

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

No. 29.

NO LEGS.

When little Rob went out of kilts,
So proud was he, he walked on stilts,
For several afternoons,
To show his pantaloons.

Most grandly stalked he up and down,
Till nut-brown Meg in Green'way gown,
(His little sweetheart true)
Wished she might walk on them too.

that the mother hen lets the little girl handle her chick. She must know that she is kind and gentle.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Two girls were going to a neighbouring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell.

One of them was murmuring and fret-

“Oh,” said the other, “it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant, which I put on top of my load, and it makes it so light that I can hardly feel it.”

“Indeed! That must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?”

“It grows wherever you plant it, and



LITTLE CHICKS.

At last, “I give 'on half my bur;
If 'on will let me join 'on fun.”
Said Rob, “But 'ittle Meg,
'Ou hasn't any legs.”

LITTLE CHICKS.

What dear, downy little things the young chickens are. No wonder the children are in love with them. It is a wonder

ting all the way, and complaining of the weight of her basket.

The other went along smiling and singing, and seemed to be happy all the way.

At last the first got out of patience with her companion, and said: “How can you be so merry and joyful? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and I know that you are not a bit stronger than I am. I don't understand it.”

give it a chance to take root; and there's no telling the relief it gives. Its name is 'love'—the love of Jesus. Jesus loved me so much that he died to save my soul. This makes me love him. Whatever I do, whether it be carrying this basket or anything else, I think to myself, 'I am doing this for Jesus, to show that I love him;' and this makes everything easy and pleasant.”

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN SAYING ?

I hear the voices of children

Calling from over the seas ;
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes borne upon ev'ry breeze.
And what are the children saying,
Away in those heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices
And eagerly stretch their hands ?

" We grope in the midst of darkness,
With none who can guide aright ;
O share with us, Christian children,
A spark of your living light !"
This, this is the plaintive burden
Borne hitherward on the breeze ;
These are the words they are saying,
Those children beyond the seas.

—Selected.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen ; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen ; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. **S. F. HURST,**
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

THE GIANT KILLERS.

Willie and Freddie had been sent to a neighbouring house to bring a bucket of water. When they returned quite late their teacher asked: "Willie, why were you gone such a long time for the water?"

Willie hesitated a moment, and then, looking down, replied: "We spilled it, and had to go back to fill the bucket again."

Turning to Freddie, she asked: "Were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?"

He did not answer at first, for he did not like to show that Willie had not told the exact truth, but directly he said: "Yes, ma'am; we met Harry Bradon, and stopped to play with him; and then spilled

the water, and had to go back and get some more."

Little friends, which do you think conquered the Giant Falsehood, and which let the giant conquer him? Which was the happier of the two, and which would the teacher be more likely to trust in the future? If we do not conquer the giants of evil, they will surely conquer us. Do not forget that

"There are giants yet to kill,
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble at his will."

—Selected.

CHARLIE'S BLIND BIRD.

When Charlie Manning was about three years old his grandmother sent him a canary. It was only a few months old, but it had already begun to sing, and was one of the prettiest little birds you ever saw.

When Charlie watched it jump from the tiny little cage in which it had travelled from St. Leonard's to London he was quite silent for a few minutes, then he jumped up and called out:

"Nurse, nurse, come quick! Dickie's got a cap like you."

The fact was that the canary had what is called a crest on his head, which made him look different from any other canary that the little boy had seen.

Charlie's mother wanted him to learn to think for others instead of himself, so she went into the nursery every morning before breakfast to give Dickie clean sand and fresh seed and water. Of course Charlie wanted to help, and she always let him do it, though I am afraid at first that he put more sand on the floor than in the cage. As to the water, he spilt half that, too; but as the nursery had floor-cloth instead of carpet, he could easily wipe that up.

So Charlie grew to be very fond of his canary, and never forgot to feed it, and give it a bath. One day, about a year year the bird arrived, Charlie went to his mother in great distress.

"Mother," he said, "I believe Dickie is ill, and, do you know, he has something the matter with his eye."

Mrs. Manning went upstairs directly, and found the little bird looking very sadly indeed; but, what was worse still, she saw that one eye had gone. Charlie and his mother went off at once for the bird doctor, but when he looked at the poor canary, he said he could do no good. The bird must have injured his eye with one of the little wire hooks in the cage. But it was sadder still to hear that he was afraid the sight of the other eye would go too. And so it did, before two months were over, and the little canary was very sad and miserable at first, and seemed afraid to move from one little spot on one

particular perch. Then Charlie was more tender and careful than ever not to frighten his poor bird, and his own eyes filled with tears as he looked at his little blind pet.

But by and by the canary got over his sorrow, and began singing more beautifully than ever. Then he had courage to take a few hops about his cage; and now if you went into the nursery you would never believe that it was a blind bird who was hanging in the window.

There is one thing more I should like to tell you, and that is how Charlie's little blind Dickie did good to his master. Charlie is getting a big boy now, and goes to school every day. He was very miserable at first. But one day, when he had been studying hard in the garden and grumbling a good deal, he heard Dickie singing. He took his book to the window-sill, and looking up at the canary he said: "Yes, you have learned how to make the best of a bad job. So will I. I won't grumble any more, but just do my work as well as I can and as fast as I can."

BUGS TELL THE TIME.

A jeweller near the Junction has a novel clock in his show window. It puzzles and amuses crowds every day. There is simply a dial a foot and a half square, apparently lying on a box an inch in depth. There are no hands and no holes in the dial. In spite of this the clock tells the time perfectly. There are two little Mexican beetles of the green-bronze variety that have been more or less popular as scarf-pins, etc., and they crawl about and mark the minutes and hours accurately. One of them rests on the outer circle of the dial and moves from one figure to another each hour. The other bug marches on the dial's inner circle, and moves one-fifth of the space between the figures every minute. What tells the bugs when and how far to move is a mystery that ninety-nine out of every one hundred who look at them give up in despair.

The bugs are plainly enough alive, else how could they walk? And there are no strings on them, so why do they not walk off about their own affairs, as any ordinary bug would do in no time?

"The thing's simple enough," said a man, after glancing at the clock. "The bugs are dead as Julius Caesar. Each of them is merely a shell and has a bit of steel set into its base. The clock has hands, only they are underneath instead of above the dial, and they are magnetized. Every time the hand forges ahead its attraction carries the steel and the little green bug shell along. Put a couple of steel pins on a sheet of paper and move a magnet around underneath, and you'll see just how it works. It's too easy."

"COME AND SCRATCH."

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm :
"O I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug :
"O, I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal :
"O, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a sigh of grief :
"O, I wish I could find
A green little leaf."

"Now see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch ;
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch."

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 4.

DAVID BRINGS UP THE ARK.

2 Sam. 6. 1-12. Memorize verses 11, 12.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy throne.—Psa. 84. 4.

THE LESSON STORY.

David was now king over all Israel, for Ish-bosheth and his chief captain, Abner, had been killed, and all the tribes came to David at Hebron and made a covenant with him, and he was anointed the third time king over all Israel. Soon after he took the stronghold of the Jebusites, which was on a high, rocky hill, and made it his own city, and it has been called Jerusalem, the city of David, ever since. Then David wanted the ark of God to rest there. It was at one time taken by the Philistines and kept for seven months, but they were afraid to keep it longer and took it to the land of Israel again. It had been placed in the house of Abinadab, where it had long rested, and now it was set upon a new cart, and in the presence of thirty thousand of the chosen of Israel it was to be brought into the city of David. There was a time of great joy, and David and many others went before the ark playing upon instruments of music, while the priests went with it. Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab, guided the cart, and when the oxen

stumbled Uzzah put forth his hand to steady the ark. He had been taught the law that only priests could touch the ark, for it was the holy thing that God had set in their midst for their guidance, but he was careless, and he died by the ark of God, as a lesson, perhaps, to others. David had the ark carried to the house of Obbedom, where it was a blessing for three months, and then it was brought up to Jerusalem with great gladness.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Of what was the ark a sign ? That God was with his people.

What was in it ? The Ten Commandments.

Where was it made ? In the wilderness.

Who carried it away ? The Philistines.

Was it now in Israel ? Yes.

Where did David wish to carry it ? To Jerusalem.

Who went to carry it ? David and all Israel.

What was it on ? A new cart, drawn by oxen.

Who steadied the ark ? Uzzah.

What happened ? He died.

Who should touch the ark ? The priests only.

Where was it then placed ? In the house of Obbedom.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 11.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.

2 Sam. 7. 4-16. Memorize verses 8, 9.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy throne shall be established forever.—2 Sam. 7. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

David had brought the ark into Jerusalem and had placed it in the tabernacle that he had set up there, and there was great joy. But as he went into his own house, built of precious cedar wood, he began to think, and said to Nathan, the prophet, "See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains."

And Nathan told him to do all that was in his heart to do, for the Lord was with him.

That night Nathan heard the voice of the Lord, who told him what to say to David. God knew what David was thinking, but he had not asked before to have a house built to him, for the time had not come. The tabernacle was all they were able to build for worship; but now he told Nathan to say that the Lord, who took David from the sheepcote and following the sheep to be ruler over Israel, was about to establish a throne for David which should be planted safely, and where enemies should not come, and as he had been with his people through the wilderness

and among enemies, so would he be with them in Jerusalem and in peace. He also said that when David slept with his fathers his son should be king, and build a temple to his name. "Thy house and thy kingdom shall be established forever," he said, and so it has been, for of his family the Lord Jesus Christ was born, whose kingdom is over all the world.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was David's house of cedar ? In Jerusalem.

What was the ark of the Lord in ? A tent.

What did David think ? That it was not good enough.

To whom did he speak ? To Nathan, the prophet.

What did he say ? That the Lord ought to have a house.

Who spoke to Nathan that night ? The Lord.

What did he say ? That he would build a house for David.

Did he want David to build a temple ? No.

Why ? It was for his son Solomon to build.

What did he say he would keep safe ? David's throne.

Who was of the family of David ? The Lord Jesus.

Where does he reign ? Over all the earth.

THREE SHIPS.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

Three ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the earth and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By and by.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing;
Nights where dreams like stars are glowing;
Take them, Sweet, or they'll be going!
For they ev'ry one have wings.

The second ship is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea,
And out across the twilight grey.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing—
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By and by,
Oh, wind, be kind, and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, Sweet, you'll go with her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither,
To what port I may not know.



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day.
In a curious carriage, all made of
leather,
They hurried away, away.
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too
roomy,
And they could not move about.
The five little brothers were very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered: "What
do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away."

So out they scrambled, the five together,
And off and away they sped,
When some one found that carriage of
leather,
O my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one
knows,
And the five little brothers were five little
toes.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

Little Annie is the daughter of a missionary, who lives in the North-West, far away from any white people. She is eleven years old, and has never seen a white child, excepting her little baby brother. Sometimes she gets lonesome for some little white girl companion.

Nevertheless, she is contented to live where she does, because she knows her papa is doing a great deal of good there. She sees how miserable and ignorant the poor Indians are, and she declares she will never go away from them until they are all Christians. Often she goes with her father to meetings, and helps in the singing, and sometimes her sweet voice sings a song alone. The Indians are very fond of Anaie's singing, for they love her very

much, and call her "the little white angel."

Not only does she help her papa in the services, but she goes also with him on his visits to the Indians' homes. Most of them live in tents made of heavy skins. Some have bark huts, and a few have made for themselves little log cabins.

In the picture we see her talking with two old squaws. They have been recently converted, and Annie is telling them about Jesus, how good he is, and how he came to die for them. Even though this little girl is only eleven years old, she has been the means of bringing many of these poor heathen to know and love God.

POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

BY MRS. E. Y. MULLINS.

"Polliwogs! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small squeaky voice that came in at the windows along Elm Street one morning in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out, to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles, as they are more properly called. The rubber boots were still wet with the wade in Still River, and the little curly head about as wet from the heat of the long tramp. He was soon stopped by the group of eager children that clustered about him, while questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"O, just see 'em wriggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?" was the first that found an answer.

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand, and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie, with business-like brevity.

"Oh! will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one, with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it."

But a big boy standing by, who had

been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wriggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen, so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones, who thought a penny's worth would do, that they must have at least a dozen, " 'cause some was sure to die," and there wouldn't be enough left to raise a respectable family.

Soon the little crowd came back, with tin-pans and buckets, to get their portion of polliwogs, and also received instructions that the water must be changed every morning.

"They ain't no trouble," said Jimmie; "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as his little hands were about full, their interest was turned for a moment to the money.

"What are you going to do with it, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Send it to the missionaries out in China," he answered, promptly.

Some looked a little awed at the high purpose in Jimmy's polliwog business, while the college boy gave a laugh of amused superiority, and then said: "What do you know about missionaries in China?"

"Know about 'em? I know a heap about 'em. I know there are lots and lots of heathen in China—millions of them; more than all the people we've got in our country—and they don't know about God, and live wicked lives."

"But they are cowards," said one boy; "the Japs whipped them easy as nothing."

"Well, I don't care," said Jimmie; "if they were Christians they would do everything better, live better, fight for their country better, and—everything," his argumentative powers giving out. "I heard papa and mamma talking about it at home, and they said our missionaries were so brave to stay there and work on for the Chinese when the war put them in so much danger."

"Turning polliwogs into frogs, and thereby turning heathen into Christians, that's an idea worthy of progressive young America," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—*Our Monthly*.

In the infant class a week or two ago the minister was questioning on the lesson about the "spies," when he asked, "Now, what would you do if you had such a large bunch of grapes that you could not carry it?" One little nipper replied, "I would sit down and eat half of them."