

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

No. 3.

NINA TREW.

No better girl than Nina Trew lived at Wenton. She was the comfort of her mother's life. People said they could not tell how Widow Trew would have got over the loss of her husband and kept the little business going, if it had not been for her only child, Nina. Joseph Trew had been a worthy, hard-working man, but death overtook him early; and he left his widow with a hard battle to fight and one child to provide for. She managed fairly well until Nina was about ten years old, when Mrs. Trew's health failed. But her little daughter was a good mother's help. She kept the house clean; served the customers in the village shop; went to the market town once a week, made her purchases, and was as staid as a woman, and a great deal wiser than some. Her journeys to the town were always made in their cart. They kept a donkey. He might have taken a prize for his good looks and good condition. He was a great favourite with Nina, and in a donkey's way he showed his friendship for her. All the neighbours had a good word for Nina; and some of the boys who liked the donkey immensely and Nina a little, were quite delighted because they were allowed to ride about with him and to groom him. Old Mr. Gladheart, when he saw Nina in the cart one day, said to his wife "Depend upon it, my dear, we shall see that girl in heaven in fifty or sixty years from now; for so good a girl, so loving to her mother, attentive to duty, and kind to animals, must go there."

MARGUERITE'S BIRTHDAY.

It was a lovely April day and Marguerite's ninth birthday.

Baby Caroline was happy because Marguerite was. She had lately had her birthday, and oh so many presents! She trot-

caught up one of the little battledores, while Marguerite looked amazed.

"No, no," papa said, bending down and drawing the little one to him. "That is sister's present."

"But Carline wants one."

"Caroline has had her birthday, and this is Marguerite's."

The big brown eyes opened wide and a thoughtful look came over the merry face. Suddenly a thought flashed into the little brain: "Carline begin and have her birthday all over again."

A hearty laugh greeted the little one. But papa explained, and the little darling decided to wait until next year for a battledore and shuttlecock.

The Road to Slumberland.

What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low;
He goes through the dreamy land of Nod,
To music of lullaby,
When all our lambs are safe in the field,
Under the evening sky.



Some baby words that are dreamily lipped,
In the tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear.



A soft little night gown ever so white,
A face washed sweet and fair,
A mother brushing the tangles out
From the sunny golden hair,
Two little feet in tiny feet
From the shoe and the stocking feet,
Two little palms together clasped
At the loving mother's knee.



ted around looking at sister's presents till papa came in from the hall with a long, flat box. What do you suppose was in it?

"Mademoiselle Marguerite Gascoigne," papa read.

Marguerite bounded out of the big arm-chair with a delighted smile, opened the box, and there lay a beautiful set of battledore and shuttlecock!

"Oh! one for Carline," baby said and

Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her to work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

A LITTLE GIRL'S RELIGION.

Religion helps the children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Heaven bless the little ones,
Beautiful and fair;
Needing all a mother's love
All a father's care.

Ever asking questions hard,
That confuse the wise;
Peering into mysteries,
With their truthful eyes.

Lovers of the beautiful
Found in field or book;
Searching for the pictures there
With the earnest look.

Setting us examples good
Ever, day by day;
Teaching us the way of life,
In their simple way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

THE LITTLE APPLE GIRL.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"Mother, dear, may I have a basket of apples to give away? The grocer has just brought a new barrel of big red pippins." So said Frances Jackson, as her mother stood at her mirror, tying on her bonnet to go out.

"Give away apples, Frances? To whom?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"Why, mother, only a few blocks away in Slab Alley, there are children who never have apples to eat unless they are those they pick up in the street; so Sally said. Please, mother, may I take them some?"

Mrs. Jackson was about to say, "Yes, if Maggie (the maid) can go with you," when she remembered something she had heard at the Associated Charities the day before, and so replied, instead: "No, Frances, I

cannot allow you to give to the poor. It will pauperize them. They must pay in some way for what they get."

"But Sally's poor people haven't any money to pay for things."

"All the more reason they must not be given things, but be taught to work and earn money."

"But, mother, you haven't time to-day to teach them to work, and I want to take them the apples now."

"Frances, you must not give away a single apple. I'll talk with you when I come back, but now I must catch the next car," and Mrs. Jackson closed the hall door, while Frances, from the window watched her mother take the car a block away.

"It's too bad," said the girl to herself. "There is my basket all ready for the apples. I could wear my new red hat, and oh! how the children would crowd round me and say, 'Thank you, kindly, miss!' as they did to the little English girl who carried cakes and apples into that dreary court, in the lovely story I read yesterday. And now mother says I cannot give away anything. Not that mother cares for the apples. We have ever so many, and mother isn't a bit stingy. But she said it isn't best for poor people to have things given them," and Frances stopped talking aloud and fell into a brown study. All at once she sprang off the window seat, exclaiming, "Mother said I couldn't give away. I'll be an apple girl, then, and sell so cheap that even poor folks can buy."

Away flew Frances for her basket, and, filling it to the brim with big red apples, was soon on her way to Slab Alley. How pretty she looked! Red hat, dark green coat, plaid dress, rosy cheeks, and rosy apples to match.

Reaching the corner that turned down the alley, the cheery voice piped up, "Apples—a-a-p-puls! Six and six for a penny!"

How the children crowded round her! Then, swarming up the stairs to the upper rooms where they lived, whole families in a single room, they told the news, and mothers with babies in their arms followed the older children to see the little apple girl who sold a dozen apples for a penny. So many pennies were found that there were quick sales, indeed, and the basket was soon empty. Back to her home ran Frances to refill her basket, and this was repeated until Sally chanced to see her standing on a box to reach in the barrel and looking in, was surprised to find the barrel nearly empty.

"Why, Frances Jackson, where are all the apples gone?"

"It's all right, Sally. Mother didn't say I couldn't sell the apples, and I have a big lot of pennies."

The astonished Sally was nearly speechless when she heard Frances' story, and wisely concluded to leave the whole matter to her mistress.

On Mrs. Jackson's return Frances met her at the door with a china cup in her hand nearly full of pennies, and exclaimed, "I didn't give away the apples, but I sold

them to the poor folks, and it's lots more fun. Besides, it pays better," and she held up her cup of pennies.

Just then Mr. Jackson came in, and he, too, listened to his little girl's story, laughing heartily as he asked, "But what made you think of speculating on my apples?"

Frances answered: "I didn't sell the specked apples, father, if that's what you mean. I left them in the barrel, and only sold the good ones."

"But what made you think of selling apples at all?" repeated Mr. Jackson.

"Why, mother said it would 'pauperize' the poor children to give them to them. I didn't know what that word meant, but I suppose it is something dreadful."

Father and mother both smiled, and then father explained the word that had puzzled their little girl.

However, good came out of Frances' apple sale, although she did not continue in the business, and no more apples were sold in Slab Alley at a penny a dozen, somewhat to the disappointment of the children. But Mr. and Mrs. Jackson interested themselves in the people who lived in the alley so near their own home, and, by helping them to help themselves, made it possible for them to buy apples occasionally for their children at reasonable prices. But for a long time Frances was called, "The Little Apple Girl."

HOW EDISON LEARNED TELEGRAPHY.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story, relating an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy:

One summer forenoon, while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track, face downward, in sharp fresh gravel ballast, without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," says the child's father "and, hearing the shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said, "Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week, and keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" asked Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said, "It's a bargain," and so Edison became a telegrapher.

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A SONG OF CLOTHES-PINS.

BY MARY WHITE.

Sing a song of clothes-pins,
Out upon the line,
Holding fast the flapping clothes
In the bright sunshine!

Heads together nodding,
Eager every face,
Whispering, while slender feet
Hold the clothes in place.

Sing a song of clothes-pins,
Dropping one by one
In the clothes-pin basket
When their work is done.

Do you think, when Mary
Drops them there, they stay
Dozing in the basket
Till next washing day?

Sing a song of clothes-pins,
Standing stiff and straight;
While we make their wigs and gowns,
They can hardly wait!

Then we play the whole week through—
Theatre, dinner, ball,
Going to wooden weddings
Is the greatest fun of all!

Sing a song of clothes-pins
Monday morn asleep;
Not because they're stupid—
'Tis the hours they keep.

Wake them gently whispering,
Soon upon the line,
See, they hold the clothes again
In the bright sunshine!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VI. [Feb. 10.]

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

Matt. 25. 14-30. Memory verses, 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—Rom. 14. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

Another parable Jesus taught his disciples was about the talents. He said the kingdom of heaven is like a man going away to a far country. But first he called his servants and gave them pieces of money called talents to trade with while he was gone. One had five given to him, and he used them so wisely and carefully that he earned five more. The servant who had two also doubled his money. But the servant who had one did not try to use it at all, but hid it in the ground so that it was of no use to anybody.

After awhile the master came home and asked his servants what they had done with his money. He was pleased with the two who had done what they could, but he was displeased with the man who had not even tried to see what he could do. He took away his one talent, and gave it to the man who had ten, and then he sent the careless servant away from him.

There is another kind of talent than money which God gives to each one. Yours may be small, but it is something you can do. Are you trying to do it?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did a certain man go? To a far country.

What did he give his servants. Money to use for him.

What were these pieces of money called? Talents.

How many did he give them? To one five, to one two, and to another one.

What did he do after awhile? He came home.

What did he ask his servants? To give an account.

What had the first done? Gained five talents.

What had the second done? Doubled his money.

What had the third done? Nothing at all.

What did the master do? He sent him away.

What was done with his talent? It was taken from him.

What does this lesson teach us? To use our gifts for God.

LESSON VII. [Feb. 17.]

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matt. 26. 17-30. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember the passover story? You may find it in the Bible, Exod. 12. 3-11. Read it carefully before you read the lesson verses. It will show you what the disciples had to do "to make ready the passover."

Try to imagine Jesus and the disciples in a large upper room, with tables and couches all ready for a meal. A large jar of water, a basin, and a towel were there also. These were to use in bathing tired, dusty feet. When they sat at the table and Jesus said, "One of you shall betray me," can you not see how they would look at one another with sorrow and surprise? If you had seen Judas leave the table that night, and go to betray Jesus, how sad you would have felt!

Now Jesus was alone with the eleven, and he gave them something to do that night which should help them to remember him. It was to show other people, too, that they were his disciples. This was the keeping of the Lord's supper,

or, as it is often called, the Holy Communion.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

On what day was Jesus crucified? On Friday.

What did the disciples ask Thursday morning? Where to eat the passover.

Where did Jesus tell them to go? Into the city.

What did they find ready for them? An upper room.

Who made ready the supper? Peter and John.

When did Jesus and the others come? In the evening.

How many were at the table? Jesus and the twelve.

What did Jesus say? That one would betray him.

Who was the guilty one? Judas.

What did Jesus bless? The bread and the wine.

What do we call this supper? The Lord's supper.

Of what is it a sign? That we remember Jesus.

SOME LONG DAYS.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about. Christmas, for instance, at the equator is very different from Christmas at Tornea, Finland, where the day is less than three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamberg in Germany, and Dantzic in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May twenty-first to June twenty-second without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June twenty-first brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Suppose we think little about number one, Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;

Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend,

Suppose we are ready our own to amend; Suppose we laugh *with* and not *at* other folk,

And never hurt any one "just for a joke;"

Suppose we hide trouble and show only cheer—

'Tis likely we'll have quite a happy New Year.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"O, Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little "Peace" crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Well, what shall it be, little Peace?" said he, taking the hand of his favourite, Lucy, who was always called "Peace," because of her gentle and loving ways.

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm tired of fairies."

"Very well," said Cousin Will; "I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"O, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron and heavy bars; and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there for ever?"

"No; the doors I mean are pink and scarlet; and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"Why, that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"When the guards were away," said Cousin Will, "I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened, and the lady began to talk very fast, like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! And did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'O yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door; and what a turn-up nose she has!' Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, colouring; "were you listening?"

"O, you mean our mouths are doors!" exclaimed Harry, "and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O

Lord, upon my lips, keep the door of my mouth.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side, and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare to come out."

A LITTLE ABOUT EBONY.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark colour. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water: the heaviest are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. It is of a uniform colour throughout, and will not show any



deterioration, even from long-continued use.

There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce. That from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest, and furnishes the largest prices. Almost all ebony is sent in the form of logs to London, and from there shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes. It is sold by weight.

Imitations can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface.

PREPARING THE WAY.

It is hard sometimes for boys and girls to "stick to their colours" when their companions make fun of them, but it always pays to do so if they feel sure that they are right. There was once a boy who made up his mind that he would do nothing on Sunday that it was not right to do. Some other boys tried to coax him to go out on a Sunday excursion with his bicycle. "No, I will not," he said positively. "I don't think it's right to go out pleasure riding on my bicycle on Sunday, so of course I'm not going." "That ends it," said one of the other boys: "If George says he'll not do a thing, he will not, and that's all there is to it." At another time

some one wanted him to go to a so-called "sacred concert" one Sunday afternoon. "No," he replied decidedly; "there is nothing sacred about those concerts. I never go to them." "I could have told you that he wouldn't go before you asked him," said another of the boys when George had walked away: "I know George." By his courage and firmness in the right, George was helping to prepare the way of the Lord in his own heart and in the hearts of his playmates.

HOW PATRICK SOLVED THE DIFFICULTY.

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humour and promptness in emergencies have endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian.

One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt

and gravel at the side of the road. "Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly.

"Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman.

"You can't leave it there!" persisted Patrick.

"What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman.

"Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road to be sure, man, and bury it!"

There are light and cheer in the darkest passages of life when God walks hand in hand with us there.