

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1905.

No. 15.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A handful of red sand, from
the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes
the spy of time,
The ministr of thought.

How many weary centuries
has it been
About those deserts
blown!

How many strange vicissitudes
has seen,
How many histories
known.

Perhaps the camels of the
Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it
o'er,

When into Egypt from the
patriarch's sight
His favorite son they
bore;

Perhaps the feet of Moses,
buried and bare,
Crushed it beneath their
tread;

Or Pharaoh's flashing
wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ
of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope
and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Eua-
gaddi's palms
Pacing the dead beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian
psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart,
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have
passed!



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward and across the
setting sun,
Across the boundless
plain,
The column and its broader
shadow run,
Till thought pursues in
vain.

The vision vanishes! These
walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeas-
urable plain;
The half-hour's sand is
run!

THE TURNING POINT.

Boys, never be ashamed
to pray! Never shrink from
acknowledging God. Let
not the laugh and jeer of
comrades deter you from the
path of duty. You know
not what important results
depend upon your example.

Many years ago a youth
named John was appren-
ticed in the town of Poole.
John had been piously
trained by his good parents,
but unhappily he yielded to
temptations, neglected the
reading of his Bible, disre-
garded the Sabbath and
gave up praying. John was
gradually going from bad to
worse when one night a new
apprentice arrived. On
being pointed to his little
bed the youth put down his
luggage, and then, in a very
silent but solemn manner,
knelt down to pray. John,

who was busily undressing, saw this, and
the sight troubled him. He did not raise
a titter, but he felt ashamed of himself.
Conscience troubled him, and God's Holy
Spirit strove with him. It was the turn-
ing point in John's life! He began again
to pray; he felt the burden of his sins to
be great; but he sought that Saviour who
died for poor sinners; he cast his helpless
soul, by faith, on the atonement made on
Calvary, and was enabled, at length, to
rejoice as one of God's forgiven children.

A few years afterwards he began to preach to others, and he became one of the most successful and honored ministers of the Gospel ever known. This was the Rev. John Angell James.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1905.

THE DANGER OF LAL DOW.

George Nelson was usually a contented boy, but sometimes he threw down his playthings, rushed out on the veranda and looked over the wide river as if in search of something he never found. His mother would hear him exclaim, "Now I'll shut my eyes and count thirty, and the first boy I see I'm going to invite him in to spend the day." For you see George lived in Siam, and there were no little white boys anywhere near.

He was far too shy to carry out any such intention, but a boat-load of lotus flowers, or a swimmer holding some treasure high above his head, would divert his mind and suggest some other play, so that loneliness would be forgotten.

One day, on going into the compound to watch the carpenter, who held a board with his toes while sawing it, George found a boy there all uninvited, to spend the day: the carpenter's son, older to be sure, but still a boy.

When Mr. Nelson saw the eager sparkle in George's eyes, he carried his writing table to the yard and worked there morning after morning, so that, for once, his boy might have a playmate.

"My translation may suffer, but the boys certainly enjoy themselves," the missionary told his wife. "George is learning to play foot-shuttlecock, and Lal Dow can spin the Philadelphia top. If this

goes on much longer the brown boy will know as much as our boy. George tells him about Joseph and Daniel, and insists on his repeating a verse every day. I'm watching of course. Once Lal hurt himself, a curse slipped out; another time he gave a stray dog a savage kick. These Buddhists, who never kill an animal, are perfectly willing to torture it. Each time George said gravely, 'That isn't right.' I wondered how much the pagan mind would grasp of the rebuke which means so much to a Christian."

"Does Lal talk, too?" asked the mother. "Yes, though not as readily. George now demands a story of the brown boy before telling one himself. Buddha—always Buddha."

"Do you happen to know that he was once a sparrow and shut up all day in a lotus flower? At the age of baby there, he was taken to the harvest festival, left under a tree and forgotten. The tree shaded him all day miraculously, and that is why the boh-tree casts no shadow."

"When Buddha was as old as George he could throw an elephant a long distance. I'm thinking you and I will be beset with questions when the addition to our house is done. Even a Siamese must finish his work sometime."

When the day alluded to came, George was not desolate. He had made a friend, and was always planning what he would say to him and give to him when they met again.

The grown people were too busy to pay much attention, but at last Uncle Doctor took compassion and offered to take him to see Lal Dow.

They must first be rowed to the palace and attend to the sick people there, but a trip with the doctor was pleasant, for when he was not actually setting bones and feeling pulses, he knew more about just the things you wanted to hear of than any other foreigner in Bangkok. When they hunted up the carpenter's home the boys stared at each other. The short separation had tied their tongues, but George soon became absorbed in watching Lal's grandfather, who was doing a very strange thing. He was making a little cart of sticks and strings and moulding some rude images to place in it.

The doctor explained to George in English that this was a charm against cholera. Each image represented a member of the family. The cart was to be filled with rice and flowers, and taken out into the fields as an offering to the evil spirits. Then no one in that house would get sick. "Is it right?" asked Lal Dow, suddenly.

"No," said George, boldly. "It won't do a bit of good. You must pray to God to keep you well."

The brown boy strode over to the cart and threw out the image supposed to look like himself. The old man protested, but

having always been indulged, Lal had his way.

A fortnight afterward Dr. Kuhn called on Mr. Nelson by appointment, and found he had been detained. When George came joyfully, his friend said gently, "Lal Dow is very sick."

"Is it cholera?"

"Yes."

"Come quick, Uncle Doctor!" cried George, leading him to his father's study. The doctor was not sure what the impulsive boy wanted till he fell on his knees, then he followed his example. "You first," he said, putting a hand on George's head, and the eager voice began, "Our Father, please make Lal well. Because if you don't they will think the evil spirits did it and they won't believe what we say. Please tell Uncle Doctor what to do to make him well. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

The doctor's prayer was earnest, too, and nearly as short. It held four more words, which were long remembered by George Nelson—"If it is best."

Time passed, and the well people saw nothing of the doctor, who was wrestling hard with the scourge of the East.

One afternoon George and his mother were sitting out of doors. A slender figure glided in holding a spray of the rare flowers of the century plant. Once Lal would have laid it in the outstretched hand of a bronze Buddha; now he placed his offering of gratitude at the feet of his boy teacher.

George jumped up and down, clapped his hands, then ran toward the house. He threw a radiant glance back at his mother, who understood. She bade the brown boy be seated, and handed him a banana, telling him that George would come back soon. He rushed on; the cook held out a cake which he did not see; baby crowed from her crib in vain. He did not pause till he reached the study. Kneeling there, George took a moment to think. His tone was reverent, though his words were boyish enough. "Dear Lord, I'm ever so much obliged to you. I'll thank you some more to-night, but I didn't want to be like the nine lepers, so I came right away. I'm sorry I was cross at Hue to-day. Please bless Lal and make him a good boy, and make me a good boy. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Faithfulness in little matters is a great virtue. A girl was sent out with her little sister to watch her and take care of her while the mother was busy. Instead of doing so she took along a story book, and became so interested in it that her little sister was likely to fall into the creek for want of watching. Unless this girl changes her habits very much, she will grow into a careless, selfish woman, who will make everybody about her unpleasant by her neglect of her little duties.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day.
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right.
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morn till night,
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise may not vex you;
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's
voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom.
You'd give all the world for just this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in
sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 6.**JOSIAH'S GOOD REIGN.**

2 Chron. 34. 1-13. Memorize verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days
of thy youth.—Eccles. 12. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

After the death of Manasseh his son Amon reigned for two years, but all that he did was so unkingly, and he grew so much worse, that his servants killed him in his own house. He was only twenty-four when he died, but he left a little son eight years of age, named Josiah, who was made king. Poor little Josiah! He was four years younger than his grandfather was when he was made king, but if we could look into the inner rooms of the palace and know who it was that taught and guided and loved these boys from their babyhood up we should know why Manasseh went astray and Josiah held fast to the hand of God. His mother's name was Jedidah. When he was only a boy of sixteen he began to think a great deal about the God of David and of Hezekiah and to seek after him. When he was twenty he began to use his rights as a king to clear his kingdom of heathen altars and idols. He took men with him and sought out the groves and hills where they had set up idol worship, and there they hewed

down the carved idols and broke the images of metal and burned with fire whatever was a part of their worship. In this way he cleansed Jerusalem and Judah from idolatry.

But there was a great deal to do yet. He called three trusted friends who were wise and willing, and told them to begin repairing the temple, so that it might again be a house of beauty for the worship of the God of Israel. There was a great deal to do, so they gathered together all the money that had been given to the Levites who kept the doors, and this they gave into the hands of skillful workmen to buy hewn stone and wood to use in the first works upon the holy house.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Josiah? The son of Amon, and the grandson of Hezekiah.
2. How old was he when he became king? Eight years old.
3. What was the name of his mother? Jedidah.
4. When did he begin to pray to God? When he was sixteen.
5. What did he begin to do four years later? To destroy idol worship.
6. How? He took men who cut down all idols.
7. What did he want to do next? To open the temple for worship.
8. What was needed first? It had to be put in order.
9. To whom did he give this work? To three wise friends.
10. What did they do? They hired many skillful workmen.
11. How did they do the work? Faithfully.
12. For whom did they do it? For King Josiah and for the God of Israel.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 13.**JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.**

2 Chron. 34. 14-28. Memorize verse 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will not forget thy word.—Psa. 119. 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

In our times a king has very little to do with the thoughts or the religion of his people, for the people really make the laws and reign in a civilized country. It seems that in the Jews' country, as in all countries of that far-off time, the people followed the king as a flock follows its shepherd. Some kings, like David and Hezekiah, were good shepherds, while others, like Manasseh and Amon, turned upon the flock like wolves, or else led them into a wilderness of ignorance and false worship. But here was Josiah, in whom, as a child, the Lord had lighted a lamp that was to lead his people back again to him.

When the temple was searched for the money chests—which were really big,

strong mite-boxes into which everyone entering the temple to pray dropped a piece of money—Hilkiah, the high priest, found the Book of the Law. You would think that a high priest would know all about the law of Moses, which was for the guidance of the Jewish Church, just as our Bible is our guide. Now it was carried to the young king by Shaphan, a scribe, and he read it to the king. The king was in great trouble then, for he saw that they were not keeping the law of the Lord, and he commanded his friends to inquire of the Lord for him. So they went to Huldah, the prophetess, and she told them that evil would fall upon the nation because they had forgotten God, but because the young king had wept and prayed before the Lord it should not be in his day.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Josiah? The boy king of Judah.
2. What did he want his people to do? Worship the true God.
3. What does this show? That he was trying to do right.
4. What had his father and grandfather done? Worshipped idols.
5. What did Josiah set the people to do? To repair the house of the Lord.
6. Why did it need this? It had been shut up and was full of rubbish.
7. What was found at this time? The Book of the Law.
8. Who found it? Hilkiah, the high priest.
9. Who gave this law to us? The Lord.
10. Where can we find it? In our Bibles.
11. What ought we to love and honor? The Holy Word.
12. Why? It teaches us how to live the life of heaven.

DIDN'T WANT A PONY.

"Papa," says the small boy, "Willie Winkers has got a pony."

"Has he?" says papa.

"Yes, and it's the best-utafulist pony I ever saw."

"You don't say?"

"Just as gentle as can be. I rode on it and didn't fall off once. A boy couldn't get hurt on that pony."

"I suppose not."

"It eats hardly anything, too, and doesn't cost much to keep."

"It doesn't?"

"Not anything hardly. Willie said his papa bought it real cheap."

"No doubt!"

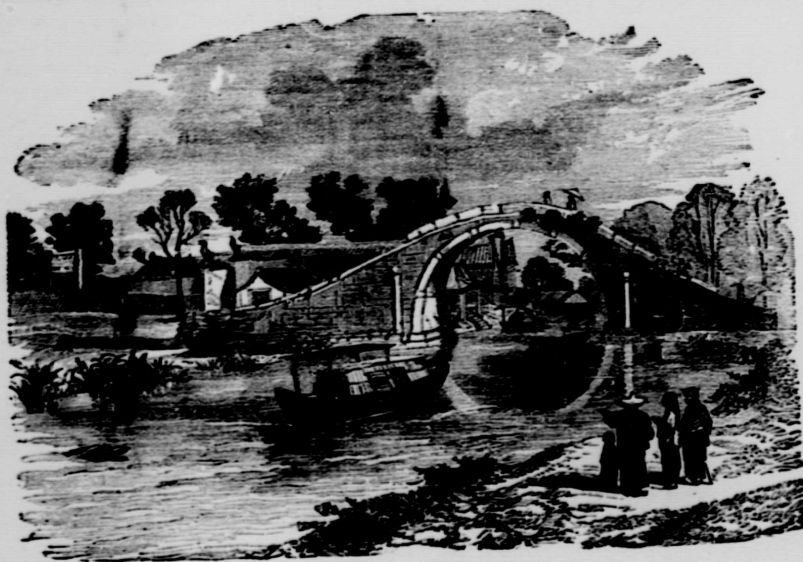
"And he said there were plenty more where that came from."

"Humph! Do you want me to buy you a pony?"

"No. I was only thinking what a nice pony Willie Winkers has."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Willie has got a nice papa, too, hasn't he?"—Farm and Fireside.



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

China is intersected everywhere with a great number of canals, and as there are numerous highways crossing these canals, a great many bridges are required. Some of these take a peculiar hunchback form, as it is called—like the one shown in the cut—to permit large-sized vessels to pass. The canal traffic is of enormous extent, and these water-ways of the empire contribute greatly to its wealth and prosperity.

WOOL-GATHERING.

Jamie and Bessie Baldwin had the promise of going with their brother Paul to the meadows to spend the day. Paul was his father's shepherd and had learned to love his work, as well as the sheep, and brook, and birds, and pleasant fields. Jamie was too small to wade the brook, which they must cross to reach the meadows. But Bessie thought it great fun, so she took off her shoes and stockings, and put them into Paul's pocket, and her hand within his, and followed the sheep through the cool water of the brook.

It was a fine June day, and the sweet meadow lands were blooming with white clover. The bees were shaking the blossom and gathering honey. The birds were darting in and out of the tree-tops, and among the alders along the brookside, searching for suitable places to build their nests.

The sheep ran here and everywhere through the clover, bothering the bees, and nipping the tender leaves, for it was their breakfast time. Bessie made daisy chains and trimmed her brothers' hats and put one upon her net Nanny's neck.

It was the month of roses, and pink wild roses crowded along the walls and fences, and when daisy chains became common Bessie and Jamie strolled along the walls and filed hat and apron with the fragrant blossoms.

Paul was resting under the shadow of his favorite tree on the hillside where he had spent much of his boyhood in faithfully watching his flocks, and at the same time studying the habits of flowers, birds, and bees.

He blew his horn when it was time for lunch, and Bessie and Jamie hurried to the spot gay with blossoms and with a very wonderful thing to tell to brother Paul.

"Paul, Paul," said Bessie, "we have seen such a funny sight; some birdies came down and took a ride upon the backs of the sheep while they were feeding."

"And what do you think they were there for?" said Paul.

"Why, for a ride," said Bessie, "and all the time they were stretching up their little necks and pulling out wool, and—"

"And they flew away with it," said Jamie.

"No," said Paul, "they were wool-gathering. I have often seen them pull as much as they could carry and fly away; and with it they line their little nests, and thus prepare a soft and warm home for their little birdies."

This fact amused the children very much and they resolved to watch the birdies some time and learn how to build a nest. After lunch they rested in the shade as did the sheep, and when evening came they returned with their flock, and three happier children never gathered about the hearthstone.

A LITTLE FELLOW WHO DOES NOT TAKE A WINTER NAP.

"Dear! dear! it is so cold in winter!" sighed Dolly Green. "The leaves and ferns and wild flowers take a nap tucked under their soft snow blanket, the snakes curl up in hollow logs till spring, and the frogs doze in the mud at the bottom of the ponds. Most everything goes to sleep in winter except children."

"You are mistaken, Dollykins," cried Tom, the little girl's big brother, who had been at college for a whole year. "There's one spry fellow who is just as wide-awake in winter as in summer. He lives in a pond, and though Jack Frost builds a thick icy roof right over his head, he is bright and lively as ever. Folks call him larva, which is only another name for baby. He is about an inch long and twice as thick through as a match. He has a queer tail fitted in his body, with

hairs at the end, and near his head is a lively set of organs that seem partly legs and partly feelers. This strange little fellow lives in the weeds at the bottom of the pond, and, like a human being, has a nice wooden house. The water is so clear that you can see right to the bottom, and there you will find what appears to be a hollow twig two or three inches long. The twig begins to stir, when out comes a head and tiny feelers, or legs, that help him to climb from one blade of water-grass to another. He does not leave his house behind, O no! he carries it with him, wherever he goes, holding on by his tail inside. Sometimes it is pretty hard work to travel with such a load, but he has plenty of perseverance, and that counts for a great deal in this world. When anything frightens him the creature quickly draws back his head and feelers into the wooden house and sinks again to the bottom of the pond, where the sharpest eyes could not tell that his strong case was not a simple twig that had fallen from a tree."

THE LITTLE HEART FOR JESUS.

A little boy, who, during a long illness, contemplated his departure from the world, conceived the odd idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when the mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." But no, the little patient felt that he could make no further bequest, and promptly replied that the little heart must be kept for Jesus; a surprising, beautiful, almost sublime, turn in the strange cology.