



HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

No. 21.

UNCLE DAN'S LESSON.

Little Jack has been trying to make a boat out of a piece of wood, and has brought it to Uncle Dan for his inspection. Uncle Dan, as the children call him, though he is not their uncle, is a kind-hearted, pleasant-faced, jolly old fellow, who lives in a strange-looking little house. He is sitting in the doorway of the house. Look at it and see if you can guess what it is, or was. It is nothing more than the hull of an old vessel which was washed ashore during a terrible storm. You see it has a thatched roof, and is fixed up quite snugly. It is exceedingly cosy inside, I assure you, and the old man would not part with a old ship for the best house in town. Jack is about to return to school. Uncle Dan takes a look at the little boat and shakes his gray head. It is no one fault, only one, and a little one, that, but as the old sailor points it out to the boy and tells him that, although it is a very small fault, it is enough to make the little boat unseaworthy, he also points him to a higher lesson, for the old man is a Christian, in these words: "Remember, Jack, my boy, it isn't always the big things that do the most harm. It is the little sins, the lit-



UNCLE DAN'S LESSON.

tle faults that are allowed to go unchecked, that grow and spoil a character and a life."

MISS MARY'S SECRET.

Miss Mary's kindergarten is the sunniest spot I have seen for many a day. It's not only the sun that pours through

the southern windows that makes it so, but also the sunshine that glows in the faces of the two dozen little children who play and work there.

These children are not rich. If it were not California, I fear many would not have warm enough clothes. They are not beautiful. But they are happy children. It is Miss Mary's wonderful secret. She found it out through much trouble herself, but she tries to have her children learn it easily.

The first thing you notice is that each one thinks of others first. When Miss Mary asks, "Who will be the little bird in this game?" no one cries "I." But each thinks of the child that has had the least that day. Perhaps little Polly Mann has not had one pretty thing to do. Then they all cry "Polly!" So no one is left out, and no one is trying for himself.

When lunch-time comes, and the little ones spread out

their stores, they are glad to share with those who have little or none.

Polly's father is a baker, and he always gives her extra rolls. She hands them to Miss Mary, saying, "Will some one have these?" She would be very sorry if no one did.

Can you read the secret? It is not giving, but sharing, that makes the children so glad. That is what Christ does. He shares our life and lets us share his. The Holy Supper is the way we show this.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

BY DR. NEWTON.

Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favorite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble. Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-Head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement:

"Mother, I can't bear this any longer!" she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with

meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.

"JESUS, IT'S ME."

At a religious meeting in the south of London a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the gentleman conducting the meeting:

"Will you pray for me in the meeting, please, but do not mention my name."

In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed, and there was silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said:

"O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name to be known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!"

There was perfect silence. Away in the back of the room a little girl rose, and a little voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it is me!" She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me." Jesus is always pleased with those who are not ashamed to confess him.

BE CONTENT WITH A LITTLE.

Two little cousins sat talking together under an oak-tree one warm afternoon.

"Oh, dear!" said the elder, in a very disconsolate tone, "I wish I did have pretty things like other folks; Ida Smith can have everything she wants; she has two lovely white dresses, a pink and a blue sash; and, oh, so much jewellery, gold bracelets, rings, chains, and lockets, and here I can't have even a string of beads or a yard of ribbon. I declare, I think it's too hard to be so poor!"

"Don't be so 'consolate, Rosy," said her little comforter, soothingly, "My mamma says folks must be content with their lot."

"But, Lily, suppose they haven't got their lot?" inquired Rosy.

"The other thought a moment and then said, "Well, if they haven't a lot, they must be content with a little."

Dear, happy little Lily! What a lesson of contentment you teach us! Don't complain because you do not have great blessings, but be thankful for the small ones.

TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

My rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it.

It is, "Begin when the hour comes."

I once belonged to a good Sunday school, in which there was but little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter; until the old plan was suggested and restored.

Boldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musicians and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercises, or even its whole character. You can pray, and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singer when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve.

Some will always be late; but if it is not known exactly when school really opens, a great many will be late.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

BY R. L. STEVENSON.

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
All up and down among the sheets:
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

HOW TALL.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

Mother, just see how tall I am,
My head can reach—so high—
My mother came to see her boy,
While I was standing by.

I measured with Jack yesterday.
His mark is there—below,
Half an inch, and—so you see,
Jack has that much to grow."

My mother put the heels and toes
Hard down on level ground.
Then, then the height of the two boys,
As yesterday was found.

Oh, honest, boys, then measure up,
As tall as tall you can,
Each boy with boy—when older grown,
Each man with fellowman.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STORIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 16.

ELISHA AND THE SHUNAMMITE.

Kings 4. 25-37. Memorize verses 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The gift of God is eternal life through
Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. 6. 23.

THE LESSON STORY.

Elisha went about all the time as Elijah
did to do, visiting the schools of the
prophets, and once, as he was passing
through Shunem, a "great woman" who
had there urged him to stop and eat at
her table. He did this often afterward,
and her husband built for him a little
room and furnished it, and there he used
to stop on his journeys and rest over-
night. He wanted to do something to
show his gratitude and pay her for her
care, so he told her, as he saw
that she was childless, that she should
have a little son. The little son
grew, and one day when he was
old enough to go into the harvest field,
his father he became very sick and
died, and he died on his mother's lap.
His poor mother laid him on the prophet's
bosom and then rode away to the man of
God for help. He sent his servant to
get her, and to ask her if it was well
with her and her husband and her son.
The mother did not want to talk with the
stranger—only with Elisha himself—so
she said, "It is well." But when she saw
Elisha she said, "Did I desire a son of
God?" then he knew what was the
matter. The mother would not leave him
until he went himself with her. The

staff of Elisha that he sent on by his ser-
vant to lay upon the child did not wake
him, but when he went in and shut the
door and prayed beside the boy and
stretched himself upon him until the
child's flesh grew warm, then life came
back into the little form, and he sent down
with his mother. "Take up thy son," he
said, and she first fell at his feet, then
took up her boy and went out.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was a friend to Elisha? A
Shunammite.

What did she do for him? Gave him
a home whenever he wanted it.

What did he do for her? He said God
would give her a son.

Did she have the son? Yes.

What happened to him? He died one
harvest-time.

What did his mother do? She went for
Elisha.

What did the prophet seem to want to
do? Send his servant.

Would the mother listen to this? No.

What did Elisha do? He went with
her.

What did he do for the boy? He
prayed over him.

What else? He stretched himself upon
him until life came.

Then what did he do? He gave him
to his mother.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23.

ELISHA AND NAAMAN.

2 Kings 5. 1-14. Memorize verses 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed;
save me, and I shall be saved.—Jer.
17. 14.

THE LESSON STORY.

How thankful we should be that we
live in a land of peace! Israel could
seldom rest in peace because of the
Syrians, or the Philistines, or some other
neighborly nation that was ever rising
against it. In our lesson to-day the
Syrians had been at war with Israel,
and had carried away, among others, a little
maid, and she had been given to General
Naaman's wife to wait upon her. Would
you not think that she would mourn for
her mother and her father, and her home?
Perhaps she did, but she had a kind heart,
and when she saw that Naaman, who was
a great and honorable man, was a leper,
she said to her mistress, "Would God
my lord were with the prophet that is in
Samaria! for he would recover him of
his leprosy." When the general heard
about it he also wished for the cure of his
disease, and the king of Syria sent him
with very costly gifts to the king of Israel,
who wondered why any one should come
to him for cure.

But Elisha said, "Let him come now
to me, and he shall know that there is a
prophet in Israel." So Naaman came
with his horses and chariot to Elisha's
door. Elisha did not come out, but sent a
messenger to tell him to go and wash
seven times in Jordan, and he should be
cured. Naaman was angry at this, for he
was a proud man, and he thought the
prophet would think it an honor to have
him at his door. Then he did not like
the little Jordan river, and said the rivers
of Damascus were much better, and he
was going away in a rage when his ser-
vants urged him to do what the prophet
had said. So at last he did go down and
dip himself seven times in Jordan, and
his flesh became like that of a little child.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Naaman's little maid? A
captive from the land of Israel.

What did she feel sorry about? That
her master was a leper.

What did she wish? That he could see
the prophet in Samaria.

Who was Naaman? A great Syrian
general.

What did his king do? He sent him
with gifts to the king of Israel.

What did the king say? That he was
not God, "to kill and make alive."

What did Elisha say? "Let him come
now to me."

What did he tell Naaman to do? To
go and wash in Jordan seven times.

Did he go? No, he was angry.

Who brought him to a change of mind?
His servants.

Did he go to the Jordan? Yes, and
"dipped himself seven times."

What did it do for him? He was
healed.

MAKING BELIEVE.

"Mabel, what was that I heard you say
to Paul about a big bear in the closet?"

"Oh, mamma!" answered Mabel, hang-
ing her head, "I was only making be-
lieve. I didn't really mean there was
any bear there."

"Can my little daughter tell me the
difference between 'making believe,' as
she calls it, and telling a falsehood?"

Mabel's head hung still lower, and her
cheeks, flushed. "Why—why—mamma,
lying is real mean and wicked, but mak-
ing believe is only in fun, you know.
You don't mean harm by it."

"But you meant Paul to believe it?"

"Yes, mamma—just for a minute."

"And you knew it would frighten him,
and fright to a baby—even for a minute
—may mean a great deal of harm. Pe-
sides, how will your brother know when
to trust and believe you?"

"I'll never 'make believe' again,
mamma; I see that it is mean as lying."



AN ANTELOPE.

ANTELOPES.

The different kinds of antelopes form a very large family. Naturalist enumerate twenty-nine species in all. The antelope constitutes a link between the goat and the deer. They are most numerous in Asia and Africa. None of them except the two species, chamois and saiga, are found in Europe.

The American continent possesses but two representatives of the antelope family. These are the so-called Rocky Mountain sheep or goat—the true antelope—and the prongbuck or cabrit of the North American plains. The Rocky Mountain antelope, possessing a coat of long woolly hair, is closely related to the chamois of Europe; and in this form, as well as in the prongbuck, the connection between the antelopes and the goats may be traced. The prongbuck species presents a singular exception to other members of the great antelope family, in that the sheath or covering of the horns of the male is developed and shed annually. The female has no horns, and is a very pretty creature, as our picture shows. The chief home of the prongbuck is the prairie lands of Central America, and its northern limit would appear to be about the fifty-third degree of north latitude.

Antelopes chiefly inhabit hilly countries, though some reside in the plains; and some species form herds of two or three thousand, while others keep in small troops of five or six. These animals are elegantly formed, active, restless, timid, shy, and astonishingly swift, running with vast bounds, and springing or leaping with

surprising agility; they frequently stop for a moment in the midst of their course to gaze at their pursuers, and then resume their flight. The greyhound, the fleetest of dogs, is usually outrun by them; and the sportsman is obliged to have recourse to the aid of the falcon, which is trained to the work, for seizing on the animal, and impeding its motion, that the dogs may thus have an opportunity of overtaking it. In India and Persia a sort of leopard is made use of in the chase; and this animal takes its prey, not by swiftness of foot, but by its astonishing springs, which are similar to that of the antelope; and yet, if the leopard should fail in its first attempt, the game escapes. The fleetness of this animal has been proverbial in the countries which it inhabits, from the earliest time. 2 Sam. 2. 18; 1 Chron. 12-8; as also the beauty of its eyes; so that to say, "You have the eyes of a gazelle," is to pay a high compliment.

CAPTAIN ALECK.

They had a great time in getting a name for their boy company, and the reason they were in such a hurry was that the uniforms must be lettered in time for the parade on Decoration Day.

At last they settled on "Brave Sons of Defenders" for a name; and as their belt buckles wouldn't hold all that, they had "B.S." on the breast-clasps, and a very satisfactory-sized "D." on the belt buckles.

Decoration Day came, and the sun shone on guns and swords and banners, real ones and play ones, and speeches were made

from a big stand, and a dinner was served at which some old soldiers said the "Brave Sons" beat the regulars out and out!

But Aleck was not there. Aleck live a good way out of town, and so did Johnny Forbes, and Aleck had promised Johnny's mother to call for her little boy and take him to town under his care. But accident will happen even on Decoration Day, and what did Johnny do but fall off of Mr. Pierson's rail-fence, when he was in sight of town, and break his wrist!

Of course Aleck had to go back with him, and the pain made the little chap so sick that our "Defender" had to carry him part of the way, so it was a long and slow journey home. Then Aleck had to go for the doctor, and so when he got to town at last, the parade was over, and he felt dreadfully like crying, only he knew "Defender" mustn't cry.

When old Colonel Park found out what had kept Aleck from the parade he made a speech, and said here was a private who had been in active service while the rest of them were playing soldiers, and, as commanding officer of the camp, he forthwith made him a brevet-captain for gallantry on the field.

And after that the old soldiers always saluted him when they met, touching the caps and calling him "Captain."

DOLLY'S SECRET AND MINE.

BY ALICE KING.

I wonder, my dolly, if you don't know
How much I love you, dear.
With those little pink ears that listen
Do you really never hear?

Don't you feel my lips when I kiss your
cheek,
And hug you tight to me?
Aren't there any nice quivers up your
back?
I'm sure there ought to be.

Do those sky-blue eyes not see a thing
Of all God's, pretty world?
And can't you know if I'm short or tall
Or my hair is straight or curled?

Don't you care the least bit when you
quite alone,
For nearly all the day?
Would you just as soon be lying on
shelf
As out with me at play?

I'm sure, 'way down in your sawdust
heart,
There's something that does know;
And you really love me a little bit,
And would like to tell me so.

So when I kiss you, I'm going to believe
You like to kiss me too.
It's a secret nobody else will have,
'Cept only me and you.