

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1906.

No. 12.

SAVIOUR, LIKE
A SHEPHERD
LEAD US.

Saviour, like a Shep-
herd lead us,
Much we need thy
tend'rst care;
In thy pleasant pas-
tures feed us,
For our use thy
fields prepare:

Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Thou hast bought
us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Thou hast bought
us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou
befriend us,
Be the guardian of
our way;
Keep thy flock, from
sin defend us,
Seek us when we
go astray:

Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us,
when we pray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us,
when we pray.

Thou hast promised
to receive us,
Poor and sinful
though we be;
Thou hast mercy to
relieve us,
Grace to cleanse,
and power to
free:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;



"SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US."

Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

HIS LITTLE
ONES.

BY LLEWELLYN A.
MORRISON.

Suffer the little
children to come unto
me.—Jesus.

Hail the glad mes-
sage:—the chil-
dren may come
Into the joy and
delight of His
home!

Know all the bright-
ness his bless-

ings impart;

And live in the boun-
tiful life of his
heart.

Every bright babe is
a gem of his
own,

Lent from the light
of his luminous
throne,

Sent from the sources
of being above.

A seal of his match-
less, omnipotent
love.

Germ of divinity,
flashed into
flame—

Born of humanity
only in name;

Fashioned—it may
be—and formed
from the clod.

Yet bearing the spirit
and image of
God.

Growth, in his
growth, is the
measure of grace,

No one the limit may compass or trace;
Wide as immensity's realms unsought,
And high as the reach of Eternity's
thought.

Every sweet baby—or low-born or high—
Is heir to an infinite world in the sky;

Each tender boy that a mother may bring
By the grace of the Virgin's sweet Son
is a king.

The children are safe in his keeping and
love;
Drooping below he transplants them
above;
Born in his kingdom, unless they depart,
They always abide in his home and his
heart.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1906.

A YOUNG KING.

Josiah, King of Judah, was only eight years old when he began to reign; but the Bible tells us that "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Some years after he became king he ordered that God's temple should be repaired, and he sent Shaphan, the scribe, to see that this was done. When Shaphan returned he brought to the king the book of the law from the temple; and Josiah then found that God was angry because wicked things was done in the land, and because idols were worshipped.

Then the king called the people together and read God's message to them; and after that he went through the country and broke up the idols which had been set up all over the land. Even the sun that shines in the sky had been worshipped.

Josiah was such a good king that the Bible says of him, "like unto Josiah was there no king before him that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might."

WAR ORPHANS IN JAPAN.

BY REV. R. EMBERSON, B.A.

The troops are beginning to return from Manchuria, and some of the hungry little mouths will soon be better filled than at present, because the father will return to his work. But what of the thousands who will never know the joy of having their father return. By the use of funds sent from America, and also from our Church in Canada, we have been able to succor about a dozen little ones between the ages of three and seven. We hope ere long to increase the number if funds are available.

During the summer another building was erected on the mission lot. It is intended to serve several useful purposes in connection with the work. The downstairs is used for English night-school

classes, are regularly present. The class is part of the regular curriculum of the school, and I meet it twice every month. Considering the Emperor's edict forbidding the mention of religion in the school, this class is somewhat unique, and I want you to pray especially for it. The teacher who was baptized is the first-fruit of the class.

A DROP OF INK.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter Brown. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good."



WAR ORPHANS, JAPAN.

classes during four evenings each week. During the day the rooms serve as reading-room and library for young men, for Sunday Bible classes and occasional social and evangelistic meetings of the church. In the upstairs there are five rooms in the Japanese style, in which I have begun a "Students' Home." The rooms will accommodate ten young men, and for a month past there have been six fine young men in the building. In this way one is able to get very intimate with them, and exert a personal influence regularly upon them.

Last month at our sacramental service six adult converts were baptized in Shidzuoka, and one teacher of the Middle School in Numadzu was baptized in our church in that city. For a year past, with the full knowledge and consent of the officials, I have conducted an English Bible-class in Numadzu Middle School, at which class one hundred and fifty students and ten teachers, including the prin-

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

He did so.

"Oh, mother! Who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole—has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity," said his mother.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! One drop, or a dozen, or fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and, therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

He is our sun and shield by day,
By night he near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.

There was once a little maiden,
And she had a mirror bright;
It was rimmed about with silver;
'Twas her pride and her delight.
But she found two fairy sisters
Lived within this pretty glass,
And very different faces showed,
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,
Why, it was sure to be
The smiling sister who looked out
Her happy face to see.
But if everything went criss-cross,
And she wore a frown or pout,
Alas! alas! within the glass
The frowning one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much
The smiling face to see,
That she resolved with all her heart
A happy child to be.
To grow more sweet and loving,
She tried with might and main,
Till the frowning sister went away,
And ne'er come back again.

But if she's looking for a home,
As doubtless is the case,
She'll try to find a little girl
Who has a gloomy face.
So be very, very careful,
If you own a mirror, too,
That the frowning sister doesn't come
And make her home with you.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 24.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Never man spake like this man.—John
7. 46.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the first lesson about? The two foundations.
2. What is the lesson for me? Be a doer of the Word, and not a hearer only.
3. What is the second lesson about? Jesus and the Sabbath.
4. What is the lesson for me? Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
5. What is the third lesson about? Jesus' power over disease and death.
6. What is the lesson for me? Have faith in Jesus.
7. What is the fourth lesson about? Jesus the sinner's friend.
8. What is the lesson for me? Do some service for Jesus each day.

9. What is the fifth lesson about? The parable of the sower.
10. What is the lesson for me? See that our heart is "good ground."
11. What is the sixth lesson about? Parable of the Tares.
12. What is the lesson for me? Do not let tares be sown in our hearts.
13. What is the seventh lesson about? A fierce demoniac healed.
14. What is the lesson for me? Jesus can take all sin from our hearts.
15. What is the eighth lesson about? Death of John the Baptist.
16. What is the lesson for me? Never touch liquor and it cannot do us harm.
17. What is the ninth lesson about? Feeding the five thousand.
18. What is the lesson for me? Jesus feeds us with the true bread of Heaven.
19. What is the tenth lesson about? The Gentile woman's faith.
20. What is the lesson for me? Be humble and willing.
21. What is the eleventh lesson about? Peter's great confession.
22. What is the lesson for me? Give up for Christ's sake.
23. What is the twelfth lesson about? The transfiguration.
24. What is the lesson for me? Listen to the voice of Jesus.

LESSON I.—JULY 1.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

Matt. 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—Matt. 18. 14.

LESSON STORY.

It was a pity that Christ's disciples did not understand what he meant by the Kingdom of Heaven, and that they thought it would be some grand earthly kingdom with great pomp and show. They thought Jesus would be the King and live in great splendor, and they would hold high and dignified positions. So one day they asked Jesus who would be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. To show them how different his idea was, for his "kingdom" was of the heart, he called a little child and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;" also he said the one who humbled himself like a child was the greatest, and whoever received a little child in his name received him. When he taught that they must become as little children, he meant that all people, young or old, must become trustful, teachable, not proud or vain, but loving and obliging. To accept Jesus in the way a child does is the way most pleasing to God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did the disciples think of the

- kingdom of heaven? They thought it would be a great earthly kingdom.
2. Who was to be king? Jesus.
 3. What did they ask? Who would be greatest in the kingdom?
 4. How did Jesus reply? By saying they must be converted and become as little children.
 5. Then who is the greatest? He who humbles himself like a child.

A "LITTLE MAN."

This is what I heard his mother call him one hot day in June. He was a little fellow, not quite four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building blocks, and much interested in the store he was building. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped, and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy. "I'll dit him somefin' to dwink."
A tiny sauceman was on the porch. The little fellow poured some water into it and set it before the dog, who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don'," said the boy. "I'll dit him some more."
Five times the little boy filled the sauceman; then the dog bobbed his head, wagged his tail, and went off.

The little fellow laughed gleefully.
"He said, 'Fank you,' didn't he, mamma? I dess he was glad to get some cold water, wasn't he?"
"Indeed he was," mamma answered.
That same day, a little later, two little children came along. Stopping outside the fence, they peered into the yard. They wore ragged clothes and were bare-footed. They looked at the small boy within the gate with an expression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he said.
"Maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"
"You may, if you wish," his mamma answered smilingly.
"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer to the fence.

"Can we have just one flower," questioned one waif, longingly.
"One for each of us," put in the other.
"You tan have you' hands full," was the smiling answer. "I've dot a whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the flowers—violets and pinks and June roses—which his fair little hands held out to the "unwashed," who thanked him with grateful voices and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother, in a low, fervent voice.

He did not hear her, but I am sure God will bless him.



SAINT SUSANNA.

The above title we borrow from the Epworth Herald; but we should like to know what Christian woman ever deserved the title "Saint" more than did the mother of the Wesleys. Yes, she was a mother, and a heroine at that. The story of how she trained her large family—the first chapter of the Epworth League really—is a marvellous narrative of romantic realities and sterling piety.

She always called John Wesley Jack, or Jacky, even when her son had become famous and powerful. John Benjamin Wesley was his full name, but he never used the middle name. Mrs. Wesley was a brave woman, as is seen in her conduct when six brutal ruffians burned the parsonage at Epworth; the children were saved—Jacky, who was only six then, as by a miracle. She "waded through the fire." "In fifteen minutes, buildings, books, clothing, valuables were in ashes. Mrs. Wesley herself heroically rebuilt the rectory." Adam Clark says that when Solomon drew the portrait of a perfect woman he must have distinctly foreseen Saint Susanna. A recent writer has said: "We do not wonder that writers dwell with rapture on her character. She lived for her children; they lived for mankind. Like the train of a meteor, therefore, her bright light still shines, though she is gone. She was our first lay preacher. Charles was four, John eight, when she began those 'irregular' Sunday afternoon meetings in the kitchen, that soon spread through the parish, and later through Methodism."

Women of Methodism, mothers of our future Methodists, emulate Saint Susan-

na. Start the work of emulation on your knees.

HELPING A HORSE.

"Mamma, I've been helping a horse pull a load of coals up a hill," merrily shouted a little happy-looking boy, one cold, frosty morning.

"The hill was very alippery, mamma, with frost and snow, and I felt so sad to see the horse struggling to get up. I remembered that last winter papa had some ashes put on the road, so I got some in my wheelbarrow and with my spade spread them up the hill.

"The man then said, 'Gee up, my good horse!' and he was soon at the top of the hill. Then, mamma, the man said, 'Thank you, my little man; you have helped

my horse to pull this load of coals up the hill.' I feel so happy, mamma."

"You have done a good action, my dear child," replied the kind parent; "one that is not only pleasing to me, but also to your Heavenly Father. Never forget to show kindness to animals."

"MY TURN FIRST!"

"Oh, isn't it high!" cried Fred.

"I'll be afraid to get up there," said Alice, with a little shiver of curiosity.

"Even if you fell, it wouldn't hurt you, because the grass is nice and soft," said little David, which made the other children laugh.

They were all standing under a big maple tree on the lawn, looking up with eager eyes at the swing which Uncle

Harry was making for them. The rope was fresh and strong, and the board for the seat was a nice new one, and Uncle Harry was tying the knots so tight up there among the branches that there was no danger of their slipping. When everything was ready and Uncle Harry had come down safely to the ground, the children were ready to begin the fun right away; but the difficulty was that each one wanted to be first—Fred be-

cause he was the oldest, and David because he was the smallest, and Alice because she was the only girl.

It was Uncle Harry who found a way of arranging the matter. "Here is the one who has the first turn!" he cried, going to the gate and opening it to admit a ragged little boy of Fred's size, who had been silently and wistfully watching the group for some time.

The newcomer was at first shy and bashful, but his cheeks flushed with pleasure when Uncle Harry placed him in the swing, and gave a strong starting push. Back and forth went the swing, and the poor boy's teeth flashed and his eyes sparkled as the breezes swept past him, while all the other children forgot their little disagreements and laughed, too.

Uncle Harry's kind deed had chased all the selfishness away, and there was no more trouble after that. When the boy was helped down, little David's turn came, and then Fred gave way to his sister; and finally he clambered into the seat, and Uncle Harry swung him higher and longer than any of the others, because he had waited until the last.

WHAT THE BABY BEAR SAW.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"I've seen such a terrible beast, papa,

When out in the woods at play,

With never a nose and never a claw!"

Said the Baby Bear one day.

"It walked on its hind legs all the time,

And its face was white as white!

It carried a stick that banged and smoked,

And I hid in the bush in fright.

"But when it had gone and I could come out,

You'd better believe I ran!"

The old bear laughed till the chimney shook,

"That beast, my son, was a man!"



BABY'S FIRST RIDE.