

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1901.

No. 14

## SOME BIG MISTAKES.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Willie Brown came rushing into the Danbury school-house after the noon recess one cold winter day, with his cheeks red as roses and his eyes snapping and sparkling in a very alarming manner.

"Hallo, Will! what's up? You look sort o' dangerous," said John Hadley, who had been hovering over the school-room stove through the entire noon recess. "Where have you been this cold day, and what have you seen?"

"Been doing missionary work," said Willie, "and I've seen some—not wise men." "Fools, you mean," said John. "They're plenty enough round here. But missionary work? A fellow must go to China to do that."

"No, sir; there's plenty of work everywhere. Look here," and Willie pulled a pledge-roll out of his pocket.

"See," he continued, "We've got Jimmy Mathers' father down; wrote it his own self; and he'll keep it, too. Poor Jim won't have to come to school any more with ragged clothes and no books."

"Well done, Willie," said Miss Hammond, the teacher. "That is grand work, turning men from the wrong to the right—grand work for boy or man."

"But, teacher," said Willie, bashfully—for he had not been aware of the teacher's presence before—"I don't deserve much credit, for I got pretty mad twenty minutes after Mr. Mathers signed the pledge, though I shut my lips tight and didn't

answer back, when he called me a precious little fool."

"Who did that—Mathers?" said John. "Oh, no! Squire Green," said Willie. "I asked him to sign the pledge, too. Mr. Mathers works for him. But he said no; he needed to take a little whisky to keep

Hammond. "People are more ignorant of the dangers they risk by taking strong drink into the stomach than of anything else. They do not know that alcohol is a deadly poison, and take it for medicine in all kinds of diseases. Mothers give it to their poor, helpless babes to make them

sleep. The poor things are really drunk. There is more disease and more deaths caused by this deceitful medicine than from all other causes combined, and many a mother who gives liquor to her baby is preparing the way to the drunkard's grave for the poor little innocent."

"Oh!" said Willie, with a shudder. "But when the children have grown up who know about alcohol and hygiene, they won't make such big mistakes, will they, teacher?"

"It is to be devoutly hoped that they will not," said Miss Hammond. "If people can be kept from forming the habit there is hope for them."

"My advice would be," said John Hadley, "to keep out of the fire. That is easier than trying to heal the burn."

## A POPULAR BOY.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and will pledge his honour to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day be a hero among the strong.—Selected.



BLACKBERRYING.—(See last page.)

the cold out. And I told him that whisky would make men freeze all the quicker, and then he got mad and called me names, and that very man said last summer, in haying, that he needed whisky on account of the heat. He must be a queer man, don't you think so?"

"There are many such," said Miss

## A JINGLE FOR BABY.

BY H. E. E.

Ten little fingers,  
Ten little toes,  
Twenty little dimples  
In four little rows.

Can baby show his fingers?  
Can baby show his toes?  
Can baby find the dimples  
And show how much he knows?

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1901.

## BE A BOY.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

Many people are trying to be something that they are not, and they cannot be. Many a boy wishes to be a man, and street urchins gathered into Sunday-school have been heard singing,

"I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand;"

though it is possible that many of them would sympathize with that Sunday-school scholar who, when asked whom he should most want to see in another world, replied, "Gerliah."

But it is not well for persons to try to be what they are not and cannot be. God did not make us to be angels, and it is much better for people to be what God made them, and content themselves with the position and duties which he has appointed them.

Many a lad to-day who is ambitious to be something great will do far better to try to be a boy, as God has made him to be. A good boy, a kind boy, an honest boy, a faithful boy, is one of the noblest works of God; and if many of the boys who are trying to be great, and wishing

that they were taller and stronger and richer than they are, would simply attend to their own daily work as boys, fulfilling all their duties and obeying the divine precepts, they would not only find that God would bless them, and good men and women would love and praise them, but they would also find that the good boy, before he is well aware of it, grows to be a good man, and finds waiting for him honour and influence and blessing and prosperity, and all the good which he has expected and desired.

No one can hinder boys from being men, if they are faithful and careful. A boy may smoke cigarettes, and die a stunted little runt; just as a girl may pucker in her waist, and never get her growth; or a boy may make himself so vile and filthy that he will never reach a vigorous manhood. But the boy who loves God, obeys his parents, and takes good care of himself will find himself a man before he knows it; and his manhood will be a joy to himself and a blessing to the world.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estate in the Grown-up-Land.  
—Selected.

## HORSE CHESTNUTS.

Grandpa was starting out for his morning walk, and Harold, George, and Annette ran after him to ask if they might go, too. They dearly love to walk with grandpa, and he is always glad to have them. It was a warm morning, but all along the street were rows of large trees, whose spreading branches made it cool and shady.

"I wonder," said Annette (you would hardly believe how many times a day Annette says "I wonder"), "why we call these trees 'horse-chestnut trees.'"

"O," said Harold, who says, "I guess," as often as Annette says "I wonder," "I guess it must be because the nuts are as much bigger than the chestnuts we eat as a horse is bigger than a man."

"No," said George, who seldom guesses, but can almost always tell you something he has heard or read; "John, down on the farm, told me last summer that they are good for horses to eat when they have colds and coughs. That's the real reason they are called 'horse-chestnuts,' isn't it, grandpa?"

Grandpa smiled. "It is a very good reason," he said, "but I am not sure that it is the only one. What do you think of this?"

He broke a stout leaf stalk from one of the lower branches of the tree under which they were passing, and held the thick end of it for the children to see. They looked at it closely for a moment, and then each gave a little exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it's exactly like a tiny horse-shoe!" cried Annette.

"So it is," said the two boys, "with marks for the little nails and all!"

When they had examined the ends of several other stems which grandpa obligingly broke off for them, and found them all alike, they agreed that this was the most curious and interesting of all the reasons for the name of the horse-chestnut tree.—*Youth's Companion.*

## WEENIE.

Baby Lillie slept in a cradle, while Weenie's babies slept in a big box in the kitchen. "Weenie" was a large black cat, who was very proud and fond of her three baby kittens. Sometimes Weenie would leave her family in the box and come to see baby Lillie's mamma, as she sat rocking the cradle. One day her mamma took baby Lillie for a ride in her carriage. When she came back with baby Lillie, all rosy and laughing from her ride, she found that Weenie had moved little Blacky, Gray Face, and Spotty from the box to baby Lillie's cradle, where they lay all soft and quiet and fast asleep.

"Mew!" said Weenie, looking up at the mother and baby Lillie.

"What a kind mother you are, Weenie!" said baby Lillie's mamma. "Now do you want baby Lillie to sleep in the box?"

"Mew!" said Weenie again.

Baby Lillie clapped her hands when she realized that Weenie's little babies were in her own little cradle, and she wanted to be rocked with them; but her mamma said: "No, baby Lillie must wait till Weenie has ended her visit."

Everybody who knew her thought Weenie a very wonderful cat.—*Selected.*

## PLAYING POSSUM.

"Mother," said Louise, running into the house with something carefully tucked away in her apron, "here's a star that fell down from the sky and got drowned, and lost all its shine. Oh, dear!"

"Just a starfish," laughed Tom, peeping at it; "and it was born in the water and never had any shine, goosie."

"But fishes don't get drowned, and this is. See!" and she held out a stiff, still starfish.

Father touched one of the rays. "It's only playing 'possum," he said.

"What's that?" asked Louise.

"Pretending to be dead when it's really alive," explained mother. "Animals often do this to protect themselves."

"Put it on its back in a plate of water and see what happens, said father.

What happened was that the little creature began to move, and was soon right side up again.

"Guess it felt like I do standing on my head," said Tom.

"I'll put it back on the beach," said Louise. "Perhaps there is a star family expecting it home."

## WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

Such little hands! What can they do?  
Just wait, and I will hint to you:  
These little hands sweet flowers can bring  
To make some lonely sufferer sing.  
And praise the loving King of heaven,  
Who has to us such beauties given.

Any mission work for little feet?  
Yes, they can patter down the street;  
Bread to the hungry they can take;  
Swift errands run for Jesus' sake.  
And with these hands some dimes can earn  
To help the poor of Christ to learn.

I'll tell you what these eyes can do:  
Find Bible promises so true,  
To read to those, who, sick and old,  
No longer see these words of gold,  
If you would make a blind man smile,  
Be eyes for him a little while.

Yes, hands and feet and eyes may share  
The work which helps to answer prayer.  
We pray the hungry may be fed,  
To Christ the weary may be led,  
The poor be clothed—'tis good to pray  
And help somebody every day.

—Selected.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE  
PATRIARCHS.

## LESSON II. [July 14.]

BEGINNING OF SIN AND REDEMPTION.  
Gen. 3. 1-15. Memory verses, 14, 15.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Where sin abounded, grace did much  
more abound.—Rom. 5. 20.

## THE LESSON STORY.

You should read the whole of the second chapter of Genesis before even looking at the lesson verses. In that you learn how God took thought for the comfort of the man whom he created, and made a friend and companion for him. The man is named Adam, and the woman he made to be his friend and helper was named Eve. They were put in a beautiful garden named Eden, to live, where the Lord told them they might eat of the delicious fruits from all the trees but one. But he said if they ate of that they would surely die. Do you wonder why the Lord did this? He wanted the man and woman whom he had made to learn to obey and to choose. So he put this tree, which he called "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," there to prove them.

It seems strange that there should be an evil spirit in the beautiful garden, but how much more strange and sad it seems that he should have found his way into the hearts of the holy and happy pair. Read

about it, and you will see how dreadful a thing it is to *choose the wrong*.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the first man? Adam.  
Who was the first woman? Eve.  
Where did they live? In Eden.  
What grew there? Beautiful fruits.  
Who came there and talked with them? God.  
What did he tell them to eat? All the fruits but one.  
What did he want them to learn? To obey.

What did they do? Ate the forbidden fruit.

When God came, what did they do? Tried to hide.

What can we never do? Hide from God.

Where did God send them? Away from Eden.

What does sin always do? Make trouble.

## LESSON III. [July 21.]

## NOAH SAVED IN THE ARK.

Gen. 8. 1-22. Memory verses, 20-22.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.—Gen. 6. 8.

## THE LESSON STORY.

To understand this story of beginnings we should read about Cain and Abel in chapter 4, and learn how the first family grew in chapters 5 and 6. Then the sad story of sin comes, and we find that when fifteen hundred years had passed, God said he would send a great flood to wash the wickedness away from the earth. You must read what the ark was like, and all the wonderful story of the saving of Noah and his family. Think how wonderful it was to be the only family left on earth after the forty days of flood! It was like beginning a new world.

Notice that the first thing Noah did when he came out of the ark was to build an altar to the Lord and to worship him. This pleased the Lord, and he said he would make a covenant, which means a promise, never to send another flood upon the earth to destroy the people, even if they should grow wicked again.

When we look at the beautiful rainbow in the sky, do you think that this is the Lord's sign that he does not forget his promise? Let it remind you, too, of his love and mercy which never fail.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did the world grow to be? Very wicked.

What does sin always cause? Great trouble.

What did God send? A great flood.

What good man was living there? Noah.

What did God tell him to build? An ark.

What did he take into the ark? Two of all living things.

Who shut them all into the ark? God.

When did they come out? After the waters went down.

What did they find? A new, clean earth.

What did Noah do first? He worshipped God.

What did God promise? Not to send another flood.

What sign did he set in the sky? A rainbow.

## WHAT MOLLY SAID TO PRUDENCE.

"No, my dear Prudence, you cannot go out and play any more to-day; I have some work for you to do. There! Do not cry; no one likes to hear a big child like you cry.

"I want you to hold this skein of wool for me. It won't be long until we have cold weather, and you will need the cover I am going to crochet for your bed."

So saying, little mother Molly took hold of her obstinate little daughter, who wanted to play and did not like to work, and set her up against Jupiter, the elephant, who looked on with a sad countenance. Putting the skein in Prudence's hands, the little mother began to wind the wool into a ball, and continued her lecture.

"Little girls must learn to do as they are told without whining or crying. No one likes lazy children, or little girls that cry when told they must go to bed, or fret when they have a lesson to learn or have to wear an old dress because it's rainy, and they mustn't wear their new one because it might get wet. If you want folks to think you are a nice, polite child, you must say, 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am,' when you are spoken to, and never, never say, 'I won't!' when your mamma, or your teacher, or Rilla, or Fred, asks you to do something you do not want to do. Will you remember what I'm telling you, Prudence?"

But Prudence sat and stared at her little mother, never blinking an eye. We hope she heard, and will do as her mother instructed her to do. If she does, she will be an obedient dolly and all will love her, as they do her mamma when she is an obedient child.—*Sunday-school Evangelist*.

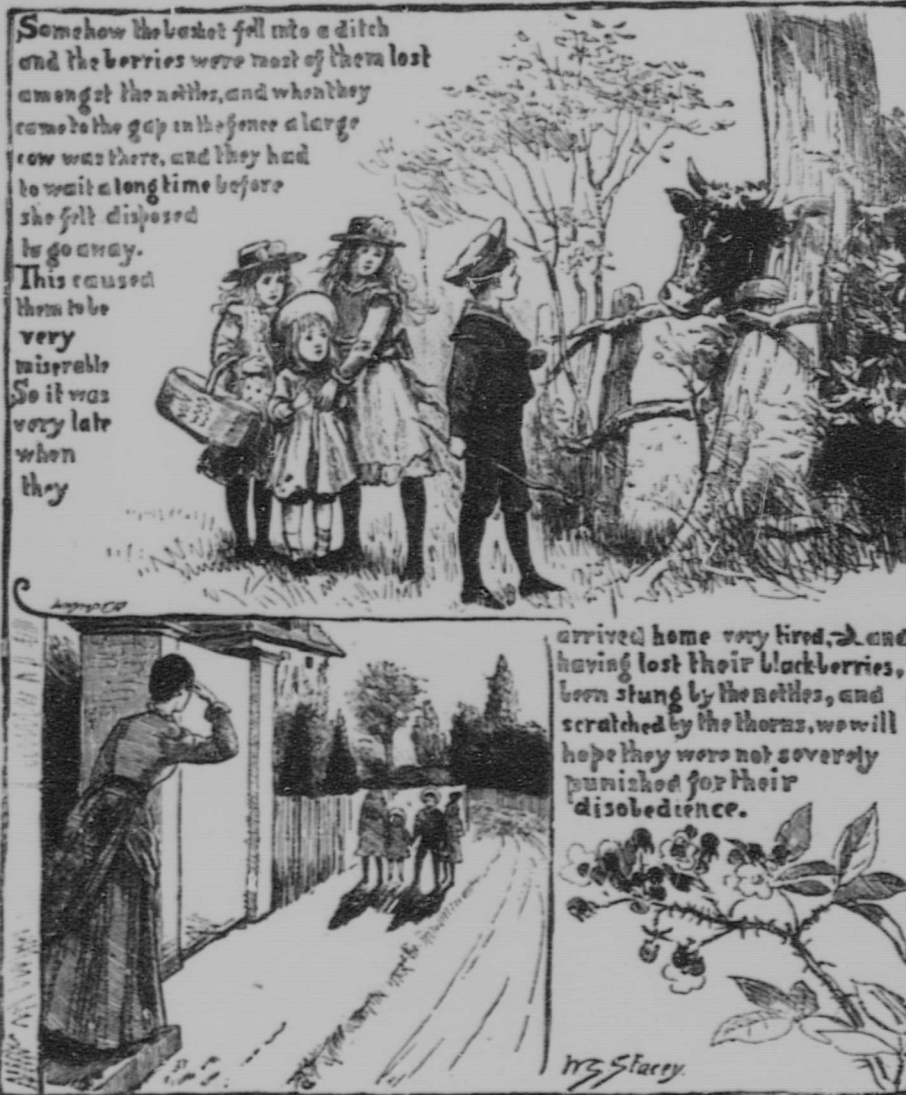
## GENTLEMAN DICK.

BY PANSY.

"Where is your umbrella?" I asked little Dick one rainy day, when I met him coming from school without any.

"Oh, I lent it to the girls," he said. "They hadn't any. Ladies first, always, mother says."

Sure enough! The two little girls behind him were keeping dry under his umbrella, in spite of their old thin jackets.—*Selected*.



### INVITATIONS.

One Saturday afternoon Margaret Harper came alone to visit Cora and Nannie, and after tea Jonas walked home with her. On the way they had a little talk.

"Have you made up your mind yet what kind of a woman you are going to be?" Jonas asked.

"Oh, yes indeed!" said Margaret; "I'm going to be a very good woman; a Christian, you know; like Nannie's Aunt Helen."

"Have you begun at it yet?"

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret, with a little laugh; "I'm not old enough now to be a Christian."

"Not old enough to be invited anywhere, and to say that you will go?" exclaimed Jonas, looking astonished.

Margaret laughed again. "Oh, yes," she said; "I'm old enough for that; but I mean—well—I'm not good enough to be a Christian."

"What is 'being a Christian'?"

"O Jonas! I know, of course, but I can't tell it in words."

"I can," said Jonas; "it is accepting Jesus' invitation and getting ready to go. Aren't you old enough for that? or are you like the folks who made excuses?"

"Who were they?"

"Oh, they were some people who were invited to a grand party; instead of getting ready, they began to make all sorts of excuses."

"How funny!" said Margaret; "I don't believe there ever were any such people; folks don't act so about going to a grand party, Jonas; they are glad of the chance to go."

"It's a Bible story," said Jonas, "and one that Jesus told, himself; he told it to show how very silly the people were who treated his invitations in that way."

"I wouldn't treat them so," said Margaret.

"Why, yes, you would! You are doing it. You just said that you are not old enough to accept his invitation, and not good enough, and all those silly excuses that you wouldn't think of making if you were invited to a party."

"That's different," said Margaret.

"I know it is different; a party only lasts one afternoon, or evening, and Jesus' invitation lasts for ever. He never said that people had to be old, or good, before they could say 'yes,' and set about getting ready to go. What he said was, 'Come; for all things are now ready.' All we have to do is to obey his directions. Aren't you old enough to obey your mother?"

"Why, yes," said Margaret; "of course."

"Well, then, you are old enough to obey Jesus," said Jonas. "Just as fast as you find out what he says, you do it—or don't do it, whichever it is—and that is all the part you have. I wonder what you are going to say to Jesus' invitation—'yes' or 'no'? I'm going to watch you and find out. I can tell by the way you act, you know, even if you don't say a word about it."

### SUSIE'S ESCORT.

Mr. Morton had a letter to write after breakfast, so he was not ready to go to his office till nearly school time. When he came into the dining-room to bid his wife good-bye, he found her putting on Susie's hat.

"Am I to have the pleasure of a young lady's company?" asked Susie's father, with a funny smile. "May I escort you to school, Miss Susie?"

Susie did not know what "escort" meant, but she knew that her father would walk to school with her, and that made her very proud and happy.

"I do not know what to give you for recess, Susie," said her mother.

"Never mind," her father said; "we will find something at the corner store."

Then Susie kissed her mother and went along with her father. They went into a store, and Susie selected a big, red apple.

"Do you need a slate pencil or a sponge?" asked Mr. Morton.

"No, father, thank you," said Susie, glad to have her father think so kindly of her needs.

By and by they came to a crossing that had such a high step it was quite a trouble to Susie when she was alone; but it was so easy now that she had her father's strong arm to help her.

Did you ever think what a happy thing it is to have our Heavenly Father caring for us wherever we are? He has promised to be with his children and provide for all their needs, if only they will trust and obey him. He will help us over the hard places and keep us from danger, and make our hearts glad with his kindness. Here is a sweet little Bible prayer: "Let thine hand help me!" Do you want to say this to "Our Father"? —Selected.

When summer is ended and winter draws near, most of our trees drop all their leaves. But the pine tree keeps green all winter. This is what Marjory said about it:

"I know why the pine tree doesn't drop all his clothes when winter comes, like the rest of the trees. The rest of them haven't anything to do all winter, but the pine tree has to stay dressed up for Christmas. It's very busy then."