

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1902.

No. 18.

## WHO WERE THE GUESTS OF THE "MISCHIEFS."

Dorothy, Helen, and Jean were very fortunate little girls, for they had "the jolliest grandfather and the dearest grandmother" who lived in the country; and it did seem, as their mother said, as if their grandfather and grandmother could not be happy unless they were planning something nice for the children.

Only that morning a letter had come from their grandfather, saying that he would drive to town on Saturday with Tom and Jerry, and the big, three-seated sleigh, for a "load of mischief," and that he should expect his "own particular mischiefs," as he called Dorothy and Helen and Jean, to go back with him for their first sleigh-ride of the season. It was not yet Thanksgiving Day, but these little "mischiefs" lived in northern New England, where the winter snows come early. This, of course, was delightful; but this was not all. The "mischiefs" were each to invite one little friend to go, too, and all six were to stay over Sunday and be brought back early Monday morning in time for school.

Of course, after Jean had stood on one foot for joy, and Dorothy and Helen had danced round the room together, they began right away to talk about whom they should invite.

"I guess I'll ask Sue Croix," said Dorothy. "Sue asked me to her party last year, and she gave me that lovely doll

for my birthday. Don't you think I ought to ask Sue, mother?"

"It would be a pleasant return, surely," answered the mother, with a smile.

said Dorothy. "It'll be ever so much more like grown-up folks."

So Dorothy got the ink, the note paper, and the pens, and it was not long before the three little tow-heads were bending over the kitchen table, and the three little girls were writing—O, so carefully!—the invitations to their chosen friends; and three such serious faces you never saw.

"I wrote my note to Lottie Shaw, mother," Jean said, afterwards, "because, you see, Lottie hasn't any grandfather or grandmother to make good times for her, same as we 'mischiefs' have. I could have more fun with Grace; but Grace never seems lonesome, like Lottie; so I asked Lottie."

Sue and Mabel and Lottie were a part of the grandfather's "load of mischiefs," and they were as welcome as could be. But when the grandmother greeted them at the door, she seemed to understand about Lottie right away without being told, for she gave the sad little thing an extra kiss and Jean an extra hug.

Which of the grandfather's own particular "mischiefs" had the kindest heart?

Said a little girl: "Auntie, if all the folks in the world should think their cross thoughts out loud, what a racket there would

be!" The dear little philosopher might have gone a step farther and added: "And if none of the folks should think their cross thoughts aloud, what quiet peace there would be!"



SCENES IN FIJI ISLANDS.

## MORNING.

O God, who, when the night was deep,  
Hast kept me safe and lent me sleep;  
Now with thy sun thou bidst me rise,  
And look around with older eyes.

Each blessed morning thou dost give  
I have one morning less to live;  
O help me so this day to spend,  
To make me fitter for the end.

Make my first wish and thought to be  
For others sooner than for me;  
And let me pardon them, as I  
Hope for God's pardon when I die.

Be with me when I work and play,  
Be with me now and every day,  
Be near me; when I pray thee, hear;  
And when I pray not, Lord, be near.  
—Early Days.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1902.

## ALFRED'S PRAYER.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night, as he was going to bed, "I prayed that God would keep us children from quarrelling; but he has not answered that as yet, for sister Daisy and I quarrelled dreadfully to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't he do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you; and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, God will give you the

victory. But he won't do the work for you."

"O, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

"Yes, my dear," continued mamma, "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray, and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able by and by to come and tell me that God has answered all your prayers."—*Kind Words*.

## "UNWRITING" PENCIL MARKS.

Nina was told never to make pencil marks in books, and, trusting her to obey, father often lent her a pencil. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her that it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank page of one of father's books than on the paper that he had given her. When she saw the mark, though, she remembered what father had said; then she thought that just the other day she had seen father make marks, and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil. "I'll unwrite it again, as father did; then no one will know it." So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil marks disappeared, great dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before it was written on. She learned that "unwriting" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words; you can never rub them out so perfectly that they will not leave some mark on the character.—*Selected*.

## THE FOX AND THE HARE.

In a snug little grotto, beneath a high bank covered with foxglove and ferns, lived a sly old gray fox. He was so very old that he could not go far to search for his food, so he was obliged to play all sorts of tricks to get it. One night as he sat at the mouth of his hiding-place, feeling very hungry from having had nothing to eat for a long time, he observed a fine, fat young hare lazily feeding on the juicy turnip-tops.

"O dear!" sighed the fox; "if I were only a little younger, what a rare supper I could make of that young thing! But I can't catch her." Then an idea struck him. "Hem! hem! hem!" said he in a loud voice.

The hare was startled and looked around.

"Sweet miss," said the fox, coaxingly, "I'm old and feeble, and I can't fetch my supper; will you get it for me?"

"O yes," said the hare, who was a giddy, thoughtless thing, but very good-natured. "What would you like? Some fresh, dewy clover?"

"Dear me, no," said the fox, "that would not suit me at all."

"O, it is delicious," said the hare, "but what would you like?"

"Just walk into my house," answered the fox, "and I will show you the sort of things I like."

Now, his den was strewn all over with the bones of rabbits, and ducks, and pheasants, and chickens.

"Wait a minute," said the hare, "till I finish this turnip-top." Then she skipped gaily up to the fox. "Now I am ready," said she.

And so was the fox. He just gave her backbone one nip, and she was as dead as dead could be.

Do not listen to the fine words of strangers, whoever they may be, and do not choose your friends until you know something about them.—*Children's Friend*.

## A BAD BARGAIN.

Ben's father told him to weed the onion bed. Ben did not like this work, and so hired Milton to do it, promising to give him his two squirrels. At the supper table Ben's father asked: "Well, my son, did you finish those onions?"

"They are all done, sir," was the quick reply.

"Did you get the job done before night?"

"It took the greater part of the day."

In the evening his father, missing the squirrel-cage, asked: "What have you done with Trip and Trixy?"

"Milt took them over to his house for a little while," was the answer.

When Mr. Adams went over to Jones's, he found Milton busy building a platform upon which to set the cage.

"Guess I made a pretty good bargain this time, Mr. Adams."

"What bargain?"

"Why, when I agreed to clean out the onion bed for these squirrels."

"Did Ben give you these squirrels for weeding the onions?"

"Course he did."

"They are very pretty. I hope that you'll enjoy them, Milton," said Mr. Adams.

When he called the family into the library for evening prayers, he said: "Ben, will you bring the dictionary?"

"What does father want with the dictionary at prayer time?" thought Ben.

"Turn to the word 'lie' and read the definition aloud, please."

Slowly Ben read: "'To say or do that which deceives another when he has a right to know the truth.'"

"Now, open the Bible, my boy, to the twenty-second chapter of Revelation. Read the fourteenth and fifteenth verses."

Ben's voice broke when he came to the words: "And whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." "O father, father!" he sobbed: "I didn't think that it was so bad as that! I will try to remember; I will, indeed!"—*Selected*.



BADLY MATED.

**BADLY MATED.**

Things get pretty badly mixed up in this world. Our picture gives an illustration of this fact. Here we see a slender, dainty, fastidious Italian greyhound, raised only to be a fine lady's parlour pet, linked to a rough-and-tumble water spaniel, who delights to plunge in water so cold that the very thought of it almost throws his delicate companion into chills. And it looks like the hardy spaniel was going to carry the greyhound in for a swim in spite of all protests on his part. The Bible tells Christians not to be "unequally yoked together with unbelievers," which means not to marry those who are not Christians, nor go into partnership with them in any business. This picture may help you to see why such a partnership will not work well.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

**LESSON X. [September 7.]**

**THE PROPHET LIKE MOSES.**

Deut. 18. 9 to 19. Memorize vs. 17-19.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.—John 6. 14.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Before the people of Israel came into the promised land the Lord gave them counsel through Moses about many things they would need to know to be a strong and happy people. He knew that they would find people there who worshipped idols and made their own children pass through the fire to please them, and that witches and other false people would try to deceive them; so he warned them to have nothing to do with these things, for they would bring death to them. Then he reminded them of the great promise which had been given in the beginning, and also to Abraham

and Isaac and Jacob, that One should come who would be their Saviour from sin. When the Lord spoke to Moses of him he called him a Prophet. He said he would raise him up from among them, and he would be like them, that they might not be afraid of him as they had been afraid of the Lord when he came down to give the law on Mount Sinai. He told them that they must listen to his words, but not to the words of the false prophets.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

How long were the Israelites in the wilderness? Forty years.

Where were they now? In sight of Canaan.

Why were they so long getting there? They wanted their own way.

Who gave them good advice? The Lord.

What did the people there do? Worship idols.

What did the Lord warn them against? All evil things.

Whom did he say he would send them? A great Prophet.

To whom was this promise first made? To Adam and Eve.

When did the Prophet really come? About fourteen hundred years after.

What was his name? Jesus.

What does this mean? Saviour.

Whom did he come to save? All people.

**LESSON XI. [September 14]**

**LOVING AND GREYING GOD.**

Deut. 30. 11 to 20. Mem. vs. 15, 16.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments.—1 John 5. 3.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

The Israelites who had wandered so long were near the promised land. They were in camp on the plains of Moab, across the Jordan from Jericho, and Moses, an old man of one hundred and twenty years, was giving the last words from the Lord to the people. He had written out

the law of the Lord by which they were to live, and had read it to them, and now he was giving last words. He wanted them to have the Lord's commands written in their hearts, so that they would be sure to do them, for the will to do is in the heart. He told them that the Lord's words were not hidden from them. They were not far up in heaven above them, nor far beyond the sea, but were very near them, not only on their lips when they spoke them, but in their hearts where they were keeping them. "See," was the Lord's word, "I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil." Again he said, "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore, choose life, that thou and thy seed may live." He told them that long years of happiness would be theirs if they would love the Lord and do his commandments, but if they went after other gods they should surely perish. And he called Joshua to be the captain to lead the people over Jordan.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

What was between the people now and Canaan? The river Jordan.

Who talked to the people? Moses.

How old was he now? A hundred and twenty years.

What had he written for the people? The Lord's law.

What did he want them to do? To keep it.

Where did he say they must have it? In their hearts.

What did he tell them about? Life and death.

What did he say they must choose? Which they would have.

What is life? To love and serve God.

What is death? To go away from God.

What must each of us do? Choose which we will have.

Where is our promised land? With the Lord.

**A BIT OF ADVICE.**

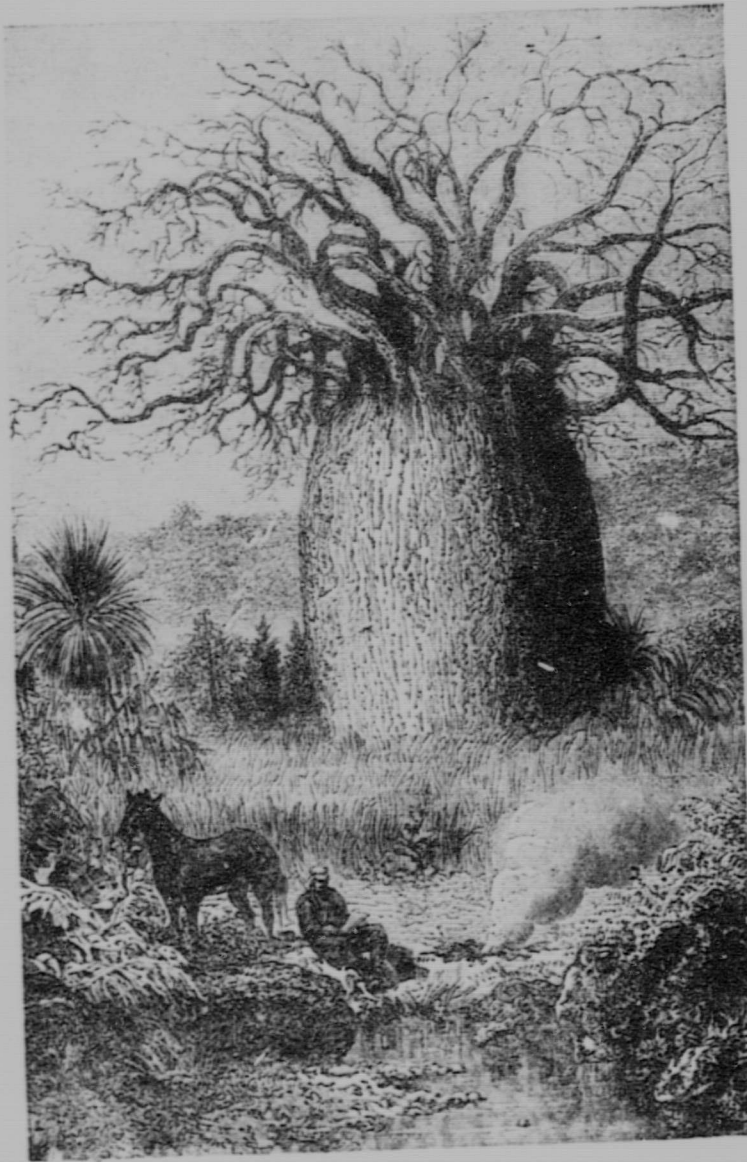
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Children dear, when you hear  
Dropping rain upon the pane  
Just be happy, never fear;  
Sunshine always follows rain.

Children sweet, when your feet  
Make the grown-up people fret  
At the noise of girls and boys  
Tell them you'll be sober yet.

Children, pray when the day  
Does not go quite right at school,  
Think of this; that perfect bliss  
Comes of minding every rule.

No man is fit for God's service who is not willing to do little things. The people who are always waiting for an opportunity to do some great thing never accomplish anything.—*Moody.*



THE BOTTLE TREE.

## THE BOTTLE TREE.

There is a tree in Australia which grows in the shape of a bottle, and puts out its branches broadly from the part which seems like the neck. This tree would appear very curious to our American children, as we have nothing like it in this country.

"Cousin Annie" sends us an interesting story about another curious tree, and we will give it place just here, where it seems to belong :

## THE RAINING-TREE.

At first thought it really did seem quite impossible. There must surely be some mistake. But then Uncle Colin had said he had seen it—yes, really and truly seen it with his own eyes; and whatever Uncle Colin said he had seen, that had he seen beyond a doubt.

But what could it all be about? Why, simply that Uncle Colin had told them that on his recent trip to Africa, he had seen a tree that rained water.

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Wilbur, "Where could that have been?" and

"Oh, uncle, dear," chimed in Charlotte, "how could such a thing be?"

"One question at a time," warned Uncle Colin, shaking his finger vigorously at each in turn.

"Now, which one of you," he continued, "can tell me where the Canary Islands are?"

"On the north-west coast of Africa," came the answer from both simultaneously.

"Quite correctly replied to, geography class of two," declared Uncle Colin. "Well," he went on, "if you have heard of the Canary Islands, and can locate them so readily, you must have heard something, too, of the famous Peak of Teneriffe."

"That we have, uncle!" declared Miss Charlotte, ere Wilbur could open his lips. "It is the great mountain peak of the Canary Islands, and towers over twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. What makes it all the more conspicuous still, is that it seems to rise right out of the ocean when viewed by approaching vessels."

"It is truly a wonderful mountain in

more respects than one," added Uncle Colin. "The name Teneriffe means in the native language tender, snow, effe, a hill; hence, in full, snow-hill. Its summit is covered with snow nearly all the year round. This is all the more noticeable, as the climate of the islands is quite tropical. But as wonderful as this mountain is, there is something more wonderful still among the group of islands. One of these islands is called the Ferro Island, which means the Iron Island. It is so called because it has a soil so hard that it is almost impossible to dig any distance into it. As might be supposed, there are no channels through it, not even a tiny stream trickling its way along; yet there are a few wells, which have at length been hollowed in the earth only by the most persistent effort of the natives. When it rains the water collects in these depressions, but as they are so shallow the supply does not last long. If the people had to depend upon these pools entirely they would surely perish of thirst. But there is another source to which they can go—a source that is all the more wonderful, as it seems to have been placed there by God's own hand.

"Near the centre of the Ferro there grows a large and magnificently proportioned tree. Just to what species this tree belongs, the natives have never been able to discover. It seems of its own particular variety, and stands alone of its kind. The tree towers many feet into the air, the branches being most luxuriant, while the leaves are long, narrow, and pointed. They remain green all the year round.

"The strangest part of this wonderful tree is that its branches, even those nearer the earth, are constantly enveloped in clouds, which drip moisture down upon the leaves. The leaves in turn let the drops of water, which are as clear as crystal, glide undisturbed along the smooth and satin-like surface, when arriving at the pointed ends the globules drop one by one into the shallow pools the natives have dug all about the tree. Although these pools are necessarily shallow on account of the hardness of the soil, yet they are never empty, for as fast as the natives relieve them of their contents more is dropped into them by the leaves of the wonderful tree. But for this wonderful raining-tree the island of Ferro would be rendered uninhabitable.

"Naturalists have tried again and again to solve the mystery of the raining-tree, but all have alike failed. It is true that the clouds drop moisture down upon the leaves. But how do the clouds get there? and why do they stay there so constantly? and why is it, also, that they hover over no other part of the island as they do over this?"

The highest place in the kingdom is reserved for the lowliest spirit.