

HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1906.

No. 14.

THE SWING.

Lessons are over and books put away, and our little maid has come out to enjoy the fresh air and the brilliant sunlight. No doubt the sensation, as she rushes through the air on her swing, and the sweet scented autumn winds playing round her face and hair, is delicious; and let us hope she enjoys it the more for having worked hard and well at her books during the morning.

PROUD ELLA.

Ella was Aunt Margie's little girl, and had come with her mother and cousins to visit the fair. After they had come within the building, her mamma told her to put her parasol down, but the child did not choose to mind.

"Your mamma says for you to put down your parasol," said Mabel, gently.

"I s'an't; I want it up." Eddie looked astonished at a child that could put on such airs and speak so pertly.

The little miss marched on. She expected every one to admire her, but they did not. No one noticed her excepting one girl, who remarked as she passed on, "See that little goose!"

By and by Ella got tired of carrying her parasol. She wanted to look at some



THE SWING.

of the pretty things, and wished it was shut. A man coming by just then jostled against it and knocked it out of her hand. It rolled along the ground, catching up the dust at every turn. Then Miss Ella set up a loud cry.

"Good enough for her!" Mabel was just going to say, but she didn't. Her mother had taught her not to say ill-natured words. She went and picked up

the parasol, gently saying, "Shall I close it for you now, Ella?"

"Yes," she pouted.

"And I'll carry it for you; shall I?" asked Eddie.

"Yes," Ella pouted again.

If she stays much longer with those nice little cousins of hers, she may drop her disagreeable, naughty ways, and copy their politeness and good manners.

DOLLY'S PRESCRIPTION.

Florence's mother was sick, and her uncle-doctor was coming to the house every day. Once as he was about to leave, Florence called him back. "I want a prescription for my dolly, Uncle Hugh; she is very sick."

Her uncle felt Dolly's pulse, and then sat down, and wrote something on a paper, which he handed to grandmother.

Grandmother found an empty bottle which she nearly filled with water; then she added a few drops of peppermint and a little sugar.

Florence took her little silver spoon and gave the medicine to herself instead of to her dolly. It tasted very good, so medicine time came round quite often.

The next morning Florence told Uncle Hugh that Dolly was much better.

A QUEER BIRD.

I hardly think I am a bird,
 And I will tell you why:
 I've not one feather in my wings,
 Although I flit and fly.
 When other birds have gone to bed,
 All but my friend the owl;
 Like him, among the ruins old
 I love to pry and prowl.
 From ancient tower and hollow tree
 I sometimes venture down,
 To flutter, like a butterfly,
 Above some little town.
 When to my dark and dreary home
 I go to seek repose,
 I want no pillow for my head;
 I hang upon my toes. (A Bat.)

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Happy Days.

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A CHILD'S FAITH.

The unbounded faith of little children in their fathers, mothers and nurses, or any one who has charge of them, is one of the most beautiful things in life. Such a trust was commended by Christ when he taught his disciples to become as "little children" to enter the kingdom of God. This implicit confidence of a child sometimes, however, provokes a smile.

Little Robert Smith was the oldest of a house full of children. His mother procured the help of a kind nurse named Elizabeth Hogan, familiarly called "Betsy." She won the heart of little Robert by her watchful care of him, and he supposed there was nothing too difficult for her to accomplish.

Taking a ride through a picturesque section one day with his mother, who saw him admiring the bluffs mantled with

evergreen, she thought it a good time to teach him a lesson about the Creator. She asked: "Robbie, who made the world?"

Without the least hesitation he looked up and said, "Betsy made it."

GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"O, food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds, and tops; and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of these nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, one of which would no doubt make little Mary Flannagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance. Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-checked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and then jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and Rosalie, my two next best dolls, and give to Mary Flannagan and Kate Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother Johnny, for though I dearly love to coast down the hill, I think he will enjoy it more, for he never had a sled." And the little girl ran off, feeling happy at the idea of making others happy, even at some cost to herself.

FOOLED THE BEARS.

To creatures incapable of understanding their use, the first telegraph poles were naturally misleading. A London paper is authority for the statement that when these useful articles were introduced into Norway, they had a disquieting effect on the bears.

The bears heard the moaning of the wind in the wires, and proceeded to put two and two together. Such a buzzing as this had been heard before. It was associated in the minds of the bears with a sweet morsel. The poles must be gigantic hives. So the bears set to work to root the poles out of the ground.

The woodpeckers also listened to the humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles; therefore they also went to work to find the treasure, boring holes to extract the insects.

In time birds and animals became wiser, and the telegraph pole or wire is used by more than one bird as a safe place for its nest. There is a small bird in Natal that used to build its cradle-shaped nest in the branches of the trees; but as soon as the telegraph wires were set up, it changed the location of its housekeeping, and built on the wires, so that snakes could not molest its treasures.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening in the side farthest from the overhanging branch.

ONE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

On a bright morning in early summer Marjorie and her father were walking in the garden. During the night there had been a heavy storm of wind and rain; the ground was still very damp in some places, though the warm sunshine had long ago dried the shell path. Under the big maple tree in the corner Marjorie paused with a cry of surprise, and then picked up a little brown nest, all wet and bedraggled, and a small bird, one of whose wings appeared to be slightly injured. "I'm going to take them to the house," said Marjorie, and she ran off with her burdens to the warm kitchen, where the little nest was laid aside to dry in the sunny window, and the wee birdie was placed in a big box of cotton wool, with plenty of crumbs before him. Marjorie, waiting anxiously for the invalid to recover, said that he looked like a little boy in a very big house, and she kept peering eagerly over the sides of the box to see whether he had eaten anything.

In a few days he was well enough to hop about the kitchen floor. He learned to take crumbs and bits of apple from Marjorie's little fingers. This delighted her very much, and made her wish to keep him always with her; but as summer advanced the little visitor often flew to the window, and watched with his little black eyes the other birds darting from tree to tree. Mother said that he was anxious to join them, and so Marjorie one morning drew up the net and pushed him gently outside upon the ledge. "Good-bye, little bird," she said softly. He gave a sweet twitter, and, spreading his brown wings in the sunshine, rose into the air and disappeared among the green branches. That was the last Marjorie saw of him, but she is sure that some morning he will fly down to say "Good day" to the little girl who treated him so kindly while he was her guest.

JAMIE'S WISH.

"O please, mamma, may I stay up,
Just once, until I see
The short hand pointing to the nine
The long one to the three?"

"It is so hard for me to shut
My eyes at half-past seven,
While brother Bob sits up and reads,
Sometimes until eleven.

"Just once, dear Jamie, if you wish,"
Said mamma, and he tried
To be quite happy as he pressed
Close to his mother's side.

He watched the fire, he watched the clock,
And thought it very fine;
Alas! the "sand man" closed his eyes
Before the hour of nine.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—JULY 22.

JESUS TEACHING HOW TO PRAY.

Luke 11. 1-13. Memory verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11. 1.

LESSON STORY.

I am sure every little Happy Days reader knows this beautiful prayer, which Jesus taught his disciples. He taught it to them to say every day, and we as his disciples should say it also. We have daily need for that of which it asks.

Last Sunday we learned of mercy. This Sunday of charity and love.

Jesus tells of a man who went in the night to borrow bread for his guest. His neighbor was in bed, and did not wish to rise to get it. However, because the man's need was great he was willing to trouble himself and to give all that was needed.

So Jesus says that God is willing to give us all we want, for he knows how great is our need. Let us remember the beautiful promise, that every one who asks shall receive, every one who seeks shall find, every one who knocks shall find the door open. We know that earthly fathers are good to their children. How much more good is our Heavenly Father!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What do we call the prayer in this lesson? The Lord's Prayer.
2. What does Jesus teach in to-day's parable? Love and charity.
3. Who came to a neighbor by night? A man who had a guest.
4. What did he want? Bread.
5. What did the neighbor do? He arose and gave him all he wanted.

6. Why was he so generous? Because he knew his need.

7. What did Jesus say? That all who ask of God shall receive also.

8. Why? Because God loves us more than any earthly person can.

LESSON V.—JULY 29.

JESUS DINES WITH A PHARISEE.

Luke 14. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 14. 11.

LESSON STORY.

What wonderful life-lessons Jesus taught. Every parable has some gems which show how he would have us act. To-day's lesson teaches humility. Some of the people of Christ's day were always finding fault with him. They would like to have proved that it was wrong to heal on the Sabbath day, but he questioned them so plainly they could not. He told them how they should act when invited to a friend's house to dine. They should not seat themselves in the best places and try to draw attention to themselves. It is far better to be humble and modest and unselfish, and leave the best things to others. Very true are the words, "Who-soever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who did Christ heal on the Sabbath day? A dropsical man.
2. What did the Pharisees try to do? To prove it was wrong.
3. Did they succeed? No.
4. Why did they not succeed? Because they admitted that they would pull an ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day.
5. What did he teach in his parable? Humility.
6. Is it better to take a lowly seat? Yes.
7. What shall happen to the humble? They shall be exalted.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOLLS.

"The Little Princess Victoria and Her Dolls" is the title of an article by Elizabeth Finley, in St. Nicholas.

In one of the rooms of Hampton Court Palace, says the writer, hangs a portrait of the late Queen of England, painted at the age of four years, when she was the little Princess Victoria. She is represented standing in a park. She is in full out-of-door dress, with a dark cape and large black hat, and wears white wool gaiters. Her head droops shyly, in an attitude of childish timidity, but in the figure of the small Princess of four years one may easily trace the resemblance to the Queen of fourscore.

In those early days of her quiet childhood the little Victoria lived in dingy Kensington Palace, which to modern eyes looks more like an almshouse than like a royal

residence. She was born on May 24th, 1819, in one of its lofty frescoed rooms; and in another, overlooking a fine stretch of lawn and avenues of elms, she set up, a few years later, her dolls' house. It has two stories, and the furniture is not in the least royal. In fact, the kitchen is better equipped than the other rooms. A fine supply of pewter plates and cooking utensils is among its treasures. The present caretaker of Kensington Palace shows the visitors a small box where some scraps of time-worn yellowed muslin attest the industry of baby Victoria. There is a deal of laboriously neat stitching on the dolls' house linen and clothes, and there is an apron for the doll cook which is quite a triumph in dressmaking for the chubby fingers of a four-year-old.

Victoria owned a hundred and thirty-two dolls. She must have been a tireless seamstress, for she dressed no fewer than thirty-two with her own hands. But all the art of their royal modiste did not suffice to make Victoria's dolls beautiful. They are, for the most part, little wooden creatures from four to eight inches in height, with sharp, triangular noses, and vermilion-touched cheeks. Seven boy-dolls are included in the collection, and a few rag babies with painted muslin faces. Some of the dolls are attired as court ladies with wonderfully ruffled frocks. Others are the owners of minute hemstitched pocket-handkerchiefs, with embroidered initials.

The time came when the little needle-woman put by her needle and her toys, and the princess took up the duties of a queen.

Out of this very Kensington Palace Victoria hastened, on the morning of June 20, 1837, to hear the news of her accession.

Half awake and half clad, a gray shawl thrown hastily over her nightdress, her bare feet thrust into slippers, she hurried down the wide staircase to hear the tidings that gave her to her people's service. The dolls' house and the neatly-sewed dolls' garments were put aside for ever, to fade and grow yellow during the more than threescore years of Queen Victoria's reign.

We are all by nature blind and weak and helpless, not in our bodies, but in our souls. And we are poor, too; we have nothing, and we can do nothing. This is a very sad state. We ought to be as anxious to be helped and cured as Bartimeus the blind man was. We should pray as he did: "Jesus, have mercy on us." And Jesus, who heard and answered him, will hear and answer us if we pray in faith as he did, for he says: "All things that ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

A boy was passing a saloon, and seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter in front of it, he opened the door and said, "Mister, your sign's fell down."



MR. TAKAHASHI, THE FARMER.

"He had it in a pot with verses of Scripture hung on it for the passing farmers to read."

THE STORY OF A POT OF RICE.

BY J. H. DE FOREST.

But here's a story for you, since you live in the great grain country of the Dominion of Canada. The grain of Japan, however, is not wheat or corn, but rice. And here is the charming story.

A farmer near here became a Christian two years ago, and at once began to tell his friends what a glorious thing it is to be a Christian. But they laughed at him and got sick of hearing about this new religion. So he thought and thought how to win their attention, and at last hit on this plan. He planted five or six grains of rice, carefully, one grain in each spot; then carefully manured and hoed half of them, leaving the other half to get on as best they could amid the growing weeds. For he had read the parables of Matthew, 13th chapter, and believed that the way to get at farmers' hearts would be through their farm work.

Well, the grains came up, and those that were carefully tended did splendidly, while the neglected ones did nothing but try to grow and failed. When I went there last summer he showed me what one grain of rice well cared for would do. He had it in a pot on his verandah with verses of Scripture hung on it for the passing farmers to read—about the grain that bears sixty or one hundred fold—and that was the way he drew farmers' attention to Christ's teachings. This bunch of rice that came from one grain had forty-three stalks to it and over 2,000 seeds! I was so pleased that I had it photographed in the pot, with Mr. Takahashi, the farmer. Seeing my plea-

sure he carefully dried the whole bunch, and sent it to me labelled, "God's rice," and I photographed it one afternoon on my verandah. Two little Japanese from my wife's Sunday-school got their heads taken also.

The seeds of Christian truth yield the best crop in the world. The Saviour modestly said "one hundredfold," but once in a while there comes one so skilful in sowing and tending the seed, that you can write at the end of the harvest "2,000 fold!" Here's your chance, girls and boys. Take it. Get the biggest crop out of your lives that is possible. Make your lives tell even in this far East.

A SUNDAY SEA STORY.

BY E. P. ALLAN.

What was the cloud that suddenly came over the bright faces of our little fishing party? It was Saturday evening, and the sun was dropping down behind their backs, as they stood on the long wharf jutting out into the sea, fishing for crabs.

Do you know how to fish for crabs? You have a line, and a pole if you choose, but no hook; little Bess held the line, on which was tied a scrap of raw meat, and looking down into the salt waves she presently saw a gray-colored thing, with a shell, and a strange collection of feet and legs, rise to the surface and seize hold of her bait.

Then right away, out of some deep place, there came another crab, and seized hold of the first one. This made the line so heavy that little Bess might have toppled over if it hadn't been for papa's holding on to her.

Now it was George's time. He carried the little dip-net with the open mouth, fastened to a long pole; this he now dipped down quickly under the crabs, lifting them up shining and dripping and kicking.

If you ask me what part Baby Buntin' took in the fishing, I can't tell you, except that she screamed with delight every time a crab was brought up, and a great many other times, too.

But as the sun was setting, it was time to go back to the hotel and tell about what we had done. Then the cloud I spoke of came over the faces of the crabbers.

"What's the matter, fishermen?" asked papa, looking from boy to girl.

"To-morrow is Sunday," exclaimed Bess; "mamma said we couldn't catch any crabs to-morrow."

"I wish Sunday wouldn't come to-morrow," sighed George.

"Why, little folks!" cried papa, "the sea has the most beautiful Sunday stories in the world to tell; we'll come down to the shore to-morrow, and listen for one."

With that promise they trooped back joyfully to mamma.

So, bright and early Sunday morning,

they all went off to the shore, and mamma went along this time.

"The story the sea is going to tell you today," said papa, "is of an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"O papa! you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," said papa, and he pointed to a bright-colored flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower," exclaimed mamma.

"Do you think so?" said papa. "Can a flower be afraid? Look here!" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long pink leaves had curled up, and it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide-open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked papa. "Look here!" he caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where papa said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which men call a sea-anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it saw the shrimp coming; no tongue or teeth, but it has eaten him up; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off this rock, to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another and fasten itself there. Now let us remember that God has filled the earth and sky and sea with marvels like this; and greater than this; then we can look up to him this morning and say, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all!'"



This is the bunch of rice which came from one grain, it had 43 stalks and over 2,000 seeds.