

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

No. 25,11

THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does not cry

When out of her sleep she wakes.

But holds up her mouth for her morning
kiss

And then her break-
fast takes.

She romps and plays
about all day :

But I want to tell you
this,

That every morning she
wakes up

She must have her
morning kiss.

Her face and hands get
very smeared,

But she never looks
amiss,

And it does not hinder
mother from giving

Her darling a morning
kiss.

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

Little Norman Ellesmere and his sister Kathleen sat listening to young Bill Balham, whose father was a fisherman, and who himself had been for some months a fisher-lad.

"Tell us a tale, Bill, about the sea," said Norman. So Bill sat down on the stool, and the children sat near him.

"Now," said Bill, "you know our boat 'The Beauty.' Well, my father and cousin Jim, and Tom Wills and I, all went out in her one night. It was calm and fine when we started,

and we had got a good way out and were hoping for a lot of fish, when all of a sudden the wind arose, and the darkness was as black as blackness, and 'The Beauty' was tossed about dreadfully. We pulled as hard as we could, hoping to get back

again, but it was of no use. We could not get on at all. Up and down, up and down, went the boat. Then there were lightning flashes; and when the darkness passed away we saw we were very much

had been lost at that rock, and many a boat destroyed."

"O Bill," said Kathleen, "make haste and tell us if 'The Beauty' was dashed on the rock, and if any one was drowned."

"Nobody was drowned.

I know," said little Norman, "because Bill is here telling his tale, and his father and his cousin are standing on the beach yonder now, and Tom Wills showed me his bird this morning; so I know none of them were drowned."

"Ah, you are a sharp little customer to think of all that; so, we were not drowned," said Bill.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Kathleen, "but tell us all about it, Bill."

"Well, we pulled very hard; I saw that father, who is no coward, looked anxious; so I asked him if he thought we were in any danger. 'Ay, ay, lad,' he said, 'we are, and none but the sailor's God can save. Pull hard, all of you, as hard as you can,' he said, 'and while you are pulling say your prayers.' So Tom Wills, who is a good sort of a lad, called out, 'Let us say what Peter said, it is short and powerful. "Lord save, I perish!"' So we all said that. Well, after a little while, I heard my father heave a sigh, and he said, 'Folks may say what they like, lads, against religion, but I say Jesus Christ is alive to-day and hears

men pray in the "The Beauty" as sure as he heard sinking Peter pray, and saves them too. We are safe, boys.'"

"Did you get to land then?" asked Kathleen.

"Ay, ay, we did; and right glad was



THE MORNING KISS.

further from home than we thought. But the storm lasted and my father said: 'Now, boys, you must pull for your very lives, or else "The Beauty" will be on the rock.' We all did our best, for we knew that many a poor fisherman's life

mother was to see us, for she had been watching and was troubled, but she had been praying too; so we always think of God when we think of the storm."

"We should always think of him," said little Norman.

LITTLE PRAYERS.

Upward float the little prayers
Day by day,
Little prayers for little cares
In work or play.
Every moment brings its trial
Or its pleasure;
Little prayers for self-denial
Yield rich treasure.

Let this be your little prayer
Every day:
"Keep me, Lord, in thy dear care,
Come what may;
Lead my little feet apart
From evil things;
Daily hide my little heart
Beneath thy wings."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

THE MISSIONARY FEET.

There was a register in the children's room, but it was open only for an hour or two before bedtime. Dot and May had made ready for bed in mother's warm room, keeping very still so as not to wake the baby. Then they scampered in and cuddled down under the blankets like little balls.

"Dot," said May, one night, "I don't like to lie in a heap; let's lie out straight."

"But it's cold," shivered Dot.

"Oh, I know!" cried May. "Let's play our feet are missionaries and the cold bed is a heathen country. We can send them down, and then, when they get cold, we can bring them home to visit, just as missionaries do."

"Why, yes," said Dot; "and my feet can go to China and yours to India."

So the brave little feet started immediately on their journeying. Mother was astonished a little later, as she listened at the door, to hear Dot say sleepily, "Good night, May; I think China is almost warm.—*Selected.*"

A LITTLE GIRL LED THEM.

This is how a little girl started a great meeting: Among the people gathered for worship one evening was a little girl of not more than seven summers. Yet she was designed to be the leader of that meeting. When it seemed as though no one wanted to speak, sing, or pray, the little girl rose to her feet, and with one little sentence she broke the spell that bound us by simply repeating these words: "I love Jesus." It was enough. We had testimony after testimony, song after song, and prayer after prayer, until the very windows of heaven were opened and the Lord came down. It beautifully illustrates the fact that we are to become as little children if we would enter into the kingdom.

A TRUE LADY.

I was once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said she, "I'll hold the gate." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

God has said that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents, but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.

The Alaskan Indians, at certain seasons, roving in merry bands, gather large quantities of berries, beat them into paste, and then press the paste into square cakes and dry them for winter use, to be eaten as a kind of bread with their oily salmon.

A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays,
you know—

Whose friends were as troubled as they
could be

Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried
away;

But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole
did drop.

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!—

When he rose to recite he was all in a
doubt,

Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!
He could speak only two words: "I for-
got."

Would it not be sad, indeed, to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 13.

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

1 Kings 8. 1-11, 62, 63. Memorize verses
9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let
us go into the house of the Lord.—Psa.
122. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

At last the temple that David longed for and that Solomon built was done. It was seven years in building, and would have been much longer, only there were thousands of men at work on its different parts getting them ready to put together at Jerusalem, and when they were put together there was no sound of hammer or of any tool. If you will read the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of First Kings you will see what the glory and beauty of the temple must have been, and where its builders found the precious things of which to make it. On the day of dedication all Israel came to Jerusalem and filled the courts of the temple, looking up at the wonderful building of marble, of cedar, and of pure gold, its roof overlaid with gold, shining in the sun. But as yet it was like a beautiful body without a spirit. When the ark was brought from Zion and set between the cherubim a cloud filled the house of the Lord to show his presence there. Then Solomon made a noble prayer

of dedication in the sight and hearing of all the people, and gave the house to God, praying him to dwell there and to hear whenever his people prayed toward that place, in whatever land, or in whatever need they might be. When his prayer was ended he blessed the people; then he offered sacrifices on the great altar, and in this way the first temple was dedicated to God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who built the golden temple? King Solomon.

How long was he building it? Seven years.

Whom did he have to help him? Many thousand men.

Where did they get the cedar? From the forests of Lebanon.

Where did they get much gold? From Ophir.

Who came to the dedication? All Israel.

Who made a wonderful prayer? Solomon.

What did he say? He gave the house to God.

What came into the temple after the ark? A cloud.

Of what was it a sign? Of God's presence.

What did Solomon then do? Blessed the people.

What did the priests do? Offered sacrifices.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 20.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON.

1 Kings 10. 1-10. Memorize verse 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice.—Prov. 29. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

Solomon had sent his ships and his camels so far searching for treasure for the temple that many had heard about him, and his wise words had been told from one to another through many lands.

One of his visitors was the Queen of Sheba, of whom our Lord spoke as the queen of the south. We do not know whether she was from Arabia or Africa, but she must have been a great and rich queen, from the gifts she brought to Solomon. She did not come for presents or to win fame and admiration, but she came to learn wisdom from the wisest man and to learn about his God. She came to "buy wisdom," and was willing to pay much gold and precious stones and spices for it. She had many questions to ask, and he was able to answer them all. When she saw his beautiful palace and the beauty and glory of the golden temple she said she had heard much, and it was all true. She had not believed all that she had heard of his wisdom, but she said that she had

found that the half had not been told her. She went home with her great train of servants full of what she had seen and heard, and it would be very pleasant to know how she gave what she had learned to her people.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was the Queen of Sheba? An Arabian or African queen.

Why did she come to Solomon? To learn wisdom.

Of whom did she wish to learn more? Of God.

What did she bring as gifts? Gold, precious stones, and spices.

What did she ask? Many questions.

Did Solomon answer them? Yes, every one.

What did she see? The palace and the temple.

What did she hear? The king's wisdom.

What did she think? That the half had not been told her.

What did she carry home? Much to tell her people.

Who is the One greater than Solomon? Jesus Christ.

Are we eager to learn his wisdom?

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 20.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST (CHRISTMAS LESSON).

Matt. 2. 1-12. Memorize verses 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

Let us turn away for a day from the stories of Solomon to something that occurred a thousand years later in the little town where David, the father of Solomon, was born. The Maker of all things chose to come down and live among us in order to save us from sin, and he chose this little town as his birthplace. Here the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will toward men;" and then a wonderful star, which had long been leading three wise men from the East, came and dropped its rays over the spot where the Holy Child was. At first the wise men came to Jerusalem, asking, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Herod asked the priests, who said that it was written in the prophets that Bethlehem would be the place of his birth. So the wise men set out for Bethlehem, and as the evening fell they looked, and there was the star that had led them shining just above the little town. They found the Child and his mother, and worshipped him as their king. They also offered him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh,

and after another night they were ready to return to their homes. Herod had bidden them to come back and tell him if they found the Child, for he wished to destroy it; but the Lord told them in a dream to go home another way, and so they went away satisfied, for they had seen the King.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Why do we love Bethlehem? Because Jesus was born there.

Where is it? South of Jerusalem.

Who came there to find Jesus? Three wise men.

How did they know the way? A star led them.

Who also wanted to find him? Herod.

Why? That he might destroy him.

Did the wise men tell him? No.

Why? God told them in a dream not to do so.

What gifts did they bring to Jesus? Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

What did they do? They worshipped him.

Who taught them to seek Jesus? God's Holy Spirit.

Does he also teach us to seek him? Yes.

WILLIE'S LOSS.

Willie couldn't do his sums;
Never read a story through;
Failed in almost every task
Father set his boy to do.

Mother looked perplexed and sad;
"What's the cause?" I heard her sigh.
"Los' his application, dear!"
That was grandma's reason why.

If you've lost what Willie did,
You can find it (he did too)
By completing every task
That is set for you to do.

THE BOY AND THE DOG.

I thought when a boy was big enough to have a slate and book and go to school, he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way he wanted to. So I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field.

By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run! That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my clothes, so I had to go home to mother.

"Ah, Toramy boy," she said, "people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that!" That is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, 'cause I didn't go.—*The Gem*.



GECKO AND SCORPION.

GECKO AND SCORPION.

The animals represented in our illustration are by no means as attractive looking as many others with which the great Creator has seen good to people the fields and woods of our various climates. Though placed together—probably because they are found in the same hot regions, they do not belong to the same class of animal life. Perhaps the one which of the two would prove the least unwelcome visitor in the house, is the brightly-spotted creature we see on the wall, and which at once proclaims itself a member of the lizard tribe. This particular variety is called a Gecko (one of the nocturnal lizards), and since its mode of life leads it to approach human habitations, it is comforting to know that it is perfectly harmless and molests nothing but the insects on which it lives.

The lizard's apparent enemy in the picture is by no means a desirable companion under any circumstances. It is a scorpion, and the sting of a scorpion is proverbially bad; the poison which it ejects from the last joint of the tail being very virulent indeed. It belongs to the family of spiders, and is furnished with as many as six or eight eyes and an exceedingly delicate sense of touch. Scorpions are also provided with very formidable mandibles, with which they

hold their prey while, with their tail, they sting it to death, and then proceed to suck its blood. Nevertheless, as students of natural history well know, both the lizard and the scorpion play an important part in the marvellously intricate economy of nature, which we see everywhere around us, and form part of that grand whole which, when God had made it, he beheld, and lo, "it was very good."

THE LADY OF THE UGLY HOUSE.

BY J. B. COLEMAN.

A sweet lady once lived in an ugly house. Her house was once as pretty as any, but one day the cruel flame enveloped it, and when they put it out the house was scarred and seamed. To strangers it looked forbidding, but to those who had learned to love the sweet lady who abode there it was not so. They would look in at the windows and see her sad, sweet eyes, or listen at the door, when it opened, to hear her gentle voice, and they knew that she was both beautiful and good. All the little boys and girls knew and loved her well, for she loved them and was ever their friend in time of need; and many a tale was told of her loving intercession with teacher and stern parent, and of her peace-making, when they called her "blessed." The man of God, too, loved the sweet lady,

for she loved God and read much in his Word, and sometimes she told the minister things which he had not read in books.

Now, 'tis strange, but true, that nobody ever saw the sweet lady outside of her ugly house. But one day she told the minister that she was going to move. And he asked, "Whither?" And she said, "I go to live in a mansion." And the man of God said, "It is well." And the sweet lady said, "It is best." And the day she moved out the ugly house fell in ruins, and all the little boys and girls came to see the ruins and wept over them, for they remembered the sweet lady who abode there.

Now, can any little boy or girl tell truly what was the house the sweet lady lived in, what were the windows, what was the door, what really happened to make it look so ugly, why the house fell in ruins when the sweet lady went out at last, and where is the mansion she went to live in?

WHAT THE TOYS SAID.

The Hobbyhorse said,
As he shook his head:
"It's a long, long way to go,
O'er the white snow's foam,
To the Little Boy's home:
But I hear the tin horns blow,
And must race away till I'm out o' breath
To the Little Boy who will ride me to
death!"

And the Toy Drum said:
"I've a hardened head,
And away on my sticks I'll go
From this icy dome
To the Little Boy's home:
I can beat my way through the snow.
Away! away! till I'm out o' breath,
To the Little Boy who will beat me to
death!"

And the Toy Doll said,
As her gold-crowned head
Shone over the wintry snow:
"To the Little Girls
Of the golden curls
In a fairy coach I'll go:
Far, far away, till I'm out o' breath,
To the Little Girl who will kiss me to
death."

But the Elephant said:
"If that way I'm led,
And they treat you all so bad,
I tell you now
That there'll be a row,
And they'll wish they never had;
For I'll pack them all in my trunk, you
see,
And lock it, and throw away the key!"

—Atlanta Constitution.