

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 10.

## A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

Here are eight little fellows with smiling faces and interested looks, all listening intently to the story of the little parkey in the middle. He, too, seems to enter well into the fun of the thing, and

There he sits, showing his approval by clapping his hands vigorously, while all the others look as pleased and amused as they well could be. How much nicer this is to see than the rough temper and squabbling one so often sees among these poor little street Arabs. They have not so

good and useful citizens and zealous workers in the Master's cause.

Jesus can put the same love in your hearts, children, that he had when he gave up his place in heaven for a time and



A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

enlivening the story and making it more real or at least more funny, by acting the part of some character in it. The little man at this end, seated like a young king on his throne (which looks, however, very much like a bootblack's box), evidently approves thoroughly of the performance.

much to brighten their hard lives as some of us have, so we should do all we can to make them more happy by a kind word, or sometimes even something more substantial. Much has been done of late in gathering these little waifs into Sunday-schools, and training them up to become

suffered and died that we might be happy through eternity, if we receive his salvation. Don't you want that love?

A broken promise may be mended, but it's never so strong again.

## JESUS.

Jesus listens every day,  
Hears the lowest words I say;  
Hears me when I think a prayer,  
For the Lord is everywhere.

When I do not speak aloud,  
Jesus knows if I am proud;  
Knows when I am good and right,  
For my heart is in his sight.

Jesus watches when I sleep,  
For myself I cannot keep;  
So he keeps me all the night,  
Wakes me with his morning light.

Jesus loves me; I shall know  
Some time why he loves me so;  
Why he left his throne on high—  
Died that I may never die!

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1901.

## LITTLE GIRLS IN PERSIA.

'Away off in the East there is a land named Persia. It is a land where baby girls are not wanted. When a baby boy is born, the servants who carry the news to the father are given beautiful presents, and have feasts prepared; all the relations of the father and mother of the baby boy send gifts and congratulations, and there is given a feast to them in honor of the coming of a baby boy. When a little baby girl comes, there is neither joy nor gifts. Everybody is sad, and the house is filled with gloom. There is a proverb in Persia, "The household weeps forty days when a girl is born." When a man in Persia is asked how many children he has, he gives the number of his sons, but never counts

his daughters. One reason given for this is that a daughter marries and leaves her home, while sons stay at home and care for their father. The baby boy is rocked and tended by his mother, who watches carefully over him. The baby daughter is put into a hard cradle. When she cries, she may be rocked in this cradle, or she may be left to cry herself into silence. Her father does not look at her. When she is able to creep about, she may then win her father by her pretty baby ways.

Her feet are bare, but her head is covered. Boys are given their names with great ceremony, but when a girl is named an old woman is called in, who puts her mouth to the baby girl's ear and gives the baby girl her name by calling out the name and saying, "That is your name." The names given girls are pretty: Akhtar, which means the star; Gulshan, lilies; Almas, diamond; Shiroon, sweet; Wobahar, the spring; Shamsi, the sun.

The children in Persia do not have birthday parties. It would be considered silly for mothers to give that much time to their children's pleasure, especially their daughters. There are no birthdays, and no Christmas. There are no toys for the children of Persia, no play-rooms. Persian mothers dislike noise. When children are in the house, they must be quiet. The girls are ugly, and dressed always as the women of Persia dress. A popular game for little girls in Persia is one somewhat similar to our jackstones.

There are no kindergartens and no schools in Persia. The children of a Persian family do not sit at the table with their parents, nor are they with them indoors. For that reason they get no training, and are rude unless they belong to the wealthy classes, when a nurse is provided for each child, who lives constantly with it.

After six years of age a little girl in Persia lives a life entirely indoors. She begins then to learn how to work, especially how to sew. Persian women are famous for their beautiful needlework, especially embroidery. The boys have teachers. If girls are taught, it is to read the Koran, the Bible of Persia, but few ever learn more than this. Many Persian mothers think it immodest for a girl to know how to read.

## DESKMATES.

Nathan and Dave were deskmates at school, and were very fond of each other. But there came a morning when Dave did not appear; nor did he on the second morning. The first news was that he was sick; then that he was very ill. Then followed days of great quiet at the school. One day the teacher announced that Dave had had a good night, and that the danger was over. Then he said, "Let us pray."

The prayer was short, but Nathan thought it was the best he ever heard.

A few days later Dave asked to see his deskmate. When Nathan entered the room, Dave exclaimed with a smile, "You are my first visitor. Mother let me choose; of course I wanted you. They haven't given my place to anybody else, have they?"

"Oh, no," said Nathan, "they couldn't; it's yours."

"It's just ours together, isn't it," said Dave. "I like the other boys, but I like you the best. When I thought, the other day, that I was going to die, I asked God if he wouldn't put our seats close to each other in heaven, if that would be all right."

## ABOUT TWO DOGS.

Once Sir Walter Scott told a visitor that two of his dogs, which were lying before the fire, understood every word he said. The great writer, to prove what he said, picked up a book and began to read aloud: "I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cattle ruin my garden."

The dogs raised their heads, listened, and then ran from the room; but finding the garden empty, soon returned to the hearthrug. Sir Walter again read the story, and the same thing happened; and once more the dogs came back disappointed. Instead of rushing from the room when their master commenced reading the third time, both hounds came and looked up into his face, whined, and wagged their tails as if to say—

"You have made fun of us twice, but you can't do it again."—*Our Animal Friends.*

## POLITENESS IN JAPAN.

Rarely will such polite boys be met outside of Japan. A gentleman passes in a *jin-rik-i sha*; off goes every cap—no, not cap, for we are supposing this to be before foreigners brought caps to Japan. A scarf wound around the head is a Japanese cap; this is entirely removed, and the politest of bows given. A Japanese bow, who can describe it? Down goes the head, over goes the body, with hands on the knees, until an American boy would think that the little Jap had turned into a veritable jack-knife, and was shutting up to go into some giant's pocket.

This politeness is found in every class, for in walking through the fields a common laborer will take off his head scarf and greet you with a bow.

Especially are the school-boys polite. When the teacher enters in the morning he will find the boys all formed in a line. They will give him a succession of low bows, and bid him many polite good mornings.

THE VALLEY OF MAKEBELIEVE.

BY DOUGLAS ZEBRISKIE DOTY.

There's an old covered waggon,  
Quite rusty and gray,  
That stands 'neath an elm tree;  
Just over the way;  
And it goes on a journey,  
On each pleasant day,  
To the beautiful valley of Makebelieve.

They don't charge you fare  
On this wonderful trip;  
Each passenger goes, with  
A smile on his lip,  
Like a bee buzzing 'round  
For honey to sip,  
To the beautiful valley of Makebelieve.

It's a queer, sweet land they  
Are bound for to-day;  
It's the home of the goblin,  
And land of the fay;  
And, though you won't see them  
You'll hear them, they say  
All about in the valley of Makebelieve.

Bright Fancy and Youth are  
The winged steeds that draw  
This magical coach to  
That fair land before.  
Now, see how they're prancing,  
And see how they paw,  
And it's ho! for the valley of Makebelieve.

The way is quite plain for  
The young and the gay.  
But you never will find it—  
You old ones and gray—  
For the path leads back through  
The years to the day.  
When you played in the valley of Makebelieve.  
—New York Herald.

last one is about a rich man who had two sons, and the younger one, who wanted to see the world, asked his father for his share of the money; so his father, with a sad heart no doubt, gave it to him, and he went away. He soon spent it in what he called having a good time, and then he had nothing. Then a great famine came over the land where he was, and he had to work at feeding pigs to get even such things as they ate to live upon. They were the husks or pods of the carob tree. At last he came to a great decision. "I will arise and go to my father," he said, and he went, thinking over the words of confession of sin and foolishness that he would make, and ask to be a servant in the family where he had been a son. But the father saw him coming, for he no doubt looked for him every day, and he ran to meet him, and kissed him, and was full of joy, because his boy had come back again. He made a great feast and asked all his friends to come and rejoice with him that the lost had been found. So our Lord welcomes every wandering child home.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What is the story in our lesson? About a lost boy. What is said of his father? He was a rich man. What is said of the son? He was the younger son. What did he ask for? His share of his father's money. What did he want to do? He wanted to see the world. What became of the money? He soon spent it. Where was he? In a far land where there was a famine. What did he do? He worked hard and ate pigs' food. What did he at last say he would do? Go to his father. What did he expect to say to him? "I have sinned." How did his father meet him? With great joy. How does our heavenly Father meet his wanderers? With love and forgiveness.

on he grew more sad, and told his disciples what he was going to meet at Jerusalem—suffering and death. But they would not believe him, and James and John came near to him to ask a favor—that they might be next to him when he became King. "Ye know not what ye ask," he said, and then he questioned them to find if they were willing to suffer with him. They said they were, but he knew that they did not understand, and so he told them that honors were not for him to give, but they should be given to those for whom they were prepared. The other disciples were offended when they heard that James and John had asked, and then Jesus, gathering them around him like children, taught them that sweet lesson of humility—that they must not seek to rule as worldly people do, but to serve; that if one wishes to be ruler over others he must learn to serve them instead. "for even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus going in our lesson? To Jerusalem. Why was he sad? Because he knew that he must die for our sins. Did he not choose to do so? Yes, but the sins were heavy. Did he tell the disciples about this? Yes. Did they understand him? No; they believed he would be a king. What did James and John ask? That they might be next to him. What did Jesus say? "Ye know not what ye ask." Did they understand what Jesus had taught them? No. What did Jesus say they must have? Hearts willing to serve. What did he say the chiefest should be? Servant of all. What did Jesus himself come to do? To take the lowest place.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

"Have you studied the art of self-defence?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile and they answered thoughtfully: "Yes, I have both studied and practised it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly, "whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply; "and as I have now been in training for some time on his principles, I can confidently recommend his system."

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: "Solomon's! and what is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

A man never amounts to much in the service of the Lord till he learns how to go against the current of public opinion.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPSIS GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—MAY 15.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke 15. 11-24. Memorize verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord."—Hos. 6. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

There are three beautiful parables, or stories, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and they all teach the same lesson. The first is about a lost sheep, the second is about a lost piece of silver, and the third is about a lost boy. The lesson is that God loves his lost and sinful people so much that there is joy in heaven when they come back to him and to goodness, and he does all he can to bring them back. The

LESSON VIII.—MAY 22.

JESUS TEACHES HUMILITY.

Mark 10. 35-45. Memorize verses 43-45.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."—Mark 10. 45.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was having a quiet little talk with his disciples one day as they were on their way from the Jordan River to Jerusalem. A young man had just left them who wanted to please God, but he could not leave all to follow Jesus because he loved his riches too well. Jesus was sad at this and told his disciples how hard it was for the rich to really come into the kingdom of heaven. Peter said, "Lo, we have left all to follow thee," and then Jesus told them how truly rich they were, for they had the true riches. As he went



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Tray, was such a tiresome dog  
And had such naughty fits!  
And so it chanced that one wet day,  
When his young mistress was away,  
He took her doll, and, sad to say,  
He tore it all to bits.

Arms and legs lay all about—  
A sight all hearts to pain;  
And soon Tray's mistress came to see,  
And cried and scolded angrily;  
But when Tray begged and whimpered,  
she  
Forgave him all again.

#### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

If we were to visit Africa we should see along the river banks large, clumsy-looking animals like these in the picture.

The name hippopotamus is taken from two Greek words, meaning horse and river. This animal has a great frame, and when on land is very clumsy, although it is quite active in water. Its stomach is large enough to hold five or six bushels of vegetable matter. It is usually about fourteen feet long from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, although it has been known to be seventeen feet long. Its mouth is two feet wide and looks like a cave when its owner opens it at the command of its master. The ears seem to be almost out of proportion, as they are only three or four inches long. The young are born on land,

but at once flee to the water when frightened. While very young they cling to the necks of their mothers while in the water.

#### WE MUST LOVE EVERYBODY.

It is easy to be kind to those we love, and if we love everybody, we shall be kind to everybody. But does God want us to love everybody? Yes; he says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." We have so little love that we must go to God to get more. He will give us love enough to love all the world with, if we want it.

#### A QUEER LITTLE BABY.

I know where there is just the sweetest wee bit of a baby that you ever did see. And would you believe it? It lies all alone by itself in a little brown cradle that hangs from the bough of a tall tree.

And oh, it is such a good baby. There it lies and sleeps and sleeps, and never wakes up fretting and crying, as most babies do.

To be sure, it never gets hungry; for there is a bottle of food in its cradle, and this baby knows how to feed itself, even when it is fast asleep!

So there it sleeps, rocked back and forth by the winds, day and night.

But no matter how hard the winds may blow, this baby cannot fall out. It is too snugly tucked in for that.

You just ought to see its little soft

blanket. It is as warm as wool, and as white as snow.

Then, too, its queer little cradle is all covered over with thin brown scales, that lap over one another, like the shingles on the roof of a house.

These tiny scales are glued fast, and a shiny pitch is spread all over them, so that not even a rain drop can get inside.

How sound the baby sleeps, while the soft rain patters down on the roof of its little house!

I know the pretty birds must like to sing to the dear little thing; for they hop all about its wee cradle, and chirp the whole day through.

I wonder if they sing "Rock-a-by baby, upon the tree-top?"

But now I must tell you. This baby is not a real live baby such as you and I have been.

It is a baby-bud; and some day it will open, and become a beautiful, bright blossom.

If you go into the woods, you will find some trees that are full of these little cradles.

And when you see them hanging on the boughs you will know that there is a baby-bud inside.

#### HOW A BIRD HELPED IN BATTLE.

During the summer of 1690 there was a war in England, and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening after a long march they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on the watch for the enemy.

Among the soldiers was a little drummer-boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep, he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum.

A little wren perched overhead in one of the trees saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes, and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm, which roused the soldiers and put them on their defence.

The skill of the king, William the Third, won that day, July 12, 1690, the Battle of the Boyne; but if it had not been for the little wren the fortune of the day might have been very different.

"I'll do better to-morrow," said a little boy one day to his mother; but this was very foolish. Why not do better to-day? There is not one word in the Bible which calls upon you to be better to-morrow. It is always to-day.

