

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1904.

No. 3.

MY PUSSY.

I have been an invalid many years, most of the time confined to my bed. And sometimes I was obliged to be alone, sister said, "How would you like a kitten to keep you company?"

"Very much," I said. So next time sister came down from the country to see me she handed me a little paper bag, and when I opened it I saw just the prettiest kitten; and when it snuggled up to me and went to sleep on my arm, I was very much pleased.

Sister said, "Kitty behaved very well on the cars; she never said one word. Every one thought it a very nice cat."

I found her very well behaved, and good company she was; for as I could not go downstairs, she never did, and often she would play such funny tricks she would make me laugh even when I was in great pain and hardly able to hold up my head.

I tied a little bell around her neck with a ribbon, because she had one naughty trick; she would not come when she was called, just like some naughty children. After a while she began to get sick, and as I had often heard

my father say cats grew sick if they had ribbons tied around their necks, I took off the bell and kept it on a table by me.

Then when I wanted pussy I would ring the bell, and I wish you could have

seen her come, running and jumping, mewling and looking up in my face as much as to say, "Well, what do you want now?"

laugh and say, "What a funny cat!" One day the cat had been absent from the room for a long time, and where do you think he found her? She was tucked

away as nicely as she could be in an old winter shoe in the closet. How Harry did laugh, and his laughing waked her. He brought the shoe with kitty in it for me to see. I was very sick that day, but I really think that very funny sight made me feel better than I had for some time.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Did you know, dear children, that the story about "Mary's lamb, whose fleece was white as snow," was a really true one? It is. The little girl is an old lady now, but she loves to tell about the little lamb that she petted when she was little. It is quite true that it learned to love her because she loved it and was kind to it. If we want people to love us, we must love them. If we are cross, and say ugly things, and think only about our own happiness, people will not love us, and we cannot be very happy, even when we try most to be. Even a cat, or a dog, knows when we are kind to it, and I

have seen a dog that would snap at a cross person, play gently and kindly with one who was kind to it. If our hearts are right toward God, we shall love every one of the creatures he has made.



MY PUSSY.

Sometimes my little nephew would come to see me, and he would say, "Aunt Mary, please ring that bell; I want to see pussy come."

She always came; then how he would

IMPORTANT LESSONS.

Just to be tender, just to be true ;
 Just to be glad the whole day through ;
 Just to be merciful, just to be mild ;
 Just to be trustful as a child ;
 Just to be gentle, and kind, and sweet ;
 Just to be helpful with willing feet ;
 Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
 Just to drive sadness away with a song.
 Whether the hour is dark or bright ;
 Just to be loyal to God and right ;
 Just to believe that God knows best ;
 Just in his promise ever to rest ;
 Just to let love be our daily key ;
 This is God's will for you and for me.

—Selected.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1904.

CLIMBING UP.

Baby had thrown away her dolly, unbuttoned her own shoes, and pulled pussy's tail until Pussy ran away where baby could not catch her. Then the bright eyes looked about for something else to do. Gracie ought to have been watching the little one, but she was studying a picture book instead; and baby, finding the door unfastened, crept out into the hall.

"Why, where is baby?" mamma asked, coming in two or three minutes later.

A merry little laugh sounded from the hall, and baby was found half-way up the stairs, and brought back in time to save her from a fall.

"Baby wants to do what our Sunday-school teacher told us yesterday," said Gracie; "climb a little higher." Teacher said that every good deed lifted us a little

higher, and every bad habit overcome was a step to climb on.

"So when Gracie learns to forget her own pleasure and take care of her little sister she will have climbed above a step of selfishness and will stand on the higher one of usefulness," said mamma.

POLITENESS.

"O, he's just as polite!" said little Mabel ecstatically. "He picks up things, and runs for things, and says: 'Excuse me.'"

"Who?" I asked.

"That Carver boy," she said, pointing to a handsomely dressed little fellow across the room.

"That boy!" I cried. "Why I'm visiting at his house, and he bangs the door, and whistles while his mother is talking, and says, 'Don't bother me' when she asks him to shut the window. Are you sure it is that boy?"

"Yes," answered Mabel mournfully; "though folks do say his manners are all put on away from home."

Just so. When do you put on your manners, and when do you take them off.—Selected.

A LITTLE BOY'S DOINGS.

It is only a few years since our missionaries were first allowed to preach the Gospel in the kingdom of Corea. Perhaps the very first Gospel seeds were sown by a converted Chinese lad, who had learned in one of the mission schools at Ningpo to love the Saviour. When he was about nine years old, his father took him with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Korean capital. While there the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who gave him to his wife as a present. He became her page, and would often try to tell of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but she would not listen.

One day this woman's dear little baby girl died. She felt very sorrowful and lonely. Then she remembered the words her little page had said about the love of Jesus. She called the boy to her, and asked him to tell the story again. Day by day did this little Christian lad talk of the Saviour, until his mistress came to believe in and love Jesus as her Friend and Redeemer.

Do any of you speak of Jesus to those who know him not? See what the little Chinese boy, only nine years old, could do; and how he taught the rich and noble lady to love Jesus, and then ask yourself: "What can I do for my Saviour?"

Truth is a plant that grasps the soil and seeks the sun. From a firm foundation it rises higher and higher.

GOD'S DAY.

Daisy is a little girl. When she comes down to breakfast on Sabbath morning it is usually with a more winsome smile than usual on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

"I wonder how it is, mamma," said Mr. Denton one day, "that our Daisy is so much happier on Sabbaths than on week-days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely from her place on her father's knee: "You see, papa, the Sabbath is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

"Bless you, dear," said the father tenderly; "it's right for you to do so, and for everybody else to do likewise."—S. S. Advocate.

SOMETHING WHICH MAY BE LOST.

A wee little maid, with a bright little face,
 Climbing up on the railing one day
 Which guarded the pansies—a slip and a fall,

And down 'mid the blossoms she lay.
 No very bad bruises were found on her knees,

And very few tears in her eyes;
 "The child lost her balance," grandma declared;
 May listened in wondering surprise.

They missed her, and down in the pansies she knelt,

Now peering first this way and that;
 "Tis gone! some one stole it," she calmly announced,

Looking up from the depths of her hat,
 "And what did you drop?" asked her mamma, surprised

(And kissed the cheeks all aglow);
 They laughed at her answer and kissed her again;

"My balance—I lost it, you know."

DAVY'S BATTLES.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. "Oh, dear!" he said, "a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin."

"You are mistaken, Davy," said his sister Ella; "there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women."

"How?" asked Davy.
 "You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey."

"I believe that I will try, sis," said Davy.

"Here is a verse that will help," said Ella; "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door,
In a House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order—
Ev'ry book is in its place
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
With a lily on his breast.

—*Munsey's.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 7.

A SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM.

Mark 1. 21-34. Memorize verses 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He laid his hands on every one of them and healed them.—Luke 4. 40.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus called Peter and Andrew and James and John—two pairs of brothers—they left all to follow him. James and John left their fishing boat and nets to their father Zebedee, who had servants to help him. We do not know who had the boat of Peter and Andrew, but we do know that they thought it so great an honour to follow Jesus in the work of the Gospel that they did not care for the boats. They first followed Jesus to Capernaum, and there Jesus went into a synagogue and taught. He talked like one who had great power, and the people were astonished.

There was a man in the synagogue who had an evil spirit, and he cried out against Jesus, calling him the Holy One of God. Jesus said, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him," and after loud cries and struggles it came out of the man. The people were greatly excited over this, and the news spread over Galilee. Peter and Andrew lived in this city, and they all went to their house. There they found Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever, but when Jesus took her hand the fever left her, and she rose up and helped to wait on Jesus and the disciples. At sunset their door was crowded with people who brought their sick friends to Jesus, and he healed a great many, and cast out evil spirits also, for he had come from the wilderness in the "power of the Spirit." The evil spirits knew who Jesus was and wanted to tell everybody, but Jesus did not permit them to do so because he had no need of the testimony of evil persons or spirits.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What had the four disciples left to follow Jesus? All they had.

Where did they go first? To Capernaum.

What day was it? The Sabbath.

Where did they go? To the synagogue.

What did Jesus do? He taught the people.

What miracle did he perform? He cast out an evil spirit.

Where did they go after this? To Peter's house.

Who was sick there? Peter's wife's mother.

Could Jesus help her? Yes; he cured her.

What was her disease? A fever.

Who came to Jesus at sunset? Crowds of people.

What did he do for them? He healed their sick.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 14.

JESUS FORGIVES SINS.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

If Jesus had power over the body to heal it and raise it up out of death he had the same power over the spirit. It is a much more dreadful thing to have a soul diseased with sin than to have a body sick and ready to die, and it was to cure us of sin that our Lord came into the world. It was in Capernaum where he had healed so many sick bodies that he showed the people that his work was the cure of souls. While he was teaching in a house so full of people that no one could enter, four men took a sick friend to the flat top of the house, and, lifting up a part of the roof,

let the man down, still lying on his little bed, just in front of Jesus. It pleased Jesus to see such faith and earnestness, and he said to the sick man, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Some who heard this thought it very strange that this man should forgive sin, for they did not know that he was God as well as man. He knew their thoughts and answered them. But he knew too that they must see a miracle in order to believe, and he told the sick man to rise and take his bed and go to his own house. This he did, and the unbelieving scribes went away saying, "We never saw it in this fashion!" Was this the greater miracle of the two which Jesus had performed? No—it is a much greater thing to cure the soul of sin than to cure the body of palsy, and Jesus had just cured this poor man's soul as well as his body. Jesus did not heal the man's body until after he had said to him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," because it was more important to have his sins forgiven than to be well.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus teaching? In Capernaum.

What else did he do? He healed many sick people.

Where did he teach one day? In a house.

Who was brought to Jesus? A man sick of palsy.

Who brought him? Four men.

How did they bring him? On a little mattress.

Could they get near to Jesus? No.

What did they do? They took him to the house-top.

What then? They opened the roof and let the man down before Jesus.

What did Jesus do? He forgave his sins.

What did the people think? That this was wrong.

What did Jesus then do? He cured the sick man.

THE TAILOR BIRD.

Perhaps the most interesting of all birds' nests is that of the tailor bird, of India. It selects a large, sound leaf; and, after it makes small holes in each side with its beak, it draws them together with a thread of long grass. If the first leaf is too small, it brings another and sews the two together. When this is done it builds a soft, downy nest inside. This is always suspended from the end of a slender twig, to keep it out of the reach of any mischievous animals. It is told that the tailor bird not only sews, but will also make a knot in the end of the thread to prevent it from slipping through. There is a bird in Europe called the fantail warbler, which sews a covering for its nest, but it uses a short thread which will reach across but once, and this it ties in a secure knot.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

A SNOW MAN IN DISTRESS.

A snow man stood in our back yard,
His face was all awry,
For he tried to scan the heavy clouds
As he cocked up his weather eye,
And he winked and blinked with a
troubled face
At the snowflakes hurrying by.

"O dear!" he sighed, "where are those
boys?"

How could they run away,
And leave me here in a driving storm,
This dreadful winter's day,
Hello there, girls! I'm taking cold,
Please bring an umbrella, I say."

A LITTLE TRUANT.

BY M. MACTAVISH.

Bertie Benson was a little kindergarten boy. It was quite a long walk from his home to the school. He had to go down the road for some way till he came to the sidewalk, and then on four blocks more to his school. But Bertie loved his teacher, and was very proud of being a schoolboy and carrying a school bag, so he did not mind the walk.

One hot morning, though, he stopped when he came to the little stream that ran across the road, and stood for a while watching the tiny fish.

Then he thought, "How much nicer it would be to sail boats here than to sit in a hot room!" And though he knew he should not, he turned and followed the stream instead of going on to school.

By and by he saw some large white birds ahead of him. They were geese,

but Bertie did not know that, so he called "Oh! what big chickens!" and ran toward them.

Then something terrible happened. All these big birds ran right at him, stretching out their necks and calling fiercely, "Sh-s-s!"

Some of them even came near enough to peck at his bare knees.

Poor Bertie turned and fled, his eyes big with fear, and did not stop until he reached his mother's arms. There he sobbed out his story.

"They all called 'Shame! Shame!' I wonder how they knew?" he said, as he finished.

"Knew what, dear?" asked his mother.
"That I didn't go to school," Bertie ex-

plained. "That was why they shamed me."

His mother smiled. "I think it was something in my little boy's heart that called 'Shame!' It always does when we do what is wrong."

"Does it," said Bertie, "what makes it?"

"God put it there to tell us when we go wrong, and if we would always stop when it tells us, we would save ourselves a lot of trouble."

"Well," said Bertie, "I'm going straight to school after this, and then nobody can say 'Shame' to me for that, at any rate."

And he kept his word.

GETTING OVER BEING CROSS.

Do you know the turtledove song? Two little boys were looking "mad" at each other in school one day, and their teacher started some poetry lines, and all the children helped her to say them over very softly:

"Two little turtledoves never quarrelled in their nest;

For they loved each other dearly, though they loved their mother best.

Are you gentle? are you kind? as children ought to be;

Then the happiest of nests is your own nursery."

The little fellows hung their heads, and then laughed, and then forgot what it had all been about. When you are a little mad maybe the pretty verses will help you, but when you are having a real fight with a cross temper you will need something better. Will these Bible words do? "Be kindly affectioned one to another;" "Little children, love one another."



