

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1901.

No. 17.

## THE PET CAT.

These little German children are a good deal like children the world over—fond of a bit of fun. The sedate old cat does not seem a bit proud of its velvet ribbon. It shuts its eyes, and won't look at itself in the glass.

## WHAT THEY DID ABOUT IT.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

"She seemed to think everybody could do something, Minna; don't you know she kept talkin' and talkin' 'bout the 'little ones,' like she 'spected them to do a heap?"

"Yes, I know, Lily," answered the eldest sister disconsolately, "but she didn't know mother was sick and father out of work, or she would have counted us out."

"She didn't talk as if anybody was counted out," insisted Lily; and then the sisters sat gazing into the fire. They had been to the Forbes Street Sunday-school as usual that Sunday afternoon, but instead of saying their verses and hymns, a lady had talked to them a whole hour about Africa, and all the little dark-skinned children there who had never heard of Jesus.

She had been living over there a long time, teaching them that Jesus died for them, and now her friends in this country had sent for her to come home and rest awhile. But the way she rested was to go about, up and down the land, trying to persuade Christians to send more teachers to Africa.

"I tell you what we'll do, Minna," said



THE PET CAT.

Lily, after a long silence: "We'll ask the lady what she thinks we can do. She must know what other little girls do who have sick mothers and fathers out of work."

So the next day Lily left Minna to take care of mother, and she tripped up to the manse to ask for Miss Hanna, the missionary. "She will sail day after to-morrow

for Africa, my dear," said the preacher's wife; then, seeing how disappointed Lily looked, she added, "But what do you want with her?"

Lily told what her errand was.

"Suppose you write to her!" said Mrs. Page; and then she gave the little girl Miss Hanna's address in Africa, and sent her back to write the letter. But the preacher's wife set about answering Lily's question right away.

"There came a small preacher to my house to-day, Mr. Page," she said when her husband came in. "and set three doors open for you and me."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Page. "What did the preacher look like?"

"She wore a gingham apron and long curls," answered Mr. Page.

"And what doors did she open?"

Then the lady told him about Lily's visit.

"Yes, I see," said the preacher. You must see that poor, sick Mrs. Landor gets some attention, and I must help Jim to get some work, and we must start a mission band among the children right away."

It took the letter a long time to go to Africa, and another long time for an answer to get back, and before the pleased little girls got it out of the office the mother was well, the father had a steady situation, and Minna and Lily were working like beavers in the mission band.

## TO A LITTLE MAID.

How should little maidens grow,  
When they're ten or over?  
In the sunshine and the air,  
Wholesome, simple, fresh and fair,  
As the bonnie daisies blow,  
And the happy clover.

How should little lassies speak  
When they're ten or over?  
As the birds do, and the bees,  
Singing through the flowers and  
trees,  
Till each mortal fain would seek  
The merry-hearted rover.

How about her eyes and ears  
At this stage of growing?  
Like the clear, unclouded skies,  
Not too eager nor too wise,  
So that all she sees and hears  
May be worth the knowing.

And the little maiden's heart?  
Ah! for that we're praying,  
That it strong and pure may grow.  
God, who loveth children so,  
Keep her from all guile apart,  
Through life's mazes straying.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1901.

## COME.

Jesus has said the beautiful word to you. I wonder if you cannot be his little servant, and say it to others. Once there was a little Indian boy, who was anxious to help tell the big Indians and the Indian boys and girls about the Saviour he loved. He was afraid of the big, fierce Indians, and they would not listen to just a little boy; but he thought of one thing he could do. He went to the preacher of the mission church, and asked him if he could ring the church bell on Sundays.

He said: "I will always be in time, and I will pull with all my might." Are you not sure that, because of the lad's willing service, the Lord Jesus made that church bell say, "Come!" to the Indians' hearts? Perhaps there is a boy or girl on your square who will go with you to Sunday-school. You can be so kind to the little strangers who come that they will want to come again; you can talk with your little playmates about what Jesus would have you to do. There are many ways of saying: "Come."

## THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

Often a civil answer will save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird. The boy was playing in the garden, when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand. The boy looked at it for a moment, and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at its feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an instant of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes. Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished its merry pipings it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him and asked him: "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up, with a face of half shame and half sorrow, as he answered: "I couldn't 'cos he sung so."

And civil words may sometimes save you from damage, my child, just as its sweet song saved the bird.

## GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates.

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes; and he had sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face very hot. I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack. I worked drollly

hard for him, and he never said, 'Thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one; and, do you know, I've found out what it is!"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And, throwing his arms around my neck, he said: "It's God's thank you."

## EXAMPLE OF ABSTINENCE.

Bishop Asbury was a guest of a family where brandy was placed on the table; and he was invited to partake, but declined. The lady blushed and said: "Bishop, I believe that brandy is good in its place." "So do I," said Bishop Asbury; "if you have no objection, I will put it in its place." So he put it in the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner of the room, saying, "That is the place, and there let it stay," and there it did stay, never to be brought to the table again.

## BILLY, THE CROW.

Billy was a cunning little black crow. Uncle Dick caught him, and gave him to Edith for her very own, and I can't begin to tell you how delighted she was with her pet. Mamma and Edith used to feed him with raw meat, because they couldn't dig worms and catch bugs, you know; and every time Billy spied them coming to give him his breakfast or dinner he would caw, caw, caw, and flutter his shiny wings, and open his big mouth, oh, so wide.

But all that happened when he was a tiny baby crow. Now he can feed himself, and spread his wings and fly, just like all the rest of the crows that steal the farmer's corn; and he can—but I was going to tell you a story.

One morning Edith's Aunt Kathie, who had come to make a visit the night before, was sitting out on the piazza reading, when suddenly somebody called: "Papa, papa, papa, pa-pa." It was such a distressed voice that Aunt Kathie dropped her book in a hurry, and ran quickly down to the pine grove to see what was the matter; but just as she reached the first big clump of trees she heard the voice again: "Papa, pa-pa-a!" And where do you think the sound came from? Away up in a tall, green pine tree, directly above her head. And when Aunt Kathie looked up there, what do you think she saw? Billy, the little black crow, gazing at her just as still and solemn as ever he could.

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Kathie, "to think a pet crow could give me such a scare as that!"

THE LOST DOLL.

Has anyone anywhere seen a big doll?  
I've hunted and hunted all day;  
First over the garden, and then through  
the house.

Do you think she could run away?

I'd never believe she could go very far;  
Her feet are so slender and small  
That she hardly can stand, while her legs  
are so weak  
That she most always leans 'gainst the  
wall.

She's the prettiest dolly, with red, rosy  
cheeks,

And eyes of a beautiful brown;  
And when I last saw her was dressed in  
her best,  
Her very best pink satin gown.

At first I felt frightened for fear she was  
lost;

Now I'm angry as angry can be,  
And when I have found her I'll punish  
her well  
For naughtily hiding from me.

Perhaps I shall send her directly to bed  
Without any supper or light;

And, what I am certain will make her  
feel bad,  
She sha'n't sleep beside me to-night.

But stay, in this closet, so wide and so  
dark—

Look! what is that pink on the shelf?  
Oh, now I remember, my darling lost doll;  
Why, I put you up there myself!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE  
PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VIII. [August 25.]

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Gen. 22. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried,  
offered up Isaac.—Heb. 11. 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

When God told Abraham that he should be the father of a great nation, and that his children's children should be like the stars in number, Abraham had no child, but he believed God, and when his son Isaac was born his heart was glad. Isaac was a child of promise, and very dear to his father and mother. What must they have thought when God told Abraham to offer his dear and only son to him as a burnt offering!

Abraham was now a hundred years old. God had kept all the promises he had

made, until now Abraham could not doubt him. Read slowly and thoughtfully the lesson verses, and think what a sad journey that must have been to Mount Moriah, with Isaac, who did not know what it was for, and the two young men-servants. When you read how, to the very last minute, Abraham supposed that he must kill his dear son at God's command, and how his faith never failed, you will see why he was called "the friend of God." He believed in him so completely. A real friend of God believes in him, and feels sure that he will always do the best and wisest thing for him and for his friends.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Isaac? Abraham's son.  
Who had promised Abraham a son? The Lord.

How old was Abraham when Isaac came? A hundred years old.

What did the Lord tell Abraham? To slay Isaac.

What for? For a burnt offering.

Where must he go? To Mount Moriah.

Who went along? Isaac and two servants.

Who went up into the mount? Abraham and Isaac.

Did God let Abraham kill Isaac? No; he stopped him.

What had he seen was perfect? Abraham's faith.

What did he send for an offering? A lamb.

Who has been made an offering for us? Jesus.

LESSON IX. [September 1.]

ISAAC, THE PEACEMAKER.

Gen. 26. 12-25. Memory verses, 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

God's promise to Abraham was to his seed, also. You remember Isaac was his dear son, and you have not forgotten the trial God gave to Abraham's faith when he commanded him to kill his only son, upon whom all his hopes were set.

Isaac was married now. You should read of his beautiful wife, Rebekah. He was living in the land of the Philistines. These were heathen people. Isaac became a very rich man. The Lord blessed him so greatly that the Philistines envied him and tried to do him harm by spoiling the wells of water which had been dug in the days of Abraham. Read carefully the verses of the lesson which tells us how Isaac bore this kind of treatment. In a hot country the wells of water are very necessary. It was hard to have them spoiled as fast as his servants could dig them. Isaac had learned how to "overcome evil with good," and it was the wise

way then, just as it is now. If you will read on beyond the lesson, you will find that the Lord was pleased with the peaceable spirit Isaac showed, and that it showed the wicked Philistines that the Lord was with him, and it made them want to be his friends.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Isaac? The son of Abraham.

Who was his wife? Rebekah.

Among whom did they live? Heathen people.

Why was Isaac greatly blessed? He obeyed God.

What did the Philistines do? They envied him.

Why? Because he grew rich and great.

What did they try to do? Spoil his wells.

What would Isaac not do? Get angry.

How did he treat his enemies? Kindly.

Who are the peacemakers? The children of God.

What is the power that conquers? Love.

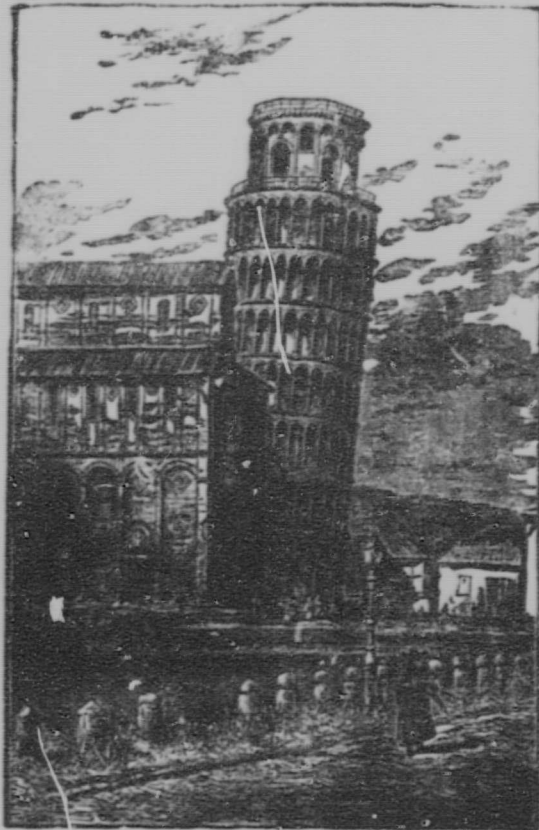
What did Isaac's enemies do? They made peace with him.

POOR BUNNY

Johnnie had just gone to his morning nap when Hero, his brother's big dog, pushed the nursery door open and walked in.

Hero certainly did not mean to be naughty; but if there was one thing above another that he hated it was a cat, and there in the middle of the room lay Johnnie's new, soft, black-and-white rabbit.

Johnnie loved that rabbit dearly. Nobody had ever suggested to him that it was not much like a rabbit, and there was no one in the nursery just then to suggest to Hero that it was not much like a cat. Johnnie thought it was a rabbit; Hero thought it was a cat, and straightway made for it. As the creature did not run away, Hero easily secured it, and began to worry it. He pulled it backward and forward, and tossed it up and down; and it made no resistance until Hero stood on it, and then it gave a most terrific yell. Hero found himself at the other end of the room and from this safe distance surveyed his victim. It lay so still that he ventured back slowly, the love of worrying overcoming his fear of another dreadful yell; but, as he did not stand on it again, the squeak did not act, and at last Hero's worrying succeeded in laying out the supposed cat in three pieces on the floor. He was standing surveying this (even to his mind) curious cat, when Johnnie came toddling in to find his bunny. Such an outcry as he made almost equalled the rabbit's unearthly squeak; and before nurse could reach the nursery to find out the reason of the noise, Hero had disappeared with his tail between his legs, and it was a long time before he entered into the nursery again.



PISA'S LEANING TOWER.

## LEANING TOWER.

Our picture gives us a pretty clear idea of the famous leaning tower of Pisa in Italy, and also of a great baptistery near by. This tower was built in 1174, but whether it was built leaning as it now stands, just for an architectural curiosity, or whether the unequal settling of the foundation caused it to incline to one side is not known. It was most likely built in its present position, as the top part is said to be constructed of very porous and light sort of stone. It is 179 feet high, and leans about thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. The purpose for which this famous tower was built is not known, but it is now preserved solely as an object of curiosity.

## "SUNNY-FACE."

Her real name was Alice, but the girls at the school called her "Sunny-face." This was partly because of her blue merry eyes and rosy cheeks, and hair that looked golden whenever the sun shone upon it.

But the chief reason was that Alice was one of the lambs of the Good Shepherd, and he filled her heart with joy.

One day her teacher called her into her pretty sitting-room. She showed Sunny-face a beautiful, rosy-cheeked apple, and asked her what she thought of it.

"I think it perfectly lovely," replied the child.

"Look again," said her teacher. "Turn it over."

Sunny-face looked, and then she saw a large black spot on the apple.

"No; it is not perfect," she said, "that spot spoils it."

"Alice," said her teacher, "your friends call you Sunny-face, and with good reason, for you are a happy child, and have the blessing of God upon you. But there is one ugly fault that spoils you. Can you think what it is?"

Sunny-face did not need to think long; the voice of the Holy Spirit in her heart had often told her about the bad temper that bubbled up so quickly and made her think and speak and act wrongly.

"I cannot help it," she said. "I do pray, but somehow it comes so quickly—the anger—and before I know how to stop it."

"That will not do, my child. What will happen if I leave this pretty apple for a day or two in this basket, and then look at it again? We will see."

In a few days little Sunny-face again was called to look at the apple, but what a change had taken place in it! The rosiness had nearly all gone, and instead a great rotten patch covered the whole of one side.

Sunny-face was not a stupid girl; she knew what her teacher meant, that if she did not try to subdue this bad temper of hers it would grow worse and worse, until it spoiled her life, and she could be Sunny-face no longer.

Years passed by, and one day a bright, happy-looking young lady was telling her little niece about Sunny-face and the apple.

"Oh, auntie, I know it was you, you have such a sunny face. But you have not got a bad temper."

"My darling, for a long time I had, and I fought against it hopelessly, till a kind friend said to me, 'Why do you not cast it on Jesus, and ask him to take it quite away?' At first I could not believe that it was possible. But I asked Jesus to make me understand, and to show me how he would do this. And after that I found indeed that he took my bad temper away altogether."

"And so you are still Sunny-face," said the little niece, lovingly.

## OBEYING MAMMA.

Mary, Ella and John went out in the garden to play. John rolled his hoops. But Mary and Ella looked at the flowers, and gathered a few. Just as Ella was going to pluck one from the bush by the fence, John said, "Mother don't want us to pick any from that bush." I am glad to tell you that the little girls went cheerfully away, and did not worry about the one they might not have. This was cheerful obedience. Do you always obey papa and mamma in that way? I hope you do.

## HUMILITY.

A farmer went with his son to a wheat field to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father," exclaimed the boy, "how straight those stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure cannot be good for much."

The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind and said: "See, here, foolish child, this stalk that stood so straight, is light-headed and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain."—Foster.



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.