

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1902.

No. 5.

A NOVEL TRAP.

"Oh, yes! There used to be bears in this neighbourhood." And grandfather rubbed his hands, as he had a fashion of doing when by any remark or coincidence the scenes of his boyhood were recalled.

"Didn't you ever see one yourself—a real, wild one, I mean?" asked Jack, settling down into an attitude of attention.

"Yes, indeed; more than one! I remember very well the first time I saw one. I was a little shaver, not as old as you, and your great-uncle Alfred was a year and a half older than I. Among our winter's sports we snared birds and trapped rabbits, and were always getting up some new device for such purpose.

"One day we found an old iron kettle that had become cracked, and mother said was no longer of use in the kitchen; so we thought to utilize it as a trap. Now that I think of it, it strikes me that we could have used it better as a gipsy kettle for the flower garden, but that winter our minds were so bent on rabbit traps, that every new discovery seemed to be especially intended for a development in the art of capturing the little marauders who had been making havoc in our winter cabbages. And besides that, a big rabbit had actually run away with a light trap we had set. And we calculated the iron pot would prove too heavy for the biggest rabbit that ever grew.

"So we took it to the top of the hill, where we had been most successful in our game, and set it with as tall a 'figure four' as it could stand, the bait being a

tempting piece of apple. Then we left it for the night. The next morning early, Al and I, with Rover, started for the trap; but what was our surprise, just before we reached it, to see the kettle moving—evidently by the power of an animal within.

"Well, we fairly chuckled! What a big fellow we must have caught, to be sure! We were certain, though, that he

expected thing! It bobbed up higher than usual, landed on its side, and a minute later was rolling down hill at a pretty rapid rate. Rover followed, barking lustily; and we, who had been watching from the other side of the fence, soon joined the chase. But if we had been astonished to see that kettle start off down hill, we were still more astonished at the

fourth pursuer, who darted from the wood and took the lead of us all. It was an old mother bear. Perhaps it was our astonishment—or perhaps it was something else—that suddenly ended our race by a headlong sprawl in the snow.

"But we need not have been afraid. All the bear wanted was her cub, that was in the kettle. I remember yet, how almost gentle that old bear was as she helped her little one out of the trap, and they ran off to the woods.

"I've heard people say 'as cross as bear,' or 'as ugly as a bear,' but it strikes me to be a libel on the bear. A bear isn't 'cross,' or 'ugly,' unless it is driven to it by hunger, or in self defence; and the mother instinct makes her almost gentle."

Little Johnnie's papa is apt to be very forgetful. One day his wife asked him the

name of a cough medicine she wanted him to get for her. He answered: "I declare I cannot remember. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see, I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago." Little Johnnie spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, papa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."



THE MEETING ON THE BRIDGE.

could not get away from us, so we decided to wait a little distance off to see what would be the next development.

"For a while the kettle bobbed up and down in a perfectly surprising manner, while Rover kept up a furious barking, sometimes investigating closely, and again retiring to a decidedly respectful distance.

"Presently that kettle did a very un-

THE MOUSE AND THE BOY.

There was a stupid little mouse
Who once went near a trap,
And said, "If once I get inside,
I'm sure it will not snap."
But snap it did, and mouseie wailed:
"Too venturesome I've been!"
'Twas then too late, for pussy came,
And closed the tragic scene.

There was a silly little boy
Who thought that for a joke,
He'd buy a penny cigarette
And have a lovely smoke.
He got it, and he smoked away
Till things looked blue and green;
"O dear!" he groaned, and then oc-
curred
Another tragic scene.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1902.

ETHEL'S VERSE.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." That was little Ethel's text for the next Sunday, and she repeated it over and over as she walked across the sitting-room floor. Bruno, the dog, lay stretched out in front of the fire, right in Ethel's way. So it is not strange that she stumbled over him. "Blessed are the merciful," she was saying, "for—you're an ugly old dog, always in somebody's way."

With that she gave him a spiteful kick, and he, in return, bit a hole in her new dress. Then she raised the poker to strike him, but he seized it in his mouth and would not let go of it. Ethel began to cry.

"I am real glad you lost your temper,"

said her aunt, "and I hope you will now get a better one in its place."

Ethel looked up in surprise. "Where will I get it?" she asked.

"Oh, out of that verse you have just learned to say, but have not learned to practice."

"How do you know I would not practice it if I had the chance?"

"You had a first-rate chance to practice it just now on Bruno."

"What! Practice Sunday-school texts on dogs? You're making fun of me, auntie."

"No, indeed. The Bible says: 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and a merciful girl will be merciful to her dog. No Sunday-school lesson is ever learned by heart unless the horse, dog, cat or bird get the benefit of it.'"

"Why, I thought Sunday-schools were to fit people for living in heaven by and by with the angels," said Ethel.

"So they are," replied her aunt, "but you must first become fit to live on the earth with other people."

"Well, I'm sorry I kicked Bruno," said Ethel, "and I guess I'll tell him so. She went to the dog, patted him gently, gave him a hug, and he, in return, licked her hand. Before she went to bed that night she learned these lines, which she repeated to her teacher the next Sunday after she had repeated the text:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

THE DISPUTE.

"I'm a member of the 'nd of Hope," said little George, one day, and he spoke proudly. "I shall never be like Uncle George and spend all my money on drink."

"Ho! a good reason why; you haven't got any money to spend. You're as poor as I am; I only have a penny once in a great while," said Phil.

"No, I ain't like you, either," said George, "for I have lots of pennies to spend, and nickels, too, sometimes."

"What do you do with them?"

"I spend them for candy."

George made this statement very slowly, as though he knew it was not a thing to be proud of, for he had often been told by his papa that he ate too much candy.

"Then you eat up your money, while your Uncle George drinks his," said Phil. "You're about as bad as he is."

"No, I'm not, either," said George, who was ready to cry; "I'm not half as bad. I can't get drunk on candy if I ate a ton of it."

"I never said you could," replied Phil. "I only said it was as bad to eat all your money away as to drink it, and besides, you get sick eating so much candy and

cake. You know you were sick all last night. Little Mollie told me the reason, and she said you would not give her a bite, but ate every bit of it yourself."

That made George angry.

"It isn't so!" he shouted, in a loud, angry voice. His face grew red, and his grandpa, who sat on the piazza, wondered what was the matter.

"Let's go and ask your grandpa," said Phil; "he will tell you that I am right."

They went to the kind-faced old man and stated the case to him.

"Phil is nearly right," he said, "though he might have stated the case more kindly. Temperance means moderation in all good things and to let alone all bad things. The boy who spends all his money greedily for cakes and candy simply to please his stomach, who cannot deny himself, is in a fair way later on to spend his money for the drink, if his stomach craves it. I do not mean to say a child should never buy candy, but he should certainly not spend all his money for it, nor should he keep it all for himself. No one likes a greedy child."

"I'll give Mollie some next time," said George.

WHAT TROUBLED BEN.

BY RUTH JOY.

"What is the matter, Ben?" said Dr. Mason, as he rode up to the depot platform where Ben, the expressman, was loading his waggon. Ben wore a deep scowl, and was muttering to himself.

"I don't like some of the cargo I'm compelled to carry. Now look here!" and Ben held up high a good-sized brown jug. "Now, that is going to a family that would be a plagued sight better off without it; the stuff has done them enough harm already, and I don't like to be the means of carrying 'death and destruction' to anybody. I declare I would not do it if I was my own boss."

"Perhaps you're on the wrong track, Ben; the jug may contain molasses or vinegar, for all you know." The doctor's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"I only wish it did, sir; but this is whisky and no mistake. When I run my own horse and waggon I'll pick my cargo, you see if I don't. I won't take such stuff for anybody."

"You're just the one for me, Ben; if ever I have to send for whisky I'll employ you. It is safe to see you don't take toll."

He meant that Ben would not be tempted to drink any of it.

"Not I, sir!" exclaimed Ben; "I hate it too much. My father made me promise when I was a little chap that I would have nothing to do with whisky, and I put my name to the pledge as soon as I could handle a pen."

Lazy boys and warm beds are hard to part.

THE PERFECT LITTLE MAN.

Here am I, a little man,
Few may hope to beat;
Though in stature I am small
I am most complete.

Head and arms and limbs so sound,
Mouth and eyes and nose,
Saying ne'er a word about
Ten nice little toes.

Then my teeth are white as pearl;
And my pulses beat;
Full of health, I little heed
Either cold or heat.

See the width across my back!
I am growing strong;
And I hope some day to help
Weaker folks along.

What a shame now it would be,
What a sad disgrace,
If by drinking rum I marred
My sweet, smiling face.

Therefore, to protect myself
From such evil ways,
Pure cold water shall be my drink
Till I end my days.

they did at Pentecost, and they laid their hands upon their heads, and the Spirit came to these Samaritan Christians to their great joy and comfort.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Saul? A persecutor.
Whom did he persecute? The Christians.

What is it to persecute? To harm the good because they are good.

What did Saul afterwards become? An apostle of Christ.

What new name did he take? Paul.
Where were many Christians thrown? Into prison.

What did many do? Went away from Jerusalem.

Who went to Samaria? Philip, a deacon.

What followed his teaching there? Many believed.

Who was Simon? One of the new believers.

Who came to Samaria to help? Peter and John.

What did they help the Samaritans to receive? The gift of the Holy Spirit.

LESSON XI. [March 16.]

THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERTED.

Acts 8, 29-39. Memorize verses 34, 35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.—Rom. 10, 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

After teaching the Christians of Samaria, Peter and John went back to Jerusalem, but Philip went toward the South. His way led through a desert place. An angel had told him to go this way, so he knew it must be right. While he was walking through this wild, lonely country, he saw a fine carriage coming, and in it a man who looked like some great lord was reading. This man was the chief servant of the Queen of Ethiopia, and had the care of all her treasures. He had been to Jerusalem to worship, and he was reading the roll of the prophet Isaiah, for books at that time looked more like a roll of wall-paper than like our books. The Holy Spirit told Philip to ask the man if he understood what he was reading. The man was humble, and he asked Philip to ride with him and explain Isaiah's words. Read Isaiah 53 and you will see that it is a prophecy of Christ. The Ethiopian believed all that Philip said, and then asked Philip to baptize him, which he was glad to do. Then the new believer went home to tell his queen the good news. So the Gospel was carried into Africa.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who told Philip to go through a desert place? An angel.

Whom did he meet there? A nobleman in a carriage.

Who was he? Treasurer of the Queen of Ethiopia.

Where had he been? To Jerusalem to worship.

What was he reading? The prophecy of Isaiah.

What troubled him? He could not understand it.

What did Philip do? He told him what it meant.

What did he tell him? The story of Jesus and his love.

Did the nobleman believe? Yes, with all his heart.

What did he ask Philip to do? To baptize him.

Where did he carry the good news? Home to Africa.

What did Philip do? Went to tell the story to some one else.

TRUE STORY OF JOHNNY AND JACKSON.

BY ROXANA WINCE.

"Here, Johnny, I have some good stuff to drink; come, you can have some, too," said Jackson, the big boy at the tavern on the hill, to a little fellow who had stopped to get warm on his way to school.

"No," said Johnny. "I won't. I don't drink whisky; I never shall." Then, for fear that Jackson might try to make him do what he did not wish to, he put on his cap and ran on, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the little frame schoolhouse.

Brave little Johnny! He told the story to his dear mamma when he came home at night, and she was glad and thankful that her son, young as he was, had not yielded to temptation. He never did; and probably never would have yielded had he lived to be a man; he died when almost thirteen years of age.

But Jackson? The whisky and cider were in his father's cellar. He drank whenever he chose. His father drank and the men who stopped over night, when on their way to the big city, drank. He could see no harm in it. He kept on drinking. He grew to be a man. He had a good mind. He had talents. He had learned much at school. He was pleasant and agreeable in his way, and had many friends.

He made money. He built a beautiful home. The years went on. He drank more every year, and by and by he lost his pretty home. His only son, too, learned to drink. His wife died. The drink hurt Jackson's brain and nerves. He became blind. By and by he could walk no more. Then he forgot where he was and wanted to go home. He cried like a little baby. Poor Jackson was perfectly helpless now; he could do nothing, knew nothing, and so they took him to an asylum, where he lived but a few months. Let whisky and all strong drink alone, dear boys and girls—it will ruin you, as it did Jackson. Be like Johnny, say "No, I won't."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON X. [March 9.]

THE DISCIPLES SCATTERED.

Acts 8, 3-15. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8, 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Stephen's death, although heaven opened to him as he stood among them, the wicked Jews would not believe, but grew more cruel to the Christians every day. Saul, the young man who stood near at Stephen's death, was doing all he could to put men and women in prison. Many believers went away to other places, but the apostles went to Jerusalem and taught the religion of Jesus. One of the deacons named Philip went to Samaria and preached and did some wonderful miracles. These things helped the people to believe what he told them about Jesus. One of his converts was a deceiver named Simon. He could use strange arts which ignorant people thought came from God, though they really came from Satan, but he was baptized and followed Philip. When the apostles at Jerusalem heard that the Samaritans received the Gospel they sent Peter and John there. When they came they prayed earnestly that these new believers might receive the Holy Spirit as



GOOD FRIENDS.

A GENTLEMANLY BOY.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve;
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the name,
"A gentlemanly boy."

A bright little girl, upon being asked what sort of a spirit that of the Pharisee was, replied: "It was doing a good thing, and then feeling big over it."

GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY L. PENNEY.

Grandma Barton had an early caller. She had scarcely finished her breakfast one morning when in walked Jennie with her hands full of flowers, which she gave to the old lady with a loving kiss. It was grandma's birthday. The old lady loves flowers and pretty things, so why should she not have them as well as young people? Jennie wanted to be the first one to wish her much joy, and "many happy returns of the day." Before she left, her cousin Bessie came with a pretty handkerchief for a birthday gift, and her sister Lucy brought a box of candy.

These gifts pleased the old lady, and the tears would come to her eyes, in spite of the efforts to keep them away. The children love to hear her tell stories and relate what she did when she was a girl. That morning she described the dresses and hats she used to wear, and they said she must have looked "very queer." "No, indeed," said the old lady, "I looked just as nice in those days as you do now, because it was the custom to dress that way. In one hundred years from now your style of dress will seem just as odd to the people who live then as my dresses of seventy years ago seem odd to you."

She spoke of other customs that to the

children seemed very wrong indeed. She said, "Things have changed for the better in some ways, and I am very glad. When I was young the minister always expected to be treated to a glass of whisky punch or wine whenever he called on his people. Whenever there was a death, the friends who called or went to the funeral service were always asked to have some whisky or wine. It was the custom to have a bountiful supply ready for the friends. My mother always had cherry-bounce in the house. She used to make it herself, and always gave it to her guests when she had company. I took some on the sly once and mother gave me a severe whipping."

"I think you deserved it," said Bessie.

"Yes, I think I did. Whisky punch and such drinks are dangerous things to have around where there are children, and I am glad things are different in these days."

"So am I," said Lucy. "We are temperance at our house."

JIMMY'S CHILD.

Lucy Roome was taken up for vagrancy in the great city. The austere judge said "Who claims that child?"

A little boy stepped forward and said, "I do, sir."

"What is your name?" said the judge.

The boy said, "I am her brother."

"Officer, take the girl."

"Oh, judge, do not take her from me; she is all that I have to love in the world!"

"If you will get some good man to be your security you can have her, but I cannot give her to you," said the judge.

The honest little fellow, with tear in his eyes, walked up close to his poor sister, and said:

"Sir, I have no one to give. I did take care of her till the man I worked for died, and while I was looking up a place she begged some bread and they took her up; but now I have a good place, where I get three dollars a week, and I will put her to school. I have no security, but I do not lie, nor swear, nor drink, and I work hard. Judge, will you please let me kiss her before you take her from me?"

The judge wept, and said, "Take her, my boy; I will be your security."

Hand in hand they left the court-room, Jimmy Roome to make a successful and useful man, and his sister to be a most excellent lady.

THE VERDICT OF A LITTLE LADY.

Little Lillie D., just four years old, was looking out of the front window one day, and hearing some of the company around her mark on the handsome appearance of some passing person, gave her opinion in this wise: "I sinks any gemman wid a cigar in his mouth always looks ugly!"