

# HAPPY DAYS

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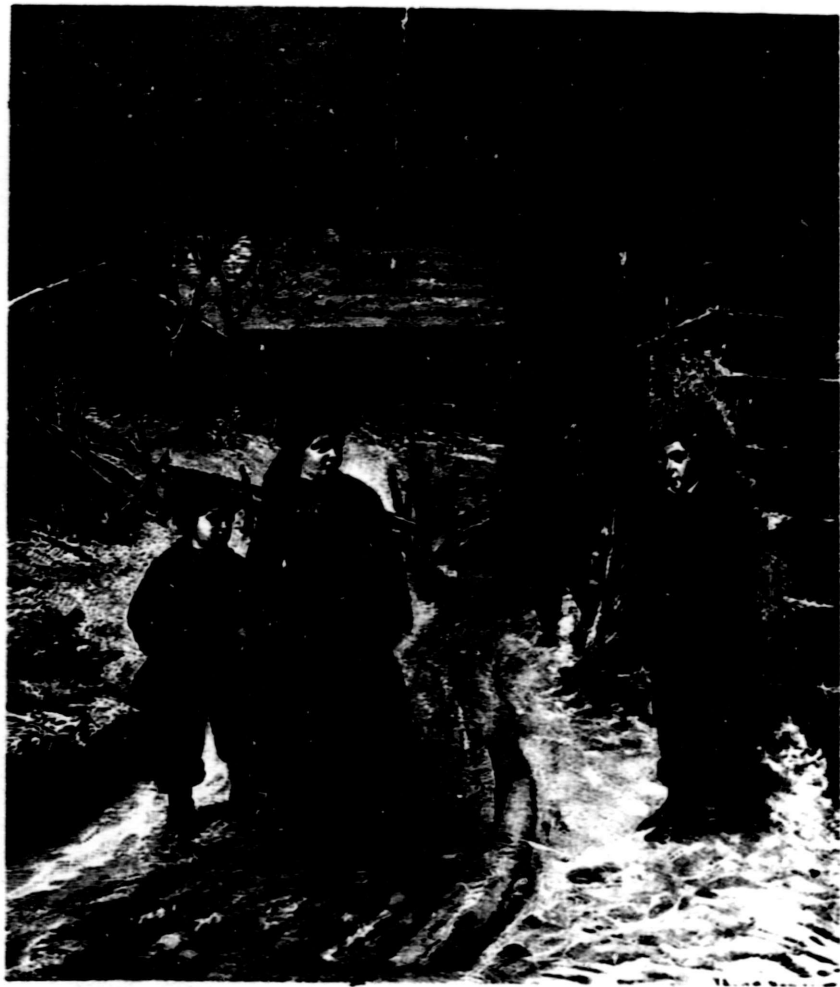
## WINTER IN SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is a most delightful country to visit in summer time—the valleys are so green, the mountains are so sublime, and the sky, as seen against the snow-crowned peaks, is so intensely blue. Then the sunrise and sunset light on the mountains produces an effect of unearthly loveliness. But in the winter it must be rather dreary. The snow falls to a great depth, and the paths from village to village are often completely blocked up.

But Swiss boys and girls are, I suppose, like boys and girls the world over, and get great fun out of snowballing and other winter sports. The picture shows us a characteristic Swiss scene. The suspicious-looking boy standing by the steps is trying to hide the snowballs in his hand till the young "madchen," or schoolgirl, and her brother get past, when he and the urchin behind them intend to give them the benefit of a snowball salute.

The queer overhanging roofs of the houses will be noticed, and outside stairways and galleries. Sometimes the houses are covered all over with shingles, nicely rounded at the end, which look like the scales of huge fish, and frequently the timber fronts are carved and painted with texts of Scripture. Very often the lower story of the house is used as a stable for cows or goats, and the people live in the second story.

The Swiss are a very kind-hearted and hospitable people, and in the Protestant cantons, notwithstanding the general poverty of the country, they are very thrifty and comfortable.



AN AMBUSCADE.

## MAKING CALLS IN JAPAN.

A missionary of the Episcopal Church, now at work in Japan, gives the following amusing account of "society calls," as made in that country. She says:

"When a Japanese caller comes to see me we both kneel down on the floor, leaning back on our heels, and I say, 'O-ko-ki-

na-sai,' which literally translated, means, 'Hang your honorable hips;' or in our words, 'Please be seated.' Then we each bow twice very low, so low that our foreheads nearly touch the floor. Then the Japanese says, 'Thank you,' and I say, 'No trouble at all;' and then we both touch our foreheads to the floor again,

taking long breaths so that they can be distinctly heard. Then I say, 'O-ma-ri-ka-ka-ri-masu,' which is, 'Let me hang on your honorable eyelids;' or, in good English, 'I am glad to see you.' Then, as I understand so little of the language, I have an interpreter called in, and after going through all those bows again, she does the rest of the talking. I get pretty tired sometimes, sitting on my heels, and when I go to see a Japanese I have to remove my shoes before entering the house, and then my feet get pretty cold. But it has to be done, for it is a great insult to the Japanese host to keep the shoes on."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1905.

### A FATHER'S LOVE.

Ever since Teddy's cousin from the city had visited him, during the summer, in his prairie home, the little boy had been unhappy.

Ted had learned from cousin Hugh that away beyond the misty blue line where the earth and sky seemed to meet, there was a wonderful world of cities and towns.

"I wish father would leave his farm here," he would say to himself over and over again, "and go out where I could see and do things. I'm the only boy he's got, and I don't believe father cares very much for me, or he wouldn't keep me here, where nothing ever happens."

Winter came on, and the wide prairies were covered with snow; and Teddy felt more lonely and unhappy than ever.

Then one night, the only little boy on that prairie farm took very ill, and father and mother watched anxiously beside him. Outside, a storm was gathering, and they both knew that in the face of a prairie

blizzard, no man or beast could live outside of shelter.

In a dreamy way, Ted could hear his father and mother, as they whispered together. "Yes, mother, I must," his father's voice seemed to say. "God will guide me, even in the face of the storm. He's all we've got, and I'd risk my life to save him."

It was late the next day when Ted's father returned from town with the doctor. Nothing but God's goodness could have brought him safely through in the face of that terrible storm. The doctor was able to save Teddy's life, and it was not long before he was sitting up, a pale little shadow of what he had been.

"Mother," he asked one day, "how did the doctor come the night of the big blizzard?"

"Father brought him, dear," she replied.

Teddy thought for a long time, and then he put his tired little head down on his mother's shoulder. "Father must have loved me very much to have gone out in that storm," he said slowly, as if to himself. And then, as if he were quite strong again, he straightened up, and said, "Just wait till I'm well again, and I'll show father that he'll have a better boy to love than he ever had before."

### CLEAN HANDS AND A CLEAN HEART.

"He never was seen with his hands at all clean, Nor yet ever washed—"

But Gilbert didn't finish his teasing. Douglas was on his feet in an instant, and the wonderful castle on the nursery floor was forgotten.

His sturdy little face was flushed and angry. "My hands aren't dirty! Look," and he held out two rather doubtful looking palms, "I just washed them before I began building."

Douglas was never known to be very fond of soap and water, and Gilbert never lost a chance of reminding him of it. But to-day the little fellow had bravely washed his hands very clean before beginning his play.

"You needn't tell me you washed those hands as mother told you to," continued Gilbert. "They look like crows beside mine."

"But I did wash them," returned Douglas angrily, "and they're just as clean as yours are."

Mother looked in just then to ask what all the wrangling was about, and poor Douglas, whose pride in his washed hands was fast disappearing, said with something very like a sob, "Mother, they are clean—I washed them hard with soap, and Gil says I didn't, cause they're not as white as his."

"I'm afraid, Gilbert," said mother, "there has been a heart not very clean,

when all these unkind teasing words were finding their way out.

"Hearts are much harder to cleanse than hands are, Gilbert, remember, and the whitest hands cannot be clean if the heart is not right. Soap and water will make the hands clean—but it needs asking and seeking help from Jesus to make little hearts clean."

### THE SOLDIER BOYS.

Little Dennis had been to kindergarten and he loved to play "Soldier Boy." When the carpenters were building a new house near where Dennis lived, he picked up a short lath one day and began to march up and down with it, singing in his sweet little voice:

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,  
Bearing so proudly the red, white, and blue?"

"I go where my country and duty are calling;  
If you'll be a soldier boy, you may come too."

Dennis was soon joined by Fritz, Pierre, and Manuel, and when little Maggie and Gretchen saw the fun, they came running out too for a lath. Down one block marched the gay little band. Then they turned a corner and went on two or three blocks further.

Suddenly the soldier band met a baby carriage—such a baby carriage!—with a real silk flag waving over it, and in front, on tiny trucks, so he could 'go,' was the dearest hobby horse!

In the midst of all this elegance sat a little lonely boy. There was a discontented frown on his face, and he held the reins as if he couldn't possibly 'make believe' that the hobby horse could go.

The soldier band started to march on, but the little boy jumped out of his carriage with his silk flag in his hand.

"I want to lead!" he cried. But the soldier band marched straight on with Dennis at their head, leaving him on the crossing looking after them.

He was still there when they came back. "Say," he said sheepishly, "don't you want a team and a real flag in your procession? One of you can ride in the carriage and drive and somebody can ride on the horse if they want to—and I'll push!"

The soldier band did want a team and a real flag in their procession, and they were all having the very happiest time imaginable when their respective mothers came around the corner, bareheaded, and scolding the runaways loudly.

The little boy sadly climbed back to his lonely seat. "What jolly fun!" he thought. "I wonder why they wouldn't play with me at first, though!"

But I think I know why—don't you, boys and girls?

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study. "It weakens his eyes."

But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise;

Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,  
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;  
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"

Very weary of life, and of "tramping around";

But if there's a band or a circus in sight,  
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him some day,  
I fear,

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head  
"aches to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit";

But mention football, and he's cured very soon.

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon!

Do you think he plays possum? He seems quite sincere;

But— isn't it queer?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XI.—December 10.

READING AND OBEYING THE LAW.

Neh. 8. 8-18. Memorize verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.—Luke 11. 28.

THE LESSON STORY.

Fifty-two days the Jews worked on the walls of Jerusalem, and when all was finished Nehemiah called a great meeting of all the people to hear the word of the Lord read and explained so that they would understand and keep it. He knew that breaking the Lord's law had caused all the trouble of his people. A great company met on the street, near the water gate, and Ezra, the priest, stood on a high pulpit of wood and read the law to them from a parchment scroll on which it was written. Many of the people had never heard the law read, for in those days there were no Bibles, and the parchment scrolls were very costly. When Ezra and the Levites read and explained the law many of the people wept with sorrow and shame as they thought how they had broken the

law of God. But Nehemiah and Ezra spoke words of comfort to them. They said this was a day of thanksgiving, and they should not only be glad themselves, but help to make others glad.

So the people went away comforted and kept a thanksgiving day, and on the next day the principal men of the tribes and the priests and Levites came to Ezra to learn more about the law. Then they found that Moses had commanded the children of Israel to keep a great feast, which was called the Feast of Tabernacles. They had not done this, but now they wanted to do it; so they sent word to all the cities and told the people what to do. They gathered branches of trees and built little booths upon the roofs of their houses and in the streets, and there they kept the Feast of Tabernacles for seven days.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who helped the Jews build the walls? Nehemiah.

2. How long did it take? Fifty-two days.

3. What did they then hold? A great meeting.

4. What was it for? To learn the law of God.

5. Where was it held? Out of doors.

6. Who read God's law to them? Ezra and the Levites.

7. Who was Ezra? A scribe and a priest.

8. What was the Bible like then? A scroll.

9. How did the people listen? With great reverence.

10. What did Nehemiah and Ezra tell them? To be thankful and glad.

11. What did they hold after this? The Feast of Tabernacles.

12. What was this like? Our Thanksgiving Day.

LESSON XII.—December 17.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MESSIAH.

Mal. 3. 1-12. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.—Mal. 3. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Malachi was a prophet who lived in Old Testament times. If you will look in your Bible you will see that his prophecy is the last book of the Old Testament. Although he lived four hundred years before Christ came, he knew about his coming, for God gave him the power to look into the future.

In this lesson he talks about Messiah's kingdom. You know "Messiah" is one of the names of Jesus. Malachi calls him the "Messenger of the Covenant." A great while before this God had promised his people that he would send a Saviour, and Malachi now reminds them of this promise. He says that when the Messiah

comes he will visit his temple to make it clean and pure. He did not mean the temple in Jerusalem only, but also the temple of every heart that will open to his coming. No heart can make a right offering to the Lord unless it is clean and good, because the holy Lord hates sin, and he can always see if it is in the heart. God says that people who pretend to worship him when their hearts are not right, even though they bring offerings to him, are really robbing him. The Jews robbed him in tithes and offerings. The tithes means the tenth of all we have, and God says that belongs to him, and by offerings he means the freewill offerings which the love in our hearts leads us to give to him. God tells the Jews, through Malachi, to bring all their tithes to him in the right spirit, and then he says he will open the windows of heaven and pour out a great blessing upon them. He will do this for us too if we will give to him the love of our hearts and the offerings he asks of us.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Malachi? A good prophet.

2. Who spoke through him? The Lord.

3. When did he live? Four hundred years before Jesus came.

4. What did he tell the people God had promised? A Saviour.

5. What did he want them to do? Get ready for his coming.

6. What had the Jews been doing? Forgetting God.

7. What had they brought him? Poor offerings.

8. What does God ask us to give him? The best.

9. What is meant by the tithe? The tenth of all we have.

10. To whom does the tithe belong? To God.

11. What do we do when we keep God's part? We rob him.

12. What does he want us to give him most of all? Our hearts.

THE SQUIRREL'S ARITHMETIC.

High on the branch of a walnut tree  
A bright-eyed squirrel sat;  
What was he thinking so earnestly?  
And what was he looking at?

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er;  
Busily thinking was he  
How many nuts for his winter's store  
Could he hide in the hollow tree?

He sat so still in the swaying bough  
You might have thought him asleep;  
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now  
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,  
And down the tree he ran;  
"The best way to do, without a doubt,  
Is to gather all I can."



HOW THE SNOWBALL GREW.

These are, we think, very fair representatives of young Canada. No country in the world can have more pleasant winter weather than our fine bracing climate gives us; and no more healthful winter sports than the skating, sleighing, and tobogganing which our young folks enjoy so well.

#### "I CANNOT HELP IT."

Do you ever make use of this phrase, dear young folks? You will plead guilty, we fear; and we older folks are very apt to do the same.

There is our friend Ruthie; the dressing-bell rings, and she hears it; she is conscious that she ought to spring up at once; that everything will go wrong if she does not; but still she lies, with folded hands, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

Late at breakfast, hurried in preparing for school, Ruthie meets her mother's reproachful look with, "I cannot help it; I mean to get up every morning as I am

called, but, before I know it, I'm asleep again—I can't help it!"

Donald is charged with an errand which he is to attend to on his way to school, and, of course, Donald means to do it; but something diverts his mind, and, as has often been the case before, he forgets all about it until too late. "There! it's too bad, but I cannot help it!" he says, and so comforts himself for this one more "sin of unfaithfulness."

Harry and Josie are in a hot dispute. Now they forget themselves entirely; Josie's vexing words are uttered without restraint, and Harry, in a passion, gives her a fierce reply, and rushes away.

The brother and sister meet no more until night, and, in the meantime they feel self-reproached and uncomfortable.

"Well, I cannot help it," says Harry to himself; "Josie is so provoking, and off I go in a rage before I know it." And Josie is wishing, over and over again, that she could recall her teasing words—"But there, it is just my nature; I cannot help it!"

Most likely all our young readers are conscious of some habit of wrong-doing which they feel to be just such a "band of sin" tying them down, so that they really cannot help doing just so.

And no wonder; for these habits of evil are just like strong bands, holding us back from the service and obedience which we owe to God.

And every time we indulge the habit of wrong-doing we strengthen the band, as it were, by another thread.

And, as Josie says, "It is our nature—we cannot help it."

#### HO FOR SLUMBERLAND!

A little song for bedtime, when robed in gowns of white.

All sleepy little children set sail across the night

For that pleasant, pleasant country where the pretty dream-flowers blow,

"Twixt the sunset, and the sunrise,  
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down

To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,

A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,

And the ferrymen are calling,  
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,

And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar

In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know

When they answer to the boatmen's  
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

O! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me

In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;

Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go

A-sailing into Dreamland,  
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

#### FALSE BEAUTY.

Hearing a young lady praised for her beauty, Gothold asked: "What kind of beauty do you mean—merely that of the body or that also of the mind? I see well that you have been looking no farther than the sign which nature displays outside the house, but have never asked for the host that dwells within." Many a pretty girl is like the flower called the imperial crown, which is admired, no doubt, for its showy appearance, but despised for its unpleasant odor. The pride and selfishness dwelling within more than counterbalance all the beauty of form and face.