

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

No. 21.

SELF-CONTROL.

There is a story told about Alexander and his horse Bucephalus which may well "point a moral."

When Alexander was but a boy he was present one day when a Thessalian brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip offering to sell him for thirteen talents. But when the fiery animal was taken to the field to try, he proved so unmanageable that none of Philip's men dared so much as to venture near him. Philip bade them lead him away as useless, and as they were about doing so, young Alexander said: "What a fine horse do they lose for want of address and boldness to manage him!" At first Philip did not notice the boy's remark; but when it was repeated, and he saw how sorrowful he was to see the horse taken away, he said: "Do you reproach those who are older than yourself, as if you knew more and were better able to manage him than they?"

"I could manage this horse," replied the lad, "better than others do."

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"I will pay," said Alexander, "the whole price of the horse."

The men who stood by laughed heartily, but the wager was accepted, and the bold youth hastened to the horse, and, taking him by the bridle, turned him towards the sun, having noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then, stroking him gently, he watched his opportunity and sprang quickly on his back. Gradually, and with great gentleness, he drew in bridle and curb, and presently, when the creature found he had a master, the bold youth let him go at full speed, speaking to him with

the ringing tone of command, and even spurring him on to increased speed. When he came back presently flushed and triumphant, but with the horse under full control, Philip, who had been deeply anxious for his son's safety, is said to have shed

own spirit. Impatience, fretfulness, lack of self-restraint, thwart themselves, for they prove weakness in the one who exhibits them which even a dumb animal can feel.

How great a pity that one, who as a boy could thus control himself and others, when he became a man could yield to his lower appetites to such a degree that he is actually said to have died the death of a drunkard. Alexander did not know the true meaning of the word conquer, for he never learned to conquer himself. To conquer nations is a small thing compared to the conquering of oneself; for "greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."



THROUGH THE STORM.

tears of joy, and to have declared, as he kissed him, that Macedonia was far too small a kingdom for so great a spirit as his son possessed!

Alexander could never have conquered the horse if he had not had control of his

there is no prayer, where God's Word is not read, God's Sabbath not honoured, God's name not revered, there is no promise of blessing.—Selected.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

TWO HOMES.

There were two families who lived in the same village. In one of them every day the Word of God was read, songs of praise were sung, and the father offered prayer to God, while all the family joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. On the Sabbath they all went to church and Sabbath-school, and every day they tried to please the Lord. In the other family the boys and girls never heard their parents pray, but often wicked words fell upon their ears. They never went to church or Sabbath-school, but spent the Lord's day in fishing, visiting, or other amusements. The former home is the kind of one God wants us to have. He blesses the families that call upon his name; but where

there is no prayer, where God's Word is not read, God's Sabbath not honoured, God's name not revered, there is no promise of blessing.—Selected.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Never a day lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

—Selected.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

EXAMPLES: WHAT ARE THEY?

"Do tell me, grandmother," said little Davie Johns, "what is an example?"

Grandmother took off her spectacles, and laid them down on the table beside her.

"I don't mean the 'rithmetic ones," said Davie; "I mean the Sunday-school kind."

"Well," said grandmother slowly, not quite sure how to explain to the little boy, "there are good examples and bad examples."

"I know that," said Davie. "Miss Kate said about that; but I want to know what they are, anyway."

"Let me see. Suppose I tell you two little stories, and then perhaps you will understand for yourself. Once there was a boy named Peter, and he had a little sister named Prue. They were having a beautiful time one Saturday morning playing menagerie, when nurse came in and told them to get ready for a walk. Prue

stopped being a panther right away, and jumped to get ready; but Peter's face grew as black and frowning as the sky does when a thunderstorm is coming up. He began to whine and fret, and then to shout and stamp his feet, and say that he wouldn't go; and all the time Prue was watching him. Pretty soon her face puckered up, too, and she cried and made almost as much fuss as Peter did; so that poor nurse had a great deal of trouble with them both. She would not have had any trouble with Prue if it had not been for Peter's example. That is one kind, you see."

Grandmother stopped, but Davie was looking out of the window, and had nothing to say; so she went on.

"Then, on another Saturday morning, this same Peter and Prue were talking about a long walk they were going to take. 'Let's start now,' said Prue, as soon as breakfast was over. 'It's Saturday,' said Peter; 'I guess we ought to learn our Golden Text and study over our lesson again first.' 'Oh, no,' said Prue, 'let's not. We can do that afterwards.' But we might forget,' Peter said, 'or something else might happen. I'm going to learn mine now.' And by the time he had found his lesson paper Prue had decided to get hers too. And that is the other kind of example, Davie, dear. Do you think that you know any better now what the word means?"

"Yes," said Davie soberly, "I think I do."

That night, when he knelt down to say his prayers, the very first thing Davie said was this: "O Lord, I'd rather be a good example than a bad one."

"I LIKE TO SEE EVERYTHING HAPPY."

"Take care, my dear! Mind you don't fall in! What are you reaching after?"

The words came from a lady passing along a country lane, and were addressed to a little girl who was leaning over a pond by the roadside, reaching after something with a long twig which she had apparently picked up in the hedge. She drew back as the lady spoke, and, turning to her, said simply:

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, here is a poor bee got into the water, and can't get out again, and I'm afraid he will be drowned. I was trying to push that leaf to him for him to crawl upon, but my stick is too small, and I can't reach it."

"Let me try," said the lady smiling. "I dare say I can manage it. Poor little bee," she said, as she took the twig from the child's hand; "you shall not be drowned if we can help you, we should not like to be drowned ourselves."

And, with a little effort, she succeeded in guiding the leaf to the drowning insect. They watched it with deep interest as it struggled to gain a footing on the dry leaf; and when at length it succeeded, and be-

gan to wipe the water from its wings, it would have been hard to say which was the more pleased, the lady or the child.

"There, I think it will do now," said the lady. "The warm sunshine will soon dry its wings, and it will fly away as gaily as ever."

"But I have known children," she said, as they went along the lane together—for they were both going in the same direction—"both boys and girls, who would have taken more pleasure in seeing that poor little creature drowned than in helping it out of the water. I know one boy in particular who, I fear, would even have thrown stones into the water to sink the poor thing. I am glad no such boys or girls caught sight of it before you."

"So am I," said the child. "I like to see everything happy."

CROTCHETY, CRABBED AND CROSS.

BY ELEANOR A. STERLING.

Crotchety, Crabbed, and Cross, one day, Went out for a sail on the Sulky Bay.

Their boat was leaky, their sail was torn, And hung on the bow was a dinner-horn. "We'll sail to the North," said Crotchety, "I'll stand by the helm to steer," said he.

Bounding and scudding they sailed along; The waves rolled high and the wind blew strong.

"I won't stay here to be drowned at sea; We'll sail to the South, where the wind is free!

"I'll steer for awhile," said angry Cross, "For I don't see why you should be boss."

Seizing the helm with a wrathful frown, He steered for the South, and the wind went down.

"We can't drift home, for there is no tide. We're stuck here, becalmed!" was what Crabbed cried.

"We'll sail to the Eastward now," said he, "No, you won't," laughed the Wind, across the sea.

Out of the Eastward the wind blew strong, And swift in its path they were borne along.

The westward shore and the setting Sun Were laughing to see what the Wind had done.

"You went for a pleasure sail, you say? You will never succeed on Sulky Bay.

"Go to the harbour of Smiles and Fen," Said the Wind, with a wink at the setting Sun.

"You'll find a boat which will sail alone. If pleasure, not anger, is only shown." The darkness descended on all the three, And they steered by the stars for the Sunshine Sea.

—The Outlook.

The more God helps us the more we ought to help others.

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Lady Ros
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GIVING.

BY JULIA ANN WALCOTT.

Lady Rose, Lady Rose,
In your fragrant furbelows,
You give the wind sweet messages
Whichever way it blows;
You send them to the stranger,
You send them to your friend,
From out your store of treasure,
Their lives your riches lend.

Little bird, little bird,
As you sing upon your bough,
A hundred hearts are happier
That you are singing now.
Though the sun is shining brightly,
Or is hiding in a cloud,
You give the world your sweetest songs
And sing them brave and loud.

Merry brook, merry brook,
As you dance upon the way,
The rose had not the heart to bloom
Were you not here to-day;
Nor could a thirsty birdling trill
Its song so sweet and gay.
Oh, blessings to you, merry brook,
As you dance on your way!

Precious girls, precious boys,
Know you not that you possess
More than rose, or bird, or brook,
Gifts of cheer and loveliness?
Thoughts and words and deeds of love
Be you always freely giving,
And the world and all who know you,
Will be richer for your living.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON III. [October 20.]

JOSEPH EXALTED.

Gen. 41. 38-49. Memory verses, 39-41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honour me I will honour.—1 Sam. 2. 30.

THE LESSON STORY.

The Golden Text for the first lesson of this quarter says that God was with Joseph. Do you wonder that he let him be sold as a slave in Egypt? This lesson shows that God had a great and good purpose in letting this be done, and teaches us to trust God and not be afraid, no matter what strange thing may come upon us.

Pharaoh, the king, had dreams which troubled him very much. No one could tell what they meant, until Joseph was brought out of prison to interpret them. He could do it, for "God was with him," to give wisdom and understanding. The king was so pleased that he would not let him go back to prison, but made him ruler of Egypt, with great honour and power.

Joseph had now been in Egypt thirteen years, so he was thirty years old. If in the time when Joseph was a servant he had not been building up a good character he would not now have been the ruler of Egypt.

"God was with him" because he was with God. God will give wisdom and goodness to any of his children who truly want it and seek it from him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was king of Egypt? Pharaoh.
What kind of dreams did he have? Troublesome dreams.
What did he try to find out? What they meant.
Where was Joseph now? In prison.
Had he been doing wrong? No; wicked people wanted to harm him.
Why was he safe in prison? "God was with him."

What was Pharaoh told? That Joseph was wise.

What did Joseph tell the king? What his dreams meant.

What else did he tell the king? Just what to do.

What did Pharaoh do for Joseph? Gave him great honour.

What did he make him? A ruler of Egypt.

Who are blessed by God? Those who are true to him.

LESSON IV. [Oct. 27.]

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Gen. 45. 1-11. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

Joseph had been in Egypt now for twenty-two years. He was a rich, noble man, before whom all the people bowed down. To learn all the beautiful story you must read the chapters between the last lesson and this. You have heard of the awful times of famine in India. It was like this now in Egypt and in other lands. But because God gave Joseph wisdom there was much food stored up in Egypt, and people came from Canaan to buy it. Think what it meant to Joseph to see his ten brothers coming to buy corn! His heart was full of love, but he wanted to see if they were cruel, and so he tried them. When you read in the lesson verses how happy it made him to find that they had grown kind and gentle, it may help you to understand how it makes glad the heart of our brother, Jesus, to see his children learning to love one another. Does this story of Joseph teach us how to treat those who have done us harm? Let us try to take it into our hearts, so that it will help us in all our every-day actions.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was there a great famine? In Egypt and Canaan.

Where was there plenty of food? In Egypt.

By whom had it been saved? By Joseph.

Who came to Egypt to buy corn? Joseph's brothers.

Did they know him? No; but he knew them.

What did he tell them? "I am Joseph."

Why were they afraid? They had done wrong.

What did Joseph do? He comforted them.

What did he tell them to do? To go and bring Jacob.

How long yet would the famine last? Five years.

What would Joseph do? Take care of them all.

What was his kindness like? The kindness of God.

WHICH GAVE THE MOST?

Three children brought a gift one day to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rocking-horse, for which his rich father had paid. It had a lovely mane and a long tail, and there were beautiful reins and a comfortable saddle. Every one said, "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!" and the matron thanked and praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and a doll's house. She had cleared out an old cupboard, and packed up for the poor children a number of toys she did not care for and would not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself. He had saved two pennies in his money-box to buy himself a little plant, but he made up his mind to go without the flower himself; and he carried the little pot to the hospital, and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous; let us ask ourselves whether our present has meant any self-denial.—*Christian Observer*.

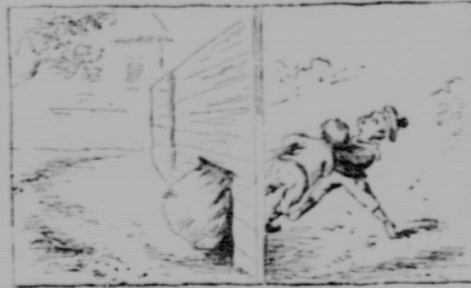
THE CHRIST CHILD.

Has he come to you, and to you, and to you, dear little ones? If he has how glad you must be! For the Holy Child could not enter your heart without making it light and clean and sweet, could he? If he has not come, why is it? Be sure he wants to come and live in your little heart. Open the door this very hour, and let him in. Remember it is your enemy, Satan, that wants you to keep him out. Do not listen to Satan any longer. Will you not say to Jesus now.

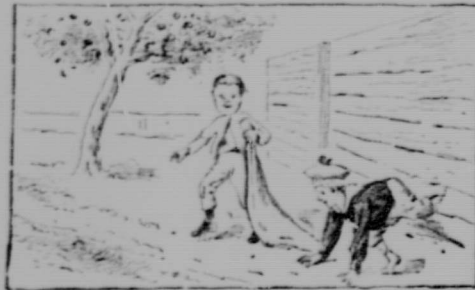
"Jesus, thou art great and high,
Just a little child am I;
But I come at thy dear call,
Give to thee my little all."



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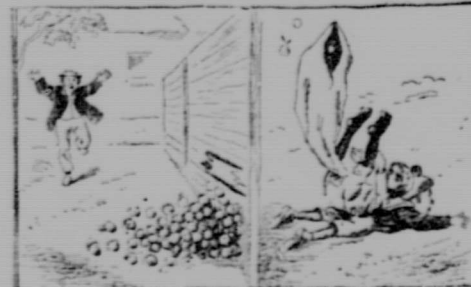
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A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

UNCLE HAL'S STORY.

All the children were begging for a story. Uncle Hal had told so many tales that there was scarcely a new subject left.

"I will tell you a sad story about a cat," he said at last. "It was a kitten, and it belonged to a little girl named Rose. Now, this kitten was black, and had long fur; but during the winter it felt the cold, especially nights; so the kind cook used to leave the oven door open, and there it slept all night."

"On the oven door?" asked Charlie seriously.

"Oh, no; in the oven, the lower oven, where the wood was kept to dry. The fires were out, and with the door open the oven was just comfortably warm. Then in the early morning the cook would call the kitten out, and shut the door before

she started the fire. One morning she came down and found the oven door shut. She was very busy, and did not even think of the kitten. Of course, if the door had been open, she would have remembered; but she started the fire, and a good hot fire it was. When Rose came down she ran into the kitchen and looked around eagerly. "Where's kitty?" she asked. The cook dropped a pan. "Goodness gracious!" she cried, and ran to the stove, which was nearly red-hot by that time. When she opened the oven door, and looked in, there she found that the poor, dear little kitten—"

"Was all burnt up!" cried Mary, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Hal," exclaimed Charlie.

"The poor little thing," wailed Edna.

Uncle Hal looked gravely around the

circle of sorrowful faces. "There she found that poor, dear little kitten," he repeated slowly, "hadn't slept in the oven at all, for the door had been shut all night. She was out in the wood-shed in a basket of chips."

"Oh!" cried all the children in chorus and then they laughed together, and Uncle Hal laughed with them.—*Youth's Companion*.

DO YOU KNOW ?

Little birdies do you know
 Jesus Christ, who loved us so,
 Had not any home like you,
 Where to rest with dear ones true?
 Little birdies, do you know
 How the Saviour used to go,
 Tired and sad from place to place,
 With the love-light in his face,
 Speaking gentle words of peace,
 That all harm and sin should cease?
 Little birdies do you know
 How the cruel people so
 Drove him from their streets away,
 Would not let the dear Lord stay?
 O sweet birdies, in your nest,
 Sing your very, very best,
 All in praise of this dear One,
 Son of Man, and God's own Son.

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat? I am so hungry!" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a slice of bread and butter.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices, and clear, distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine; and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until his vocal organs are so set that he cannot speak without whining, or he may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until he loses command of the lower registers, and can use only the high key. He may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until it shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.