

HAPPY DAYS

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DICK RAYNOR'S VOYAGE.

BY W. B. ALLEN.

Dick Raynor was known all up and down Surf Point as a "first-rate fellow." When anything lively was going on, Dick was sure to be there. No boating party, or picnic of any sort was complete without Dick Raynor.

"Nat," said Dick, mysteriously, one afternoon, "come down to the cod-rocks, will you, and bring your line and a pail of bait? While we fish I've a plan to talk over with you."

"What is it?"

"You'll see!"

Nat Howland could not resist his chum's appeal, though he was under contract, so to speak, to play second base in the "Comets" that afternoon.

They soon had a dozen golden and bronze fish flapping about on the rock-wood. Then Dick unfolded his plan.

A big three-masted schooner was to sail from Surf Point a week later, in ballast for Atlanta, Georgia, from which port she was to freight a cargo of southern lumber to Boston.

"What I propose is," remarked Dick, first looking over his shoulder and lowering his voice, "for you and me to go in her!"

Nat actually turned pale under his freckles.

"W-why, we can't!" he managed to stammer.



"HULLO, CAP'N, WHAT YOU MAKING?"

"Why not, I sh'd like to know?" demanded Dick, with energy. "We can crawl down into the hold the night before, and —"

Well, the long and the short of it was that Nat wouldn't go. He was accustomed to follow Dick into almost every kind of a scrape, but he drew the line at running away to sea.

"Right you are," said Cap'n Ben, approvingly. "Sit down, boy. That is, unless you've something to do."

"There's something I want to ask you about, Cap'n Ben."

"What is it, Dick?"

"Won't you tell?"

"I won't, my boy, unless you say I may arter we've got through our talk."

Two, three, four days went swiftly by. Dick was more heedless than ever at school, and was so restless at night that his mother came in and laid her hand upon his forehead to see if he were sick. Dick's heart misgave him.

"I'm all right, mother," he said, giving her worn hand a little pat. The next morning but one the three-master was to sail.

On the following afternoon Dick wandered to and fro, unable to conceal his excitement. Finally he halted at old Cap'n Ben's front door.

Cap'n Ben was a "character" in Surf Point village. He could tell stories from morning to night of whales and sharks, and tempestuous voyages in the Sarah Ann and half a dozen other vessels.

"Hullo, Cap'n. What you making?"

"Wall," said the ancient mariner, "I reckon she'll be a 'mophrodite brig. I ain't turned out one of them craft this year."

"One mast square-rigged, and one fore 'n' aft?"

That was enough for Dick, and sure of a sympathizer, he poured out his plans for the morrow.

"Won't it be glorious, Cap'n?" he almost shouted, as he reached the climax. "A real voyage, just like the ones you used to take."

Cap'n Ben laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, with a very kindly look in his keen old eyes.

"When I was nigh onto a year younger'n you be," began Cap'n Ben slowly, "I slipped cable and put out to sea—run away, leaving my mother and two sisters in a leetle house up back in the country.

"We were bound for lower Califoray—fer hides—like that feller that writ a book about the same sort of a voyage; only he was a relation of the owners, and was treated well. I wasn't. Boy, ye can't guess the misery and sufferin'—not the big kind of sufferin' like the soldier in battle, with drums beatin', and fife playin', but in the night, with fingers raw and froze, with ice-water dashin' over me every day and every night for nigh a fortnight off the Cape; so seasick I wanted to die, so wet, an' cold, an' achin' all over I used ter cry in the dark, an' long, oh, how I longed fer that leetle house where I knew mother was sufferin', too, because I had deserted her like a coward." Here Dick Raynor winced, and changed his position a little on the chips.

"Wall, to make a long story short, I was gone two year an' a half; an' then I steered across country fer home.

"Boy, when I got there it was just ecmin' on arly evenin'. Thar was no light in the house.

"Mother!" I sung out, 'Mother, yer boy's come home! He ain't never goin' away again, unless ye let him freely an' gladly!'

"Not a sound from the leetle house, standin' gray an' still under a big pine. I tried all the doors. They were fastened up, an' the blinds were shut tight.

"Mother!" But she didn't answer. "I turned away then, an' kind o' staggered up the dark road till I found myself beside a buryin'-ground I knew only too well.

"There were pines there, too, and as I leaned against the wall I heard 'em whisperin' an' sighin' overhead. O Dick, my boy, what would I have given then to look my mother in the face, to hold her thin, tired hand that had worked so hard for me, and that I had left stretched out after me, trembling, and empty, empty!

"When I lifted my head I looked into the buryin'-ground—I couldn't seem to help it—an' thar, sure enough, it was. I could just see it through the dusk—a new heap of gravel."

"O Cap'n, don't, don't!" cried Dick, springing to his feet. "I can't bear to hear it."

"Wall, if you're determined to set sail for Georgy to-morrow," said Cap'n Ben,

"I suppose we might as well say good-bye."

"I'm not going," gulped Dick, drawing his sleeve across his eye. "I—I didn't think about mother feeling bad and needin' me. And if she should—should die, like your mother—"

"Bless ye, my mother didn't die," struck in the old sailor heartily. "Ye didn't let me finish my yarn. She was only down 't a neighbour's, and pretty soon I heard wheels comin', and her voice, her own voice, talkin' in the dark. But I hope it don't change your mind 'bout stayin' on shore, jest because mother didn't—"

"Not much," said Dick, with emphasis. "Good night, Cap'n. I'm going home. P'raps mother wants something!"
— Sunday Afternoon.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1902.

CHARLEY'S PRAYER.

A little boy in New York City, whose name was Charley, became separated from his mother way out in the outskirts, and was picked up by a police officer. The little fellow was crying. The officer took him to his station, where he was reported. They found out from the little fellow where he lived, and one of the officers told him when he went off duty at twelve o'clock he would take him home. Then he stopped crying. He was taken into the sergeant's office, and was told to lie down and go to sleep, and in a little while they would take him home. There was a sort of couch in the corner with one or two coats on it. The little fellow went over to it, but soon he came back and stood in front of the sergeant's desk. He said to

him, "Go and lie down, my boy; it's all right. We will take you back in a little while." He went back, but he did not lie down. By and by he came back again, and he seemed so restless that the officer said, "Why, what is the matter with you?" The little fellow said, "Would you mind, sir, if I said my prayers, as I do at home?" The officer did not mind, but it was a little new to this particular man. The little fellow stepped over to the other side of the office and, kneeling down by the couch with his little face upturned toward heaven, he said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And then a little jump onto the couch, and Charley was happy and content. There was quiet in that police station then. The officers took off their hats and bowed their heads, while tears trickled down their cheeks. Every little boy and girl should pray, and thus be a witness for Jesus.

ARLIE'S MISSION.

Arlie was a little cripple girl, who lived with her father and mother in a beautiful house. She had everything her heart could desire or loving hands could get for her, as she was the only child and the pet and idol of her parents. Everything had been done to cure her, but it was impossible. One morning as she was sitting in the garden with her nurse, a little girl, who was going to read to an old lady, went by carrying her Bible under her arm. Arlie, seeing the little girl, wished her to come in, and asked her nurse to call her. The little girl came, and the two children talked together for a long time; the young girl telling Arlie about the Lord Jesus, and reading to her, from her Bible, some of the short stories, which she had never heard before, for her parents were godless people.

Arlie got her nurse to buy her a Bible, and gave her young heart to the Saviour, serving him faithfully in every way, and as she daily grew more weak she became much more gentle and loving. She often prayed for her parents that they might become Christians.

She became very ill, and was obliged to keep her bed, and one day when her father and mother were in the room, she told them that she was going to live with Jesus, and that she had prayed that they would become Christians. As she talked to them about the love of Jesus tears streamed down their faces, and kneeling beside the bed of their dying child, they gave their hearts to the Saviour. Arlie's mission on earth was done, and the following morning she fell asleep, safe in the arms of Jesus. She was buried where the sun could shine on her grave, and every day flowers were placed on it by loving hands.

TRUST THE CHILDREN.

Trust the children. Never doubt them.
Build a wall of love about them;
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them,
Let your confidence direct them,
At the hearth or in the wildwood
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. Remember
May is not like chill December.
Let not words of rage or madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones. You guide them,
And, above all, ne'er deride them,
Should they trip or should they blunder,
Lest you snap love's cords asunder.

Trust the children. Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure,
Father's love in them confiding;
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children just as He did
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded,
Trust and guide, but never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON XIII. [June 29.]

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—Luke 2. 32.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. S. of T. C. Repent ye, there—
2. P. E. and D. Jesus Christ maketh
3. P. and C. God is no—
4. G. R. C. Whosoever believeth
5. T. C. at A. in S. . . . The hand of the—
6. P. D. from P. . . . The angel of the—
7. The E. C. M. . . . Go ye, therefore—
8. P. at A. in P. . . . Through this man
9. P. at L. Thou therefore—
10. The C. at J. . . . Stand fast, there—
11. P. C. to E. . . . Thou shalt be—
12. T. L. Let us therefore—

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 6.]

THE GIVING OF MANNA.

Exod. 16. 4-15. Memorize verses 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. 6. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

You remember that we had lessons in the Old Testament through the last half of last year, and that about Christmas time we learned how the Lord brought his people out of Egypt through the Red Sea by a path that he only could make, and that the Egyptians, when they tried to follow him, were drowned. Then they began their journey toward Canaan, but the land was a wilderness, and they were three days without water until the Lord sweetened the bitter waters of Marah for them, and brought them to Elim, where there were twelve wells of water and a grove of palm-trees. There they encamped. When they journeyed again it was through the Wilderness of Sin, and their food gave out. They felt like children lost in the woods, without food, and hungry, so they cried out to Moses that he had brought them there to die.

Then their heavenly Father said to Moses, "I will rain bread from heaven for you," and he told Moses what to tell the people. So it was. In the evening flocks of quails came up and covered the camp, and in the morning, after the dew had dried, they found the ground covered with a "small round thing" that they called manna. God had sent them bread. It was white, and tasted "like wafers made with honey." And God sent them this bread for forty years.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where were the Israelites slaves? In Egypt.

Who brought them out of Egypt? The Lord.

Through what did he make a path? The Red Sea.

Through what did they then go? A wilderness.

What made them suffer? The want of water.

What did the Lord do? He made the bitter water sweet.

What else made them suffer? Hunger.

What did God send them? Plenty of meat and bread.

What was the meat? Quails.

What was the bread? Manna.

Where did this come from? God sent it from heaven.

How long did they have it? As long as they needed it.

MOTHER'S EARS.

"I've had the beautifullest time!" said Tommy Downs to his mamma, coming in at bed-time from spending the evening with his playmate, Phil Porter.

"What have you been doing?" asked Mrs. Downs, smiling on her noisy, stirring boy.

"Oh, we've made all the noise we wanted to, I, and Phil, and the girls. We marched for soldiers, and I whistled while Phil beat his drum, and we played 'I spy' and 'Stage coach,' and 'Puss in the cor-

ner.' Then we each took a comb and some tissue paper, and played on them as loud as we could—had a regular comb concert."

"And it didn't disturb Mrs. Porter at all?"

"Not a bit. She just sat and read all the evening, and paid no attention to us. I wish you were as deaf as she is."

"Why, Tommy!"

"Well, I do," persisted Tommy. "It would save you so much trouble with your headache and my noise, for I know I am a noisy boy. I believe you'd take lots more comfort than you do now."

"Don't you think I like to hear the music of my little boy's voice?"

"The trouble is, it is too much and too loud," laughed Tommy.

A few days afterward, he went to see Phil again, it was fine sliding, so he and Phil and a dozen other boys were coasting down the hill back of Mrs. Porter's house.

"I'm dreadful thirsty," said Tommy to Phil. "I'll run down to your house for a drink of water."

"You won't need to go in," said Phil. "You can get it from the cistern in the back room." The cistern was under the floor, the water low down, and Tommy's arm short. It was icy, too, around the trap-door, and it was no wonder that Tommy slipped in.

He caught the edge of the board and held on with all his might, screaming for help. Through the open outside door he could see Mrs. Porter sitting by the back window, sewing, and she could easily have heard him scream, if she hadn't been deaf.

The boys on the hill made too much noise to hear him. He was hanging in the ice-cold water almost to his waist, and his hands and arms were so tired that he thought he must let go and drop in, when little Nell came and stood by the window where her mother sat, and she caught sight of Tommy.

He saw her pull her mother's sleeve, and point to him, and then it was no time at all before Mrs. Porter had him out of his cold bath and into the house in hot blankets. Tommy stayed there nearly all day, and towards night Phil drew him home on his sled.

"Mother," said Tommy that night, as she had tucked him snugly in bed, and was going down-stairs with the light, "I can't be glad enough that you are not deaf! I don't wonder that Jesus said, 'Blessed are your ears, for they hear!'"

A LOVING SYMPATHY.

A dear little boy fell and hurt himself very much. He tried to be brave, though he could not help the tears rolling down his cheeks. Little sister stood by and said: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry you're hurt." "But I'm pretty glad it wasn't you, 'cause I'm a boy and can stand it," he said, bravely. "Wasn't that a sweet, generous thing for a brother to say, when he was suffering so, too?"



WATER SPIDERS.

WATER SPIDERS.

These are very remarkable creatures. They possess the faculty of making a little balloon, as it were, in the water, and filling it with air, so that they can live quite comfortably beneath the surface of a pond. This little air chamber is attached by numerous threads to various water plants. The spider makes frequent visits to the surface, as shown in the picture. The amount of mechanical and almost scientific skill that these creatures possess is marvellous. They may be said to have invented both diving-bell and suspension bridge long before man had ever thought of either. Small wonder that the Psalmist, considering the wonders of nature, devoutly exclaimed, "O Lord! how marvellous are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

A BIRD THAT GOES A-FISHING.

BY EVALENA L. FRYER.

The kingfisher is a fisherman by nature. He likes to stay about quiet streams and out-of-the-way ponds, for here he can fish and pass his time in comfort and ease. The food of this singular bird consists for the most part of small fish; so he needs to be quick of sight, as well as of motion. He likes best clear and smooth water and a bright, sunny day. In dull weather Mr. Kingfisher is very apt to stay at home. And where is that? In among the branches of the trees.

Because of this habit of culy coming out on fine days, people who were not

Christians used to believe the kingfishers had some strange power over the weather, and so were able to cause it to be fine when they took a notion to go a-fishing. They had not been taught to think of birds as we have.

The kingfisher usually sits on a branch overhanging a stream, where he can watch all that goes on in the water below. By and by a little minnow will appear, and quick as a flash this fisherman bird darts down into the water, returning in a moment to his perch with the struggling fish in his bill. He beats his prey upon the branch until it is quite dead, and then swallows it whole. So strong is this instinct, that when shut up in a cage and fed on raw meat, the kingfisher will beat his food before eating it.

Now and then a sad accident befalls this greedy little fisherman. He will catch a fish too large for him to swallow, and when trying to do so it will stick in his throat, and he will choke to death.

Once a kingfisher was trying to swallow a fish that was too large for him, choked, and while he was floating down the stream flapping his wings and trying to swallow the fish, a large pike stuck his head out of the water and seized the bird and the fish, and carried them both off together.

The queerest thing about this queer bird is its nest, which is built of fish-bones. Not a very comfortable bed, you would think, for the baby kingfishers? As the bird swallows its food whole, of course the bones are all in. So after the food is digested the bones and scales remain in the stomach; but this bird is so constituted

that it can eject these bones from its stomach. After doing so the kingfisher uses them to make a bed for the eggs.

THE DAY WHIMPY CRIED.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried so much one day,
His grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the haymow,
His father went to town,
The cook flew to the neighbour's
In her shabby kitchen gown.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
And the ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried and cried and cried.
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide;
Birdies stopped their singing,
Frogs began to croak,
Darkness came, and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never'll forget the day
When grandma couldn't stand it
And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window,
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You need never hope to see.

A WILL AND A WAY.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweeps in the city of Dublin for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O, yes, sir!" was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"O, yes, sir!" was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"O, yes, sir!"

"What book did you learn from?"

"O, I never had a book in my life, sir!"

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"O, I never was at school!"

Here was a singular case: a boy could read or spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself; his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying! "Where there is a will there is a way."—*Christian Observer*.