

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1903.

No. 21.

MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

BY MARGHARITA.

There he sat, looking at her with huge, wide-open, black eyes, when Marjorie first noticed him. He was a rather small boy, with skin as brown as a nut, straight black hair, and the broad nose and mouth so characteristic of the Indian. A pair of low leather moccasins covered his feet, the tops of them almost meeting a pair of velveteen trousers, far too long for him. On top of all was a tunic, which was beginning to show very plainly that boys are quite capable of outgrowing their clothes. There was nothing crafty in his appearance, and he looked her straight in the face without a trace of fear in his eyes.

Marjorie knew at once that he must belong to an Indian family, who had lately camped near the village, to be ready for the spring fishing. After she had assigned the work for the morning, she took the register, and went down to his seat.

She gave him a bright and kindly greeting, and then said :

"Now, we will have to get your name. What is it ?"

"Eh ?"

"What is your name ?"

"Jake."

"Jake what ?"

"Eh ?"

"Jake what ? What other name have you besides Jake ?"

"I dunno," and Jake he remained from that time on.

Presently Jake's class was called up and he soon proved that Indians have brains as well as white boys.

Jake was vastly amused over some of the things he saw. Once in the course of the afternoon almost perfect stillness, save the

hum of pencils, reigned over the room. Turning half round in his seat, he fixed his eyes on some little girls across the aisle. Suddenly he burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"Why, Jake !" said his teacher, "what

Bible, selecting the Scripture reading for the morning.

"I wonder if Jake ever heard the story of Jesus ?"

That morning she read, slowly and carefully, the story of Christ's birth, and on each succeeding morning, followed the history of his life. It seemed to have a strange fascination for the boy. While the reading was going on, he would listen with wide-open, wondering eyes. One morning, Marjorie read a passage in the Old Testament, and in the evening he came to her and said :

"Is there 'uthin' else 'bout him ?"

"About whom ?" Marjorie looked up in surprise.

"Him ! him you read about, and him you talk to."

"Oh !" It was clear to Marjorie now, and with a thrill of joy she told the sweet old story to the child, who drank in every word and explanation, as she had never seen any one do before.

The next day Jake was not at school, nor did he come on any succeeding day. Marjorie inquired of all the children, but could gain no information about him.

A day or so later, she heard that the old camp was deserted, and could only come to the conclusion that Jake had left that part of the country.

April and May had both passed, when one evening, as she was closing up for the night, Marjorie noticed an Indian coming towards the

school. Upon reaching her he stopped and said :

"Jake, he very bad. He want you."

"I will go with you at once. As soon as I have taken my books into the house."

She easily prevailed on one of the girls



MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

are you laughing at ? You must not do that."

Another peal of laughter was the only answer she got, however.

Next morning a sudden inspiration came to her, as she turned over the leaves of the

school. Upon reaching her he stopped and said :

"Jake, he very bad. He want you."

"I will go with you at once. As soon as I have taken my books into the house."

She easily prevailed on one of the girls

at her boarding-house to accompany her, and they set out. The Indian stalked on in front without a word; and with head bent down. After a walk of about two miles, a little log shanty came in sight, and they were soon inside. The hot, close atmosphere was almost more than Marjorie could stand, but she went bravely forward to the low cot where Jake lay. His eyes were larger than ever, and his whole frame emaciated, but he greeted her with a smile, and said: "You good to come. I go away. I not see you any more for long, long time. He called me last night. Him you read about."

He stopped, panting for breath, and Marjorie saw that the end was near. The Indian told her they had had a doctor, but he could do no more for the dying boy. At the foot of the bed, the poor mother sat motionless, the picture of agony, but without shedding a tear. Jake's face grew brighter still when Marjorie sang in a low, sweet tone,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

As she finished, there was a long quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1903.

LOVING THE SICK BEST.

Anabel Jones was a patient, kind little mother, with seven dolly children. The two eldest, Dolly and Sally, were perfect beauties, "with golden hair and openin' an' shuttin' eyes." Sally could sit in her red chair alone, like a "weal-y lady." Dolly could sit alone on the rug, "stwaight

as a soldier." Then Tiny and Silverhair and Susie were "beautiful," with caps and sashes and silk stockings. Jap Tommy used to be a smart, spy young boy; so did Nicodemus (called Nick for short); but somehow their legs and arms cracked, and turned around, till at last they all fell off. Anabel cried so that mamma took Nick to the doll hospital, but he came home worse than ever. The man broke his neck trying to fasten on some new legs.

So what do you think little mother Anabel Jones did? I will tell you. She put the "wellest" children in chairs, and let Silverhair play on the floor, while she held Nick (what was left of him) all the bright sunny days in her arms. She wrapped him in flannel-cloth to keep his bruised body warm, and tied her pretty hair-ribbon around the bundle where his feet ought to be. She sang and told him stories tenderly and patiently.

Violet Gray came to play dollies one day; but when she saw Anabel holding Nick, she made a face, tossed her head, and said spitefully: "What old thing is that? I'd burn it up. It's an old mummy!"

Anabel got very red in the face, and replied: "Violet, you can jes' go home! I love Nick, the very best of all. So does all good mammas. So does Jesus love little cripp'ys, and 'flicted and broken-up people. Mamma says so."

FIVE PEAS IN A POD.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

Once upon a time, in a farmer's garden, there lived five little peas in a tiny house that people called a pod. The little peas were green, the little pod was green, and the vine that held the pod was green. "All the world is green," thought the little peas.

The warm sun shone upon the vine, and the raindrops fell, oh, so softly, and gave them all nice cool drinks. The vine grew, and the pod grew, and the little peas grew very fast, so fast that they were crowded in their tiny house and wanted to get out.

"I'm tired of staying here," said one little pea.

"I don't want to be cooped up for ever in this dark place," said a second little pea.

"I want to see the world," said a third little pea.

"I'm afraid we shall grow hard," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea cried, he wanted to get out so badly.

The days grew warmer and warmer, and the vine turned yellow, and the pod turned yellow, and the little peas turned yellow.

"All the world is yellow," thought the little peas.

One day a very strange thing happened to the little peas; their little house burst

right open, and the five little peas fell on the ground. A little boy saw them, and ran just as fast as he could and picked them up.

"What fine peas for my pea-shooter," said the little boy, as he picked out the largest pea and threw it just as far as he could.

"I shall never come back," said the next little pea, when he felt himself going higher and higher.

"I am going to the sun," said the third little pea, as he flew upward through the air.

"Good-bye," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea was left all alone. The boy put him in his shooter, and the little baby pea flew right into an open window, and fell on the floor near a little sick girl's bed. Her mamma picked him up and planted the little pea in a flower-pot where the little girl could see it.

"O mamma," said the little sick girl, "I think I shall get better now."

"I hope you will, darling," said her mother, and sure enough, when the little plant awoke and grew higher and higher, the little girl could come and look at the green leaves, and give the little pea-vine nice cool drinks.

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls;
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will ever grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know that the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus."

There was a stillness for a little time; then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think that it would be better to go right to him and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

Jesus said: "Continue ye in my love."

A RACE.

BY MARIE GLODEN.

A mad little tear
And a sad little tear
Once started a queer little race,
"I am ahead!"
The angry tear said,
As it hurried down Peggy's small face.
But a sad little tear
Met a glad little tear,
And together they hurried apace.
"I'm sorry, mamma,
Truly I are!"
And the sorry-glad tear won the race.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 18.

DAVID'S CONFESSION.

Psa. 51. 1-17. Memorize verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart, O God.—
Psa. 51. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

David was a great man and a good man, but he was not perfect. He was like most men who are trying to do God's will, but some times fail when tempted, and are very sorry afterward. Although he was a king, he had to do just as any little child might do—repent and be forgiven. David sinned, just as many others do, in wanting that which did not belong to him, and wanting it so much that he had to sin in other ways to get it. When Nathan, the prophet, came to him and told him faithfully that he had sinned against God, David humbly confessed it. Although he could have had Nathan put to death for accusing the king of evil, he did not do it, but only took his words as sent from God, and was humble. If a king can be told his faults without becoming angry, should not a child? David did not only confess to Nathan, but confessed to God, and wrote it out so that all men should hear it, and make it the prayer of their own hearts when sorry for sin. So it has been through all the ages the prayer of the penitent.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did David sometimes do? He sinned against God.

What did he always do afterward? Truly repent.

How? Just as any child must do.

What was his sin? He wanted that which was not his.

Did he take it? Yes.

Who told him of his sin? Nathan, the prophet.

What did David do? He confessed it humbly.

Whose words did he take Nathan's to be? God's words.

Why did he not get angry? Because he wanted to do right.

How did he confess his sin? To God and to men.

How did he confess to men? By writing the fifty-first psalm.

What did he ask God to do? To blot out his sins.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 25.

DAVID'S JOY OVER FORGIVENESS.

Psa. 32. Memorize verses 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.—Psa. 32. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

When David fell into sin, as we learned last week, he could not long hide it, for it made him very unhappy. He was a child of God, and had tried to do right from his boyhood, and to him God was a near and dear friend from whom he could not be separated. After he had made deep confession of his sin, and had written it down for a prayer for all men, he wrote a song of joy—the joy of a forgiven soul—which is our lesson. The Lord reads all hearts, and he knows when a man feigns repentance or is merely sorry for a moment, as Saul was, or whether the sorrow for sin really leads to a better life. David tells us how glad he is to be forgiven, and how wretched he was when he was trying to hide his sin, and then he breaks forth in joy again, saying, "Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

Then he tells us what God has said to him that he may know he is kept by a loving Father, and that we may know it too, for David's Father is our Father. Do you see what it is that makes the heart light and joyful? Not money, not beauty, not great learning, but peace with God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What makes a child of God unhappy? To know that he has sinned.

What is the right thing to do? To confess it.

Did David confess his sin? Yes.

Did he have to suffer for it? Yes.

What came then? The joy of forgiveness.

How did David tell his joy? In a song.

What does he say of those who are forgiven? They are blessed.

Was David sure of forgiveness? Yes.

Why? Because he believed in God.

How will God guide us? With his eye.

What will come to the wicked? Many sorrows.

And what to him that trusts God? Mercy shall compass him about.

THE LITTLE GARDENERS.

BY MRS. E. H. RICHMOND.

Willie called himself the head gardener. He was careful to allow no weeds to creep into the bit of garden that he and his brother Tommy called their own, not even into the walks. No one worked more industriously than they with spade, hoe and wheelbarrow, when gardening time came.

They were proud of their nice garden, and well they might be, it was so well kept. They worked "like little beavers." Uncle Joe said, and one day when they were resting a bit after a hard tussle with the weeds, he took their pictures.

Another time they sat together watching their big sister Susie as she worked in her garden.

"Susie, I wouldn't bother 'bout them teenty weeds," said Tommy, as Susie was carefully raking out some intruders that had crept in; "the big posies'll crowd 'em out sure."

"Best way is not to let them creep in," said Susie. "I don't mean to let them creep in here or in my other garden, either."

"Into your other garden! Have you got another garden, one all your own, Susie?"

"Yes, Tommy, and so have you. Everybody has a soul garden. Grandma told me so, and we plant it ourselves."

"I don't see how, Susie."

"Every true good thing we learn or do is good seed, and brings flowers and fruit, and every false evil thing is weeds, and spoils all. Beer, cider, cards, cigarettes; oh, there's lots of bad seed to spoil boys' gardens. I'm glad I ain't a boy."

"I'm glad I am," said Willie. "I'll be a man some day."

"And a grand, true one, I hope."

The children looked up, and there sat grandma by the open window.

She had heard all.

"It is a great thing to be alive, my dears, and to have gardens of our own," said grandma.

"In every house there is a Bible and that is full of good seed. Just plant it in you soul garden. It will make it beautiful, and you will be happy for ever."

"Thank you, grandma, we will," said Susie, and after this when they worked in their pretty garden the children thought of their own, the garden of the soul.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honour my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."



ALSATIAN PEASANT.

ALSATIAN PEASANT.

The provinces of Alsacia and Lorraine were captured by Louis XIV. from Germany about two hundred years ago. Although their language is German they became thoroughly assimilated with France during its long possession. They were recaptured by the Germans in the late Franco-German war over thirty years ago, and one of the most determined feelings of the French is that they should be again taken from the Germans. Around the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, are the statues of the great cities of France. Among them are those of Strassburg and Metz, which have been captured by the Germans. For the last score of years these have been perpetually draped in black, with funeral wreaths, as a sign of mourning, and as a sign, too, that they are destined to become French again.

The people of these provinces naturally share the desire to be restored to France, but are not allowed to say much about it. They are a simple-minded and industrious people. They wear a very

peculiar costume. The women wear black caps, with large bows behind, even larger than shown in our cut.

Germany holds these provinces in an iron grip, the great cities of Metz and Strassburg being heavily garrisoned with horse, foot, and artillery.

"I SHALL TELL THE TRUTH."

Little James was one day sent with a pitcher for some water. He accidentally dropped the pitcher and broke it; and as it was a very valuable one, he felt very bad about it. As he stood looking sadly at the broken pieces, another boy came along and inquired what was the matter. James told him, and he said, "Well, go home and tell your mother that a boy threw a stone at you, and broke the pitcher."

"No, I shall go home and tell mother that I dropped it and broke it."

"But you will surely get whipped if you do. She will think that you were careless."

"I don't care if I do get whipped. I

shall tell the truth. I would rather take a thousand whippings than tell a lie to my mother."

Boys who tell the truth are not the ones who get the most whippings. It is the lying, deceiving, sneaking coward, who hides things, and lies about them, who comes to be suspected, distrusted, and finally punished. Put away lying. "All liars," white, black, or any other colour, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

JACK AND THE PUPPIES.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"I've lost my bag!" cried grandma Jones;

"I thought I had it here.
I'm sure I had it when I came.
Jack, have you seen it, dear?"

"I'll get it, grandma; it's downstairs!"
Jack ran to bring it up;
But when he came, in either side
Was a little brown pug pup.

For naughty Jack, the little tease,
Had tucked his pets away
In grandma's bag, he told mamma,
"To see what she would say."

First grandma frowned and looked severe,
But soon she stopped and smiled;
And, kissing him on either cheek,
Said: "He's a funny child!"

Then Jack felt very much ashamed
(And don't you think he should?)
At having tried to tease her so
When grandma was so good.

A TRUE STORY.

Once there were two little boys who lost their father, and had to move into a small house in a distant place. It was not a good street, and the big, rough boys cuffed and kicked and abused our little boys until their lives were miserable.

"It is because we haven't any father," they said to their mother.

Quite suddenly the boys stopped abusing the little fellows. Nobody had said anything to them, no policeman had appeared, but now they were kind and friendly.

"Mother, what has changed everything?" cried the little strangers.

"Your Father," she said, smiling.

"Our father?"

"Yes, your heavenly Father. "I've been asking him to protect you because you were too little to take care of yourselves."

Then the boys knew that they were not fatherless.—*Selected.*