

HAPPY DAYS

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MAKING A CALL

These little would-be "big folks," as the picture itself so prettily suggests, are imitating their mamma in the interesting role of making a social visit. They have doubtless had a pleasant "little chat" (which too often, however, in the instance of the elders, is anything but "pleasant" in some of its qualities), and now they have come to the exciting finale of leave-taking. The excellences of the respective babies having duly discussed, the little make-believe mothers are making their affecting adieux to the "sweet creatures" in orthodox fashion. To be sure, the baby dolls are just as good as they are represented to be, but is this always so of the live little ones, past babyhood, too, that real mothers often boast about? We are afraid not. Certainly boys and girls ought not to see themselves outdone in good behaviour by only pretended children, but should always try to behave properly.

CONTENTMENT.

"I don't want my oatmeal. It hasn't enough sugar on it," whined Mildred, one morning.



MAKING A CALL.

"I have already put more sugar on it than is good for you, so eat it or go without," answered mamma.

Later in the day, Mildred threw her dolls in the corner, and whined, "I don't like my dolls. None of them can talk, and Nellie Bates has one that does."

"Go and play with your pets, Mildred,

suggested mamma. "Oh, I'm tired of the stupid things. I want something new," she pouted.

By and by mamma came to dress her for a drive. But nothing suited Mildred. Her dress wasn't handsome enough; her sash not fresh enough; her shoes were not quite new; her hat was a perfect fright, and so on, until mamma's patience was exhausted.

Toward the end of the drive mamma stopped at her washerwoman's to give some instructions about some work, and she brought Mildred in with her.

There were two children in the back yard who were playing with some rabbits, a cat, and a duck. The children were very coarsely dressed, and one had no shoes and stockings, but they were so happy that Mildred could not help asking them what pleased them so.

"Why, we have these darling pets, and the apple-tree is so pretty, and

mother is so good to us, we could not help being happy," they answered.

Their mother smiled and said to Mildred, "They have a grateful heart. Contentment is better than riches."

Mildred saw how very ungrateful she had been, and she determined to cultivate contentment.



BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS

"THREE rings as bright as silver,
And seven cut in half,
And such a funny man appeared
He really made me laugh
'Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha!' said he.
'I'm Mr. Jollyboy, you see!'"

Then Dorothy bethought herself
A little change to try,
And lo! so doleful was the face
It nearly made her cry
'Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!' wept he.
'I'm Mr. Sorryboy, you see!'"



MR. JOLLYBOY



MR. SORRYBOY



THE BABIES MRS. BIDDY FOUND.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

In one corner of Mrs. Hart's woodshed is a box. In the box is a nest. The nest is made of hay. It is just the nicest and cosiest nest you ever saw.

Mrs. Biddy, the old yellow hen, made up her mind that a family of chicks would be a nice thing to have when there was such a snug home to keep them in. So she clucked and clucked from morning until night, and sat on the nest without a single egg to sit on, and would not even come to her meals, until she grew quite thin.

Mrs. Hart did not want a family of chicks to scratch up her garden, and she told Mrs. Biddy so very plainly, and every time she went out to the woodshed pulled Mrs. Biddy off the nest by her tail.

Ah! but that did make Mrs. Biddy fluff up her feathers and scold like an old lady in a bad humor.

One day, when Mrs. Hart went into the woodshed, there sat Mrs. Biddy looking as proud and happy as could be. As Mrs. Hart came near the hen uttered a loud warning cry, as if she screamed:

"Hands off! Hands off!" Just then a little soft head peeped out from under her wings, but it was not the head of a chick.

Mrs. Hart lifted Biddy up quickly, even though she pecked at her sharply, and there in the nest lay four little blind kittens. They began rubbing their little noses against each other, and screaming at the top of their voices. Mrs. Biddy, with all her feathers turned wrong side out, clucked and scolded by turns.

Just then a lean old mother cat that had doubtless heard the hungry cries of her babies, came running into the shed. At sight of the cat the hen flew into a great rage, and ran at her savagely. They had a pitched battle for a while, puss spitting

peacefully in the nest. The babes were cuddled away snugly under Biddy's wings, excepting one white and yellow ball of a kit that was rolled up sound asleep on Mrs. Biddy's back.

Mrs. Puss did not seem to feel entirely safe in Biddy's house, so she soon carried her kittens into Mrs. Hart's kitchen, and hid them away in a corner, where she felt sure Mrs. Biddy could never find them. Poor old lady! She was lonely indeed after that. She clucked and clucked most lovingly all day long, as if trying to coax the kittens back again; but as they did not come she gave it up, and went back to her nest in the woodshed, hoping, perhaps, to find another family of babies, some day, to love and care for.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said her mamma. "The next time look out for the wrong button, then you'll keep the rest all right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. Look out that the first button does not go wrong.

A tree will not lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question that every one should bring home to himself is: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or away from him?"

OUT IN THE SHOWER.

What do the birds do out in the shower,
When the sun has been in for more than an hour;

When roses are scattered, and drops of rain
Break into tunes on the window-pane?

When all the world looks cold and wan,
Just as it does before the dawn;
And the water, soaking through fragrant
grasses,
Fills the sparrow's nest as it passes!

How can the redstart find his berries,
Or the redbreast look up the black-heart
cherries?

How can the wee wren keep her brood
Safe and sheltered and served with food?

Out in such pitiless, pelting weather,
Drenched and dripping from each pin-
feather,
Surely they'd all get wet to the skin
If some kind friend didn't call them in.

Down in the hedge there's the merry chaf-
finch,

But her nest is full, you know, every inch;
And the purple-martins that built in the
basket

Wouldn't take a fellow in, if you ask it.

The humming-bird's such a sprightly elf
He can very well take care of himself;
He might run between the drops, I should
think,
Or only stop long enough to drink.

I heard a black-cap whistle a tune
Which seemed to say, "It will clear away
soon!"

But the little jays pipe on together,
Quite as if it were sunny weather.

"I WANT YOU."

One stormy night, when the wind was making a great noise, a little boy awoke from a sound sleep. He was afraid when he heard the noise of the storm, and he put out his hand to take hold of his father, who was in the same bed. His little warm hand touched his father's face and awakened him. The father reached out and drew the little boy very close to him. "My dear, what is the matter?" he asked. The little boy said, "Nothing." The father asked, "What do you want?" He replied, sobbing, "I want you." The father said, "Are you sick?" "No." "Don't you want something?" "No, I just want you, it is so dark." Then he nestled in his father's arms and was satisfied. Just so will Jesus make us satisfied when we come to him and tell him, "I want you."

It takes years to form a good character, but a few minutes are sufficient to seriously if not irreparably damage it.

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so good!"

He whispered while beside her chair he stood,

And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,

Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born;
I know some little boys must be forlorn,
Because they've none like you.

I wonder what I'd do

Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!"

He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair;

Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,

While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man what things to you I'll bring;

A horse and carriage, and a watch and ring.

All grandmas are so nice
(Just here he kissed her twice),

And grandmas give a good boy every-thing."

Before his dear old grandma could reply
This boy looked up, and with a ruddy eye

Then whispered in her ear,
That no-body might hear:

"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 16.

JESUS SILENCES THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

Mark 12. 13. 27. Memory verse, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.—Mark 12. 17.

LESSON STORY.

During Christ's public ministry of three years there were always some mean people who tried to pick flaws in what he said and did, to find fault with him. Especially on the alert were the Pharisees and Sadducees, who were very religious and thought themselves better than other people.

But Jesus in his quiet way was always able to show them in the wrong rather

than himself. One day they thought they had a trap for him. They wanted to prove that he was disloyal to his own Jewish nation. So they put a catchey question to him. But he was able to answer it fairly and rightly and to show these deceptive men the importance of attending to spiritual affairs as well as temporal ones. Others tried to present difficulties about the future life, making out that it was foolish to talk of the dead coming to life again.

Again Jesus showed how wrong they were, for the soul of man is immortal, which means that we shall live again.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What kind of people were the Pharisees and the Sadducees? People who pretended to be very good.

2. Did they like Jesus? No.

3. Why? Because he taught what they did not like.

4. What were they always doing? Trying to catch him in a fault.

5. What did Jesus do? He exposed their wrong purpose.

6. What did he show was most important? "The things of God."

7. What is meant by the things of God? Goodness, kindness, love, truth, unselfishness.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power.—Luke 4. 32.

REVIEW.

1. What is the first lesson about? Jesus and the children.

2. What is the lesson for me? Jesus loves me, a little child.

3. What is the second lesson about? Duty of forgiveness.

4. What is the lesson for me? I must forgive others.

5. What is the third lesson about? The Good Samaritan.

6. What is the lesson for me? I must be kind and merciful.

7. What is the fourth lesson about? Jesus teaching how to pray.

8. What is the lesson for me? Jesus will receive me.

9. What is the fifth lesson about? Jesus dines with a Pharisee.

10. What is the lesson for me? I must be modest and humble.

11. What is the sixth lesson about? False excuses.

12. What is the lesson for me? It is wrong to make excuses.

13. What is the seventh lesson about? The parable of two sons, our Heavenly Father's.

14. What is the lesson for me? God's love is greater than our earthly father's.

15. What is the eighth lesson about? The Judge, the Pharisee, and the Publican.

16. What is the lesson for me? God is very merciful.

17. What is the ninth lesson about? The rich young ruler.

18. What is the lesson for me? We must deny ourselves many things.

19. What is the tenth lesson about? Bartimeus and Zaccheus.

20. What is the lesson for me? Jesus came to save all.

21. What is the eleventh lesson about? Jesus enters Jerusalem in triumph.

22. What is the lesson for me? Let us rejoice that Jesus is our King.

23. What is the twelfth lesson about? Jesus silences the Pharisees and the Sadducees.

24. What is the lesson for me? We should always try to do the things that please God.

HARRY AND THE SQUIRRELS.

Harry had gone with his mother to market, and had spent the only three pennies he had in the world in buying peanuts for the squirrels in the grounds of the State house.

As Harry and his mother entered the grounds, an old woman with a big basket full of provisions on her arm brushed past them. She had gone only a little way when she stopped to look at the little creatures.

The moment she stood still, the squirrels ran toward her from every direction, thinking she wanted to feed them. Not understanding this, and being terribly frightened, the old woman screamed, and, dropping the basket, ran off as hard as she could go.

The old woman was very glad when Harry carried her basket to her, and very much surprised to see him stand still and let the squirrels run all over his collar and his little red mittens.

"If I were your mother, you shouldn't do that," she said, as she walked away.

Harry laughed. "I'm glad I have a mother who isn't afraid of squirrels," he said.

Mary and Willie, aged respectively six and four, were sitting together in one large rocking-chair near a window during a heavy thunder-storm. As the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder more terrific, Mary who sat nearest the open window, began to be greatly frightened; but her little brother very promptly said: "Let me sit on the thunder side, sister." Was ever anything more beautifully polite or truly chivalrous?



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BEARS.

People often like to read bear stories—big people as well as the little ones. Well, I have nothing to tell you about *hunting* for bears. I never did that myself, for I am not much of a sportsman or hunter in the woods. It is not always the safest kind of sport to hunt wild animals, for they are sometimes on the hunt themselves for something to eat; and if they cannot find anything else to eat, and get very hungry, they often attack people and kill and eat them. But if one has a good rifle, and knows how to use it well, he need not be much afraid to meet a bear.

When I was a young man I boarded with a family who kept a bear chained to a post in the back yard. The father had

bought it from a hunter, who had partly tamed it. The children of that family used to dance around and play with the bear, and think it great fun to do so. One day the bear growled at and struck the father with his heavy paw, but it was because he teased the bear too long and in too much of an annoying way. It made the man angry, and he resolved to kill the bear and sell its meat for eating. He did so in a day or two afterwards, and that was the first and last time I tasted bear's meat.

There is a story in the Bible about two bears and some children. I think when it speaks of "children" it refers to scoffing young men and women. You can read about it in 2 Kings 2.—*Sunday-School Messenger*.

LULIE'S TEMPTATION

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

"So how you'se all done but a bow-knot!"

Ma'am Sally stood off and took a look at her child. It was a very white child, and a very black mammy. Poor Little Lulie hadn't any own mother to kiss her pretty pink cheeks and curl her yellow hair and make a doll of her with dainty dresses. Her mother had gone away to heaven a year ago.

But Ma'am Sally did her loving best to make it up to her. She hugged and kissed her, petted and praised her; above all, she "dressed her up" in the stiffest and starchest snowy dresses, till the poor child looked as if she were made out of paper, and dared not sit down for fear of crumpling her finery.

"Yo' mother always kept yo' fine as a fiddle," said Ma'am Sally, "and I'm go'n to. Whatever yo' dear mother would 'a' liked, we's go'n to do—we two."

It was a beautiful thought, and little Lulie took it into her heart, and tried to live by it.

"Can I go out on the playazza, mammy?" she asked, after that last bow-knot.

"Yes, you may go out; don' yo' go off."

"No, less my dollies wuns away, and I have to go after zem."

"All right," said ma'my, chuckling. "I guess they can't go far."

But she did not know how those dollies would behave, or the temptation that would come to Lulie.

"I might dust push 'em off!" she said to herself. "Nen I'd have to go and get 'em! I'm tired of this old playazza!"

Just think what a naughty plan! She gave them two or three twenty little shoves. They almost went off.

All at once she spoke out, loudly and angrily, as if somebody had spoken at her elbow.

"Go 'way, you bad Satan! You s'pose my mother 'd like a lie girl!"

GROWING ON THE BUSHES.

"I wish I could earn some money for Sunday-school. Teacher says that's the only kind of money we ought to give," said Clara.

"Dear me, there is plenty of money growing on those blackberry bushes; can't you see it?" said her father.

Clara looked at him, then at her mother, then at the bushes, and then laughed and ran for a pail. "'Course," she said; "blackberries sell for ten cents a quart! 'Course the money is growing on the bushes."