

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1903.

No. 13.

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

The beds in the time when John Wesley was a boy were made with four high posts, between which were stretched curtains on the sides, with a canopy or cover resting on the top: so that going to bed in one of them must have been a good deal like sleeping in a large box. When John Wesley was six years old he awoke one night to find what he thought was the sunlight shining in between the curtains, and called the maid to take him up. No one answer-

for, but there was none, and unless something was done at once it would be too late. Some man in the crowd thought quickly, and as the house was a low one, he shouted, "Quick! lift a light man on my shoulders," bracing himself against the house as he spoke. A man was there in an instant, found he could reach the child, and lifted him to the ground at just the moment that the roof fell in. It is not much wonder that this incident made a great impression on John Wesley, and that

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

You go along the busy, crowded streets of the large cities of Japan, and you see numberless children, of all sizes and ages, playing out in the middle of the streets. Sometimes they get run over by a jinrikisha, but their mothers seem never to be uneasy about them.

Those who are too young to walk are tied on the backs of their little sisters, who jump and play as if it were a rag doll



"A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING."

ing, he parted the curtains, and looked out, to find that the light was that of fire; for certain enemies of Mr. Wesley, who had tried to burn the house two or three times before, had at last succeeded, and the building was in flames. The rest of the family had gotten out, but John had been forgotten. The child ran to the door, but found the flames too thick to get out that way, and, besides, the staircase was burned. Climbing then upon a box, he appeared at the window, and was seen by the crowd below. A ladder was called

he often spoke of himself as "a brand plucked from the burning." He felt, even when a child, that the life which had been saved in so wonderful a way must be intended for some great work. Mr. Wesley, his father, after John's wonderful escape, fell on his knees to thank God that he was still rich, since his wife and eight children were all safe.

Jesus left us an example that we should walk in his steps.

instead of a live baby. After a while the little baby gets sleepy, and then it falls to one side or backward, with its face turned right up to the burning sun. This is why so many Japanese have weak or sore eyes. Such an exposure to the sun would kill an American baby in two days.

All the little girls go bareheaded, but all have umbrellas. The large girls do up their hair in a little knot on the back of their heads, with a net over it. They also have bangs, combed straight down over their foreheads.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

Keep to the right, as the law directs,
For such is the rule of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his truth,
Nor wander, though folly allure;
Keep to the right, from the day of thy
youth,
Nor turn from what's faithful and pure.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no
doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, in whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true
From the morn to the close of life's day.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1903.

"I LEFT HER TO GOD."

In West Africa a society in England has a school for the poor native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her schoolmate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck:

"Did you not strike her back again?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know we shall not return the blow but "I leave them to God." Then whatever our enemies

do or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them and make them our friends.

TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Peking, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart; but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so, because it was dying, she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, looking at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window, and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air.

The mother shrieked: "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the cart drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flowers will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails: "My baby is lost! I can never find him again!"

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty little crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission: "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother; and though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He will keep her safe," said the father, reverently, as he put his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the

little life slipping away, some people began to sing softly:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and, with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed away.

"Let us pray," said a low voice; and as we knelt together heaven came so near that we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of joy.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes, and laid her lovingly in her last-resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery. With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the spot where we laid her in the cemetery, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" says the baby's father; while the mother answers, "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.

THE WRONG WAY.

The Rev. Mr. French, a missionary in India, tells the following incident which he saw in a heathen temple:

A little boy about ten years of age, accompanied by two smaller girls, came to pay their devotions.

The little boy first washed the idol with water, and then put a little red paint on its forehead, shoulders and breast. This being done, he took from the little girls some small flowers, which he laid in various places on the idol; and, to crown all, he placed a string of flowers over its head.

Having finished this part of the ceremony, the three pitiable little creatures commenced bowing to the senseless idol, which they had thus early been taught to regard as their god.

Heathen parents take their children, when very young, to the idol temple and teach them to wash and paint the idol, and to bow and kneel and perform other ceremonies which are required in the worship of the god. Why do they train their children in these things? Because they believe that by doing such things they will be saved. They have not learned that to be saved one has only to believe in Jesus as his Saviour, and obey him, and that we cannot be saved in any other way.

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PA'S IGNORANCE.

Most every day, when I'm at school,
The teacher tells us things
About the birds and animals,
And the presidents and kings,
And then at night, when I ask pa
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along,
And says, "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world
Is round, just like a ball,
And that's there's nothing down below
It's standing on at all.
I ast pa if she told the truth.
He read his paper through,
And put his foot upon a chair,
And said, "Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky
Ain't heaven's floor, and tried
To make us think no angels walk
Along the other side,
And so that night I ast my pa,
And all he said was, "Oh,
Don't bother me about such things;
I'm busy—I dunno!"

I used to kind of somehow think
That my pa knew a lot—
But that was wrong, or if he did
I guess that he's forgot.
Since I've got started into school,
Most every day or so
I hear about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.

—Simcoe Reformer.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XIII. [June 28.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord shall deliver me from every
evil work, and will preserve me unto
his heavenly kingdom.—2 Tim. 4. 18.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
oughly studied.

1. P's F. to E.... Remember the words
2. The R..... Now is Christ—
3. The L. of L... Love worketh no—
4. P's J. to J.... The will of—
5. P. A. If any man—
6. The P. A. P... The Lord stood—
7. P. B. F. I will fear no—
8. P. B. A. Having therefore—
9. The L.-G. S.... For as many as—
10. P's V. and S... Then they cry—
11. P. at R. I am not ashamed—
12. P's C. to T.... There is laid up—

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 5.

ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 1-10. Memorize verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and
serve him only.—1 Sam. 7. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember what we were study-
ing just before last Christmas? Our les-
sons were in the Old Testament, and we
were studying about Samuel. You will
never forget little Samuel, whose mother
let him go and live in the temple, and
whom the Lord called three times in the
night, and spoke to him as he would
to a prophet. Samuel grew up to be a
prophet and a priest and a judge. When
he was old his sons took his place. They
were not as good as their father, and the
people were not happy. They began to
long for a king. While the nations around
them had their kings to lead them to bat-
tle and to rule them at home, the Israe-
lites had only judges and priests. They
forgot that the Lord was their King.
When they talked with Samuel about it
he said nothing, but prayed to the Lord
about it. The Lord told him to listen
to the people, and let them have a king if
they wished for one. "They have not re-
jected thee, but they have rejected me, that
I should not reign over them," said the
Lord. He also told Samuel to show them
what troubles would come upon them after
they began to have kings to rule over them,
what taxes they would have to pay to en-
rich the king, and how their sons and
daughters would be taken to serve them,
and their fields and cattle also. Samuel
told them these things, but still they said,
"Nay; but we will have a king over us."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What little boy lived in the temple?
Samuel.

What did he do? He helped Eli, the
high priest.

What did he hear one night? The Lord
calling him.

What did he become? The judge and
high priest.

Who became judges after him? His
two sons.

Were they good men? No.

What did the Israelites want? A king.

Whom did they ask about it? Samuel.

What did he do? He prayed to the
Lord about it.

What did the Lord tell him to do? To
give them a king.

Whom had they rejected? The Lord
their King.

What did he say they would have?
Many sorrows.

OUR LITTLE DOT.

A writer in the New York Sun
describes a scene which he witnessed
late one evening in the streets of St.
Louis. A group of gamins were hanging
about an old gray-haired woman, shab-
bily dressed, who carried a large pack-
age under her arm. The writer of the
sketch followed, thinking to say some-
thing at the right moment.

The boys were jeering, and the woman
was begging to be let alone. By and by
she sat down on a doorstep. Then the
young arabs gathered thickly about her.

"Give us a song, old woman!"

"If you'll dance us a jig, we'll let you
off."

"Open the bundle, and let's see what
you've got."

When there was a moment of silence,
she replied: "Boys, come closer round
me. I've got something here to show
you."

They crowded up to her, and she re-
moved the newspapers which concealed
the object she was carrying, and held it
up before them.

If a bombshell had dropped among
them, it would not have scattered them
more quickly. What do you suppose it
was? A piece of board about three feet
long by a foot wide, painted white, and
on it, in white letters, the epitaph:

OUR LITTLE DOT.

Died October 17, 1886.

It was the headstone for a child's
grave, such a headstone as only the poor
and lowly erect over the grave of a loved
one. Out of pity for her poverty and
sorrow, the painter may have done the
work for nothing.

The boys could read, and, as each read
for himself, he turned and vanished in
the darkness. The last one to go took
off his ragged cap and said: "We didn't
know it, aunty; please excuse us."

A FOUR-FOOTED MAIL-CARRIER.

A letter-carrier tells about a dog that
was a letter-carrier too, though the Gov-
ernment did not pay him for his work.
His master lived two blocks from his near-
est neighbour, so that when the postman
took a letter to him he had to walk four
blocks out of his way. Soon the dog—he
was a little yellow dog—learned to know
the postman's whistle and would come
bounding down the road to get the mail.

He would take it in his mouth and carry
it proudly home. Never once did he drop
it or stop to play. He would be as dis-
appointed when there was no mail as if
the letters were written to him. If he was
late, he would come tearing along and in-
sist on the postman's going back to the
corner and giving him the mail there, so
that he might have the joy of carrying it
the whole way.



ONE OF WESLEY'S HELPERS PREACHING IN THE STOCKS.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF WESLEY.

The scene at the burning of Epworth Rectory, when John Wesley, a child of but a few years of age, was rescued just as the roof fell in, is by no means the least interesting in his history. The flames of Epworth Rectory seem to throw a sort of illumination down the pathway of his future. A child saved for a great purpose he became from that hour.

Another picture shows one of his "helpers," as the early Methodist itinerants were called, with his feet in the stocks for the gospel's sake in Christian England. There is something of a contrast between the Methodist preacher of those times and the Methodist preacher of to-day. Nevertheless, in spite of persecution, they wearied not in well-doing. John Wesley was not a preacher and leader and theologian only, he was a practical helper in material things as well. He established the first free dispensary of medicines and remedies for the poor. He seems to have had considerable skill in this line, so that, like his Divine Master, we may say of him, He healed the sick, as well as carried light to those that sat in darkness.

It is a scene well worthy the artist's brush, the closing hours of this veteran of Methodism. His end befitted his life. One may say of him, in spite of his burden of eighty-eight years, that he died in the thick of the battle. During the last few weeks of his life, he preached a number of vigorous sermons. Only six days before his death he preached from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." This was his last. On Saturday, three days later, he wrote his final letter. It was to Wilberforce, urging him to con-

tinue his efforts against the African slave-trade. Then, for three days he weakened gradually, praising God as the tide of life ebbed out to sea.



JOHN WESLEY WRITING HIS LAST LETTER.

Thus died one whose power had made itself felt, not only throughout the three kingdoms, but throughout the New World as well. Of him it is written, "No Englishman whatever, save the sovereign him-

self, swayed a wider or more profound popular power." He who once had been persecuted, beaten, and stoned, had to be buried before six o'clock in the morning to prevent accidents from the great crowds that thronged to look upon the face of the departed leader, crowds from which rose constantly the sob of sorrowing hearts.

PUSSY'S ADOPTED BABIES.

One night the watchman at a railroad station saw a little striped kitten wandering about the street mewing. He picked her up and carried her into the station. There she was given a saucer of milk, and after she had drunk it she curled up in a warm corner out of the way and went to sleep. Ever since she has lived at the station.

When she had been there for a long time, something happened that made her very unhappy. She had three little kittens, of which she was very proud, and one day when she was off after mice a dog found them and killed them. How bad every one felt! And pussy felt worst of all.

A few days later some workmen were repairing the floor of the station. Under a board they found a nest of baby mice.

"Come here, pussy," they said; "here is a fine dinner for you."

Pussy came. She smelt of the little mice and rolled them about with her paw. Then she picked up one in her mouth and carried it carefully to the basket where her kittens had lived. One after another she carried them all there in the same way.

Ever since that day she has taken good care of the mice, and is bringing them up as lovingly as if they were her own kittens.



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