

HAPPY DAYS

A MERRY PROCESSION.

Such a gay, innocent, thoroughly happy procession as this one seldom sees. Instead of banners, field flowers, sweet and fresh; instead of martial music, the sound of their own glad voices, which are the sweetest sound on earth. Who would not wish to be one of them, as, so care-free and free, they were frooping down the hill?

WHAT CAN IDOLS DO!

A missionary in India tells the following story of a little boy who, at a mission school, had been taught about the one God and about Jesus:

One day this boy, who lived with a heathen, said to him: 'There is only one God, the one who made the earth and sky and everything. He gives us the rain and the sunshine; he does everything we do; he can save us or kill us. But these images you say to are only scraps of baked clay. They can't

hear. How can they do any good or save you from any trouble?' The heathen paid no attention to him, and soon afterward went on a journey. While he was gone the little boy took a



A MERRY PROCESSION.

stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick.

"When the man returned, he was very angry at what had happened, and ex-

claimed: 'Who has done this?' "Perhaps the big idol has been beating his little brothers," said the boy. "Nonsense," the man said 'don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I am a fool? You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise its hand. It was you, you little rascal! It was you! To pay you for your wickedness I will beat you to death with the same stick,' and seizing the stick, he went toward him. "But," said the boy quickly, 'how can you worship a god like that? Do you suppose if he can't take care of himself and the other idols, he can take care of you and the world, let alone making you?' "The heathen stopped to think, for this was a new idea. The more he thought, the more senseless the idol seemed. After awhile he broke his idol and went and kneeled down to pray to the true God, and called him 'My Father.'"

It takes two to make a quarrel, and two to keep it going; it only takes one to end it.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Travelling the King's highway,
Coming over the lessons
From the guide-book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth he walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight;
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsoiled, pure and white.
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him, through and through
To ask this simple question:
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in his footsteps
With ever careful tread,
O, let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation:
"What would Jesus do?"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

THE EYES OF THE LORD.

One day the children took a pail and went to pick blackberries. They told their mother that they would bring her enough to make "bushels of jam."

"Here are splendid ones," said Harry, as they were passing through Mr. Copley's meadow. So they began to eat and fill their pails.

"Hush!" said Sam, "don't make a noise, and keep behind the bushes, so that nobody will see us."

Pretty soon Kitty stopped picking, saying, "I'm afraid somebody sees us."

"Why," said Sam, in great alarm, "do you see the hired man about?"

"No," said Kitty, "but I'm afraid God sees us, for you know the Bible says, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.'"

The children looked at each other, perfectly shocked. They had forgotten that they were breaking God's commandment by taking what did not belong to them. They got out of the meadow quickly.

"What shall we do?" said Mary.

"We must pick enough from our own lot to make up for what we've eaten, and take them all to Mr. Copley and tell him about it," said Sam.

It was hard to do, but they did it. Then they had only time to pick one small pailful before going home to dinner.

Their mother said she would rather have done without berries altogether than have stolen ones. She said they did right in telling Mr. Copley all about it, and they must not forget to confess their wrongdoing to God and ask his forgiveness.

ZULU DOLLS.

The little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure. She has no clothes to put on, no beds to make, no floors to sweep, and very few dishes to wash. She does not attend school, and therefore has no lessons to learn. Sometimes she is sent to drive the monkeys away from the garden patch where they have come to steal the pumpkins, or she brings water from the spring, or digs sweet potatoes for dinner.

These small duties, however, do not occupy much of her time. And how do you think she spends the bright days in her pleasant summer land? Let me tell you. She plays with dolls just as you do—not waxen ones with real curls and eyes that open and close, but clay and cob dolls which she makes with her own little black fingers. She mixes the clay and moulds it into small figures, baking them in the sun; then she takes a cob and runs a stick through the upper part for arms. She thus finds herself the owner of two styles of dolls. It is not the fashion for either the little mother or her dolls to be dressed, owing to the great heat, so there are no clothes to be spoiled by wading in the brook or rolling in the sand.

Some time ago a little Zulu girl had an imported doll given to her. She was so pleased that she hardly knew what to do. All day long she ran around among the small huts to show her "white little baby," as she called it. When night came she was unwilling to go to sleep until her treasure had been fastened to her breast; she was so afraid it might be taken from her while she slept.

When we heard this story we wished

many others in Zululand could be made happy in the same way. Then we thought how all the pleasant things of life come to us because we know Jesus. When ever he is unknown there is ignorance, poverty, nakedness and cruelty. Will you all the boys and girls who read this story more of their pennies, that they may see the story of Jesus to the children of the heathen lands and so bear to them the best of all gifts—the precious Saviour of the world?—Ex.

SNOWDROP AND SWEEP.

My name is Mabel Dennis. I have been to see Nurse Young, who lives in the cottage in the park; she was mamma's nurse when mamma was a child.

Nurse Young often says I am just like what mamma was when she first knew her. I hope I shall grow up like mamma for everybody loves her.

I put on my new velvet hat and my new cloak to go and see Nurse, because she likes to see all my things; but she always says, "Remember, my dear Miss Mabel, that God looks into the heart, and if the heart is a fit dwelling-place for him, we shall not think too much of our fine clothes."

Nurse's little grandchild, Lucy, was sitting on a footstool before the fire, knitting a black kitten.

Now, I have a white kitten, and I tell you how it came. It was found one morning crying at the door, and when the door was opened it came in, for it was cold weather and there was snow on the ground; and Nurse brought it up to the nursery to show me, saying, "Poor little thing! How cruel for anybody to do that in the snow like that." And I said, "Nurse, don't you think we had better call it 'Snowdrop'?" and then Nurse laughed; and when she told Nurse Young she laughed too, and said, "That's just what your mamma would have said, Miss Mabel."

I asked Lucy Young what her kitten's name was, and she said she called it "Sweep"; and she asked me if I would like to nurse it, and I said "Yes." Sweep did not like to stay with me, and kept jumping back on Lucy's lap; and she said, "I wonder why Sweep loves Lucy so much?"

"Because, dear," said Nurse Young, "Lucy loves Sweep, and love begets love, you know, dear Miss Mabel. A loving spirit casts sunshine all around it, and smooths our paths through life; and you know, dear, there is One above of whom it is said, 'We love him because he first loved us.'"

"Will you remember that, dear, the loving Father watches over his children, little and big alike; and try to be like him in return?"

"Yes, dear Nurse," said I. "And am trying." Will you try, too, dear little reader?

GRANDMA LAND.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

Where's a wonderful country far away,
And its name is Grandma Land;
With a beautiful, glorious, witching place,
With grandmas on every hand,
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!

In this wonderful country far away,
Where grandmamas abide,
In this beautiful, witching Grandma Land
The good things wait on every side—
Jam and jelly-cake heaped in piles;
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;
Just good things here! Just good things
here!

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes,
In this beautiful, glorious pudding land
Each child does just as he pleases.

All through the night, all through
the day,
Every single child has his own way,
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—
In this gorgeous grandma cline—
When tired children can eat no more,
There are stories of "Once on a time."

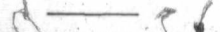
Stories are told and songs are sung
Of when the grandmamas were
young—

"Once on a time!" "Well, let me see!"

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay,
In this beautiful, glorious Grandma Land
Good children only find the way.

But when they sleep and when they
dream

Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma Land! To Grandma Land!



HOW REPTILES SEE AND HEAR.

The best sense that reptiles have is that
of sight, according to a Viennese natural-
ist named Werner, who has recently pub-
lished the results of observations on nearly
two hundred snakes, lizards, frogs, etc.

But even this sense is very dull. *Success*
tells us that a crocodile cannot see a man
more than six times its own length away,
while fish can see only about half their
own length. Snakes are still worse off.

Some can see a quarter of their length
away; while others are limited to one-
fifth or one-eighth. Frogs are much
lessner-sighted. They can tell what is

going on at a distance of fifteen or twenty
times their own length. Most reptiles are
nearly or quite deaf; but, in compensa-
tion, all, according to Werner, seem to

have a marvellous sense of the direction
in which water lies. They will make a

bee-line for it, even when so far away
that no sense known to us would help
them. Werner thinks this is due to some
sort of attraction akin to chemical action;
but he cannot explain how or why it takes
place.—*Ex.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 18.

ISRAEL REPROVED.

Amos 5. 4-15. Memorize verses 14, 15.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.—
Amos 5. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

Just before the time when Isaiah was
a prophet in Jerusalem, Amos came with
the word of the Lord to speak to the
people of Israel. He came from Tekoa,
which was in the hill country of Judah,
between Jerusalem and Hebron. He
also had words to speak about the sins
of Israel, so that Amaziah, the priest
of Bethel, told Jeroboam, the king, that
Amos was conspiring against him, and
he urged the seer to go back into the
land of Judah and prophesy there, for
he did not like to hear unpleasant things.
The reply of Amos was very touching
as well as brave. "I was no prophet,"
he said, "neither was I a prophet's son;
but I was an herdman, and a gatherer
of sycamore fruit (wild figs), and the
Lord took me as I followed the flock,
and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy
unto my people Israel." And then he
went on to give the Lord's message to
Israel, which was not comforting, and
which was that God would severely
punish the people for their wickedness.

When true religion began to die in
Israel, then the Lord always sent a man
from among the people to give them his
word of warning and of teaching, and to
try to win them back to the faith in the
one God. Such a one was Isaiah, and
such another was Elijah. The people
were willing to sacrifice at Bethel, but
they would not seek the Lord and give
their love and obedience to him. "Seek
him!" was the cry of Amos.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Amos? A prophet of the
Lord.

Where was his home? In Tekoa, south
of Jerusalem.

What was his work at first? He was
a herdman and a fruit-gatherer.

Who called him to carry the word of
the Lord? The Lord.

Did the people want to hear it? No.
What did they do? Offered sacrifices.
What did they fail to do? To seek
the Lord from their hearts.

What did Amos prophesy? That they
would be taken into captivity.

What did he beg them to do? To seek
the Lord.

What did he say the Lord had made?
The seven stars and Orion.

When had he studied the stars? Keep-
ing his flocks and herds at night.

When had the Lord called him? Per-
haps at night under the stars.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 25.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is merciful and gracious.—
Psa. 103. 8.

*Titles and Golden Texts should be
thoroughly studied.*

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. The K. D. Pride goeth—
2. J. I. Keep yourselves—
3. A. G. R. Help us, O—
4. J. R. Deal courageously—
5. O. and A. Righteousness—
6. G. T. C. of E. He careth—
7. O. and E. I thy servant—
8. E. on M. C. If the Lord—
9. E. D. In my distress—
10. E. E. Fear thou not—
11. E. T. up to H. He was not—
12. I. R. Seek the Lord—

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have gener-
ally owed much to the character and train-
ing of their mothers. If we go back to
their childhood, we see there the maternal
influences which form the aims and future
habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knight-
hood, the soldier without fear or reproach,
never forgot the parting words of his
mother when he left home at fourteen to
become the page of a nobleman. She said
to him, with all the tenderness of a loving
heart, "My boy, serve God first. Pray to
him night and morning. Be kind to all.
Beware of flatterers, and never become one
yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying,
as vices unworthy of a Christian, and
never neglect to comfort widows and
orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle,
confessedly the bravest warrior in the
field, or when, in his own great thirst, he
was giving water to a dying enemy, he
was only carrying out his mother's coun-
sel, and striving to be worthy of her name.
The memory of a mother's love is a talis-
man against temptation, and a stimulus to
a good life.



OLD JIM.

SEPTEMBER.

BY A. H. D.

September is here; the summer is over,
The long, lazy days with the sun over
head;
The orchard, the bees, the scent of the
clover—
The joy of outdoors, when all is said.

It's over, it's over; September is here.
School bells are ringing the wide land
through.
It's book time, work time, study time,
dear;
The bells that are ringing are calling to
you.

Get out the big books and pile them
around you;
Draw down the curtains to shut out the
fun;
Forget that birds sing and bees buzz in
the clover.

Remember this, dear—that September
has come.

There are long days ahead to be patient
and brave in;
There are lessons to learn, there's tussle,
not joy;
But the boy that tries makes the man
that's wise.
Hurrah for the books and the work and
the boy!

OLD JIM.

Jim is a fine large horse. He lives in
the engine-house, and draws the hose-
carriage. His stall is so made that when
the alarm-bell strikes it opens in front
of him, leaving the way clear for him to
rush out and take his place in front of
the hose-carriage.

One night, the hose-man (who sleeps
upstairs in the engine-house, so as to be
all ready if there is an alarm of fire)

heard a great noise down below—a stamping and jumping, as if the horses were getting ready to go to a fire, when there was no alarm at all. He went softly the stairway, and looked down, and there was Jim jumping over the shafts of the hose-carriage, first one way, then another, just to amuse himself.

One day old Jim was in the yard behind the engine-house, and a man went out to catch him, and lead him in. But he rushed and pranced around the yard and would not be caught. Then the man set out to drive him in, and what do you think Jim did!

Instead of going in at the open door he made a leap and went in at the open window, without breaking the glass, and hurting himself in the least. No one who saw the window would believe that such a great horse could possibly have got through it.

When Jim is fed, he sometimes puts his nose in the oats and throws them on the floor so that an old speckled hen who is a great friend of his, might share his meal with him.

Jim is a brave horse to go to a fire, but there is one thing that frightens him dreadfully, and that is a feather duster. He is not afraid of anything he sees in the streets, but show him a feather duster and his heels will fly up, and he will act as if he were going out of his senses. The firemen think him a most amusing horse, as they say he understands as much as some people do, and can do everything but talk.

WHY NOT?

Tommy Brown was not at Sunday school last Sunday. He was not there the Sunday before. What is the matter? That is a proper question. Had you not better look up the answer? Perhaps the boy is very sick. Or it may be the holes in his well-worn shoes have grown so large that he cannot safely tramp through the snow. Then the wintry winds are sharp and chilling, and the coat that did so well during the balmy summer days is of much protection now. See about Tommy. If he is growing indifferent to the school your visit will re-enlist his interest. If the difficulty is with worn-out boots and caps perhaps you can think of some way to move that not very large obstacle. See about Tommy at once. A visit from the teacher will cause the boy's self-respect to go up with a bound, and it will please his mother to have her bare room brightened by the smiles of one who takes so much interest in her boy. The Browns live in Shabby Lane now, but they once lived in the avenue. Poverty and pride are closely linked together in that poor little house. That fact opens a door of opportunity to you, teacher. A little gentle kindness will win Tommy and Tommy's mother.