

## JESUS.

Jesus listens every day,  
Hears the lowest words I say;  
Hears me when I think a prayer,  
For the Lord is everywhere.

When I do not speak aloud,  
Jesus knows if I am proud;  
Knows when I am good and right,  
For my heart is in his sight.

Jesus watches when I sleep,  
For myself I cannot keep;  
So he keeps me all the night,  
Wakes me with his morning light.

Jesus loves me; I shall know  
Some time why he loves me so;  
Why he left his throne on high—  
Died that I may never die!

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1904.

## LITTLE GIRLS IN PERSIA.

'Away off in the East there is a land named Persia. It is a land where baby girls are not wanted. When a baby boy is born, the servants who carry the news to the father are given beautiful presents, and have feasts prepared; all the relations of the father and mother of the baby boy send gifts and congratulations, and there is given a feast to them in honor of the coming of a baby boy. When a little baby girl comes, there is neither joy nor gifts. Everybody is sad, and the house is filled with gloom. There is a proverb in Persia, "The household weeps forty days when a girl is born." When a man in Persia is asked how many children he has, he gives the number of his sons, but never counts

his daughters. One reason given for this is that a daughter marries and leaves her home, while sons stay at home and care for their father. The baby boy is rocked and tended by his mother, who watches carefully over him. The baby daughter is put into a hard cradle. When she cries, she may be rocked in this cradle, or she may be left to cry herself into silence. Her father does not look at her. When she is able to creep about, she may then win her father by her pretty baby ways.

Her feet are bare, but her head is covered. Boys are given their names with great ceremony, but when a girl is named an old woman is called in, who puts her mouth to the baby girl's ear and gives the baby girl her name by calling out the name and saying, "That is your name." The names given girls are pretty: Akhtar, which means the star; Gulshan, lilies; Almas, diamond; Shiroen, sweet; Wobahar, the spring; Shamsi, the sun.

The children in Persia do not have birthday parties. It would be considered silly for mothers to give that much time to their children's pleasure, especially their daughters. There are no birthdays, and no Christmas. There are no toys for the children of Persia, no play-rooms. Persian mothers dislike noise. When children are in the house, they must be quiet. The dolls are ugly, and dressed always as the women of Persia dress. A popular game for little girls in Persia is one somewhat similar to our jackstones.

There are no kindergartens and no schools in Persia. The children of a Persian family do not sit at the table with their parents, nor are they with them indoors. For that reason they get no training, and are rude unless they belong to the wealthy classes, when a nurse is provided for each child, who lives constantly with it.

After six years of age a little girl in Persia lives a life entirely indoors. She begins then to learn how to work, especially how to sew. Persian women are famous for their beautiful needlework, especially embroidery. The boys have teachers. If girls are taught, it is to read the Koran, the Bible of Persia, but few ever learn more than this. Many Persian mothers think it immodest for a girl to know how to read.

## DESKMATES.

Nathan and Dave were deskmates at school, and were very fond of each other. But there came a morning when Dave did not appear; nor did he on the second morning. The first news was that he was sick; then that he was very ill. Then followed days of great quiet at the school. One day the teacher announced that Dave had had a good night, and that the danger was over. Then he said, "Let us pray."

The prayer was short, but Nathan thought it was the best he ever heard.

A few days later Dave asked to see his deskmate. When Nathan entered the room, Dave exclaimed with a smile, "You are my first visitor. Mother let me choose; of course I wanted you. They haven't given my place to anybody else, have they?"

"Oh, no," said Nathan, "they couldn't; it's yours."

"It's just ours together, isn't it," said Dave. "I like the other boys, but I like you the best. When I thought, the other day, that I was going to die, I asked God if he wouldn't put our seats close to each other in heaven, if that would be all right."

## ABOUT TWO DOGS.

Once Sir Walter Scott told a visitor that two of his dogs, which were lying before the fire, understood every word he said. The great writer, to prove what he said, picked up a book and began to read aloud: "I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cattle ruin my garden."

The dogs raised their heads, listened, and then ran from the room; but finding the garden empty, soon returned to the hearthrug. Sir Walter again read the story, and the same thing happened; and once more the dogs came back disappointed. Instead of rushing from the room when their master commenced reading the third time, both hounds came and looked up into his face, whined, and wagged their tails as if to say—

"You have made fun of us twice, but you can't do it again."—*Our Animal Friends.*

## POLITENESS IN JAPAN.

Rarely will such polite boys be met outside of Japan. A gentleman passes in a *jin-riki-sha*; off goes every cap—no, not cap, for we are supposing this to be before foreigners brought caps to Japan. A scarf wound around the head is a Japanese cap; this is entirely removed, and the politest of bows given. A Japanese bow, who can describe it? Down goes the head, over goes the body, with hands on the knees, until an American boy would think that the little Jap had turned into a veritable jack-knife, and was shutting up to go into some giant's pocket.

This politeness is found in every class, for in walking through the fields a common laborer will take off his head scarf and greet you with a bow.

Especially are the school-boys polite. When the teacher enters in the morning he will find the boys all formed in a line. They will give him a succession of low bows, and bid him many polite good mornings.