

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXVII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1906.

No. 16.

## BASEBALL.

What boy does not enjoy a good game of baseball? While it is less dangerous than almost any game that boys enjoy, it is splendid training for the eye. "fielding," gives exercise to the arm in pitching and striking the ball, and has enough running in it to please the sturdiest boy. But it sometimes happens that the very jolliest game is spoiled by some boy's quarrelsome spirit. He must have his own way every time. If he fails to strike the ball it is because it was "a bad ball." He is always sure that every one on the opposite side is trying to cheat, and does his best to keep up a sort of "war of words" the whole game through. Have you ever seen a boy like that? If you have you do not ask him to play with you any oftener than you can help, and he is not the boy you want to irritate, is he? What merry-faced boys we see at this game in our picture! They know how to play a brisk game and keep their temper at the same time. The fellow who is starting out for the goal had better be careful, or he will lose his run and get put out.

## A GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.

The lamps which gave light to the people of the olden days must have been



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

very inadequate, we think, as we see them now and then in museums. But although they are small, many of them are pretty, and all are quaint.

One of the most beautiful of which we know, we are accustomed to hear spoken of as a candlestick, but it was really a lamp-holder, a candel-abrum. This was

the seven-branched candlestick which Moses was commanded to make for the tabernacle. I was placed on the south side of the tabernacle, opposite the table for the showbread.

The candlestick was made with a base and a central shaft, out of which six branches extended, all beaten out of solid gold, and made beautiful by raised work of little bowls like half an almond shell, and with knobs and flowers. In the end of each branch, and in the top of the central shaft were sockets for seven lamps.

The lamps were filled with cotton and the purest olive oil, and they held enough to keep them burning from evening until morning; and three of the lamps, according to Josephus, who wrote much about the Jews, were kept burning all day also.

When Solomon built his magnificent temple, he made ten candlesticks similar to this one of the tabernacle; but these were carried away to Babylon when Nebuchadnezzar over-

threw Jerusalem and took the Jews captive. The one golden candlestick which stood in Zerubbabel's temple was seized by Titus, the Roman emperor, who captured Jerusalem after one of the most famous sieges of history. The triumphal arch of Titus is still standing in Rome, with the figure of the candlestick still sculptured upon it.

## THE BOY AND THE SPARROW.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;  
On the ground stood a sparrow bird looking at him.  
Now the boy—he was good, but the sparrow was bad;  
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,  
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees;  
Said she: "Where is my little boy, sparrow bird, please?"  
"He's safe in my pocket," the sparrow bird said,  
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,  
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You'll imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,  
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;  
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,  
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,  
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1906.

## A SWEET LITTLE COMFORTER.

On the platform waiting for the cars were little Daisy and her mother. The only other person in sight was a fine-looking, middle-aged man; but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He

walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy, and did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and, when he again came near took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweetest tones: "How do?"

The man stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty tell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his. The dark clouds were all gone from his face now. "Oo solly [sorry]? I solly, too," were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes and a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'love' 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can tell, madam," the gentleman said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried into a car.

What battle was going on in his soul that the little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we cannot know; but Daisy had proved true that proverb of Solomon which says: "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul." (Prov. 16. 24).

## WHO FIRED THAT SNOWBALL?

Teddy never meant to do it, but when Tom threw a snowball, what could he do but squeeze up another and toss it back, and how could he know that naughty ball would hop right over Tom's head and go—smash!—right into the window of Miss Priscilla Prim's millinery shop? But there was the broken pane and the glass scattered all over the ladies' beautiful winter bonnets.

Tom dodged around one corner, and Teddy around the other. When Miss Priscilla looked out, the street was as empty and still as if there were not one little boy in town.

"I got off pretty well," thought Teddy. "If she caught me, she'd make me pay my whole eighty-seven cents."

Nobody but Teddy knew how many errands he had run and how many paths he had swept and how much candy and popcorn and butterscotch he had not eaten to get together those eighty-seven cents. As soon as he could earn just thirteen cents more they were all to go for the little steam-engine in the toy-shop window.

Just five minutes later Teddy stepped into Miss Priscilla's shop with his little red savings bank in his hand. He emptied it on the counter, and out came

rolling such a swarm of dimes and nickels and pennies! Miss Priscilla was so surprised that her eyebrows went right up to her little grey curls.

"Say, I fired that snowball," said Teddy, bravely; "so I ought to pay for it. Course you know."

"Well, you are an honest boy," said Miss Priscilla, gathering up the money; "but you are dreadfully careless."

Teddy went past the toy-shop window on his way home, and he could not help just looking at the little engine; but he was not sorry for being honest, not a bit.

## A WORD OF TRUTH.

A young man once wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking three questions. The reply was:

"1. The three best books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary.

"2. To attain 'real success?' Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.

"3. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and to enslave the nature to an injurious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed."

## NEVER.

Children are sometimes tired of being told what to do. An exchange offers this brief list of things not to do:

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness, the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The chain whose links are loving deeds is the strongest that can be forged to bind two friends together.

The new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."

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LESSON V

THE JUDGE, T

Luke 18. 1-14.

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God be mercif  
18. 13.

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woman praying  
paid no attention  
on pleading. A  
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QUESTIONS

1. What is

## DON'T CARE.

I know a wicked, idle snake,  
A sly and harmful sprite,  
Whose head is soft, whose limbs are weak,  
Who yet in wrong has might.

Now, would you know this demon's name  
And shun his hurtful snare  
In order to defeat his aim?  
I speak it loud—"Don't Care."

He finds his way within the home,  
And rules the children there,  
The parents' hearts are full of gloom  
Because of old "Don't Care."

Just take him by the throat, my boy,  
With manly strength and fair,  
Lest he in time your soul destroy—  
This monster rude, "Don't Care."

And you, my lass, my blooming rose,  
I whisper soft, "Beware—  
There's none among your many foes  
Can harm you like 'Don't Care.'"

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

## LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19.

THE JUDGE, THE PHARISEE AND THE  
PUBLICAN.

Luke 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke  
18. 13.

## LESSON STORY.

The stories of these three people are well worth remembering. The first was an unjust judge who did not care for mercy. To him came again and again a poor woman praying for justice. The judge paid no attention to her, but still she kept on pleading. At last, to get rid of her, the judge gave her what she asked.

This parable is to teach us that we should pray and faint not. God is not an unjust judge, but he does not always answer our prayers at once. He wants us to trust him and not grow discouraged.

The next parable tells of a Pharisee and a publican who went to the temple to pray. The Pharisee was very proud, and only pretended to be good. He despised the publican and thanked the Lord that he was not as other men were. The publican's prayer was a humble confession and cry for mercy, "God be merciful to me a sinner," which we may be sure was much more pleasing to God.

"He that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy."

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the parable of the judge

about? An unjust judge and a poor woman pleading.

2. What did she do? Kept pleading until he helped her.

3. What is the lesson for us? To pray and faint not.

4. Who is the other parable about. A Pharisee and a publican.

5. What were they doing? Praying.

6. What did the Pharisee say? He thanked God he was not as other men.

7. What did the publican pray? "God be merciful to me a sinner."

## LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26.

## THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Mark 10. 17-31. Memory verses, 23, 24.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matt. 16. 24.

## LESSON STORY.

This is a sad story, this of the rich young man who came to Jesus asking what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus could read the young ruler's heart as he can read all our hearts. He knew the one thing that he lacked. He was a good young man, according to his time, and lived a blameless life. He kept all the commandments, but his one great lack was self-denial. Jesus knew this, so he told him he must sell all and give it to the poor, then take up his cross and follow him. It seemed a great deal to ask, but Jesus saw that as long as he had his wealth he would love it more than God. We all must give up something. It will be hard, but it will be worth doing. Had this young man given up his earthly riches he would have received treasure in heaven. Alas! we have no record that he did. He went away sorrowful, and we are afraid, continued to love the things of this world more than the next.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who is this lesson about? A rich young ruler.

2. What did he ask Jesus? What he should do to inherit eternal life.

3. What did he tell Jesus? That he had kept all the commandments.

4. What did Jesus tell him? That he lacked one thing—self-denial.

5. What was he told to do? To sell all, give it to the poor, and to take up his cross and follow Jesus.

6. Was he willing to do this? No.

7. Must every one give up something for Jesus' sake? Yes.

## A NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW.

The French Huguenots often talked to their children of the glory of holding fast to their faith, and enduring persecution nobly. One day a troop of soldiers came to a village to arrest all the Huguenots.

The father and mother determined to escape. They loaded their one little donkey with vegetables, hiding their little son among the cabbage, and charging him to keep silent no matter what happened. The mother, with a basket of carrots, walked ahead. So they started off. They were soon discovered by the soldiers, one of whom asked their destination. "To market," answered the father. The soldier plunged his sword into the basket, "to see if the cabbage are tender," he said. Not a sound was heard, and with a hearty "bon voyage" the soldiers galloped off. After they had disappeared from sight, the parents hastened to open the basket. They found that their son had been stabbed through the thigh. He was suffering terribly, and yet the brave boy had not uttered a sound.

## WE MUST WORK.

It is a terrible thing not to be earnestly at work. You remember what the ant said to the grasshopper. A grasshopper went to an ant, when winter was coming on, and said he wanted help. "But," said the ant, "what have you been doing all the summer?" "Well," the grasshopper said, "I spent my time chirping and jumping about and enjoying myself." "Then be off," said the ant, "for I spent the summer working hard to prepare for winter time."

Dear little workers, here is a stronger lesson still, and from the Book of books, the Bible. Oh, what a warning it is!

"Then shall they answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

## THE WAY TO DO.

"I'm afraid they'll laugh at me!"

It was little Tot's first day in the kindergarten school. Phil was taking her on the way to his school.

"I'm 'fraid they'll laugh at me!" cried little Tot.

"What if they do? You must just laugh back again; that's what we do. When you see them laughin', laugh as hard as you can, and they'll like you for it. People like people that laugh."

Tot was very much afraid that she would cry instead of laugh; but everybody was good, and when she remembered what Phil said she smiled a great deal, and they liked her very much.

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved, but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.



KIND ROVER.

## KIND ROVER.

Rover is not one of those snarling little curs that "delight to bark and bite." He has a good strong voice and a sound set of teeth of his own, but he does not seem to think they were given him for the purpose of annoying or injuring his neighbors, so he keeps his bark for burglars and his bite for beef bones. When an impudent puppy yelps at him as he goes along he makes no reply; he just raises his nose a little higher in the air and passes on. When an evil-disposed dog is on the point of attacking one that is smaller and weaker than himself he first looks up the street and down the street to make sure that Rover is not in sight, for he knows that Rover will not willingly allow the weak to be oppressed. When any one falls into the water, his scream is very likely to be speedily followed by Rover's plunge, for it does not take him very long to get to any particular spot if he should not happen to be there just at the moment. Once and again he has dragged a drowning boy ashore or lent him afloat till further help arrived. This time it is one of his own species that he is bringing to land. Even dogs can be drowned, especially when they are young and inexperienced and undertake a long swim. It was good for this one that a better swim-

mer than himself got sight of his sinking head, plunged in to his rescue, dived beneath him, bore him to the surface, and with wonderful adroitness and skill, supported him to the bank. Kind, noble Rover! it is no wonder that all the dogs respect him, and that all the boys are fond of him.

## WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbor of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house, she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey; and while he was away, some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was, for that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball; but Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came (it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out), Snowball ran to him at once and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his, and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him down stairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say: "This puppy has got in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh, and how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy; and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house.

## GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy," a little girl said, As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle bed.

"'Tis morning—bright morning! Good morning, papa!

O, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!

The bright sun is peeping straight into my eyes—

Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise

Early to wake up my parents and me,  
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Yes, happy you may be, my dear little girl,"

And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—

"Yes, happy you can be, but think of the One

Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."

The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—

"Mamma, may I say, 'Good morning' to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may; Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed:

For taking good care of me all the dark night,

And waking me up with the beautiful light;

O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,

Dear Father, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled:

But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child.