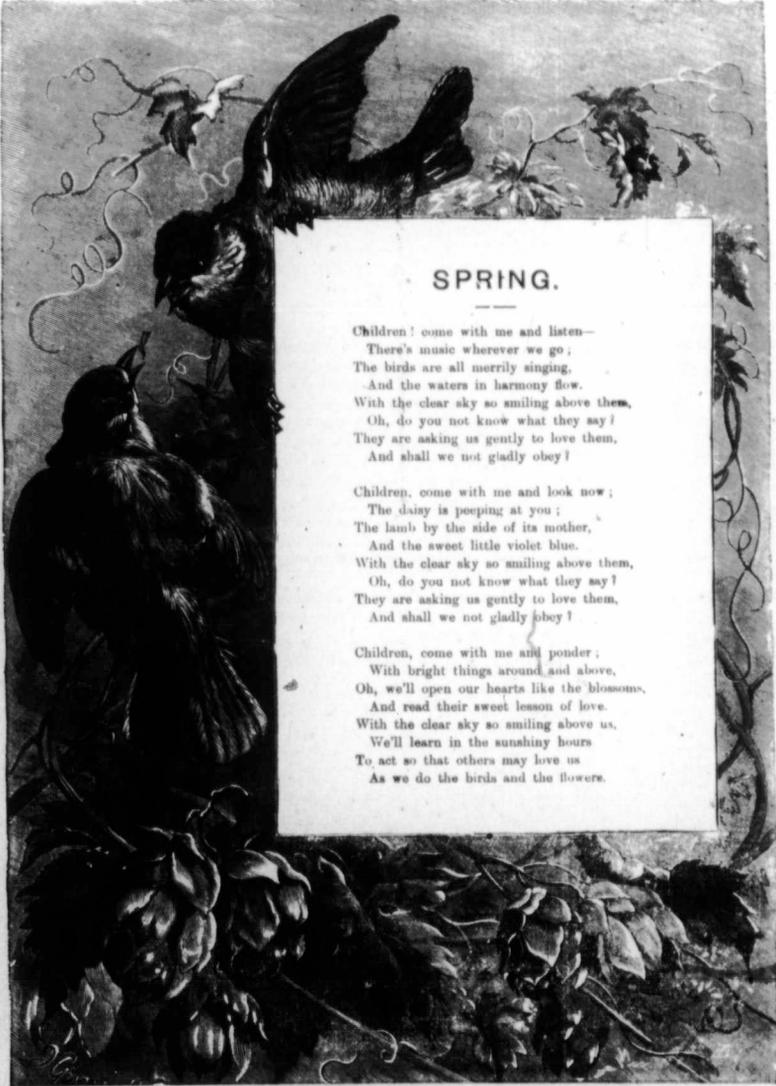


HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1904.

No. 8.



SPRING.

Children! come with me and listen—
There's music wherever we go;
The birds are all merrily singing,
And the waters in harmony flow.
With the clear sky so smiling above them,
Oh, do you not know what they say?
They are asking us gently to love them,
And shall we not gladly obey?

Children, come with me and look now;
The daisy is peeping at you;
The lamb by the side of its mother,
And the sweet little violet blue.
With the clear sky so smiling above them,
Oh, do you not know what they say?
They are asking us gently to love them,
And shall we not gladly obey?

Children, come with me and ponder;
With bright things around and above,
Oh, we'll open our hearts like the blossoms,
And read their sweet lesson of love.
With the clear sky so smiling above us,
We'll learn in the sunshiny hours
To act so that others may love us
As we do the birds and the flowers.

BRIGHT THINGS FOR JESUS.

Do speak bright words for Jesus,
Such loving words, unshamed,
As spring to glad and eager lips
When dearest friends are named.
O never friend was nearer,
With love more warm and true,
Than He who on the last great day
Shall speak glad words for you!

Do live bright lives for Jesus,
That through them unawared,
His light may shine with wider power
Than warmest words can bear.
Make every service loyal,
And daily you shall see
How bright in sunshine or in cloud,
A Christian's life may be.

Do keep bright hearts for Jesus,
Like fountains to the sun,
From whence the streams of outward
life,
Unstained and free, may run;
And all the banks they water
Shall blossom in his sight.
O keep your hearts for Jesus,
And he will keep them bright.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1904.

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? He had never learned a prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z.

A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."
"What are you doing, my little man?"
The lad looked up. "Please sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I don't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man. He will. He will. He will. When the heart speaks right the lips can't say wrong."

PERIWINKLE'S POWDER.

BY KATHERINE RUSSELL.

Periwinkle Wilson was ill and little Mistress Mabel Wilson was worried. She decided to ask her father to cure Periwinkle. "That is the reason he is a doctor," she thought, "so that he can cure folks."

Dr. Wilson's office was in the house where he lived. Mabel waited until it was his office hour, and then took Periwinkle in her arms and went into the waiting-room. There were a number of people waiting to see the doctor, and Mabel sat down with them. When it came her turn to go into the office, she held Periwinkle tight and marched in.

"Mabel, why are you here?" asked her father in surprise. For Mabel was not allowed to come into the office when her father was busy.

"It is all right for me to come this time, father," she explained. "Periwinkle is ill and must have some medicine."

"Oh, I see," said her father; "you have brought a patient. Have you tried giving him catnip?"

"Yes," replied Mabel, "and the catnip does him no good."

Father looked serious and nodded his head thoughtfully. Then he took from his medicine-case a powder folded up in a white paper and handed it to Mabel.

"That is what he needs," he said. "Do you know how to give it to him?"

"Of course," replied Mabel. "Just the way I take powders, with a drink of water afterwards."

"I am afraid that Periwinkle could not take it that way," said father. "Ask Mary to give you some lard. Mix the powder with that and rub it on Periwinkle's fur, and he will have to lick it all off to get clean again."

Mabel thought this a very funny way to give medicine, but she did as her father had advised, and sure enough Periwinkle licked it all off. The next day he was as well as ever.

THE WONDERFUL NIGHT AT THE STATION.

BY MAY G. MOORAR.

Father had gone to New York on business, and they thought they would be so lonesome while he was away that they were going to grandfather's to spend Sunday—mother, Elsie, Doris, and Jack.

It was snowing quite hard when they started, but mother wrapped them up well and they took the electric-car to the station. The flakes came down so thick and fast that the car had to run slowly, and sometimes couldn't go at all, and when they got to the station the tracks were so covered with snow that the trains couldn't leave. The cars had stopped running and there were no cabs to be had, so there was nothing to do but stay in the station and see if, by and by, the train wouldn't start.

The children had a lovely time playing all sorts of games; and after a while a man came to the door and said it would be impossible to clear the tracks that night, and the passengers had better make themselves comfortable in the station.

The children were delighted when they heard this, but though mother didn't think it such a joke, she tried to make the best of it.

She bought some supper at the little luncheon counter and they had a merry time spreading it out on the settee.

There was only one other child among the waiting passengers—a little girl about Elsie's age. Elsie noticed how wistfully she watched them, and she whispered to mother. "Can't I ask that little girl to have supper with us? She looks lonesome."

Mother said yes, and Elsie skipped away and soon came back bringing the little stranger with her.

"Her name is Beth, mother, and she's going to her grandfather's, just like us."

Very soon after supper the little heads drooped, and mother gathered her children about her and told them a lovely good-night story, and then little Beth went back to her father.

Jack and Doris lay down on the big settee and mother covered them up carefully, but Elsie cuddled up close to mother—to keep her company, she said.

The station was warm, and in a few minutes all the little folks were asleep, and morning came very soon.

The first train that got through the drifts was one from New York, and there was father getting off it! He didn't have to stay over Sunday, as he expected, and oh, how glad they were to see him!

It wasn't long then before the street-cars could run, and they were able to go home again. And as nobody caught a bit of cold, even mother thinks it was fun.—Sunbeam.

There is no freedom outside of obedience to truth.

THE SOLDIER GUARD.

Ten little tin soldiers lay all in a row,
Stretched out on the nursery floor,
Just where they could see with their sharp
little eyes,
Through the crack that was under the
door.

Their captain had left them all there for
the night,
And said, as he crept into bed,
"If any one tries to come into the room,
You must fire and shoot him stone
dead."

The hours went by, and the ten little guns
Were aimed at the crack near the floor,
When all of a sudden the crack stretched
and grew,
And somebody opened the door.

Bang! bang! went the guns—the soldiers
all fired,
But nobody seemed to be dead;
Instead, they all heard a soft kiss in the
dark,
"Good-night, dear," a loving voice said.

Then all the ten soldiers shook badly with
fright,
And whispered low one to another:
"How lucky it was that our guns were so
small!
What if we had killed Tommy's
mother!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON III.—APRIL 17.

JESUS TRANSFIGURED.

Mark 9. 2-13. Memorize verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A voice came out of the cloud, saying,
This is my beloved Son; hear him.—
Mark 9. 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

A few days after the talk with his disciples that we heard about last Sunday Jesus took three of them, Peter, James, and John, and went up a high mountain to a place where they were quite alone. The disciples were tired and fell asleep, but Jesus prayed. As the disciples awoke and were looking at him Jesus was changed, or transfigured, and even his clothes became white and shining like snow when the sun makes it glisten. Then all at once the disciples saw two men talking with Jesus, and perhaps Jesus called them by name, for the disciples knew that they were Moses and Elias, who had gone to heaven hundreds of years before.

Peter was so full of joy that he wanted

to stay a long time in that company, and he asked Jesus if they might build three tabernacles, or little tents, of the branches of trees, for him and for Moses and for Elias. Jesus did not answer, but a cloud closed them round, and a voice in the cloud said; "This is my beloved Son; hear him." As suddenly as the two men had come they went away again, and only Jesus was there with them. As they came down the mountain the brightness must have gone from the form of Jesus, for he told his disciples to say nothing of what they had seen until after he had risen from the dead. When they asked him if Elias was not coming to live on earth he told them that Elias had come, and the people had treated him as they pleased. He meant John the Baptist.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus go one day? To a high mountain.
Who went with him? Peter and James and John.
What did they do while Jesus prayed? They slept.
What did they see when they awoke? Three shining forms.
Who was more glorious than the others? Jesus.
Who were the others? Moses and Elias.
Where had they been for a long time? In heaven.
What did they talk with Jesus about? His coming death.

Which disciple spoke first? Peter.
What did he want? To stay on the mountain.
Why was it "good to be there"? Because it was like being in heaven.
What did a voice from heaven say? "This is my beloved Son."

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

Luke 10. 1-16. Memorize verses 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest.—Luke 10. 2.

THE LESSON STORY.

You may remember how Jesus called his first disciples, Peter and Andrew, James and John. Afterward, when they numbered twelve, he called them together and gave them authority to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick and cast out devils. Still later, when there were many more disciples, he called seventy together and sent them two by two before him into every city where he would go. The twelve were called apostles, and were nearest to Jesus in the work of his ministry, the seventy were helpers, or labourers in the harvest of souls. Jesus

gave them also power to heal the sick and to preach the new Gospel that he had brought to the world. He told them that they would be as lambs in the midst of wolves, and he gave them counsel and command about their work. Then Jesus, knowing the hardness of the scribes and Pharisees, uttered a woe upon Chorazin and Bethsaida and Capernaum, saying that Tyre and Sidon would have less answer for in the judgment than they.

He also told them that if the people listened to them they were listening to him, and if they despised them they were despising him. Afterward the seventy returned with joy, saying that even the evil spirits were cast out if they but named the name of Jesus.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is a disciple? A learner.
What is an apostle? A teacher.
How many of Jesus' disciples became apostles? Twelve.
How many others were his helpers? Seventy.
What did they do? They prepared the people to hear Jesus.
What power did he give them? To heal the sick and talk about the kingdom.
What did he say they would be like? Lambs among wolves.
Who were the wolves? The scribes and Pharisees.
What did he say of their cities? That they were worse than heathen cities.
How did the seventy go forth? Two and two.
How did they return? With joy.
Why? Because even evil spirits were cast out by them through Jesus' name.

WHERE BABIES ARE NEVER WASHED.

A traveller from Russia says that Russian babies in Siberia are not very pretty. And when he tells us one of the reasons, we do not wonder at his thinking so. He says that one day he noticed in one of the houses a curious bundle on a shelf; another hung from a peg in the wall, and a third hung by a rope from the rafters; this one the mother was swinging. The traveller discovered that each curious bundle was a child; the one in the swinging bundle was the youngest.

The traveller looked at the little baby and found it so dirty that he exclaimed in disgust:

"Why! do you not wash it?"
The mother looked horror-stricken, and ejaculated:

"Wash it! Wash the baby! Why, it would kill it!"

What a happy country Russia would be for some boys! They would never hear, "Wash your face and hands," nor "Have you brushed your hair?" But O! how they would look!



CHINESE RAT MERCHANT.

CHINESE RAT MERCHANT.

The great Empire of China contains a population of 400,000,000 persons, about one-third of the human race. To feed such a multitude requires the most strenuous efforts and the utmost economy of food. Nothing must be wasted, and much that would be rejected in more favoured lands as unfit for food for human beings, is eagerly consumed. The flesh of dogs, cats, rats, and other animals which we regard as unclean is exposed in the markets and purchased by the poor. In the picture we see a pedlar of rats vending his unsavoury wares from place to place. It is this habit of living on what white men would reject that creates the antipathy to Chinese labour on the Pacific coast. But as they earn better wages they will eat better food, and we do not think there is much danger of their seriously affecting the wages of white men. Instead of abusing and insulting them, we should rather seek to give them the blessings of the Gospel, and of a Christian civilization.

THE PORCUPINE.

The best known species is the Canada porcupine, about two and a half feet long, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. It is an excellent, though a slow, climber; it is not able to escape its enemies by flight, but cannot be attacked even by the largest carnivora with impunity. Dogs, wolves, the lynx, and the cougar have been known to die from the inflammation produced by its quills; these are loosely attached to the skin and barbed at the point, so that they easily penetrate, retain their hold, and tend continually to become more deeply inserted; when irritated it erects its quills, and by a quick lateral movement of the tail strikes its enemy, leaving the nose, mouth, and tongue beset with its darts; it has no power of shooting the quills.

The food consists of vegetable sub-

stances, especially the inner bark and tender twigs of the elm, basswood, and hemlock; it seldom quits a tree while the bark is un eaten, except in cold weather, when it descends to sleep in a hollow stump or cave; as it kills the trees which it ascends, its depredations are often serious. It is often erroneously called hedgehog in New England. The nest is made in a hollow tree, and the young, generally two, are born in April or May. It is almost as large as a beaver, and is eagerly hunted by the Indians, who eat the flesh, and use the quills for ornament, often dyeing them with bright colours; it is very tenacious of life; it does not hibernate, as the European porcupine is said to do. This animal shows admirably that the quills are only modified hairs, as it presents quills on the back, spiny hairs on the sides, and coarse, bristly hairs on the under surface, passing into each other in regular gradation.

The crested or common porcupine is found in Southern Europe, where it has come from Northern and West Africa; it is about twenty-eight inches long, and tail about eight inches more; the muzzle is large and obtuse, sparingly clothed with small dusky hairs, with scattered

longer and coarser ones on the upper lip; anterior and under parts and limbs with spines not more than two inches long, with which are mixed some coarse hairs; crest of numerous very long bristles, extending from the crown to the back, sixteen inches long, and curving backward; hind parts of the body and tail covered with quills, some slender and flexible, twelve to sixteen inches long, others shorter, stouter, and very sharp; a few on the tip of the tail are hollow, generally open and truncated at the end, and supported on a very slender stalk about half an inch long. The prevailing colour is brownish black, with a white band on the fore part of the neck. This is the porcupine of the French, the spiny pig, so called from its heavy pig-like look and its grunting voice. It lives in rocky crevices or in burrows, becoming torpid in winter; the food consists of various vegetable substances, and its flesh is well flavoured; it can erect its quills at pleasure, but cannot discharge them; besides its grunts, it makes a rattling noise by shaking the tuft of hollow quills on the tail.

A LITTLE LESSON.

"O, Miss May, I think Florence is a horrid little girl!"

"But do you love her?"

"Love her? But how can I when she is horrid?"

"Jesus loves her."

"But Jesus loves everybody."

"And we try to do as Jesus does, and as he wants us to do, don't we?"

The little girl looked away at a house across the street.

"Let me tell you something," said Miss May, earnestly: "If you begin with loving people, you will never know whether they are horrid or not."

"But how can I ever do it?"

"Jesus does. Will you try to think of that when the 'can't bear' feeling comes?"

"I'll try."—The Mayflower.



THE PORCUPINE.

