

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

No. 22.

THE CRIPPLE.

Poor girl! While others are running about at pleasure—jumping and romping, as if life was made up of fun and frolic—she has to sit still, or hobble slowly and painfully about on crutches! We feel sorry for her. What a meek and gentle expression in her face! You can also see signs of suffering—the marks of pain in the placid, quiet countenance. We hope everybody is kind to her, and that all her young friends are desirous of doing all they possibly can to make her happy.

AN INTERESTING COUNTRY.

If you should sail far away over the ocean you would at last come to a land called Norway and Sweden. The larger part is Norway, and the smaller part is Sweden.

The winter are dark and cold, and much snow falls. If you should go there, you could skate all you want, for the people even skate over the snow on snowshoes.

The summers are short and warm. In some parts of Norway the sun does not even go to bed at night, but keeps on shining. If their parents would let them,

In these countries there are many mountains and hills, many lakes and waterfalls. The water from the ocean comes up in to the land, and makes pretty bays, or fiords, as they are called.

The people have fair hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks. They are very polite, and so honest that you need hardly lock your door at night if you lived there. They work very hard, too. Some are farmers, many are fishermen, some work in the mines, and others go into the woods and cut down the tall trees, one of which they make all kinds of lumber.

A SMART BIRD.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, what do you think he does? He finds a worm's hole and stamps the ground by the side of it just as boys do when they want to get worms for fishing. After doing this for a little while, the bird waits for the worm to come out of its hole. It is sure to come. The lapwing is all ready to re-



THE CRIPPLE.

the children there could read or play all night long in the sunlight; but the Norwegian boys and girls get tired.

little while, the bird waits for the worm to come out of its hole. It is sure to come. The lapwing is all ready to re-

ceive it, and that is the last of the worm.

The nest of the lapwing is built of a few stems of twigs put in a hollow place; and because of the color of the eggs it is seldom seen. But if you should go in that direction, the mother lapwing will spy you out even at a great distance. She will rise up and fly about in great excitement. All at once it appears as if she had suddenly become lame. She runs limping along, and it seems the easiest thing in the world to catch her. She will let you come very near, and entice you to a safe distance from her nest; then she will spring up and fly away, with no signs of lameness.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

ONLY TEN MINUTES.

There was once a handsome, bright little prince who had a beautiful mother. How she loved her only boy, and tried to teach him to be good and brave and noble! He loved his beautiful mother very dearly, and wanted to please her; only he was never in a hurry to do as she asked him, but wanted to take his own time. When he was only a little boy, if she wanted him to rise in the morning, he would say, "Yes, in ten minutes." If his teacher told him that it was time to study, he would say: "I'll be ready in ten minutes." At night, when his mother begged him to go to bed, he answered, "I will in ten minutes," and if he felt too sleepy to talk, he would hold up five fingers on each dimpled hand as a sign for his usual waiting time. It was such a fixed habit of his growing life, day after day, that his mother laughingly called him "Little Mr. Ten Minutes."

Alas! she did not know, and the son never realized the danger of that habit of never being on time, wasting the precious, God-given minutes sacred to truth and well-doing.

When the little prince was grown he was a soldier in the army, and his company in Africa was ordered to a fort in Zululand which seemed deserted. "Let us return," said an officer; "the Zulus may be upon us." "No danger," said the young prince; "let us have a cup of coffee, and start in ten minutes." In less than ten minutes a band of fierce Zulus rushed upon them, and the young prince was the first to die by the sword.

The habit of delaying, of procrastinating even ten minutes, when one should be "on time," may become as firmly fixed and as dangerous to any of us as it was disastrous to the young Prince Imperial of France.

ONE BOY WHO KEPT THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Almost a century ago a boy went to the city of New York to carve out his own fortune. He had learned the printing trade in the country town in which he was brought up, and that knowledge was his only aid of fame and fortune, except a thorough training in a simple Christian home.

He found work in one of the largest offices in the city. One Saturday afternoon he was given a long "take" of copy, which he could not possibly "set" without working on Sunday. He gave it a glance, and then said: "I will work on this till twelve o'clock to-night, and finish what I can; but I will not work to-morrow."

"Then you'll lose your place," said the foreman.

The boy took the copy to his employer, told him that he had been taught to reverence the Sabbath, and that he would resign his situation rather than violate his conscience.

His employer could not but respect such a spirit, and he never again required him to work on Sunday.

That boy was John Harper, the principal founder of the publishing house of Harper Brothers, a house that has issued some of the best literature in the land, and exerted an influence felt throughout the world.

ONE GIRL'S SECRET.

"Mother, may I go out visiting this afternoon?" asked little Agnes Mayhew.

"Yes, you may. You may go to see Ella or to see Louie, which ever you like."

"I'd rather go to Louie's," said Agnes quickly.

"Why?" said Aunt Esther, who was sewing by the window. "Hasn't Ella a great many dolls and beautiful toys? And then there is her pony cart."

"I know," said Agnes. "But it doesn't matter how many nice things she has; just as soon as we begin to play she begins to wish she had something different, and it unsettles my mind so much. But when I play with Louie, if we want anything that we haven't got, she can generally think of something else that will do as well, or else she says that we can do without it very nicely. She's lots cheer-foller about doing without things than Ella is, and it's much more fun to play with her."

Aunt Esther looked across Agnes at her mother and smiled. "The same old truth," she said; "it's the spirit within that makes the world without fair or dark."

"What is spirit, mother," asked Agnes presently.

Her mother thought a minute. "Well, dear, it's the way we think in our hearts. If we have happy, thankful thoughts, they give us a contented spirit, and that makes the world bright for us. Nothing else can."

Agnes nodded her head very wisely. "Yes, mother, I believe that's just the truth. Louie's got a contented spirit, and she enjoys it a great deal more than Ella does all her dolls and her pony cart and everything. Besides, it makes her just lovely company for us other girls to play with."

TWO EVENING TRAINS.

The first train leaves at 6 p.m.
For the land where the sleep flower blows,
And mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 p.m. the next train starts,
For the pleasant land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to this pleasant land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a loving kiss—
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who the children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And have special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

MY PA AND I.

My pa, he didn't go downtown
Last evening after tea,
But got a book an' settled down
As comfy as could be.
I'll tell you I was offul glad
To have my pa about,
To answer all the things I had
Been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
Is round, instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air?
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why the dark is black,
And jest how many birds there are
And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells,
And why do June bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in shells,
And waien will Christmas come?
And why the grass is always green,
Instead of sometimes blue?
And why a bean will grow a bean,
And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh?
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray?
And then my pa got up an', Gee!
The offul words he said!
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sent me off to bed.

Council Bluff's Nonpariel.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 10.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-50. Memory verses 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not my will, but thine be done.—Luke
22. 42.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! what a sad midnight hour was that which Jesus and his disciples spent in the garden of Gethsemane. They had slowly wended their way there after the Last Supper.

Jesus was exceeding sorrowful. He knew all he had to go through, and it was a great struggle. With his human feelings he shrank from so hard a thing. He felt the need of prayer. So he asked his disciples to watch and pray with him while he advanced a little farther into the shadow of the garden. He returned to

his disciples three times, and was grieved to find them sleeping each time. Then when he knew that the betrayers were at hand he told them they could sleep on now. The hour of prayer was over. He had entreated God to spare him this dreadful trial. But if not he would do his will. He entirely submitted. Then Judas, followed by a rough crowd, came and kissed his Lord, and in that way let the soldiers know which one he was. Then they took him prisoner.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus and his disciples go after the Last Supper? To the Garden of Gethsemane.

2. What hour was it? About midnight.

3. What did Jesus ask? He asked his disciples to watch and pray with him.

4. Where did he go? A little beyond them to be alone.

5. What did he find? His disciples asleep three times.

6. What did he then say? To sleep on, for his betrayer had come.

7. How did Judas betray him? With a kiss.

8. What did they then do to Jesus? Took him prisoner.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 18.

JESUS BEFORE CALAPHAS.

Matt. 26. 57-68. Memory verses, 67, 68.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.—
Isa. 53. 3.

LESSON STORY.

What a sad picture is this of our Lord and Saviour standing a poor, pitiful prisoner before the high priest. After Judas betrayed him he was bound and driven through the streets to a council of the high priests and scribes and elders. They all hated him, for they knew he had power which they did not have. They were bound to have him killed, but they knew it was necessary to have some sort of trial. They tried to get false witnesses. At first they could not find any. At last two turned up. Of course, they said what was not true. Jesus bore it all silently. Finally the high priest made him answer that he was the Son of God. Then they said he blasphemed and must die. It was all so unfair, but Jesus was patient through it all.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Jesus taken? Before the high priest.

2. Why? Because the law said he must have a trial.

3. Was it a fair one? No.

4. Who witnessed? Two false witnesses.

5. Of what did they accuse him? Of blasphemy.

6. Did they condemn him? Yes, to die.

GETTING READY BEFOREHAND.

"Have you learned your part of the dialogue for next week, 'sonny'?" Gilbert's mother asked him one afternoon.

"I know some of it already, mamma," Gilbert answered readily; "and, anyway, I don't need to begin to learn it so soon. Why, it's most two weeks before I'll have to speak it."

"It is less than two weeks, my dear."

"But, mamma, it's so easy! It won't take me more than a day to learn it."

"But even if that is so, Gilbert, it would be better to take the time now, when you are sure of having it. If we expect to do anything well, we must get ready for it in time, even though it does seem to us very easy."

"You needn't worry, mamma," Gilbert said, in his most grown-up manner; "I'll learn it in time."

But, somehow, the days slipped away faster than Gilbert realized, and when, on Wednesday of the next week, his teacher asked him to stay after school to practice the dialogue, he was not at all sure that he knew his part.

"I'm disappointed, Gilbert," Miss Marston said, closing the book at last. "I was sure you would know your part, and here I've had to prompt you at almost every line. We will practice it again tomorrow, but I'm afraid it is too late to learn it thoroughly. You, remember, I told you that we could not have more than two rehearsals, and you promised me that you would learn it at home."

Then Gilbert really began to study his part; but, as his teacher had said, it was too late to learn it thoroughly, and the shortness of the time made him nervous; and so, when he stood in his place on Friday afternoon, the words would jumble themselves in his mind and on his tongue, till Fred Lathrop, who had the other part in the dialogue, stumbled in his lines and almost failed.

It was several weeks after this day, which Gilbert never liked to remember, that his father sat one evening looking over a bright-colored seed catalogue.

Little Rob, when he saw what was going on, began to laugh gleefully. "Just think, Gilbert," he said, with a funny little chuckle, "pa's getting ready for his garden now, when there's some snow on the ground. Isn't it funny?"

Gilbert looked up from the example he was working to say, wisely: "That's what people ought to do, Rob. If you're going to do anything well, you must begin in time."

Just then Gilbert happened to catch a twinkle in his mother's eyes, and he stopped suddenly in his little sermon, and grew very red. Then he went on bravely, with a half smile on his flushed face: "That's the truth I've told you, Rob; and I ought to know, because I've tried the other way."

IN MISCHIEF.

These playful kittens are having a fine time. I am afraid they may do some damage to the lace curtains so finely shown. How sedate the old cat is, and how bright their eyes are. I guess she is like other mothers—she likes to see the youngsters have a good frolic.

PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

At the time of the great fire in Chicago, one year ago, a very pretty incident happened. A family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had added to their parlor a long, narrow room, with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor, for the pleasure

on. With eager eyes they noted every movement. Then, opening a window, they stepped aside, that the tired travelers might feel free to enter. Ready to drop from fatigue and hunger, they went in. Some would have fallen but for hands held out in welcome.

They could not at once eat or bathe. They lay panting, grateful for rest and safety. There were, perhaps, twenty of them, and nearly all canaries. They had joined each other by the way, in this pathetic search for protecting love and care.

When these tender wayfarers had rested and eaten supper, the home birds—and there were nearly fifty of them—fluttered briskly in, with hearty greetings. It was

CROSS LITTLE SUE.

BY NELLIE BURNS.

Did you ever hear tell of a girl named Sue,
Who pouts and frets the whole day through,
Whose face has the look of a thunder cloud,
Whose voice is whining and cross and loud?
She's a small-sized girl, with a sweet little brother,
The dearest papa, and a fond, loving mother
To love and make glad; but more than all these
She loves her ill temper, and it tries to please.



IN MISCHIEF.

of these feathered friends. People often stopped to see the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or to watch them as they bathed. At daybreak the house was full of music. It was like a concert in the wildwood.

One afternoon, the week of the fire, a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these homeless ones caught sight of their happy cousins in the beautiful glass house. It gave them fresh courage. Some even tapped for admittance. It was a pitiful plea for rest and food from these their kinsfolk.

The ladies of the house, without delay, shut off the home birds into what might be called their back parlor. But through the glass door they could see all that went

charming to see what cheerful, nay, even tender welcome they gave.

Fortunately there was a goodly store of bird seed, and shelter was given to these plummy guests until other homes were found.

This is a true story, for the somebody who writes it saw it all.

Find out what God would have you do,

And do that little well;

For what is great and what is small

'Tis only he can tell.

It is said, by one who knows, that the little wild Malay children, the little brown people who live over on the other side of the world, rarely quarrel.

Sometimes her poor mother is quite in despair,

And the father and brother her feelings both share;

And the home wears a gloom, when instead the whole place

Should be brightened by Susie's bright laughter and face.

Now, children, dear children, don't look cross and pout;

Keep that side within and the bright side without;

Be cheerful and merry, on your face wear a smile,

And the whole world will love you, as it does every sweet child.