

HAPPY DAYS

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

No. 24.



THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

With needle in hand, and workbox and scissors close by, this little housewife is making ready to mend the dresses of her different dolls. One doll is on her lap and probably needs looking after more than the others, or perhaps she is the favourite child of this little mother and so comes in

first for the necessary operation of trying on her new dress.

On the floor we can see two more dolls waiting to be attended to; one a boy and the other a little girl. They, too, will get attended to in their turn, and when all the sewing and cutting are over the little

family will look as neat and well-dressed as any other family ever did or will. So many little girls let their dolls go to rack and ruin, dressing them badly and never cleaning them, that we are sure this little woman will develop as she grows up into a most useful and energetic woman.

A CHILD'S REASON.

'Twas Christmas week, the wintry light
Faded to darkness, dull and drear;
"These are," I said, half to myself,
"The shortest days in all the year."

Across our darling's childish face
Passed the quick shadow of a thought,
Then suddenly she brightly smiled,
As though she found the thing she sought.

And said, "I know the reason why;
It's 'cause the little girls like me
Wish it was Christmas, so the Lord
Makes the days shorter purposely!"

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WHAT A PENNY DID.

In a missionary meeting in England one of the speakers related an anecdote of a little boy who, having heard it said that for every penny subscribed a verse of Scripture might be translated into a foreign language, went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny, and be the means of translating a verse; "and," said the little fellow, "I should wish it to be that verse, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

At the same meeting another speaker arose and stated that Rev. Daniel Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras, was one day sent to visit a dying Brahmin. He went, expecting to find him sunk in all the darkness of heathenism and superstition. To his surprise he found him a true believer in Christ, and rejoicing in the hope of heaven. Mr. Corrie inquired how he

had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. "Do you remember," said the poor man, "distributing verses of Scripture at such a place?" naming the village where he lived. "You gave one to me, and the verse was 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That verse was the means of my conversion."

THE DEAD SEA-GULL.

Alice and Herbert lived at the seashore. Their father owned a sailing boat, and used to take people from the hotels out fishing and gunning and sailing.

The children loved the sand and the sea as few do who are not born and brought up by the great ocean.

They used to look for shells and seaweeds, and carry them home in a basket to their mother, who made pretty boxes and covered them with the shells; and pictures of the seaweed with shell frames. She sold them to the ladies who came down to the sea-shore for the summer.

The children loved the few birds that lived by the sea; the sandpipers and plovers and wild ducks, and especially the great sea-gulls, with their soft grey and white feathers and their big, strong beaks. They liked to watch them swoop down, seize a clam, carry it up into the air with their strong beaks, drop it from a height, fly down and tear open the broken shell and eat the clam.

One day they had been gathering shells for their mother, when they came upon a dead sea-gull on the beach. On its white breast was a large spot of blood.

"Oh! who could have shot a sea-gull?" exclaimed Alice. "They are not good to eat, and they do no harm to anybody. So what excuse could any one have for killing it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert. "I do know it is cruel to destroy an innocent bird just for sport."

"I did hear that ladies used the breast of gulls for trimming their hats, but I don't see how they could do it. They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they loved birds as much as I do."

"Maybe they don't think," said Herbert. "Anyhow, we must go home now. So good-bye, poor bird."

LATIN OR ROMAN?

"Charley," asked little Lotty the other day, when her twelve-year-old brother was studying his Latin lesson, "did anybody ever speak Latin for real?"

"To be sure they did," returned Charley, grandly; "it was the language of ancient Rome."

"Oh!" said Lotty, much impressed. Soon she looked up from her dolly again; "Charley, I should think they would 'a

spoken Roman in Rome. Why didn't they?"

"Because they didn't want to," answered Charley, not exactly knowing what else to say.

"Oh! But—Charley!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Where was Lat?"

"Where was *what*, you little chatter-box?"

"Why, *Lat*, where they talked Latin, you know."

"Oh, go downstairs, and don't bother me!" exclaimed the puzzled young gentleman. "Don't you see I'm trying to study my lesson? Run down and play with Jenny."

Lotty went, like a dutiful little sister. But that evening Master Charles, who had had a talk with his teacher after school, took the child on his lap, and asked her if she remembered what she had asked him in the morning.

"I asked you for candy," answered Lottie, quickly.

"Yes, I know you did. But what else? Don't you remember you wanted to know where the Latin language came from?"

"Oh, yes; so I did."

"Well, Lotty, it was originally spoken by the Latins, a people of ancient Latium, in Italy, and afterward introduced into the Roman Empire."

Lotty nodded brightly, and ran off to kiss papa for good-night.

Noble Charles! Well, both of them had learned something that day, so there was no harm done; but the teacher did not know that it was Lotty's inquiring young mind he was admiring when he patted Master Charley's head.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

To the poor wanderer upon the snowy moor, how welcome is the light which leads him at last to his own cottage door. The Editor of the HAPPY DAYS was once lost on the ice, on Rice Lake, a mile from shore. His horse broke through the ice, and in the rain and fog he could not tell where the landing was. At last he caught a gleam of light in a window, and keeping it in view, got safe to shore, and got help to rescue his poor and drowning horse. Let us keep a light in the window of our lives, by shining deeds of love that may lead others to home, and happiness, and heaven. "Let your light so shine before men," says the Saviour, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently or imperceptibly as we wake or sleep we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—*Westcott*.

THE TRADESPEOPLE.

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work;
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His house high up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practises
The basketmaker's trade,
See what a cradle for his young
The little thing has made!

Of all the weavers that I know
The chaffinch is the best;
High on the apple-tree he weaves
A cosy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller;
A skilful workman he!
Of wool and threads he makes a nest
That you would like to see.

The cuckoo laughs to see them work;
"Not so," he says, "we do:
My wife and I take others' nests,
And live at ease—cuckoo!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON IX. [Dec. 1.

THE CALL OF MOSES.

Exod. 3. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Certainly I will be with thee.—Exod. 3. 12.

THE LESSON STORY.

The little Moses was so fortunate as to be in the care of his mother during the first years of his life, and she taught him to believe in the true God. It is what we learn when little children that stays with us longest, and this is why your Sunday-school teachers want you to learn the Word of God now. So, although Moses grew up in the palace of a heathen king, he did not forget the God of Israel. The wish to set his own people free grew strong in his heart, and once he tried to do so, but did not succeed. After this he went into the land of Midian and became a shepherd. All the time the feeling was deep in his heart that he must deliver his people from bondage.

But when the time came, and God called him to go, Moses was afraid. He thought of the cruel Egyptians and their great power, and he thought that perhaps his own people would not believe that God had sent him. Then he thought how small and weak he was, and it is no wonder he was afraid. He forgot how great God is.

Learn the Golden Text, and see if you do not think that would give courage.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What was Moses now? A shepherd.
Where was he? In Midian.
Where did he lead his sheep one day?
To Mount Horeb.

Who appeared to him there? An angel.
Out of what did he speak? A burning bush.

How did God call him? "Moses, Moses."

What did Moses answer? "Here am I."
Who knows all things? God.

What was he going to do? Help his people.

Whom did he tell to save them? Moses.
How did Moses feel? He was afraid.

What did God promise? To be with him.

LESSON X. [Dec. 8.

MOSES AND PHARAOH.

Exod. 11. 1-10. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of his presence saved them.—Isa. 63. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

Pharaoh was a mighty king and a cruel one, so it is not strange that Moses was afraid to ask him to let the Israelites go free. See in Exodus 4. 10-12 what he said to the Lord, and what the Lord answered. Read in Exodus 5. 2 how proudly Pharaoh replied when Moses and Aaron told him that the Lord wanted him to let his people go. If you will read the stories between this and our lesson you will find what troubles were brought by Pharaoh on himself and the people of Egypt by not obeying the Lord. It is always foolish to fight against God.

Our lesson tells of the last plague God sent upon Pharaoh and upon Egypt. Moses told Pharaoh that God said that all the firstborn of Egypt should die at midnight, if he would not let the Israelites go. Even the firstborn in the king's palace must die, the same as the child of the humble servant in the mill. But no harm should come to one of the children of Israel. But Pharaoh's heart was still hard, and he would not let them go! The only truly wise people in the world are those who listen to God and obey him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To whom did God send Moses? To Pharaoh.

Who went with him? His brother Aaron.

What did they ask him? To let God's people go.

What did Pharaoh say? That they should not go.

What did God want? That they should be free.

What did Pharaoh want? He wanted them for slaves.

What was Pharaoh's heart? A hard, selfish one.

What did the Lord have to do? Break it.

What did he send? Plagues.

What were these? Great troubles.

Who had to bear them? All the Egyptians.

What does our sin cause? Trouble for others.

SNOWING STARS.

BY LILLIAN SMITH.

"It's snowing stars!" said five-year-old Harry as he came running into the house.

"Isn't Harry funny?" laughed his sister Nan. "The idea of its snowing stars!"

"Well, it is!" stoutly replied the little fellow; "here is one on my coat sleeve. Look, mother."

But before mother could look the feathery little flake had melted.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Nan.

"Never mind, Harry," said mother; "you may take Nan out and show her the stars yourself. Let the little snowflakes come down on your sleeves, and look at them with this magnifying glass."

"Here they come!" shouted Harry, holding out his arm to catch them; "now look, Nan."

Nan looked, then she drew a long breath, and said: "Oh, it is a star, and so pretty! Look, Harry!"

"It's just beautiful!" said Harry. He didn't once say: "I told you so!"

"Oh, Harry, see this one! It isn't a star like the others, but it is prettier."

"Yes," said Harry; "it has six points, too."

When father came home that evening he said: "Well, what has my boy learned to-day?"

Harry answered: "Oh, Nan and I found four different kinds of snowflakes. Some were stars, and they all had six points. They were beautiful."

"My boy is learning how to use his eyes," said father; "and, Nan, what did you learn?"

"I learned," said Nan, "that Harry sometimes knows more than I do, and that he is just the dearest little brother in the whole world."—*Sunbeam*.

The wisdom which comes from above is more than a match for that which is learned from books and schools.

Little Edith had the habit of eating out the soft part of her bread, and tucking the crust under the edge of her plate. The other evening she was detected in this, and her mother said: "Edith, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may be a day you will be glad to get them." "Yes, mamma," replied Edith, "that's what I'm saving 'em for."



WINTER PICTURES.

WINTER PICTURES.

Little Nellie Norton was very fond of going with her marama to church on Sunday, and to visit the sick and the poor in the cold winter weather, no matter how deep the snow lay on the fields. Though they had to cross the stream by a bridge which had only one railing, she tightly clasped her mamma's hand and was not a bit afraid. How cosy and comfortable she looks in her warm, soft hood—not more merry and cosy are the little red-breasts on the boughs above her head. Dear child, the way to walk safely over the slippery paths of life is to put our hands trustfully in our Heavenly Father's and follow where he leadeth. He will guide us safely through all its perils and dangers, and bring us safe to the Father's house—the happy home on high.

A RAIN SONG.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Don't you love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain,
With its little patter, patter,
And its tiny clatter, clatter,
And its silvery spatter, spatter,
On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain.
It's fairies—Pert and Plucky,
Nip and Nimble-toes and Lucky,
Trip and Thimble-nose and Tucky—
On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen,
Listen to the rain.
I can see them running races,
I can watch their laughing faces
At their gleeful games and graces,
On the roof and on the pane!

—St. Nicholas.

I have always admired the English proverb, "Forgiveness and a smile are the best revenge."—Rev. C. Foy.

NAZARETH.

The little town of Nazareth, in which our Saviour spent the first thirty years of his life, lies in a cup-like valley, surrounded by engirdling hills. In the town of Nazareth I spent Easter Sunday in the year 1892, and climbed the high hill behind the town, which commanded a noble view of the Sea of Galilee, the distant Mediterranean, Mount Tabor near at hand, and of the rolling country round about. I thought how often our Lord must as a boy have climbed these hills and wandered all over these valleys.

I visited the fountain where, as a child, he must often have come with Mary his mother, and then visited the Mount of Precipitation, as it is called, where the men of the synagogue "rose and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon the city was built that they might cast him over headlong.

Quite near is a little English church, where we attended Easter service. Very delightful it was to hear those sweet-voiced Syrian girls sing the words of the blessed Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," so near the place where these words were first uttered.

The larger picture on this page is an accurate copy of a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with its augers, saws, boards, and boxes, bench, and glue, and shavings. It looks just as carpenter's shops must look the world over. It was in just such a shop Jesus laboured with Joseph, his reputed father, and ennobled and dignified toil for ever.

The little son of an English clergyman was asked by a playfellow who had been boasting of his noble ancestors, if he had lords in his family. The boy thought a moment, and then answered: "As for that I cannot tell you, but my mother says that the Lord Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother."



CARPENTER'S SHOP, NAZARETH.