

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

No. 22.

ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

In our picture we see how some boys have planned to rob an eagle of her young, and how they were frightened in their attempt.

You see how they have climbed into this place of danger on the limb of an old tree. They have carried a rope with them, and one of the boys is brave enough to let them put the rope around his body and let him down upon the large flat rock a little way below, where the young eagles are.

He took two of the little things into his arms, and the boys above are busy pulling him up again, when the mother eagle comes in sight. Of course she sees her little one are being taken away and she objects.

The eagle is a strong bird, and the boys know it. As she flies fiercely at the boy, as though she would take hold of him, he is frightened and drops one little eagle. The other boys are alarmed and keep pulling away at the rope. One little boy thinks he will frighten away the mother eagle and keep her from harming the boy who has stolen her darlings; but this is useless.

She means to protect her own. They are in danger. They hardly knew how to escape. They do not want to have to give back the little eagles, and they are so

frightened they hardly know what to do. I think they will learn a lesson from this experience and never go to rob birds' nests again. It is very cruel to do so, but per-

haps they thought they were stronger than the eagle, and did not care about the wrong, just so they succeeded in getting the birds. We are sure to be punished

for our wrongs, if we do think we may be able to hide them.

These boys would not like to be compared to Satan, would they? But Satan tries to harm God's children, and take them from his arms of love and protection, so he can hold them in his wicked power. God looks upon all his children and loves them, and while they will trust in him he keeps them safely. Don't be like Satan in any way by doing evil deeds, but take Jesus for your great pattern and do gentle deeds in his service. Do not take advantage of the weak and helpless, and harm them; but do them good, by speaking comforting words and by doing deeds of kindness. Do not even rob a bird's nest.

Have any of you, dear children, ever tried to make a nest like a bird's nest? If you have tried, you have not succeeded, we are sure; and it must make you very humble to think that your little fingers, nimble though they may be, and your busy brain, wise as you may think it, cannot do as much as the bill and the will of one of God's little birds. He has given

varied gifts to each of his creatures, and his love is abundant to us all.—Selected.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.



ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

THE TEMPERANCE GIRL.

A jolly temperance girl am I,
With honest heart and true;
Striving to do with all my might
Whate'er I find to do.

No wine or brandy e'er I'll put
In pudding, sauce, or pie;
Ah, no, indeed! that's 'gainst the rule,
For a temperance girl am I.

No whiskey pickles will I taste,
Nor set before a guest;
But in the temperance cause I'll work,
And do my very best.

No brandy peaches or homemade wine
Shall on my table find a place;
Though Edward VII. should with me
dine,
I would not thus our cause disgrace.

For, am I not a temperance girl,
Pledged honest heart and hand?
Yes! I'll fight for right with all my might!
For God and Home and Native Land.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

TAKE CHRIST WITH YOU.

Three little girls were playing at "jump the rope," but only one of them was having a very good time. Two turned the rope, and the other jumped until she missed, stopping now and then to rest. The one who was having a good time was jumping. Her name was Effie. She had gone on and on, and it seemed as if she never would miss. She could take pretty little steps as she jumped, and could spin round and round. The other girls began to think that they were not going

to have a turn at all. It wasn't much fun to stand and turn the rope so long. Suddenly Effie remembered that, too. Only last night grandmother had said to her: "Take Christ with you in your good times, my dear. Don't forget to try to please him with your pleasures."

"I'll take your place, Nan," said Effie; "I've been jumping long enough."

"You haven't missed yet," said Nan honestly.

"No, but it isn't fair for one to jump so long. After this I'll jump just twenty times, and then I'll stop. You see, I've practised so much that it wouldn't really be right for me to keep on till I missed."

So everything went on happily. If Effie had not remembered about taking Christ with her in her play, there might have been a quarrel which would have spoiled the afternoon's fun. Will you not try to imitate Effie's example?—*Westminster Lesson Leaf.*

A BOY MARTYR.

Among the native Christians in China who were killed by the Boxers was a little lad named Chen Jen Yi. A missionary tells his story: "This little fellow, only ten years old, had been baptized as an infant. The child was caught and asked if he were a Christian, to which he replied that he was. Asked again if he would forsake Jesus, he refused most boldly, and was cut down there and then. Two brothers and two nephews, although not baptized, died at the same time."

There are many boys and girls in our Sabbath-schools who think that they are too young to call themselves followers of Christ; others are afraid that they would not be able to stand up for Christ among their companions; but this Chinese boy was not too young to declare himself to be a Christian, and the Saviour gave courage to him, as well as to men and women, in the time of fierce trial.—*The King's Own.*

HELPING GRANDMOTHER.

The two boys were visiting grandmother. One day it rained, and the new path was full of holes.

"O dear!" said grandmother, "that path ought to be rolled before the sun bakes the earth. But Tom isn't here. I had to send him to town for more hay."

"Can't we do it, grandmother?" asked the boys.

"I suppose you could, both of you together, but it's hard work; and then you want to go fishing after the rain."

"That doesn't matter, grandmother dear; we can fish another time. What's the use of having grandchildren if they can't help you once in a while?"

Grandmother's eyes filled with happy tears as she watched the dear boys tugging away so manfully to help her.—*Selected.*

LOVE.

There was once a king who had two young daughters, called Love and Self-Love, whom he loved very dearly. He gave each a beautiful room of her own, large and sunny, and filled with everything that the girls loved to have—books full of pictures, vases of green plants and flowers, photographs and paintings on the walls, music boxes that played sweet melodies, singing birds in cages, and many dolls and charming toys. He asked them to take care of these treasures, and to keep everything fresh and neat.

Love often said: "Dear papa, how I wish that I had something nice to give you! Won't you come and sit in my pretty room when you are tired, and listen to some soft music, and let me give you some sweet roses and violets?" But Self-Love never remembered to invite him into her room.

One day the king called his daughters into his library, and said: "There has been a flood in the town near by, and many children no older than you have lost their parents and their homes. I have had them brought to my palace to see what I can do for them, but I have not room for so many. There are not enough beds where all can rest and sleep. I have no clothes to fit the little girls, and no maids to dress them, and I have no playthings with which to cheer them and help them to forget their sorrows. Can you advise me what to do?"

Then Love answered quickly: "O darling papa, let me have a lot of them in my room! I have plenty of clothes for them. I need only one suit myself, and I own so many. And I will help dress them; I know how. Some of them may have my bed to-night. It is large and soft, and I can lie on the floor until you have new beds made; and I will give the poor children my flowers and birds to cheer them, if you will let me; and I will read and sing for the little ones, and let them play with my dolls and my many pretty toys, and I'll try to make them happy."

"And what do you say, Self-Love?" asked the father, as he drew his little Love close to his heart.

"Why, papa, I should not like to take strange children into my room," she replied slowly. "They might be dirty and naughty, and spoil the nice things that you have given me. I think that they'd better go to some other town for help."

The king looked sad when he heard her answer; but Love kissed him, and coaxed him to make haste and take her to the poor, lonely, sorrowing children, who so much needed their help.—*Our Little Ones.*

"Mother," said a little boy, "I wake up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come downstairs cross or find fault with his breakfast.

LICENSED TO KILL.

Come, soldiers of freedom,
Of freedom from rum,
Enlist for a warfare
That surely must come;
For drink is enslaving
The nation at will,
By law it is licensed
To legally kill!

The dead are around us,
The dying we see;
Rum's sorrow is flowing
To you and to me,
Its crime, woe, and ruin
Society fill,
Yet still it is licensed
To legally kill!

There never was foe such
To virtue as this,
Destroying both earthly
And heavenly bliss;
No anguish so bitter,
As that from the still,
And yet it is licensed
To legally kill!

Not bullets, but ballots,
Our hands shall employ,
That even more surely
The foe shall destroy;
Then rally, ye voters,
No pausing until
No liquor is licensed
To legally kill!

—*Issac.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON V. [Nov. 2.]

CITIES OF REFUGE.

Josh. 20. 1-9. Memorize verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Before Moses died the Lord told him to set apart certain walled cities as cities of refuge, after they should become settled in Canaan, and this is the reason why: In those old times if a man killed another the brother or friend of the man who was killed took his sword and ran to kill the murderer. He called himself the "avenger of blood." Sometimes the man had been killed by accident, and it would have been wrong to kill the supposed murderer, so these cities were for him to run into until the matter could be brought before men who would judge justly. The Lord told Joshua to appoint six cities which he named as refuges for men who were pursued. The Lord said that they

might live in that city to which they ran after they had killed a person without intending to do so, until the matter should be settled, and then they should return to their own city and their own house. We have very different laws now, because the world is older, and the people have learned how to deal with each other. You will find the names of the six cities in verses 7 and 8 of this lesson.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is a refuge? A place of safety.
What did the Lord tell Joshua? To appoint cities of refuge.
For whom were these meant? Men who were in danger.
What is a murderer? One who kills another on purpose.
Who was allowed to kill a murderer? A friend of the one who was killed.
What sometimes happened? There was a mistake.
What could the innocent man do then? Run into a city of refuge.
How long must he stay there? Until he was judged.
How many such cities were there? Six.
Why do we not have such cities? We have other laws.
What do we need to run away from? Sin.
Who is our City of Refuge? The Lord Jesus Christ.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 9.]

JOSHUA'S PARTING ADVICE.

Josh. 24. 14-25. Memorize vs. 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—Josh. 24. 15.

THE LESSON STORY.

Just as the time came for Moses to go home after a long life of faithful service, so the time came to Joshua, for he was very old. The people were now settled in the land of Canaan, and all they needed was theirs. Joshua had but one wish for them—that they should wholly follow the Lord their God, as Caleb had done. He knew that there were idolaters all around them, and that their fathers had learned idolatry in Egypt, and that they would be apt to forget the Lord who had given them the fruitful land of Canaan. So he called them together at Shechem, and gave them his last words of counsel. He told them how good the Lord had been to them in giving them their land, and in driving out their enemies before them. "Now, therefore," said Joshua, "fear the Lord, and serve him." He told them to put away any idols they might have among them and serve the Lord alone. He said they must choose between the Lord and idols. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The people made a promise to Joshua that they would serve the Lord, and him only;

and Joshua made a new covenant with them, and they went away to their homes.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was very old now? Joshua.
What did he know? That he would soon go to God.
Where did he call the people to come? To Shechem.
What for? To hear his last words to them.
What did he fear? That they would forget God.
Of what did he remind them? Of the Lord's goodness.
What did he want them to do? To serve God wholly.
What did they do? They served God with half their hearts.
What did he tell them to do? Choose between God and idols.
Whom did Joshua choose? God.
What did the people promise? To serve God.
What must we do? Choose whom we will serve.

WHEN WHISKEY IS NO MORE.

(Tune—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home.")

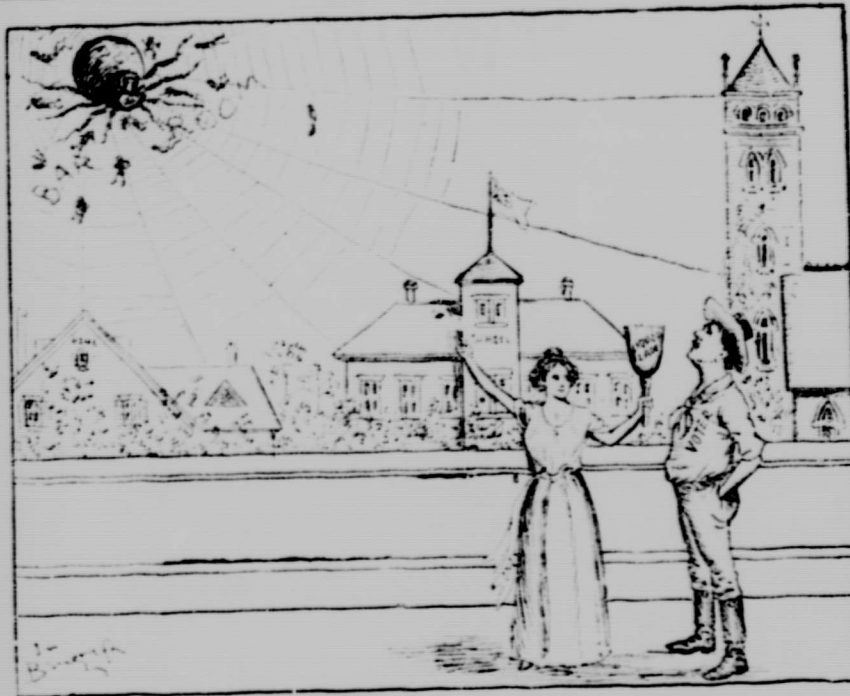
Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah, hurrah!
When this our country shall be free,
hurrah, hurrah!
The girls will sing, the boys will shout
When Alcohol is driven out;
And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more,
And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.
It will not do to simply say hurrah!
hurrah!
But do your duty, then you may hurrah,
hurrah!
Assist the weak, yourself deny,
Stand by the right, and by and by
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more;
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more.

—*Pioneer.*

GOD SEES.

Emma Gray, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railings of a front garden, trying to pick a flower. "O little boy," said Emma kindly, "are you not taking that without leave?" "Nobody sees me," answered the little boy. "Somebody sees you from the blue sky," answered Emma. "God says that we must not take what does not belong to us without leave, and you will grieve him if you do so." "Shall I?" said he; "then I won't." He drew back his hand and went away. One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong.—*The Dayspring.*

A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of one whale.



HE CAN DO IT IF HE WILL.

Miss Ontario: "Now, John, you give me a long enough handle for this broom on December 4th, and I'll sweep that horrible spider away for ever."
 [If 216,000 votes are polled in favour of the new law abolishing bar rooms on December 4th, said law will go into operation.]

A GODLY HOUSECLEANING.

You ugly, bloated, cruel thing,
 With naught to recommend you,
 For God and home my broom I swing
 And with one blow I'll end you.

Within your den, with evil face,
 Like Judas falsely smiling,
 You weave the web that brings disgrace;
 Our hearts and homes defiling.

With fiendish skill, on every side,
 You spread your net about you,
 And grin, while honest folks have tried,
 With words and threats, to rout you.

HE CAN DO IT IF HE WILL.

Mr. Bengough has expressed the situation with his usual clearness and cleverness in the accompanying cartoon. The odious bar-room has spread its net all over our fair land and lies in wait for the weak and unwary of our people to drain them of their very life-blood and fling them out flaccid and dry like dead flies. Our fair Province could make short work of this odious institution if the voter will but give her a handle to her broom long enough to reach it. Shall we do it or shall we not?—That is the question.

Never was there presented to any land or people such an opportunity to procure prohibition as there will be before Ontario on December 4th. We should regard it in the highest degree disastrous to the cause of temperance, a sacrifice and betrayal of all our pledges for years, if we did not take advantage of this golden opportunity. How the drink trade would triumph if we failed. Its spokesmen

have already exulted in the prospect of victory from what they believe to be the irreconcilable differences of the temperance people. Let us prove that their anticipations are false, that we are united in a goodly fellowship, like the Knights of the Round Table, to slay the dragon that devours his daily meal of human victims.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Daisy, Beauty, and Flossie were three little kitties. They lived with their mother, Mrs. Tabby, in the barn, and had a very nice home indeed. Their bed was in the haymow, and they had great times racing and chasing one another up and down the barn floor, and sometimes they would climb up the posts and walk along the great beams.

One March morning they were surprised by a visitor. It was Robin Redbreast. There had been a heavy fall of snow the night before, and the ground was covered by a great white sheet.

Robin always goes away to the warm sunny Southland in the winter, and aims to stay there till the snowy days are over; but this year he made a mistake, and came back northward a little too early. When he saw the barn door open he flew in, and alighted on an old flower-pot, and sang one of his sweetest songs for the three pussies.

The pussies listened and watched, but I fear that they would have enjoyed eating him more than his song.—*Little Ones.*

WHO'LL BUY ?

(Suggested on seeing the advertisement of a wholesale liquor dealer.)

Forty casks of liquid woe—

Who'll buy ?

Murder by the gallon. Oh !

Who'll buy ?

Larceny and theft made thin,
 Beggary and death thrown in,
 Packages of liquid sin—

Who'll buy ?

Foreign death imported pure—

Who'll buy ?

Warranted not slow, but sure—

Who'll buy ?

Empty pockets by the cask,
 Tangled brains by pint or flask,
 Vice of any kind you ask—

Who'll buy ?

Sin and shame of deepest dye—

Who'll buy ?

Competition we defy—

Who'll buy ?

Dye, to make the soul jet black;

Dye, to make the conscience slack;

Nothing vile do our casks lack—

Who'll buy ?



THE CITY OF REFUGE.