

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

No. 23.

## TRUSTING HARRY.

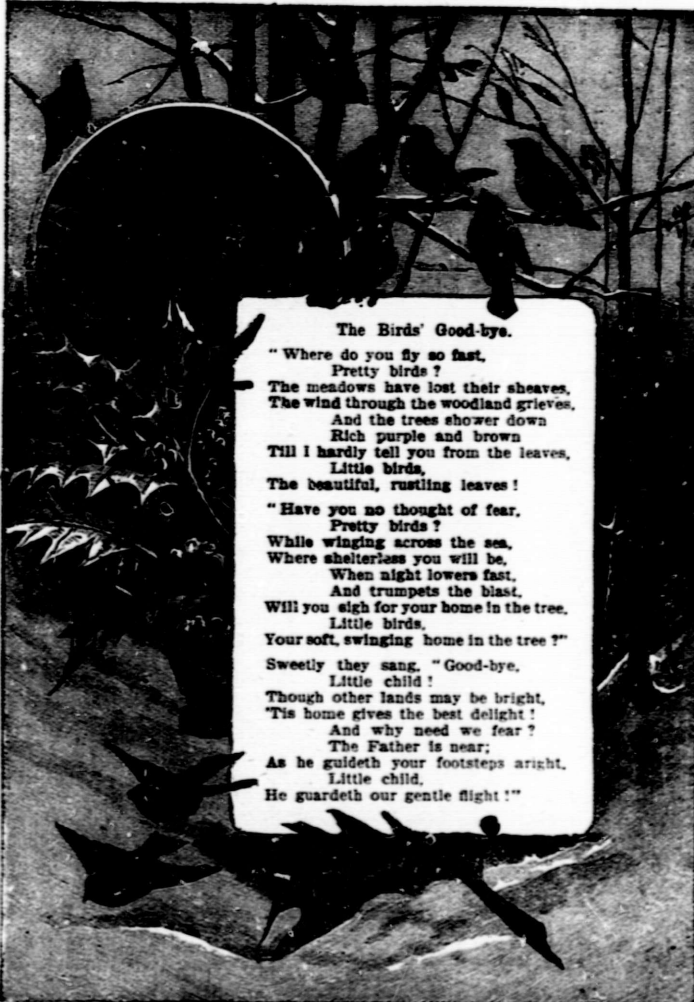
Harry was a poor little boy who worked in a machine shop. When he was fourteen years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he left his trade, and began to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak; but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him, and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farmhouse and wanted to sell a man a Bible. The man refused to buy; and then Harry asked to leave one there.

"You can't leave it in my house. If you leave one at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Harry off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Harry, cheerily, thankful to be allowed to leave it within the reach of the household; for in some places they refused it outright and drove him away.

"Our Saviour once lay in a manger, and that will be a good place." So he carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read, went on his way. The farmer, impressed by Harry's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Jesus in the



### The Birds' Good-bye.

"Where do you fly so fast,  
Pretty birds?  
The meadows have lost their sheaves,  
The wind through the woodland grieves,  
And the trees shower down  
Rich purple and brown  
Till I hardly tell you from the leaves,  
Little birds,  
The beautiful, rustling leaves!  
"Have you no thought of fear,  
Pretty birds?  
While winging across the sea,  
Where shelterless you will be,  
When night lowers fast,  
And trumpets the blast,  
Will you sigh for your home in the tree,  
Little birds,  
Your soft, swinging home in the tree?"  
Sweetly they sang, "Good-bye,  
Little child!  
Though other lands may be bright,  
'Tis home gives the best delight!  
And why need we fear?  
The Father is near;  
As he guideth your footsteps aright,  
Little child,  
He guardeth our gentle flight!"

manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion, and his conversion led his family to seek and find Jesus. Was Harry wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No; it is Jesus who makes us

wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always in the right way.

Little hearts, O  
Lord, may love  
thee,  
Little minds may  
learn thy ways,  
Little hands and feet  
may serve thee,  
Little voices sing  
praise;  
Growing wiser,  
stronger, hap-  
pier,  
Loving Jesus all  
their days.

## CHARLIE AND THE LION.

BY HILDA GOHEEN.

Charlie is four years old, strong and sturdy. His home is in the country, but he has been visiting his grandfather in Philadelphia, and the day after he arrived his grandfather took him to see the animals in the Zoological Gardens.

Charlie had often seen pictures of lions and he wanted to go to the lion-house first. They walked past tigers and leopards and wildcats, until at last Charlie ran on ahead and stopped before a cage where a fierce-looking lion, with a

great bushy mane, lay asleep. Charlie walked up close to the cage and called out:

"Hello, old lion; who's afraid of you?"  
Whether the lion understood or not, I cannot say, but he opened his eyes, bristled his mane, got up and lashed his tail, and

then gave a roar so loud and long that the whole building seemed to shake.

Everybody laughed as the little boy, screaming and pale with fright, ran as fast as his fat legs would carry him to his grandfather, and begged to be taken home.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

### "MY WAGGON."

Robbie had a cart given him on his birthday. Though Robbie was only a little boy, not seven years old, the cart was big enough to be of real use. Dick, who was nearly three years younger than Robbie, could sit in it, and then his two brothers could give him such a nice ride! But the best thing was to fill the big cart with the fallen leaves and take them off to the stable-yard.

"We'll play the leaves are hay and I'm the farmer," said Will.

"No, I'm the farmer, for it's my waggon," said Rob; and then, I am sorry to say, the two boys began to quarrel.

"Robbie," called mamma, "when Aunt Mary wanted to give you a waggon, I said I was afraid you and Will would quarrel over it. You might as well take papa's axe and chop up your waggon at once."

"Chop up my beautiful waggon? Why, mamma?"

"Yes, for you are spoiling it quite as badly as if you cut it up. If you get along pleasantly with it and take turns in being the farmer, you will enjoy yourself, but just as soon as you are cross and selfish you won't have any fun at all."

Robbie stood sticking the toe of his shoe in the loose dirt. "It's my waggon," he was thinking, but then something whis-

pered, "but you might play it was Will's half the time; mamma knows." "I'll tell you, mamma, Will can be Mr. Post and 'borry' my waggon!" And the little boy ran off, quite ready to be unselfish.

Mrs. Drake laughed, for Mr. Post was a neighbor who was all the time trying to borrow everything possible. He even tried to borrow a horseshoe.

So Will was Mr. Post, and he and Rob and Dick raked and swept the leaves again and again till every dead leaf was gathered up and put in the stable-yard. Then "Mr. Post" very gravely returned the waggon, and, strange to say, it was not hurt at all!

"We've had such fun," said the boys as they ate their basins of bread and milk.

"It is really more fun to be kind and pleasant, isn't it?" said mamma.

"Yes, it is," said Will, while Rob asked, "Why don't we think of pleasant plays always, mamma?"

"You must learn, little by little, to be pleasant and kind, just as Carrie learns to knit. If Robbie will only try to make Will and Dick happy and not think about Robbie, and if Will only tries to make Robbie and Dick happy, you will soon have to think of pleasant plays."

"Dick love everybody," said the little boy, jumping down to give each one a "big hug."

"Come, let's give Dick a ride in our waggon," said Rob; and no one heard any more about "my waggon."

### LUCY'S DISCOVERY.

BY H. T. WILDER.

"Here, mamma," cried Lucy, running in from the garden on a warm September day, and carrying something in her hand; "I didn't know lilies of the valley did this."

"Did what?" said mamma, in a big easy-chair, as she turned from her book to her daughter.

"Did that," said Lucy, holding up a lily of the valley stem, on which, instead of pretty, white, fragrant blossoms, were round, bright red berries, as large as a pea.

"Isn't it funny, mamma?" she went on. "It isn't a lily of the valley at all, only I found it out in the flower-bed, where the lilies grow, and this queer thing grew right up from the leaves just the way the flowers did when we picked so many for Aunt Edith's wedding."

"Yes, it is curious," said mamma, taking the stem with the red berries on it and examining it. "I think there are many people, big and little, who do not know where lilies of the valley keep their seeds. One reason is, that the flowers themselves are so beautiful that they usually are all picked, and very few are left to go to seed. Then, again, lilies are not planted from the seed, so there is no care in saving them. You know we plant the root, or the bulb,

as it is called, in the ground when we want more to grow, and do not save the seeds as we do of the pansies and sweet-peas, and then it is such a modest, shy flower, you know, that it hides itself away under the leaves, whether it is in its white or red dress."

"Why, yes, mamma," said Lucy, who had listened attentively, feeling very carefully of the red berries, fearful that they might drop off: "I think that is what made it red. It is so modest that it has blushed at being found. I am going to ask Lou Swift if she has ever found a blushing lily of the valley in her flower-bed. She knows so many things more than I do. I want to 's'prise her!" and, giving mamma a kiss, away she ran with her treasure.

### DOGS IN CHURCH.

In Scotland the shepherds are frequently accompanied by their faithful dogs to church. An amusing story is told of the late Queen's first visit to Crathie church, near Balmoral. A fine dog belonging to the clergyman followed him up the pulpit steps, and lay down against the door during the sermon as "still as a stone."

The next day Sir George Gray, who was then in attendance on Her Majesty, met the clergyman, and remonstrated with him for allowing his dog to be on the pulpit steps, feeling assured that it would annoy the Queen. The clergyman at once politely promised that his pet should be kept "out of church" next Sabbath.

During the following week the clergyman was honored with an invitation to dinner with the royal family. After dinner, in conversation, the Queen inquired why the dog was not on the pulpit steps as before. "Please your Majesty, I kept my dog at home, as Sir George thought he would annoy your Majesty," was the reply.

"Oh, no!" replied the Queen; "let him come as usual. I wish that everybody behaved at church as well as your noble dog."

### SEVEN JOHN-JUMP-UPS.

BY ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Seven Johnny-jumps-ups  
Merrily at play,

In a country garden,  
On a summer day.

One was dressed in yellow,  
One in glossy brown,  
One in royal purple,  
With a golden crown.

Every little fellow  
Did his very best;  
No one sulked or pouted,  
Jealous of the rest.

To the winds they courtied,  
To the sunbeams smiled;  
Each one good and happy,  
Like a loving child.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

BY AUGUST A. KORTRECHT.

Once when it was raining,  
And pouring down so hard  
We couldn't go to take a walk  
Or play out in the yard.

We 'tended we were flowers  
Along the nursery wall,  
And mother came to buy a bunch,  
And looked hard at us all.

And I was feeling naughty,  
Just a little cross, you know,  
And pushed the other flowers,  
All standing in a row :

And mother said : " Miss Gard'ner,  
I'll buy that lily there.  
And the pansy, and the violet;  
But I don't like prickly pear."

And course that made me giggle,  
And get good as good could be ;  
And the gard'ner said, " Miss Madame,  
That's a moss rose, seems to me."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

## LESSON IX.—November 26.

(World's Temperance Sunday.)

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

1 Cor. 10. 23-33. Memorize verses 31-33.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them  
for good that seek him.—Ezra 8. 22.

## THE LESSON STORY.

Not all the Jews who had been captives in Babylon so many years went back to Jerusalem at first. Among those who stayed was Ezra, a priest and teacher of the law of God. He was a wise and good man, and King Cyrus was very willing that he should go back to his own country and teach the law of God there. The king believed in Ezra's God because Ezra was a good man. Cyrus told Ezra that he might take with him all the Jews he wanted to, and he also gave him gold and silver and vessels, which were worth a great deal of money, to use in the temple services. It was a wild country through which Ezra and his company had to go. The land was full of enemies, and Ezra knew that these evil men would be glad to rob him. He did not like to ask King Cyrus to send soldiers with them to save them from their enemies. Ezra had often told the king what a great, strong helper was their God, and that he took care of the people who trusted in him, but Ezra knew that there was danger, and he

wanted his people to seek protection from a higher King than the king of Persia; so he called them to hold a fast, and during this time the people not only fasted, but confessed their sins and prayed to God to lead them safely back to their old home. How wise Ezra was in seeking help of God rather than of man! God heard and helped them so that they went forward in peace and perfect safety. The journey was a long one, but in four months from the time they left Babylon they reached Jerusalem, and there their friends welcomed them with joy. Ezra said that this was because "the hand of our God" had been upon them, and so it was.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What was Paul? A missionary.
2. Where did he preach at one time? In Corinth.
3. What did he leave there? A large church.
4. What had the people been? Idol worshippers.
5. What did Paul teach them? To worship the one God.
6. What did some do after he went away? Ate food offered to idols.
7. Why was this wrong? It took them into bad company.
8. What did Paul do? He wrote a letter to the church.
9. What did he tell them? To help, not harm, one another.
10. What now hurts weak people? Wine and strong drink.
11. Ought Christians to use it? No, never.
12. For whose sake should they deny themselves? For Christ's sake.

## LESSON X.—December 3.

NEHEMIAH REBUILDS THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Neh. 4. 7-20. Memorize verses 19, 20.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch and pray.—Matt. 26. 41.

## THE LESSON STORY.

It must be that King Artaxerxes loved Nehemiah, for he noticed his sadness and asked him why he was troubled. When he heard about it he told Nehemiah that he might go to his own country and try to build the walls. Nehemiah was glad to go, though he knew that it meant hard work and much danger and trouble. He felt sure that the Lord would help him, and so he started on the long, hard journey of eleven hundred miles.

The Jews were very glad to see Nehemiah, and to hear what he was going to do. They were ready to help him build the walls, but as soon as their enemies knew this they did all they could to hinder them. At first their enemies laughed at them and tried to make them ashamed and afraid, but they went on building the walls and did not notice what

these evil men said, and by and by the walls were nearly finished. Then their enemies became angry, and laid a plan to go secretly and fight the Jews, and throw down the walls again.

Nehemiah heard of this plan, but he knew that God was on his side, and so he was not afraid. First he prayed to God, then he set men to watch all day and all night, while the others worked, and these watchmen were to sound a trumpet if they saw the enemy coming. The men who were building the walls worked holding a sword in one hand, and so they really did what the Lord tells us all to do—"watch," "fight," and "pray."

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did the king let Nehemiah do? Go to Jerusalem.
2. What for? To build the walls.
3. Was it an easy thing to do? No, it was very hard.
4. What were the people ready to do? To help.
5. Did Nehemiah work? Yes, he led the others.
6. Who tried to hinder the work? Bad men.
7. What did they do first? They laughed at Nehemiah.
8. What did they then do? Come to fight him.
9. Whom did Nehemiah ask to help him? The great God.
10. What did God tell him to do? To set a watch.
11. What did the workmen do? They kept on working.
12. What should we always try to do? Work and pray.

## HOW TO TRAVEL.

Learn to sit down snug and quiet,  
A book upon your knee,  
A wonder book that tells about  
The lands across the sea;  
And then a strange thing happens;  
You do not leave your chair,  
But as you read about these lands  
It seems that you are there.

You see the queerest people,  
They talk a language new,  
The buildings are not those you know,  
The streets are strange to you;  
But you are never frightened,  
It's pleasant to be there,  
For you can always quickly come  
Back to your rocking-chair.

It does you good to journey  
In such an easy way,  
To learn about the big, big world,  
And hows it looks to-day,  
This way a child should travel,  
The road is very fair;  
It's safe and best for little ones,  
To go by rocking-chair.



WAITING FOR FATHER.

### WAITING FOR FATHER.

Inside the bar-room the gas is brightly gleaming from a score of burners with their colored glass shades. The light shines through the windows, its rays falling across the street and showing the figures of two little girls who, though it is night and darkness all around them, wait patiently in the cold night air for their father to come out. They have waited there often before and know that his steps will be unsteady, and they will take his hand and lead him home. Poor children! They are trying to take care of the father who should rightly be their protector. We hope that all our young readers will do all that they can to help banish this curse from Canada.

### PRAYING FOR FATHER.

"I haven't anything to pray for to-night," Hattie said to her mother, shaking the curls out of her sleepy eyes.

"Why, Hattie, and father is away from home on the water. Won't you ask God to take care of him?" Hattie nodded. "I forgot about that."

"And you never thanked God for the good time you had at Aunt Kitty's."

"But I guess he knows I had a good time."

"Yes, dear, but he likes you to say so. If father gives you something nice you say 'thank you,' don't you?"

All next day the wind blew, and the rain beat against the window-pane. Hattie pressed her nose against the glass and thought of father on the water. It was a terrible storm. Mother walked

about the room and every now and again she stopped near the window and the tears came to her eyes. Then Hattie knew she was thinking of father in his little fishing-boat.

"Won't God take care of him?" Hattie asked patting mother's face.

"We will ask him," mother whispered, and they knelt down.

"Please God take care of my papa and bring him safe home for Jesus' sake," prayed Hattie, and mother kissed her, and felt almost happy again.

It was quite late at night when father came home, but he took supper with Hattie on his knee, and mother close beside him.

"We prayed for you, father," Hattie said. "Did you, dear?" father whispered, and something warm and wet rolled on to Hattie's hair. It was queer to see father cry.

"Aren't you glad we did?"

"Indeed I am. I think that was why I wasn't frightened, for I knew God would take care of me in his own way."

### JOHN'S PIGEONS.

John had a flock of pigeons so tame that they would perch on his shoulders, arms and head, and eat out of his mouth. They were almost all the same color, and so like one another that a stranger could not see any difference. But John never made a mistake. He knew them all, and had a name for each one. If he cried "Snowball!" then Snowball came whirring down from the little pigeon-house to rub her head against John's cheek, as much as to say, "Here I am." So it was with them all. They flew to him when he called them, one by one.

One day, John's cousin, Raymond, came to visit him, and he was so delighted with the pigeons that he got up early the next morning so that he could have them all to himself. He thought that, if he called them the way John did, they would come and light on his shoulders. So he called "Snowball! Fanny! Peep-bo!" but not one of them came. Instead, they walked about the roof, looking down at him with bright eyes, as if saying to one another, "He isn't our master. We don't know him."

Raymond told all about it at breakfast. "Why don't they come to me, too, uncle?" he asked John's father.

"Because they don't know your voice, Raymond. It's like the sheep in Palestine. Don't you remember how Jesus said that the sheep hear the voice of the shepherd, and follow him, for they know his voice, but will fly from the voice of a stranger. I hope we all know our Master's voice as well as that."

"Do you mean Jesus?" Raymond asked.

"Yes, he knows us all by name, too, and we should follow no one else."

### ACCOMMODATING FIREMEN.

A young man from the country was going along a street in Philadelphia the other day, a newspaper writer informs us, when he came to an engine house, and, with the usual interest—not to say curiosity—of country folks, stopped in front of it.

"Have many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No; not unless they're in our district, or there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?"

"O yes."

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the hose-cart, and within a few seconds men, horses, and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The young man watched the performance with undignified admiration.

"Well, now," he exclaimed, "that's something like! There ain't many towns in this country where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they could do."

### PAPA'S MAN.

BY MRS. E. W. MALONE.

You fink I'm little? No, I ain't—  
I'm growin' all I can;  
Do' mamma calls me "Baby,"  
I know I'm "papa's man."

I was a baby one time—  
You wouldn't fink it now,  
To see me walk like papa,  
And watch how I can bow.

I've got a big long overcoat,—  
I fink they call it "tan,"  
It's 'zactly like my papa's—  
So co'se I'm "papa's man."

I haven't got no whisters,  
I'll get 'em soon's I can;  
I'm sure they're sort o' sproutin'  
Since I've been "papa's man."

My mamma, she's a lady,  
An' does the bes' she can;  
But co'se she don't know 'zactly  
Jest how to be a man.

But when I see my papa  
Do somepin', soon's I can,  
I go an' do jest like it,  
'Cause I'm my "papa's man."