

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1905.

No. 2.

TOWSER'S REWARD.

Sometimes Fannie and Arthur were allowed to skate on the little lake in the Park. Towser always went with them.

One day, what do you think they did? They fastened a strong string to the dog's collar, and he drew them along on their

going past a liquor saloon, the door of which was wide open. The dog, not knowing any better, went in, but his little master was soon after him with the following good advice: "Come out of there, Sport! Don't be disgracing the family."

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He always had something in his pocket for Gracie. This time it was a big sweet apple.

"But you must ask your mother if you can eat it," said he.

Mother said "Yes," and the little girl



TOWSER'S REWARD.

skates. Fanny gave him her muff to carry. When they told their mamma about it, she said:

"Well, I think you worked that dog pretty hard. You ought to make it up to him in some way."

They made it up to him by letting him have the warmest place before the fire and by giving him a good supper before they even touched their own.

A little boy, with his dog Sport, says a writer in *The Children's Visitor*, was

A FUNNY DENTIST.

Gracie had a loose tooth.

"That tooth must come out," said her mother.

"Oh, no!" cried Gracie. "It'll hurt!"

"Because, pretty soon, another little tooth will come pushing along behind it," went on mother, "and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"Oh, no!" cried the little girl again, and she put her hand tight over her mouth, and ran out to play in the yard.

sat down by the window to eat her apple. It was a very sweet apple and Gracie enjoyed it very much. All at once she gave a little cry:

"Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mother, sure's you live!"

"Oh, I guess not," said mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Gracie, "it's just as white and hard, mother."

A twinkle came into mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she, and Gracie showed it to her. "Go and look

into your mouth, dear," mother said then.

"Oh, mother," cried Gracie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was. Why-ee! did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed, and then Gracie laughed too.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1905.

THE LARCH TREE.

A FAIRY TALE.—BY H. M. L.

Once there grew a beautiful maple-tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade.

But when autumn came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright!" The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner.

She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if it do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow, like mine!"

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

The good fairy of the park passed by just then and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy?" The larch replied, "I only sighed because the

maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said:

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you for ever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his leaves contentedly.

In a few days the bright maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth, and left the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone.

Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed.

So they said, "Let us call the larch an 'evergreen!'" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round!

FATHER KNOWS.

Harry was standing near, and as his father opened a box and took some packages out, he laid them on the little boy's arm.

As parcel after parcel was piled up, a little friend of Harry's who was beside him said, "Harry, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Harry, happily, "father knows how much I can carry." Brave, trustful little fellow! There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in him that God desires all his children to possess.

EVERY DAY.

Growing every day in awe,
For God's name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

LILLIAN'S SNOWBALL PARTY.

"The boys are having such fun! I want to go out and play snowball, too," whined five-year-old Lillian, as she sat at the window watching her brothers, Harold and Frank, who were having a sham fight in the yard.

"It is too cold for my little girlie to play out of doors. How would you like a snowball party in the house?" inquired mamma.

"In the house!" repeated Lillian. "Why, it would wet everything all over, and, besides, who could I have at my party?"

"Oh, I will invite the guests," said mamma, looking very mysterious.

"Will you ask the boys to bring in the snow?"

Mamma laughed. "No, I am going to make some," and Lillian watched her curiously as she went to the closet and brought out some sheets of white tissue paper. She clipped it into tiny shreds, and then began rolling them into balls, which resembled those the boys were making in the yard.

"Oh, I see," said Lillian, dancing about her mother in great glee. "Now who is coming to my party?"

Her mother went out, and soon returned with old Glossy's two white kittens.

"Is that all?" laughed Lillian, but her mother went out again and came in with Frisk and Far, Gyp's funny little puppies.

Lillian tossed the snowballs to each in their turn, and they all entered into the spirit of the fun, as much as the little girl herself. When the boys came into the kitchen presently to warm their hands, she invited them into the sitting-room to see how she could play snowballing in a warm room.

IN THE MULBERRY TREE.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There's a little boy lives in the mulberry tree—

In the very tip-top, tip-top;
And his mother is holding her apron, for he
May drop when the mulberries drop—
Drop—drop—
From the very tip-top!
Drop when the mulberries drop!

Why does he live in the top o' the tree?
That's what the boys want to know—
Such a dear little, queer little fellow as he,
Way up where the mulberries grow!
Drop—drop—
From the very tip-top!
O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

Once he was home with his mother and all,
As good as the boys ever be,
But he couldn't just wait for the berries to fall,
So the wind blew him into the tree!
Drop—drop—
From the very tip-top!
O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

And the birds built a nest, and they hid him away,
And that's why he stays in the tree;
And his mother is holding her apron all day,
And a very sad mother is she!
Drop—drop—
From the very tip-top!
O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

MR. SOMEBODY.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

My little one came to me weeping, weeping,

Over her bright cheeks the bright tears creeping:

"Oh! mamma, 'tis raining and pouring away!

We cannot go to the picnic to-day."

I took the darling up in my lap,
And tried to make light of the great mishap:

"Be patient, my child, with the rain; for oh!

It makes Mr. Somebody's garden grow.
Yes, it makes Mr. Somebody's garden grow."

My little one came to me sighing, sighing,
Almost ready again for crying:
"Oh! mamma, the sun is so fiery hot,
The flowers I planted have died on the spot."

I took the darling up on my knee,
And kissed and spoke to her cheerily:
"Be glad, my child, of the sun to-day!
It helps Mr. Somebody make his hay.
Yes, it helps Mr. Somebody make his hay."

There's many a thing that may seem
"quite too bad!"

For this little lass or that little lad;
But the thing that to you may the hardest be,

May fill Mr. Somebody's heart with glee.
Yes! may fill Mr. Somebody's heart with glee.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 5.

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 5-14. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

John, the beloved disciple, wrote the gospel that is called his when he was an old man, and though the Word is the Lord's, yet John could remember his days with Jesus, and this little journey that he took with him from Jerusalem to Galilee. Samaria lay between, and when the three days' journey was half done they came to Jacob's well. This was an old and very deep well that you might see to-day if you were there. It is the one that Jacob "gave to his son Joseph." Jesus sat down upon the rocky curb of the well while the dis-

ciples went into the village of Sychar to buy food. When a woman came to draw water, Jesus, who longed to give her life, asked her for a drink, that he might tell her about the water of life. She was surprised that he spoke to her, and asked him why he did it. Then he told her plainly that he had living water to give to her. How beautifully he talked to her about that well of water that springs up "into everlasting life" in the human soul!

He said much more to her which is not in our lesson to-day, and the woman believed that he was a prophet. She was a sinful woman, and a Pharisee would not have spoken to her; but Jesus came to save sinners, and he told this woman how she might worship God truly from the heart without going to Jerusalem or to their own sacred mountain. He also told her that he was the Messiah, or the Christ. How different was Jesus, though he was the King of kings, from the proud and selfish Pharisee!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go from Jerusalem? To Galilee.

What country did he pass through? Samaria.

Where did he stop to rest? At Jacob's well.

Near what town was it? Near Sychar. Who came to draw water? A Samaritan woman.

What did Jesus ask of her? A drink. What did he wish to offer her? The water of life.

Was she surprised? Yes. Why? Because the Jews do not deal with Samaritans.

Could she understand about the living water? No.

How does it cure thirst? It satisfies the soul.

Did the woman want it? Yes.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 12.

THE SECOND MIRACLE IN CANA.

John 4. 43-54. Memorize verses 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The same works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me.—John 5. 36.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Jesus had been in the town of Sychar, in Samaria, for two days, preaching the Gospel of the new Christian Church, he went on into Galilee, and came to Cana, where he made the water wine. He was able to do another blessed and beautiful thing there—he gave to a father his son, who was about to die. It was a nobleman of Cana, whose son was sick down in Capernaum by the lake. When he heard that Jesus was coming, he went to meet him, and begged him to come down and heal his son. Jesus wanted to see if the nobleman had real faith, so he

said, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will in no wise believe." But the nobleman had only one thought. "Sir, come down," he said, "ere my child die." Then Jesus was satisfied, and said, "Go thy way: thy son liveth."

Some men would not have believed that, but the nobleman did, and went away satisfied. As he came near Capernaum his servants came to meet him and to tell him that his son was living; and when he asked them when he began to get better, they said, "Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him." What a strange, yet joyful, feeling the father must have had as he remembered that it was just at that very hour that Jesus had said, "Thy son liveth"! This nobleman and all his household became the friends of Jesus and believers in his Gospel.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Whom did Jesus meet in Cana? A nobleman.

What was he, probably? A Roman officer.

What did he want? He wanted Jesus to heal his son.

Where was his son? In Capernaum.

What did Jesus do? He tried his faith.

What did he find? That he truly trusted him.

What were Jesus' words to him? "Thy son liveth."

Where did the nobleman then go? To see his son.

Whom did he meet? His servants.

What did they tell him? That his son was alive.

When did he begin to get better? On the day before at the seventh hour.

What had the father heard at that hour? The promise of Jesus.

DOROTHY'S OPINION.

Mamma has bought a calendar,
And every single page
Has pictures on of little girls,
'Most just about my age.

And when she bought it yesterday,
Down at the big bazaar,
She said, "What lovely little girls!
How true to life they are!"

But I don't think they're true to life,
And I'll just tell you why:
They never have a rumpled frock,
Or ribbon bow awry.

And though they play with cats and dogs
And rabbits and white mice,
And sail their boats and fly their kites,
They always look so nice.

And I am sure no little girl
That ever I have seen,
Could play with dogs or sail a boat,
And keep her frock so clean.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



TIMID LITTLE BETTY.
 Don't be frightened, Betty dear,
 Nobody can harm you here.
 Mother is not far away,
 And she told you you must stay
 Quietly and without fear
 Till she came and found you here.
 So be patient, dear, and wait,
 For though mother may be late,
 Yet you know she's fond and true,
 And you know that she loves you.
 So cheer up, don't be afraid,
 Betty, bonny little maid!

A LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you seen very many little people? Of course you have, and you think you belong to the little people, and so you do. Perhaps you remember seeing a dwarf or the little persons called midgets, but there are other little creatures who are not human beings, who live in tribes and settlements and build houses for themselves, so we may call them a little people.

When you see a whole tribe of ants working steadily to build a house, do you not think they deserve to be called a little people? In the country you can often see a big mound which these little people have built. They are never idle, and the Bible speaks of their industry, and tells the



stuggard or very lazy persons to learn a lesson from them.

In some countries they eat ants. The Africans eat them, stewed in butter, but the ants are much larger than those we have here. But what do you think of a dish of buttered ants? No doubt you would be very hungry before you would eat of this dish, but in our country the ants eat

up many of the good things we keep in the store-room and pantry. Do they not eat your mother's preserves? Watch the orchards and see how they gather on the fruit and even on the vegetables.

But these little people have a great deal of wisdom. They make plans and travel from place to place and build houses for themselves, which shows that they have a great deal of sense for such small bodies.

I must tell you something which proves that they have something very much like what we call reason. A lady found one day that the ants were in her preserved peaches and blackberry jam, and to save her peaches she set the legs of the table on which the jars stood in pans of water. One day, when she was in the pantry, she saw a long procession of ants marching in single file, one behind the other, toward the table which held the jars. Of course they meant to crawl up the legs of the table and eat the sweets in the jars. But when the ant who was at the head of the line saw the water, and knew that he could not cross it, for ants cannot swim, he turned round and faced the others, and acted very much as if he said, "We cannot eat these sweet things because we cannot cross the water." The news must have been told all along the line, for every ant turned round, and the procession marched back the way they came. In hot climates the ants grow to a large size, and sometimes you will see a great many mounds all in a row, or grouped together like houses in a city. Some men who have studied the habits and nature of ants, say that they are deaf and do not hear the loudest sounds, but this is not known to be a fact. They do have smell and taste: see how soon they will find a lump of sugar if you leave it on the shelf in the pantry. There are red ants and black ants, but all of them have a sting. Did you ever feel it?



ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working, Joe swept up the shop.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe into town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents, Joe?"

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

