

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

No. 25.

## THE SECRET.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

Annie has a secret to tell. To whom she shall tell it is a question which it does not take long to decide. It must not be to brother Tom, for he would tell it to the other boys. It must not be to Jane, the servant, for she would tell it to somebody else. It must not be to mamma, for the secret concerns mamma. But there is dear grandma, the unchanging friend of childhood. Annie and grandma are the closest of friends. They understand each other perfectly. To grandma Annie brings her grievances; to her she confides her purposes. They are the most faithful of companions. And now she has formed a purpose, which she wants to carry out. She has thought it all over by day, and dreamed over it at night. But now she can keep it to herself no longer, and so to grandma she must come to confide it to her. Grandma pauses in her knitting to hear the precious revelation. She does not observe that her ball has dropped from her lap, and that kitty is making a plaything of it on the floor. She is fully absorbed in the unfolding her dear grandchild is about to make, and she will help her with her wise counsel and experience to carry her pleasant purpose into execution. Mamma shall not know a breath of it just now; but how surprised she will be when the nice little plan has been fully worked out.

And what do you think the wonderful secret is? I am sure I cannot tell. Annie has not told it to me. And she is whispering it so very softly into grandma's ear that I fear none of us shall be able to hear

dreds of our little HAPPY DAYS readers are planning just such a surprise, and they can't do better than tell the secret to grandma, and ask her advice about it; that is, of course, if they are fortunate enough to have a grandma living with them.



THE CHRISTMAS SECRET.

it. And grandma will be true to her trust, for she will not betray the confidence of her dear child. We think it is about a Christmas gift Annie is preparing as a surprise for mamma. We hope that hun-

that as given him he would make balls for babies.

"It is not Jesus who sends me this pain," he once explained to the friend who pens this brief memory of him; "he

## "MOUSIE."

A poor lad died a few weeks ago in a narrow and crowded street of central London after four years of terrible suffering from hip disease. His sweet and uncomplaining nature endeared him in a particular way to the friends who visited him.

"Mousie" got his pet name from the doctors at a big hospital, who were so struck by his gentleness and by the quiet courage with which he endured his painful operations. He had been originally knocked down by a cab, and his feeble constitution never recovered from the accident.

Once, to his great delight, he was well enough to attend a meeting of the Ministering Children's League, of which he was a member. He was supported on a table, and helped to make a cushion for a sick old woman. But he was soon obliged to keep to his room and his couch altogether. Even then "Mousie" was often thinking of others. "Can't I do a toy for some poor child who has none?" he would say, and with the wool

is far too kind. It was my own fault for getting in the way of the cab." Poor "Mousie!" he was only ten years old, but he had his own solution of the mystery of pain.

He loved to hear hymns. Some one sung, "There is a Happy Land" to him the night before he died; and a little later those who were watching him were surprised to hear him croon the first verse all through in quite a strong, clear voice. Then he sighed pitifully, "Lord, Jesus, do take me;" and said to his mother, "I shan't have a bit of pain *there*, you know!" And after a few unconscious hours "Mousie" knew why God had permitted his pain.—*Quiver*.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

### THE GOLD PENNY.

Jimmy was a "shiner," as the little boys who black boots in the city streets are called. He had a nice corner near the post-office, where a great many gentlemen passed by every day, and where it was beautifully muddy in dull weather.

One morning a smart-looking young man came along, one of Jimmy's everyday customers, and said to the little fellow: "Be lively, now; I'm in a very great hurry."

Jimmy brushed with all his might, till the boots shone like black marble. The young man dropped five single cents into his hand, and started off on a run. As he put the money away Jimmy noticed that one penny was very bright indeed. Looking more closely, he found that it was a shining gold piece. He did not know its worth, but he knew that it would buy a great many more things than pennies would do. He carried it home to his

mother, thinking over what he should buy first. But she told him that it would be just the same as stealing, and made him return it at once. This was Jimmy's first lesson in honesty, and one which he never forgot.

Little boys and girls should always remember that it is dishonest to keep anything that does not rightfully belong to you.—*Sunday Hour*.

### A NEW LEAF.

Harry Wilde says that he "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks that he has, and his mother knows that he has. What has Harry done? He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story paper; he has taken hold of his school work in earnest; he has turned away from bad company. At home he is a very different boy. There is no more teasing to spend the evenings on the street, no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way, no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when he is required to obey. What can it all mean? Just this: Harry found that there was nothing good within him, and that he was in danger of being lost. He also found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he asked Jesus to change them. He opened his heart wide for the Saviour, and he was quickly saved, and a great change was made in his whole life.—*Westminster Quarterly*.

### GIVING BY A POOR HINDU.

There was a poor Hindu who became a Christian, and after a while came to the missionary with ten rupees (between three and four dollars of our money) for church work.

"Why," said the missionary, "you are too poor a man to give all this."

But the Hindu stretched out his hand and said, "Oh, sir, I am only giving back what the Lord has freely given me."

The missionary adds: "I was almost moved to tears to see this poor man, with only a scanty bit of cloth about his body, and in a time of great scarcity, so ready to deny himself for the treasury of the Lord."

### THE LOVE-BOX.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes he had outgrown and the toys he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity-box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children who will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity-box any more; it is a

love-box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children."

### THE CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY MARION A. BIGELOW.

There's a German legend,  
That they tell to-night  
To the little children  
In the Christmas light.

Thus the legend runneth:  
In a wintry storm  
Came a little stranger  
To a dwelling warm.

And two little children,  
Very fair and sweet,  
Welcomed in their wand'rer,  
Warmed his frozen feet;

Placed him at their table  
When their board was spread,  
And with hearty pleasure  
Gave the stranger bread.

Then, when very weary,  
Covered up the child;  
In their bed they placed him,  
While the storm raged wild.

Then they slept so sweetly  
On the naked floor,  
Thinking that the tired one  
Wandered cold no more.

Wakened from their slumbers,  
In the starry night,  
Came a glorious vision  
Of the angels bright.

As they sung around them,  
There stood their little guest,  
Clad in golden garments,  
Like the crowned and blest.

Thus he spake unto them:  
"I was wandering lone;  
You shall have my blessing  
For the kindness shown."

There stood a lovely fir-tree  
By their home of light;  
He took one of the branches  
And planted in their sight.

"This," he said, "shall flourish,  
And bear its fruit for you;"  
Then the Christ-child and the angels  
Vanished from their view.

But every year at Christmas,  
In the fir-tree's branches green,  
Are many golden apples,  
And nuts of silver seen.

Ah! little Christian children,  
A Bible lesson see:  
"As ye did it unto others,  
Ye have done it unto me."

THE CHIMNEY.

He comes right down the chimney  
When the Christmas bells are rung,  
When little folks are fast asleep,  
And stockings all are hung.  
All loaded down with pretty things,  
With guns and dolls and drums;  
So be sure and hang your stockings  
Where he'll see 'em when he comes.

You might hear him swiftly coming,  
Riding on the winter blast,  
His reindeer-team a-jingling  
And their hoof-beats falling fast,  
His furs are black with chimney soot  
His beard is white with snow,  
His sleigh is full of pretty toys,  
You ought to hear him go!

He lights upon the sleety roof  
And doesn't stop a minute,  
He jumps upon the chimney top  
And down he plumps within it,  
He pauses on the hearthstone  
And he takes a little peep  
To see if all the curly heads  
Are safe in bed asleep.

He goes about on tiptoe,  
Nor makes a bit of noise,  
He fills up all the stockings  
With his sugar-plums and toys;  
And then he gives a little laugh,  
Pops up the chimney quick,  
And off he jingles on the wind,  
The jolly old Saint Nick.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON XI. [Dec. 15.]

THE PASSOVER.

Exod. 12. 3-14. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.  
—1 Cor. 5. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

This is the story of the beginning of the passover feast. The Jews kept the passover every year, in the month *Nisan*, which is the same as March with us, to help them remember God's goodness in passing over the houses of the Israelites on the night when all the firstborn of the Egyptians were killed. Do you remember how the angel of destruction could know which were the houses of the Israelites? The people had a part to do in this. The Lord told Moses and Aaron what to tell the people to do. Each head of a house must kill a lamb and dip a plant of hyssop in its blood. With this he must make three marks of blood outside his door, and when the death angel came and saw these marks he would pass over the house.

But in all the houses not marked with blood the firstborn was slain.

Notice how the passover was eaten, and remember that the Lord's children in this world are "pilgrims and strangers," and that they are "seeking a better country," as were these Israelites. And never forget that Christ is our Passover Lamb, and that we are saved only through his precious blood.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who took the Israelites out of Egypt? The Lord.

By whom did he lead them? By Moses and Aaron.

Who wanted to keep them? Pharaoh.

What would he not do? Obey God.

How did God punish him? By sending plagues.

What was the last one? The slaying of the firstborn.

Were all the firstborn slain? Only the firstborn of the Egyptians.

Who slew them at midnight? The death angel.

Which houses did he pass over? Those marked with blood.

What blood was used? The blood of a lamb.

Who is our Passover Lamb? Jesus.

How are we saved? By his precious blood.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 22.]

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14. 19-27. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—Exod. 15. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Now the Israelites were on their way to the land of Canaan, led by Moses and Aaron. Pharaoh was afraid to keep them longer after that night of the passover, and he gladly let them go. The Lord let Moses and Aaron be the leaders whom the people could see, but he himself was the real Leader, for he told Moses and Aaron what to say and where to go. Somewhat in this way God gives you your parents, your teachers, and your pastors to lead you, but he is your real leader all the time.

Find the Red Sea on the map, and try to imagine the dismay of the Israelites when they found that Pharaoh was coming up behind them with his army, and the Red Sea was just before them. There seemed to be no way out of their trouble, but the Lord found a way. He who made the sea can make a way through it, and he who made this great world can make a safe way through it for his children. Notice that to outward eyes it was Moses' hand outstretched that caused the waters to roll back, but it was God's hand all the time. When the Israelites saw how the Lord worked for them, they believed on him, and on Moses his servant.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who let the Israelites go? Pharaoh.  
Why did he do so? He was afraid.  
Where were they going? To Canaan.  
By what way? The way of the Red Sea.

Who led them? The Lord, by Moses.  
Who followed them? Pharaoh's army.  
What for? To bring them back.  
Where did the people come? To the Red Sea.

What was behind them? Pharaoh's army.

Who helped them? God.  
What did he do? He made a path through the sea.

What can God do for us? Save us in danger.

JOHNNY CLEBURNE.

One cold Sunday in December a Sunday-school teacher picked from the sidewalk a dried oleander branch. Putting it in her muff, she began to muse about this branch thrown out to be trodden under foot of man. She had taught in mission schools, and the stick reminded her of Johnny Cleburne. Today, when she watered her thriving, red oleander, she thought of the day that she put it in her muff, laid it on her table in the Sunday-school room, and afterwards put it in a glass of water, and placed it in the sunshine in her living room; then, after a time, putting the roots in clean sand, and seeing the plant grow.

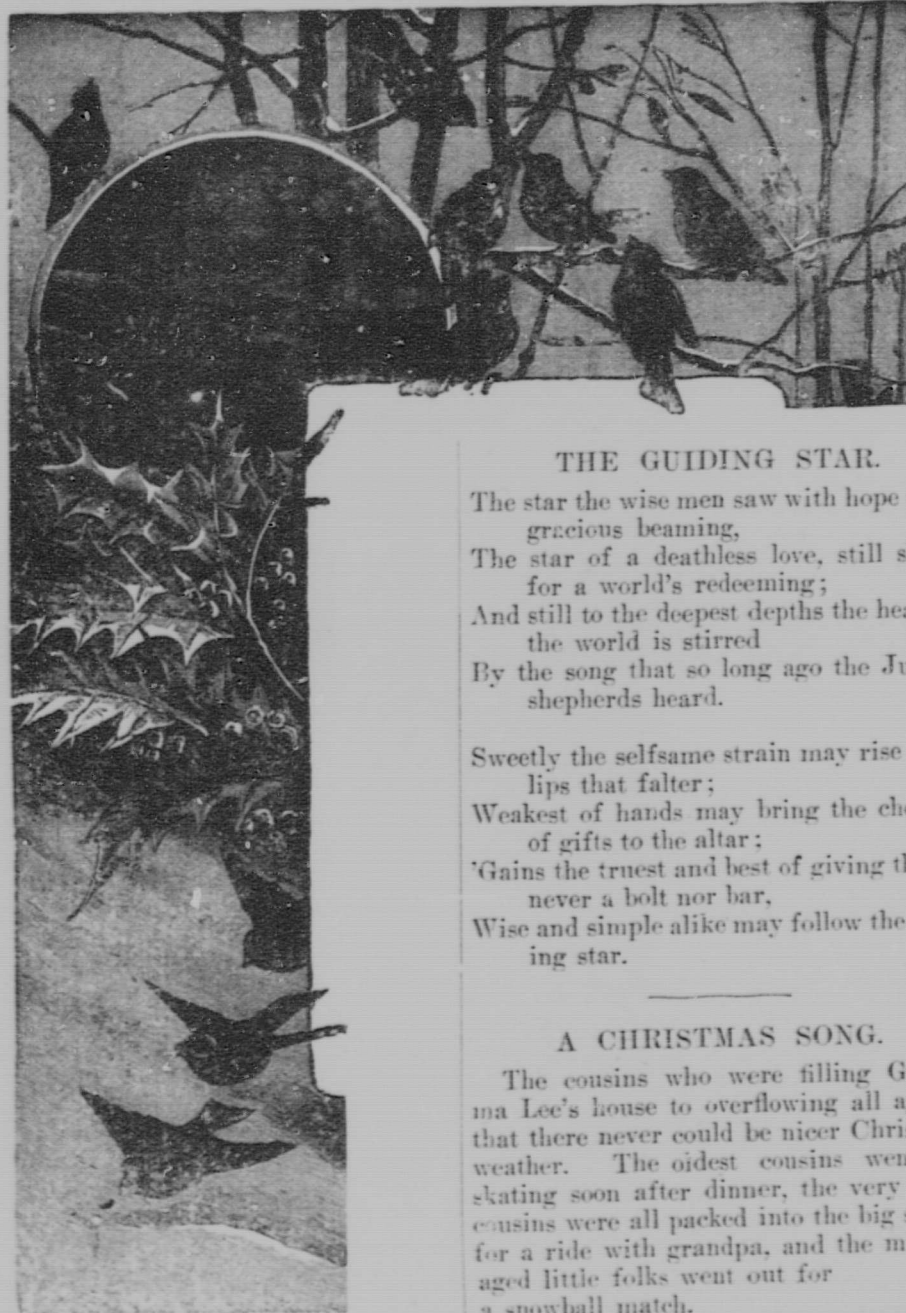
Johnny Cleburne's teacher could do nothing with him. Johnny was motherless, fatherless, and loveless. The teacher who picked up the oleander stick asked to have Johnny come into her class. She put him in the sunshine of her love.

It was never words for the sake of words; she loved Johnny. He is now one of the brightest boys in his college, and a straightforward Christian young man.

Sometimes it seems as if there were no "sticks" in the world, but every one is a living branch or vine. If they are left to die because no one cares to stop and lift them up, who will at the last bear the responsibility? It will be useless to ask: "When saw we thee naked, cold, hungry, homeless, friendless?"—*Sunday-School Classmate.*

A GOOD MOTTO.

Two children once took this for their motto: "What would Jesus do?" When they were tempted to be cross or selfish, they would think of their motto question; when they wanted to disobey, this question would ask itself in their hearts. They listened, and so they always heard it; and they tried to obey what the Voice said. Do you think that they grew to be good children? Indeed, they did; and so will all children who adopt this motto, and in every temptation ask themselves the question: "What would Jesus do?"



### A PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

BY AUNT BETTY.

While Ted and baby were taking their midday nap five-year-old Tom went into the garden for a walk with mamma. It was the end of June, and the red raspberries were just beginning to turn colour—yes, here was a ripe one, and there was another and another. By the time they had gone the length of the two rows they had found eight beautiful, bright berries. "Take them in, Tom," said mamma, "and divide them among you; I must get some lettuce for dinner." When she came in a few minutes later there were two neat little groups of berries on the table, three for Ted, three for baby. Tom had eaten his two berries and returned to his play. He was only a little fellow, and did not know much about arithmetic; but he could divide eight berries among three children, and have no remainder. Can you?—*Youth's Instructor.*

### THE GUIDING STAR.

The star the wise men saw with hope in its  
gracious beaming,  
The star of a deathless love, still shines  
for a world's redeeming;  
And still to the deepest depths the heart of  
the world is stirred  
By the song that so long ago the Judean  
shepherds heard.

Sweetly the selfsame strain may rise from  
lips that falter;  
Weakest of hands may bring the choicest  
of gifts to the altar;  
'Gains the truest and best of giving there's  
never a bolt nor bar,  
Wise and simple alike may follow the shin-  
ing star.

### A CHRISTMAS SONG.

The cousins who were filling Grand-  
ma Lee's house to overflowing all agreed  
that there never could be nicer Christmas  
weather. The oldest cousins went off  
skating soon after dinner, the very little-  
cousins were all packed into the big sleigh  
for a ride with grandpa, and the middle-  
aged little folks went out for  
a snowball match.

Herbert was on one side,  
with Harry to make his snow-  
balls for him. Sue, a bright,  
hearty little country cousin,  
who was "almost as good as  
a boy," was on the other side,  
with Grace and Harold to  
make her snowballs.

Both targets were pretty well  
covered with snow when a  
white flag was put up as a sign  
that they would stop to take  
breath.

As they stood stamping  
their feet, laughing and talk-  
ing, Harry held out his cold  
hands towards Sue's head as  
if to warm them.

Now, Sue had two trials.  
One was a bright golden head  
that was almost red, the other  
was a fiery temper. I should  
be sorry to tell you how the  
hot, angry words began to fly.  
Of course it was a very little

thing to have a quarrel over, but the  
bloody battles have been fought over little  
things. I am not sure that blows would  
not have followed words if Grace had not  
been there.

Her sweet face was troubled, and she  
could think of nothing to say; but at last  
she began to sing a verse of the hymn they  
had all sung at family prayers that morn-  
ing:

"Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way."

It was the only thing she could think of  
to do, and I am sure it was the best thing.  
The angry faces looked ashamed. There  
was a minute or two when everybody was  
too uncomfortable to speak. Then Harry,  
who was a gentleman, if he was a tease,  
held out his hand to Sue and said, "Sue,  
I was mean, and I'm sorry!"

And Sue, who had a warm heart, if she  
had a hot temper, said, "I was the mean  
one to get so mad at nothing."

I don't know who won the snowball  
game, but I know who won the words.  
"Well done!" that day. Don't you?

### DISCOURAGING STUDY.

The case of the honest Irish servant who  
could never understand why his master  
perpetually required him to wash his  
chaise, since he went directly out and  
muddied it up again, is paralleled by an  
actual reply by a dull boy to an examiner  
in a French school.

The pupil had passed a wretched exami-  
nation in French history.

"What do you mean by this?" asked  
the instructor. "Why don't you study  
your history?"

"What's the use?" drawled the pupil.  
"They're never going to get it finished.  
They're making it now!"



THE BIRDS'  
CHRISTMAS TREE.