeway has been built around the harbour, with a drawbridge,

which though much further, sadly interferes with the "Pont Roulant" in taking the most of the passengers.

They tell us in old times they often took 8,000 people over the bridge in one day, and though they only charge a sou, equal to one of our pennies, for each passenger, that makes a good sum at the end of the year.

I crossed one day and did not like the bridge at all; the tide was low and we seemed a long way above the water and in great danger of tipping over, and the motion is most disagreeable. However, they say it never tips over, but sometimes sticks in the mud which accumulates on the rails.

One day this happened when among a number of other people a nun was crossing. All the passengers but herself were taken off in a boat, but she did not think it was proper to go down a ladder, so sat solitary and forlorn all day till the trouble was remedied and the poor bridge with its one occupant reached the shore.

MAMMA'S LETTER.

Mamma had been away two months, and home was forlorn to the children left behind. Aunt Emily took care of them, but though she tried hard, she couldn't take mamma's place.

Every two or three days little letters came, first for Herbert, then for Hilda. Herbert read his easily, and always offered to help Hilda. She said yes, to please him, but she spoilt the letter out herself afterward.

They were cheery letters, telling about the beauty mamma enjoyed. Perhaps, if she had told how hard it was to be sick, the children wouldn't have got strange notions.

Now, no one knows, though every one knows how quickly bad feelings grow. Hilda and Herbert made up their minds

that since mamma and papa were away, and they were lonely at home, they wouldn't try to be good. They would just live along till better times came.

They stayed home from school, they wouldn't study, they wouldn't keep their playthings in order. In short, they grew very idle and unhappy.

Poor Aunt Emily couldn't hide the trouble, and Herbert's letter told mamma, anyway.

"Hilda and me are waiting for you. We won't be good again till you come."

Then mamma wrote a long letter. She told how hard it was to be away, and what a comfort her children's love was. Love, she said, would make them do what she would like if she were home.

Herbert read the letter aloud. He read every word, though it made queer feelings in his heart.

"Why are you crying, Baby?" he asked very loud, to keep from crying himself.

"I'm so sorry," sobbed Hilda.

"You'd better show it by being good, then; I shall!"

Aunt Emily's letters were so happy afterwards that mamma got well much faster.

That is how we can love Christ best; by doing his will while we wait.

GOING CALLING.

Maisie liked to go calling with her mother. It was not often mamma took her, but when she did it was usually to the house of dear friends.

Once she took her to a lady's who was a stranger to Maisie. The lady had just come in from calling herself, so she had not taken off her bonnet.

After they left the house Maisie said to her mother, "I do not think that lady has any little girl of her own."

"Why do you think that?" asked mamma, smiling at her little girl's thoughtful face.

"'Cause there wasn't any little chair in the parlour; and she never gave me a picture book to look at, and she didn't speak to me at all. I'm sure I never had any little girl of her own to love."

Perhaps Maisie was right, but possibly she thought too much of herself and her own pleasure during the call.

Perhaps there might have been a cosy room other than the parlour where children could find things to make them happy, even though the lady had no children of her own.

Suppose Maisie had thought a little less of what might be done to please her, and had shown that her sweet, bright face proved a contented and patient heart while she waited. Would it not have been all right then?