

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1904

No. 22

## THE STRANGER

Annie doesn't seem to know this lady who is greeting her so kindly. When Annie's mother died, two years ago, her father sent her to this great boarding-school, and she has been here ever since, holidays and all, and a pretty full time she has had of it, poor girl. The two teachers who remained with her were very kind, but the poor girl missed her mother very much. So now at the beginning of the holidays, when Miss Martin, the teacher, tells her that a lady and a young girl have called to see her, she cannot guess who they are, for she did not know she had any friends anywhere near. She hasn't long to wonder, though, for the lady soon tells her that she is her aunt; Annie's dear mamma's only sister, and that she has lately moved to this part of the country. But, best of all, she tells her that she has come to take her home to spend the holidays with her cousin in their pleasant home.

### A CHILD'S LOVE.

Backward and forward in her little rocking-chair moved Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smooth-



THE STRANGER

ing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly!" and anon casting wistful glances toward her mother, who sat in a bay-window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly,

when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so." "And we love God because he first loved us," whispered the mother.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.

"I am done for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly, "I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma." "Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am so glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote, you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together." "Yes, we had, mamma; but I got tired, after a while, of loving her." "And why?" "Oh, because she never loves me back." "And that is why you love me?" "That is one why, mamma, but not the first one or the best." "And what is the first and best?" "Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me

## A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This is the ferry for Shadow-town;  
It always sails at the end of the day,  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;  
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;  
Drifting away from the world we go,  
You and I in the rocking-chair.

See, when the fire-logs glow and spark,  
Glitter the lights of the shadowland;  
The winter rain on the window—hark!  
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,  
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;  
Blossoms are waving above its brim—  
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,  
Silently lower the anchor down.  
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night,"  
We've reached the harbor of Shadow-town.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

## HOW TO KNOW A GOOD BOOK.

Books, like friends, either help to make us better or worse. We must read very carelessly, indeed, if what we read leaves no impression upon us. That is reading without receiving anything in return for the time we spend on it. To read a bad book is worse than not to read at all, because it leads us to bad thoughts and bad acts. A good book, like a good friend, helps us to think, speak, and act more nobly and with more edification and bene-

fit. We advise you to apply the following test to your reading.

A good book is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better, it is in no sense a good book.

## A PRETTY IDEA.

Ray was four years old, and her mamma said she could give a party to all her little friends. She was a bright little girl, and after she and her little friends had played ring and eaten the party, and were thinking of playing ring again, she got them all quiet and said:

"There's a nice, 'little old lady in zis town and she's awful sick. My mamma took me visitin' yestay and I seen her my own sef. 'Taint far where she lives. Zis lady wants to see some'n awful putty, and she might get well zen. Ray glanced around and tossed back her yellow curls and added: "I wish she tould see some'n awful putty. I wish she tould see some'n putty on my budday, 'deed I do."

"Cake is awful putty," said a little girl guest.

"Tandy is awful putty, too," said a little boy.

Ray shook her head. "She don't like zings to eat very much," she explained.

"I dot a putty dolly," said Dodo.

"I dot a putty 'basket," said Janie.

"My toat is awful putty," said little Willie Jones.

"I dot awful putty ribbon at my neck," said Mamie.

"Mamma put my putty kilt suit on me to-day," said Robbie.

Then Ray glanced at her dainty feet.

"My slippers is awful putty, too," she said, ecstatically. "Taint far from here where she lives. Let's ask mamma if we can't run down and show zat old lady all ze putty zings we got, sure 'nough. Then maybe she might get well."

"I dot my putty red ball wis me," said Fred.

"I dot my monkey man," screamed Tommy.

"Everybody has dot some'n putty, I dess," said Janie.

Mamma gave her permission for all the little girls and boys to go to see the old lady who was sick, provided they entered her room very quietly. This the little girls and boys promised to do, and mamma and nurse went along to take care of everybody.

The little old lady who was sick was just as pleased as she could be when the reason of the children's coming was explained to her; and she looked at each "awful putty" thing that was held out to her in little baby hands, admiring them

all, the slippers and the toat and the bowful ribbons and the basket and the doll and everything. And she sank back among her pillows after examining the last of the "awful putty things," and gave a little laugh, and this is what she said: "Well, well, well, I have seen a pretty sight 'this day."

Just as she spoke the words the little old lady was not thinking of the slippers or the doll or the ball or the basket or the ribbons or even of the toat; she was thinking of the pretty faces of the dear little children who wanted her to get well. Janie was right when she said, "Everybody has dot some'n putty, I dess."

## ASHAMED TO BE GOOD.

Little May Burnet was a very little girl. But though she was "such a mite," as they all called her, she was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. "Mamma," she asked one day, "why is it to be a Christian?"

Mamma answered her as another mother told her little girl, "It is to live as Jesus would live, and behave as Jesus would behave, if he were a little child and lived at our house."

But May was not a Christian. What had not been told what it meant, for her good mother often talked with her, and tried to teach her the right way, and often prayed with her. But May had a wicked little heart; she was a very contrary and wayward child. Her teacher had much trouble with her at school, and her parents were often grieved by her behavior at home; her little cousins could not get along with her, and she was avoided by all the children in the neighborhood.

Once she was very sick for a long time and when she was getting better she said one day, "Mamma, I've half a mind to begin school again good, only I'm kind of ashamed to. They'll all laugh at me and say how I've changed, and I don't want 'em to notice it."

"Why, May," said mamma, "I am surprised! Ashamed to be good, when you have never thought of such a thing as being ashamed of your naughty ways!"

It was no wonder that mother was surprised. What do you think of it, little reader? Which are you ashamed of doing, wrong or right?

We heard of a young man the other day who became a Christian, and right away went to all his friends to tell them the good news that he had begun to love Jesus. He was ashamed of his sin, but not ashamed of doing right.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name."

\* LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Oh, where do you come from,  
You little drops of rain,  
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,  
Down the window-pane!  
They say I'm very naughty,  
But I've nothing else to do  
But sit here at the window:  
I should like to play with you.

Tell me, little rain-drops,  
Is that the way you play,  
Pitter-patter pitter-patter,  
All the rainy day!  
The little rain-drops cannot speak,  
But "pitter-patter, pat,"  
Means, "We can play on this side  
Why can't you on that?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM  
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

2 Kings 6. 8-23. Memorize verses 15-17.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Syria was always making war upon Israel, but the king of Israel and his armies were always avoiding him. The Syrian king at last made up his mind that some of his own people were traitors, and he asked them to tell him who was showing the enemy the place of the Syrian camp. They said it was the prophet Elisha, who told the king of Israel what was spoken in secret in the Syrian king's bed-chamber. "Go, spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him," said the king, and when he found that he was in Dothan, he sent by night horses and chariots, and a great host. When Elisha's servant found them in the morning all around the city walls, he said, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" And Elisha answered, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Was not that a strange thing to say? But soon the servant knew what he meant, for Elisha prayed, and the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. They were bright with the glory of heaven. At Elisha's prayer the Syrians were smitten with blindness, and Elisha offered to lead them to the man whom they sought (for they had long been seeking the king of Israel); and he led them into Samaria, the king's city, and there,

at Elisha's prayer, their eyes were opened. The king of Israel wished to smite them, but Elisha would not let him, for they were captives. He told the king to give them bread and water and let them go, and so the king made a great feast for them, and then sent them home. They did not try, after that, to make war on Israel.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who made war on Israel? The king of Syria.  
What did he complain of? That the king of Israel avoided him.  
What did he fear? Traitors in his own army.  
What was he told? That it was Elisha.  
How could Elisha know? God showed him where the Syrians were.  
Where did the king send his army? To Dothan, to find Elisha.  
What did Elisha's servant see in the morning? A great army.  
What did Elisha show him? The armies of heaven around them.  
How could the servant see them? The Lord opened his eyes.  
What came upon the Syrians? Blindness.  
Where did Elisha lead them? To the king, at Samaria.  
How were they treated? Kindly.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

JOASH, THE LOY KING.

2 Kings 11. 1-16. Memorize verses 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice.—Prov. 29. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

In the most troubled times of the history of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, the Lord sent a little boy named Joash, seven years old, to be king over Judah. His grandmother, a wicked woman, had destroyed all his brothers after the king's death, and would have destroyed this child, who was then a baby, if his aunt had not hidden him and his nurse in a bedroom. Then for six years she kept him hidden in the house of the Lord, while the wicked queen reigned. At the end of that time, the good high-priest Jehoiada sent for the officers of the kingdom, and after he had asked them "to make a solemn promise, he showed them the king's son. Then he made a plan with them to guard the temple and the king's house, and he brought forth the little prince to his anointing and coronation, so that he became king. Then the people could keep still no longer; they clapped their hands and said, "God save the king." When Athaliah, the wicked queen, heard the noise, she came to the temple, and there

she saw the little king standing by a pillar, and the people rejoicing and blowing trumpets. She cried, "Treason, treason!" and rent her clothes. The high priest told the guards to take her out, and she was taken out and slain. That was a good day for Jerusalem and Judah, for the little king believed in the one true God, and he reigned for forty years.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What little boy was once king of Judah? Joash.  
How old was he when he was crowned? Seven.  
Who had killed all his brothers? His grandmother, Athaliah.  
How was the baby Joash saved? By his aunt.  
Where was he hidden until he was seven? In the temple.  
Who taught him? Jehoiada, the high priest.  
Who reigned over Judah? Athaliah.  
What did Jehoiada do at last? Proclaimed Joash king.  
What followed? The anointing and coronation.  
Who came into the temple? Athaliah.  
What did the officers do? Took her out and put her to death.  
What had she done? She had destroyed many.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

The "happy family" which used to be seen on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge in London was a strange household indeed. Usually there were a monkey, an owl, some guinea-pigs, squirrels, small birds, starlings, a magpie, rats, mice, and a cat or two.

A cross-looking man once came up and said to the man who owned the show:

"Ah! I don't see much in that! It is true the cat does not touch the small birds"—one of which was sitting on the cat's head at the time—"nor the other things; but you could not keep rats or mice in there as well."

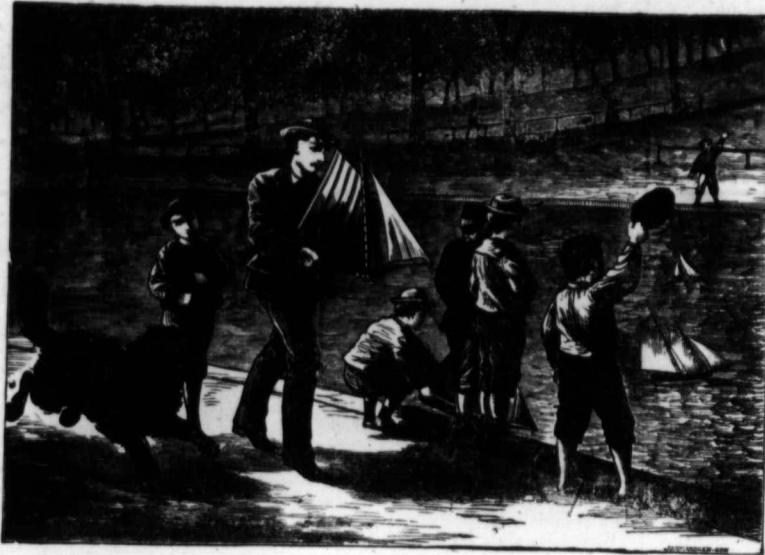
"Do you think not?" said the showman.  
"I think I could very easily."

"No, you couldn't," said the cross-looking man. "I will give you a month to do it in, if you like, and a shilling into the bargain if you succeed. I shall be this way again soon."

"Thank you, sir," said the man.  
"Don't go yet."

Then, putting a stick through the bars of the cage, he lifted up the cat, when from beneath her ran out a white rat and three white mice.

"Won—der—ful!" said the cross-looking man, taken by surprise. "Won—der—ful!" And he paid the money at once.



THE BOAT RACE.

## LITTLE MILLIONAIRES.

Twenty little millionaires  
 Playing in the sun;  
 Millionaires in mother love,  
 Millionaires in fun,  
 Millionaires in leisure hours,  
 Millionaires in joys,  
 Millionaires in hopes and plans,  
 Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they,  
 And in dancing blood;  
 Millionaires in shells and stones,  
 Sticks and moss and mud;  
 Millionaires in castles  
 In the air, and worth.  
 Quite a million times as much  
 As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires  
 Playing in the sun,  
 Oh, how happy they must be,  
 Every single one!  
 Hardly any years have they,  
 Hardly any cares;  
 But in every lovely thing  
 Multimillionaires.

## HER HANDS.

BY NELLIE L. M'CLUNG.

"Show me your hands," said the old minister to the dying girl, who was afraid to meet her Saviour.

She had early in life been left motherless, and the care of the family had fallen heavily on her young shoulders. Her

days had all been spent in hard and unremitting toil.

When death drew near, she was afraid. She said "I have had no time to do anything for God. I have nothing to show."

"Show him your hands," said the old minister, "He will understand."

## NIP AND TUCK.

Nip and Tuck lived in the same ledge of rocks. Nip was a chippie, and was Jamie's pet. Tuck was a red squirrel, who was Nip's troublesome neighbor. Jamie kept on hand a basket of all kinds of nuts with which to treat Nip. Jamie was as fond of nuts as Nip was; so they lunched together every day at eleven o'clock, and had a "nut-crack" at five. When the table was spread, Jamie would rap on the rock with a nut, and Nip would come at once.

Nip had a home in a little hide-away in the ledge. He was very careful, however, never to be seen by Tuck when he entered his little cave, for Tuck was a pickpocket. Nip grew very fond of Jamie, and would eat nuts from his hand without fear. After his meal was over he would fill his pockets with nuts to carry home. "Watch your pockets," said Jamie, as Nip scampered across the rocks with his heavy load. But, alas! Tuck caught him and shook him until the nuts had all rolled out of his pockets. Tuck tucked them into his own pockets, and said, "Cheat, cheat." Nip and Tuck were never very friendly neighbors after that.

## WHERE NEDDIE FOUND HIM.

BY D. A. HAMILTON.

Where was baby Neddie looked under all the sofas, and Lawrence even peeped in the big tin cake-box. You see baby had one little tooth in his head, but that one was such a sweet tooth and he had twice been known to creep out into the pantry in the cake-box. "But he wasn't there this time. He didn't seem to be anywhere, and mamma began to get alarmed. 'Get the dinner-bell, Ned,' she said, 'and ring it out the back door for papa; and Lawrence, are you sure you hunted in all the closets? There's the linen-closet, you know, and Bridget's closet.

"I looked in 'em all," he said despondently. "He isn't anywhere. I guess he's dissolved; he's sweet enough to."

Papa came in and hunted, too. Out doors and in they hunted, getting more frightened all the time. Then Neddie found him. He laughed till the two anxious tears just crossing over the bridge of his nose lost the balance and tumbled down-hill. "I said Neddie found baby, but really and truly it was only his little soft chamois shoes, he found and part of two little black-stockinged legs in them. The rest of baby was out of sight. Papa tall, square scrap-basket in the library was over on its side, and baby had crawled in and gone to sleep. How mamma laughed when he was found.

## THE PIN PRICKS.

BY NELLIE L. M'CLUNG.

Many there are who can bear the vicissitudes of life serenely, and yet go down before the little pin pricks. There are those who would bear the loss of fortune without a murmur, and yet they will make life miserable for every one round them, when they have the toothache.

We need grace to carry us safely over dreary wash-days, spoiled dinners, smoking stoves, and all the other small annoyances that bring the wrinkles to the face and cheat us out of our happiness.

The world notices the company we keep.

