

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TRONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

No. 21.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Phil had been a very restless boy that day and mother had answered questions until she felt like a dry sponge. Worse than that, Phil had been cross to Mildred and Maud; fretful and rough in his words.

"Oh dear!" sighed mother at last; "I wish that door would stay shut."

"What door mother?" asked Phil in surprise; for it was a damp, foggy day, and all the doors were shut tight.

"There is a door in this house that flies open very quickly," said mother, shaking her head gravely; "and as soon as it is open out come nimble little servants and run abroad here and there. If they

were always as kind as they are busy I should not mind; but to-day every time the door is opened bad mannered messengers spring out, and no man can catch them when once they slip over the threshold of the door."

"Did you say that door was in this house, mother?"

"Yes, I said so."



MOTHER'S KISS.

Good night, good night! the silver tone is ringing,

Like a sweet bell that chimes at eventide;

And round my neck the childish arms are clinging,

With the soft clasp that none can turn aside.

Watch her to-night for me, thou dear Redeemer;

Give her thine own best gift of sweet repose;

Let angel guards surround the little dreamer,

With folded wings, and eyes that never close.

Thy blessing maketh rich, nor addeth sorrow;

Thy love can turn life's darkness into day.

Be with my child when she shall wake to-morrow,

And keep her feet from every evil way.

Then, when the last gray shadows have descended

Over the lonely valley still and deep,

Let angels whisper, "Lo! the toil is ended;

Good night; He giveth his beloved sleep."

"And that you saw it opened to-day?"

"Several times to-day."

"Then why didn't I see these wicked servants?"

"Perhaps you were not looking for them."

"Where can I find them, mother?"

"Well," said mother, smiling and speaking slowly, "I don't believe you can find them at all; but you might run down to the meadow and look around, and if you don't see anything of them I will tell you more about this door when you come back."

Phil ran down to the back yard, climbed the fence—as boys will—though the gate was unlatched, crossed the road and climbed another fence, and then he was in the meadow. It was nice and breezy down there, and he ran and skipped about, forgetting what he had gone for; but suddenly remembering the open door and the disagreeable servants, he pulled up short and gazed about him.

The sky was gray with clouds, and a heavy mist shut off the mountains beyond; a

few grasshoppers were whirring about, a swallow darted through the damp air, but no such servants as his mother had told him of were to be seen.

When he went in again he was in a better humor because of his run in the open air. And what do you think his mother had meant by the open door? Why, she meant Phil's own lips, and his cross words were the naughty servants. One of them had made Mildred cry, another had put the cook in a bad humour, and all of them had made mother herself uncomfortable.

Phil did not know whether to laugh or cry when he heard the end of mother's little parable about the open door. He took it pretty soberly.

"But what made you send me down to the meadow, then?" he asked.

"Because fresh air and plenty of it sometimes changes those naughty servants into good ones," answered mother, gaily.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked," but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*The Christian.*

FREDDY AND THE FLOWER.

A little boy named Freddy was very fond of flowers. He came in from the garden one morning before breakfast to show his mother a beautiful violet. It was the first that had come out that season.

"It is so beautiful, mother," said Freddy, "and smells so sweet, that I am going to put it into my buttonhole, and carry it with me all day."

"I think you might do something better with it than that," said his mother.

This set Freddy to thinking while he was getting his breakfast. Pretty soon he guessed what his mother meant. So he looked up and said, "Mother, did you mean that I should take the violet to little Nellie Reynolds?"

"I did, my son," she said.

As soon as breakfast was over, Freddy ran down the lane to Mrs. Reynold's cottage. She was a widow, and supported herself and her daughter by going out to do washing. This made it necessary for her often to be away from home all day. Nellie was a little girl about eleven years old. She had been a cripple since she was a baby. Her mother had taught her to read and knit, and as she had to be so much alone, her books and her knitting were a great comfort to her. Their cottage was very neat and clean, and their little garden before it was kept free from weeds.

Freddy opened the gate and walked through the garden. The path to the cottage door was white with cockle-shells, for it was near the seaside.

Nellie was sitting at the window, longing to be out, when Freddy came in with his bright, rosy face, which to look upon was enough of itself to do one good.

"Good morning, Nellie," said he. "See what I have brought you. This is the first violet that has bloomed in our garden this spring."

You should have seen Nellie's face, how it brightened up when she saw that beautiful flower, and thought of Freddy's kindness in bringing it to her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Master Freddy!" she cried. "I do love violets so much. Now I shall look at it and smell it and talk to it till mother comes home."

"Why, Nellie," asked little Freddy in astonishment, "how can you talk to a flower?"

"Oh, I can," said Nellie. "It will tell me how good God is to me to make me so happy, and when mother comes home she will be glad to see it!"

"Well, good-bye, Nellie; I must go to my lessons now," said Freddy; and off he ran, feeling very happy.

Now you see how truly that little flower was a missionary. And it did its work well. It made three people happy that day. Nellie was made happy by the sight of the flower and the kindness which had brought it to her. Freddy was made happy by trying to do good; that always makes us happy. And Freddy's mother was made happy by seeing her dear boy trying to overcome his selfishness.

A LITTLE BROWN GIRL.

Silvo is a little brown girl who lives in South America. Her father is a rubber-gatherer, and has a rude hut built on stilts. It stands in the water, and is very different from our houses. Silvo is awakened early in the morning by the chattering of the monkeys. She likes to go with her father to the rubber grove, where he taps the trees with a hatchet, and places a little cup underneath to catch the sap as it runs out. Silvo's father tells her to keep close to him, because if she strayed away she might get bitten by a big snake or some wild animal. They stay all day in the forest, making their dinner of coconuts and dates. At night the sap from all the trees is put into one large jug and carried home, where it is changed, over a fire of palm nuts, into thick rubber.

Then it goes down the river in canoes to the English traders, who send it to our country, and it is made into balls, dolls, overshoes, and all sorts of nice things for us.

Once Silvo went with her father when he carried the rubber to Para; she saw a great many new things, and heard about the little girls in this country. Don't you think she must have had a lovely time?

GOOD NIGHT.

The busy day is ended,
Sweet flowers bend their heads,
Soft shadows crown the hillside,
The children's prayers are said.

The wind sings through the tree tops
The birds' low lullaby,
While wrapped in solemn mystery
The dreamy meadows lie.

At last to tallest steple
The day has said good night—
God's gift to all the weary—
Sweet rest till morning light.

—Onward.

The first commandment with promise is, "Children, obey your parents."

SONG OF THE MITE GATHERERS.

Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen as they fall;
Ev'ry one for Jesus,
He will get them all.

Dropping, dropping, ever,
From each little hand;
'Tis our gift to Jesus
From his little hand.

Now, while we are little,
Pennies are our store;
But, when we are older,
Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money,
We can give him love;
He will own our offering,
Smiling from above.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 28.

JESUS ANOINTED IN BETHANY.

Matt. 26. 6-16. Memory verses, 12, 13.
GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath wrought a good work upon me.
—Matt. 26. 10.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful act this loving woman performed in pouring the sweet perfume over Jesus' feet, and how grateful he was for it. A little company were seated at a meal, Jesus was the chief guest. His host was a leper whom he had healed; another guest was Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. Mary who poured the precious ointment was a sister of Lazarus. She dearly loved her Lord and out of love and gratitude did this act. Then were the disciples angry and said it should have been given to the poor. But Jesus knew the love that had prompted it, and the reason, and he said she had wrought a good work. He said it was for his burial. That he would not be with them long and that the poor always would be.

Judas also was present, but he went out and away to bargain about selling his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who anointed Jesus? Mary, Lazarus' sister.
2. What did the disciple say? It was a waste and should have been given to the poor.
3. What did Jesus say? She had wrought a good act.
4. What was it for? His burial.
5. What did it express? Mary's love and gratitude.

6. What should we give to Jesus? Our best.

7. How can we give to Jesus? Through the poor, the heathen and the needy.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 4.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matt. 26. 17-30. Memory verses, 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me.—1 Cor. 11. 24.

LESSON STORY.

What a sad last meal together this was. It was the Passover season, so it was the custom for the Jewish people to hold a feast in remembrance of the time God caused the angel of death to pass over their homes when they were in bondage in Egypt.

This Last Supper of Jesus was also to celebrate the Passover, but it was also for something more, for in the breaking of the bread and drinking of the wine it was to typify his body and blood.

When they were gathered around the table we may be sure Jesus was very sad, for he knew it was his last meal with his disciples. He loved them dearly, and felt badly at having to part with them. Especially as they were so little prepared to get along without him. And alas! among them was one who would betray him and another who would deny him.

However, Jesus was willing to suffer all this and shed his precious blood for our sakes.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What was the Passover? A feast to celebrate the delivery of the children of Israel from death.
2. Where did it happen? When they were in bondage in Egypt.
3. Where did Jesus and his disciples keep the feast? In an upper room.
4. What did Jesus say? That there was one there who would betray him.
5. Who was that one? Judas.
6. What did Jesus say of the bread and wine? It was a symbol of his body and blood.
7. Why was his body bruised and his blood shed? For our sins, to blot them out.

POLLY'S MIRROR.

Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time; but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them, that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday her mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen, and asked her what she was doing.

"Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly, gleefully. Then Polly's mother went to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon; and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes and no hair. When she moved her head her cheeks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh! When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play after all.

A BOY'S TRUE FRIENDS.

Every well-formed boy has at least ten good friends to help him on to success in life; yet many a lad is lazily waiting and wishing for some one to help him to make his way in the world, apparently ignoring the fact that there are ten capable friends all the time with him, waiting to help him if he will only give them a chance. What I mean by these ten "friends" will be made clear by the following story which I once read:

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried a youth, whom we will call "Lazy Dennis."

"Good friends! Why, you have ten at least!" cried his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." Lazy Dennis replied.

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down at his strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," said his master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because others do not help you."

MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

When the north wind whistles round the house,

Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—
My little gray kitty and I.

I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do
And she purrs so loud I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face.

As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.

Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?

O, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

—*Pets and Animals.*



GOOD MORNING.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Dear Aunt Jane: I've a very wonderful thing to tell you. I'm to be sent to Boston to school. You know how awfully I've wanted to go to school. Mother and father have taught me all they could, but that's not much. Father said he'd send me away to school if the fishing was good last year, but it wasn't, and I had cried lots about it.

Well, one night there was an awful storm. You know there's an awfully dangerous bar out a little way from the island, and ships break all to pieces if they can't keep off it.

The night of the storm we were all asleep, when there came a great noise at the door.

"Captain Nokes, there's a big steamer on the bar. Come out and help save the crew," some one said.

It was an awful storm; and we couldn't be willing to let him go, but he shook us off, and said that he must do his duty. So he went; and we watched and prayed.

He got back after four hours, and all

he had saved was a baby girl. She had nothing on but a night-dress.

Of course we kept the child, although I knew that I couldn't go to school. The money father had saved for me had to go for clothes and food for that child.

It was a dear little thing, and I grew really fond of it, and glad to give up school for its sake.

We had her nine months, when her father came for her. His wife and child were on the steamer, and it was told him that every soul was lost. Nine months after, a sailor told him about father, and how brave and good he was, and about his saving the child. The gentleman came to see if the child could be his, and it was.

He is going to send me to school in Boston, and then to college, if I want to go. I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Just think how good God has been to me, when I was so selfish that I had to fight to be willing to let father keep that poor little child. It has taught me a lesson.

Your loving niece,

SADIE NOKES.

ON DUTY.

"O wild rose by the wayside,
How can you blossom there,
With none to note your beauty
Or praise your petals fair?
Your sisters in the garden
We cultivate with care;
How can you blossom there?"
But dusty and neglected.

"Ah, foolish little maiden,
The Master set me here!
He bade me grow and blossom
At this time every year.
'Tis not for me to murmur,
'Tis not for me to fear,
But do my best to please Him;
The Master set me here."

O could we learn the lesson
The flowers teach all day,
Nor question what He sends us,
But only to obey.

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

A Hindoo was one day writing letters, with the doors all open because of the heat, and to let the breeze come in. His little boy, three years old, was playing near him. Presently a servant came to call the Hindoo gentleman to see a friend on business. He rose to settle the business, and calling the child outside, said: "Put your hand over my papers to keep them from blowing away, and hold fast till I come back."

Many Hindoo children are disobedient, but this child came at once and did as he was told. As he stood with his hand on his father's papers he counted first how many spiders he could see in the roof, then how many squares there were in the mats, and so on; but as minutes went by he became so tired, though he kept changing the hand, and many a little sigh and big yawn said plainly, "I wish that father would come back." But the father had to stay more than an hour, and though many a time he remembered his child he supposed that some of the servants would go and put away his papers. When he came back at last, and saw the dear little thing still there, patiently standing, he snatched him up, feeling that he could not love him enough for his obedience.

Jesus has given us each something to hold fast till he comes. May each of us prove as faithful to our trust as the Hindoo child did to his.

Charlie, I will tell you how you can be useful. You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; can tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool, that she may put her foot on it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters; and make your mother happy by being a good boy.