

## WHAT JESUS BORE FOR US.

Three crosses stood grimly side by side  
On the hill of Calvary;  
On each a suffering man has died;  
Two for their crimes, the other for me.

Like a lamb they led him out to die  
From the shades of Gethsemane;  
He uttered no moan, no bitter cry;  
'Twas love that moved him to die for  
me.

On the central cross they nailed my  
Friend,  
To languish in agony;  
He bore it all to the bitter end,  
O wonderful love, he died for me!

O thanks for the love that brought him  
down,  
Love fathomless like the sea;  
His brow was pierced by a thorny crown,  
That a crown of life might be given me.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 08
Dew Drops, weekly	0 20
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 04
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 04
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HUESTER, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1902.

## THE SERPENT IN THE CUP.

There is an old story told of the holy St. John, who, you remember, was the disciple whom Jesus loved. He lived to be a very old man, and he grew to be very pure and saintly, as he came near his heavenly home. This may not be a true story, but it has in it a good and true lesson. Although St. John was so good, there were many people to hate him, and some even wanted to kill him. Once an enemy gave him a glass of wine to drink, when he was tired and faint. It looked like a kind act, but it was not, for a poison was mixed with the wine which would have killed him if he had taken it. The

story says that he held it up before him, and a serpent raised its head from the cup, and then he knew that an enemy had given it to him! He threw it to the ground, and so his life was saved.

There is a cup which will be offered you, dear boys, one of these days. Perhaps it has already been offered you. It is a wine cup, and a serpent lies at the bottom. Do not touch it! You may not see it; but by and by it will raise its dreadful head, and you will find too late that you cannot throw it from you. Ask God to give you the clear sight to see what lies in the cup, and then you will be safe.

## HE WON A PRIZE.

The late Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was a graduate he wrote to his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby that she was afraid he would be ashamed of her. He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she went. He met her at the station and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation; and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house. To her great surprise, he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried everything before him. He won a prize; and when it was given to him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, is the prize; it is yours. I should not have had it if it had not been for you."—*Christian Standard.*

## A BABY WITH A LONG NAME.

A missionary in Africa writes about a baby with a very long name, Ntambu Ngangabuka. She tells us how this baby takes its morning bath: "One morning I heard the baby crying as if its little heart would break; and I went to see what could be the matter with it, and found its mother washing it in front of her house. And do you think that she had a nice little bath-tub, and scented soap and warm water? O no! She held the baby up on its little feet, and was pouring cold water over it by handfuls. The poor baby was screaming at the top of its lungs, and fighting against the cold water as hard as it could; but the mother paid no attention to that, and went on with the washing. Did she have nice, warm flannel cloths with which to dry it, and others in which to wrap it? No, but when the washing was over she lifted the baby up, and with her mouth blew vigorously into its eyes and ears to drive out the water, and that was all the drying it got. Then she proceeded to dress it. The dress consisted of a string of beads round its waist,

one round its neck, and one round each of its wrists and ankles. The air and the sun did the rest of the drying."—*Sunbeam.*

## A GOOD DAY.

"Tired of play! tired of play! What hast thou done this live-long day?" sang mamma.

Bobby was sitting in papa's great chair. There was a pillow behind him, his toys lay all about. It was growing dark; soon Nurse would come to put him to bed.

But first mamma came and took him in her arms, and sat down in the chair with Bobby on her lap. "What has my little boy done to-day?" she said.

Bobby did not answer. He had such a short little memory that he could not tell about the morning. He only remembered how he had been playing with his train of cars, and how Nurse had given him a wee sponge-cake with his bread and milk. He caddled down in mamma's soft arms, and mamma remembered for him.

She remembered how he came running to her bedside in the early morning and waked her with soft kisses; how he had not cried while he was being dressed, although Nurse pulled his hair in combing out the tangles, but had been patient because she had asked him to be her good boy to-day.

She remembered how he picked up all the buttons for her when she upset her button-box, and how, when he did not mind at once, he soon came to say that he was sorry and to ask to be forgiven.

These were all pleasant things to remember; and mamma kissed the soft, sleepy little face that was pressed against her shoulder, and thanked God for giving her this baby boy. For, little as Bobby is, he has begun to try and be good. Very, very little children may do that. They may check their naughty tempers, be helpful to mamma in little ways, be gentle, keep back cross words.

His name was Robert, and he insisted on being called by it. Robbie and Bobbie, and Rob and Bob were well enough for other boys, but this boy would answer only to Robert, the whole Robert, and nothing but Robert. Robert was out in the garden weeding the beet-bed, when his mother stepped out on the piazza and called: "Robert, Robert, it's time to come in and get ready to go." Robert jumped up, fired a handful of chickweed at the family cat, and came running into the house.—*Lessons for the Little Ones.*

Whenever you see two ways before you at any point in life, you may be sure one of them is wrong, and it ought not to be any trouble to decide which one to take.