

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1905.

No. 9.

CHINESE LADIES.

The girls of China, you know, have their feet bandaged up when they are little, the toes bent under their foot, and thrust into a little shoe that prevents them walking with any comfort when they grow up. They, therefore, seldom go beyond their gardens, and are rarely seen in the street. The ladies in the picture are of high rank. You see how richly dressed they are, and what rich silk mantles they have. The poor women of China are more fortunate than the rich ones, in that they have the use of their feet and can walk about. But all of them, rich and poor, except a few Christian converts, are heathens, without a knowledge of the true God, and full of fear and terror of the unknown future. Let us try to send them the Gospel to enlighten their darkness and bring them to Christ.

POOR TIM.

Poor Tim was a patient in the Children's Hospital, Toronto, so unlike the Tiny Tim of the famous "Christmas story": a child, but five years old, that was brought in drunk by his drunken mother, who had to be assisted to stand upright while she handed the child to our care. "Tim" had been burnt by falling into the fire while under the influence of liquor, and his parents were too drunk to pull him out. Tim was "a Turk" indeed. After roaring lustily for his mother, while we cropped his hair and stripped him of his ragged shirt, and still more ragged pants, held up by a bit of string over one shoulder, he was bathed, his sores were dressed, and Tim was put to bed to sleep off the effects of the vile stuff given to him under the plea that it was to keep him warm, as

they had no fire. His first request on waking was, "Give us a chew"; this was unintelligible to us until he made it plainer, "I want some bacca." On being told that he could not have tobacco, oath

by strip, commencing at the bottom; finishing that, he began on the sheets and treated them in a like manner. He was reasoned with, coaxed, and threatened, and finally, at the doctor's orders, tied down with sheets; but he slipped through his bonds like an eel and set to work to reduce the blankets to a like condition as he had left the sheets. His father came to see him the following Sunday (the mother being in jail), and when he left, lo! Tim was in possession of his coveted "chaw of bacca," but which was, of course, taken, though not without a scene, from the mouth of this five-year-old. When asked if he knew who Jesus was, he promptly answered, "That's what father says when he licks mother." Think of that: answer from a child of such tender years in the City of Churches! Tim's burns rapidly healed in spite of his bandages being systematically torn off again and again. We applied to the mayor to have him taken care of, somewhere, somehow, but in anywise not to be allowed to return to those parents. He, good man, with sorrow informed us he was powerless, as we were, because Tim had committed no crime. We appealed to several of our city ministers, many of whom had seen Tim at our annual meeting; but while they were able to send missionaries out to far countries to the heathen, this poor little worse than pagan orphan could not be helped:



CHINESE LADIES.

after oath came from his baby lips like foul water from a well. To say he swore would give but a faint idea of Tim's language; he bubbled up with the vilest oaths and the rudest expressions; he tore every bandage from his burnt arms and hands; he tore his night-shirt to ribbons, strip-

and so Tim, when recovered, was returned to his parents, not to his home, for home they had none; and as they changed their name, as well as the place of their abode, he was soon lost sight of amid the multitude in our city.

Yet Tim was not all badness. During

the six weeks he remained in the hospital he never hit a child nor hurt one in any way, though he would call them to his bedside, and after filling his mouth full of water, would send the contents into their faces and thoroughly enjoy their discomfort. When taken out of the ward and placed in an empty room, he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard, and securing a parcel of linseed meal scattered it on the floor as a sower scatters seed in a field. Yet when he begged not to be locked in and gave his word that he would not try to get out if the key were not turned, he kept his word like a man of honor. Poor Tim! May He who feeds the ravens and takes note of the sparrow's fall, look after thy young life, bought as it has been by the Blood of the Lamb!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1905.

MABEL'S BIBLE VERSE.

"Be ye also holy: for I am holy," read Mabel over with a puzzled face. She was learning her Sunday-school verse.

"Mother," she said at last, drawing her little chair over to where her mother sat sewing by the window, "I don't understand my verse. What does 'holy' mean? 'Be ye holy.'"

Mrs. Parsons laid down her work and thought a moment before she said, "I will explain it to you as well as I can, my dear. If I say that Baby Freddy is healthy, what do you think I mean?"

"Why, that he is as well as he can be. Mrs. Moss said yesterday, when I had him out in his carriage, that she didn't know when she had seen such a healthy-looking baby."

"And when I say," continued her

mother, "that this vase on the table is whole, what do I mean?"

"That it isn't cracked or broken or anything."

"Exactly. Now these words holy and healthy and whole all come from the same German word *heilig*, which means both holy and healthy. So, you see, to be holy, is to be complete and healthy. If Freddy had the scarlet fever, would he be healthy?"

"Oh, no, he would be sick."

"And if he were poisoned with the poison ivy, as you were last summer, would he be healthy then?"

"Not till he got over it."

Perhaps the baby knew that they were talking of him, for he turned from his play on the carpet to laugh and coo and wave his chubby little hand at Mabel.

"And if one of his hands was cut off," went on Mrs. Parsons, "would his little body be whole?"

"Oh, no."

"Then, dear," said her mother, "if your soul is sick with sin, whether it be the large sins like theft and murder, or the smaller ones of falsehood, or disobedience, or selfishness, it cannot be a holy, a healthy soul, nor if it is poisoned with evil or unkind thoughts. And if, too, something has gone from the soul, if truthfulness has gone, or purity, or kindness, it cannot be a holy, a whole soul. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, mother," answered Mabel.

"You must also remember that to keep your soul whole, you must be careful of it, as I am of this rare vase, that nothing shall break or mar it; and that it may be a healthy soul you must watch it all the time, as I do you and Freddy, that it does not get sick with sin."

"Then it is something for me. I thought it was only for grown-up people."

"God asks nothing, my dear daughter, that even a little child cannot do, according to her strength."

FINDING THE WAY.

BY PANSY.

Hugh was to go to Mr. Robinson's office on an errand, and everybody was telling him which way to go.

"Turn by the stone schoolhouse," said Albert, "and go across to Fourth Street."

"Oh, no," said Horace, "that is not the best way. Go to Carter's block and turn to the right, and cross Fisher's Lane, then turn to the left again, and then to the right."

"Now, if I was going," said sister Mary, "I should go straight down to Darby Road and turn at the avenue."

"Oh, dear!" said Hugh. "I'm all mixed up. Can't somebody tell me how to go?"

Uncle Edward turned from his writing

desk. "I'll be the way for you, my boy, if you wish," he said. "I'm going directly past Mr. Robinson's office, and I know the shortest road."

This was fun. Hugh was led a zigzag path, sometimes up hill and sometimes along a very narrow stony road, but all he had to do was to walk by his uncle's side and he reached the office safely. This was on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon, Hugh and his sister Mary tried to see which could say the Golden Text the quicker: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"Uncle Edward," said Hugh, "wouldn't it be nice if Jesus could lead us along the right way, now, just as you did me, yesterday?"

"He can," said Uncle Edward; "all we have to do is to follow in his steps; he knows the way home; and there is something, my boy, to remember: there is only one way to reach that home."

"The Father's house, where there are many mansions," said Aunt Laura, softly.

A LIVE FLOWER.

"I am going to tell you," said a father, "about an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"Oh, father, you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," he replied, and he pointed to what looked like a bright colored flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower!" exclaimed the mother.

"Do you think so?" said the father. "Can a flower be afraid?" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long leaves had curled up, and it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide-open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked father.

"Look here!" He caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves, or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where the father said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which is called a sea-anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it saw and heard the shrimp coming; no tongue nor teeth, but it has eaten up Sir Shrimp; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off the rock to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another, and fasten itself there. God has filled the earth, sky and sea with marvels like this and greater than this. 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

Children, learn to be exact and careful in little things.

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THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

I should love to ride in the bright new moon,

And see where the wee stars go:
I'm sure I could hold by her horns of gold,

As she sails in a tiny bow,
I'd love to float from the evening star
Straight into the milky way:
And take a peep at the sun asleep,
Where he rests till the dawn of day.

I'd like to see where the rainbows hide,
When the days are sunny and fair,
And ever so high in the starry sky
I'd play with the golden bear.
Oh! All night long I would have such fun

As I sailed in the wee new moon,
That I'm sure the light of the morning
Bright
Would bring me to earth too soon.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON VII.—MAY 14.

JESUS PRAYS FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.
John 17. 15-26. Memorize verses 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I pray for them.—John 17. 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

We call the prayer which begins with "Our Father which art in heaven" the Lord's Prayer. It was given us by the Lord, but is really a prayer for all his children to use, while in the seventeenth chapter of John's gospel we have the prayer of our Lord for us. Here he pours out his divine love for the children he came to save and must leave alone in the world. He knew how weak they were, yet he knew also that he was going to come back to them by his Holy Spirit and make them strong to bear all things and to do all things for his name's sake. Our Lord was both God and man. On his human side he was the Elder Brother and beloved Friend of his disciples, while on his divine side he was their God and Saviour. We shall never know, even the wisest and best of us, the great love that was poured out for us in this prayer. The love of a mother praying for her dying child is nothing to it. It must be enough for little children to know that he wanted his disciples to stay in the world and preach the Gospel of the new kingdom of love, even if the evil powers of the world should make martyrs of them, but he wanted their souls to be kept from sin. He knew that his Holy Spirit could do this, and so he sent it, or rather he came again as the Holy Spirit of God, to live in them and in every soul who would let him ever after.

It is this Holy Spirit of God that makes Christians of our heart and mind. When they quarrel and are sold toward each other it is a sign that they need him. The light of his truth and the warmth of his love were shown in the sign of his coming on the day of Pentecost, for "cloven tongues" (double flames) "like as of fire sat upon each" disciple, and with them came the love and power to carry on the great Christian Church. It has gone all around the world, and will some day take every living soul into its fold.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

When did Jesus pray for his disciples? After the last supper.

Where did they then go? To the garden, where he was arrested.

Where was Judas during this prayer? Selling his Lord.

What was Jesus sorry to do? To leave his disciples alone in the world.

What did he know he was to do? Come back to live within them.

When did he come? On the day of Pentecost.

What was Jesus Christ? Both God and man.

What is he as man? Our Elder Brother and Friend.

What is he as God? Our Saviour from sin.

What did he pray for? That his disciples might be one in him.

What would this do for them? Make them strong in his Spirit.

What other thing did he pray for? That they might be kept from sin.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 21.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Memorize verses 37, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.—John 18. 37.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus had been arrested in the garden of Gethsemane, where he was praying for strength for the last trial. He had been in the palace of the high priest all night; then he was taken away through the streets in the early dawn to Pilate's judgment hall.

Pilate did not like to judge a man like Jesus, who had done nothing against any law that he could understand. He did not care for the matters of Jewish law, which was their religion. He tried to find out what Jesus had done, but they only said that he was worthy of death, and they wanted Pilate to sentence him; it was not lawful for them to do so. Then Pilate asked Jesus a question. "Art thou the King of the Jews?" he said. Jesus replied, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" Then Pilate began to be angry, and said, "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me; what

last thou done?" Jesus did not try to answer this question, for he had done nothing, but he told Pilate that his kingdom was not of this world—that his disciples would fight if it were, that he might not be given up to the Jews. "But now," he said, "my kingdom is not from hence." Pilate still asked, "Art thou a king, then?"

We do not know what Pilate thought, but he must have been moved by fear of that wonderful man who was able to disturb the mind of his judge. Pilate said, "What is truth?" There was no answer, and then he went outside to the waiting Jews and told them that he found no fault in the prisoner. He wanted to set him free, as was the passover custom. They would not listen to this, but asked that Barabbas, a robber, might be set free. And so Pilate let them have their way.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus arrested? In an olive garden.

Who told the priests where to find him? Judas.

Where was he taken? To the high priest.

Where was he next taken? To Pilate.

Who was Pilate? Governor of Judea.

Was he a Jew? No, he was a Roman.

Did he want to put Jesus to death? No.

What did he try to do? He tried to save Jesus.

Did Jesus try to save himself? No.

What did he say of his kingdom? That it was not of this world.

Why did Pilate at last sentence him? That he would not listen to him.

What did he come to bear witness to? The truth.

To please the Jews.

A successful merchant, an extensive employer of young men and young women, when asked to name the two qualities which most favorably impressed him in a young person, replied, without hesitation: "Loyalty and modesty." What a picture of true serviceableness and beautiful character in those two words! Bear it in mind, young friends, those of you who long to succeed in life. It is not apparent "smartness," or aggressiveness, or self-confidence, or polished manners, or the worldly air that wins the approval of an employer, but self-repression and faithfulness to trust. Be modest and loyal, and you will be valued and esteemed by those you serve.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Father, we thank thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light.
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.
Help me to do the things I should,
To be to others kind and good.
In all I do in work or play
To grow more loving every day.



PUSSY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE BALL OF YARN.

SOME DAY.

BY EVA WILLIAMS MALONE.

I dropped a seed upon the snow,
 Without a thought, a care;
 I passed again, the snow was gone,
 And lo! a flower was there!

I spoke a word of love and cheer,
 To one from God astray;
 A noble man, long after, said,
 "You saved my soul one day."

Ah, tiny germ of deed or worth,
 God only knows your power!
 For every snow must melt, son, day,
 And give the flower its birth!

THE SAME OLD TREE.

"Mamma," Joe cried, running in from school one morning, "you know the old elm Uncle Fred had cut down last summer, because he thought it was too near the house? Well, there is a new little tree growing in the very same place, and its leaves look just like the old ones."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried mamma, "for I did love that elm. You know my father planted it the day I was born, and I was so sorry when it was cut down. I wonder who planted the new tree?"

Papa looked up from his paper.
 "Let's go and see it," he said; "I've an idea it planted itself."

So they all three went to look, and there, sure enough, was a beautiful strong little elm tree growing bravely in the sunlight and holding up its green leaves, each one as beautiful as those that had grown on the old tree.

"Where did it come from?" asked Joe.

"It's the very same old tree, Joe, in a new form," his father answered. "The root of the old elm was hidden in the ground, and now it is sending up this little

tree, which may grow to be a much handsomer one than the other."

"This makes me think of something," said mamma, softly. "Long years ago was a country, and an enemy came and carried all the people away; and they thought they never would have a country any more, but God had sent them a story to comfort them. He said just as a tree would grow from an old root, so a new people would come from them, and a new country, and when it came it would be the happiest to live in that ever was."

"What would be so happy about it, mamma?" Joe asked.

"Oh, every one would be so kind and loving and gentle, for a wonderful King was to come, and even the animals would forget to be cross. I remember one thing was that wolves and lambs would live together, and fierce, wild leopards and little kids would go to sleep side by side, and a little child could lead them, and the earth would be full of the knowledge of the Lord."

"And did it ever come true, mamma?"

"Not yet, dear, but it is coming true some day when our dear Lord Jesus is King of all the earth, for it was his country the story told about."

FATHER'S TIME.

"My father," said the small boy to the woman who was calling on his mother, "knows what time it is without looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, when I holler out and ask him what time it is in the morning, he always says, 'It's time to get up;' and when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says, 'Time to go to bed.'"

BEN'S BLACK DAY.

It was Ben Hardy's "black day." All the family knew it the moment he came to the breakfast table. There was that ugly frown, his mouth drooped, his eyes had no merry look in them as they so often had.

He had quarrelled with his brother all the time they were dressing. John was an easy, good-natured boy and kept his temper very well. This only seemed to enrage Ben the more. He seized John's comb and threw it with all his might down on the marble hearth. It broke, and Ben looked scared, but he flung himself out of the room and banged the door. His sister Lucy was in the hall holding her doll. Ben tried to throw it on the floor, but Lucy saved it. Biddy, the waitress, had her share of Ben's temper. At last Ben's mother sent the boy upstairs to his room. Hours after, Ben crept downstairs to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "my temper gets worse all the time, and Biddy says"—here Ben sobbed—"that I'll be an awful bad man some day!"

Mother drew her little boy very close to her.

"It is a heavy burden on you, dear," she said, "and you never can bear it alone, but God has promised to help you if you ask him. But he has told us that we must do our part, too."

"Oh, I'll do most anything!" Ben said.

"He has said that if we confess our sins he will not only forgive us, but make our hearts clean. Now, I think that besides confessing to God, the least my boy can do is to confess to those he has treated so badly to-day."

Ben gave a great sigh. "Oh, I hoped it was being shut up—must I fess my sin to Biddy, too?" he asked.

His mother said, "What do you think Ben?"

A little later Ben came running in: "I feel lots better, mother; I fessed up to everybody." Then he came close to his mother: "And I asked God awful hard to help me," he said softly.

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

In haste I bore the tidings:

"My darling, I'm afraid

Your pussy cat has stolen

The custard that you made."

I feared a burst of weeping,

But saw, with glad surprise,

A look of joyous rapture

Light up the childish eyes.

"Oh, auntie! I'm so flattered

To have dear Pussy feel

That I can make a custard

That's good enough to steal."