

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1904.

No. 12.

CHERRIES RIPE.

Who will buy my cherries, ripe, with their coats of red? That is what this bright-faced, sunny-eyed little girl is singing as she shows the fruit she has for sale. She has been staying with grandmamma in the country a month, and she likes nothing so well as to keep store and sell her cherries. Grandmamma loves her little darling, so she lets her have her cherries from the tree, and makes pies out of them while the little girl goes off to get sweetmeats with her money. Don't think this little girl will be sorry when the lovely summer is over and she returns to her home in the city, because they do have lovely cherry trees in the city; but she is not a selfish little girl, and will not grumble, but will go home willingly to be a good little girl the next summer, when she may visit grandmamma again and sing her little song, "Who will buy my cherries ripe, with their coats so red?"

PAN-CHINESE FAMILY.

The Japanese are a pleasant and hospitable people. The first thing they do is to make you feel at home. They are kind, too, in their ways. The children in Japan have nothing like the hard time the children in China have. Indeed, the majority of them have a bright, happy home. What a queer picture the inside of a Japanese home often presents! There is what a missionary who travelled a good deal in Japan had to say of one he visited: "The children are very obedient at the ways of their visitor, and they bring him a knife and fork, which he brought with him, with as much interest as we should watch a Chinaman eat chopsticks. They were very happy



CHERRIES RIPE.

indeed when he gave them some of his bread to taste, as they had never seen bread before. But there were curious things, too, for an English missionary to see. A handsome white horse lived in the house, and was quite at home there. Cocks and hens strutted about, crowing and cackling. There were hutches full of rabbits, whilst every now and then the smoke from the fire filled the room, for there was no chimney. Yet this was not the house of a poor man; in fact there were signs of his being well off. Some handsomely painted

screens formed the door into the sitting-room. There the most curious thing was a saddle mounted on a sort of dog-kennel to keep it from harm."

Japanese pillows are of wool, and are used to support the neck so that the hair need not be disarranged at night. Some of these pillows have a drawer to hold hairpins and other articles in.

Burning incense is a custom of the Japanese. They say they burn it to please the gods, because the gods like the smell. The incense is made from an evergreen tree, and making it is quite an industry in Japan. The burning incense has quite an agreeable odor.

PUSSY'S DISOBE- DIENT CHILD.

It is not only boys and girls that have to mind; there are animals, too, that have to obey their fathers and mothers. The following little story, given in *Animal Life*, tells of a kitten who gave her mother much trouble:

I called the kitten, says the writer, who sprang from her basket where she had been lying with her mother, and followed me into the next room. The cat followed, growling warningly, and taking her up by the neck, recalled her in the basket. Again I called her, and again she came at my call. This time the mother, growling still more threateningly, followed us again; but this time she seized the kitten by the tail instead of by the neck, evidently as a punishment, and pulled her along, the kitten mewling helplessly. For a third time I called, and once more she came to me; but this time the mother was silent. She came, took up the kitten, dragged her off, and then began to bite her again and again in order to secure obedience.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Now, Peter, don't you blow that horn:
My doll is fast asleep in bed,
And if she wakes before the morn
Her mother will be worried.

For she was taken deadly sick
Just as the night began to fall;
And Dr. Dorn came very quick,
In answer to my urgent call.

He said that she must lie and sleep,
And let the kittens purr to her;
That I a constant watch must keep,
And never from my post must stir.

So, Peter, with an anxious look,
Before the horn begins to blow,
You see me with my finger shook
To check that toot, and bid you go.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1904.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Tim Smith was the son of a drunken father. The father was called Reckless Smith, because he would earn his wages as a blacksmith, and spend them as soon as they were earned in the public-house at the corner. Unfortunately the public-house was at the corner near the shop, and Smith's visits to that house were so frequent that he never had any wages, except at odd times, to take home to his poor wife and children. Tim's mother was afflicted and with the care of four children, and ill-fed and ill-clad as they were, the neighbors called the father Reckless Smith. Poor Tim was the eldest of the four, and from the age of five or six years he had gone into the streets to beg. He generally had some-

thing in his hands which he offered to sell—but it was not easy for Tim to buy anything except a few empty little boxes, or a box or two of fuses with which he stood at the corner of the street, or ran after passers-by, saying, "Can you spare me a copper, please?" If it had not been for the love that poor Tim had for his mother she must have perished. With bare feet and no cap in frost and snow Tim tried to gather a few coppers for his mother. It generally happened that those who befriended Tim were the very poorest of the passers-by, and one day Tim was getting very weary and anxious, for the day had been so stormy and the snow had fallen thick on the ground, and there were only a few people hurrying home, and night had come on in the middle of the wintry afternoon. There was no bread in the house, and Tim had only taken a few pence. A solitary policeman kept watch by the corner of the road under the lamp; but as Tim was almost losing heart a poor woman came by, and Tim's appeal touched her heart, and though she was very poor herself she gave Tim her mite. But it was not only the penny which the widow gave which cheered Tim. The kind, tender words spoken by the stranger were so unlike the many replies which he received. Tim thought it wonderful that the lady should speak kindly to him as well as giving him help. And with his scanty "takings" he bought enough bread for mother and the three little ones, and was glad once more to keep the wolf from the door.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

Have you ever heard of the Children's Crusade? In the year 1212 an army of thirty thousand French children set out for the Holy Land by the way of Marseilles. They were unarmed, and chose for their commander a boy named Stephen, who lived in Vendome. At the same time twenty thousand German children crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis, and twenty thousand more at another point.

Think of it! Seventy thousand children on their way to deliver Jerusalem! They seemed to think that by some miracle they were to be the means of converting all their oppressors to Christianity. This crusade was certainly one of the strangest things in history. Did the children succeed? It makes us feel very sad to say that they did not. Poor children! Some of them wandered back to their homes again, their little hearts discouraged, and their feet weary with marching, but nearly all of them, perished—some on the way, some by drowning in the Mediterranean Sea—while all who missed a comparatively happy death were sold into slavery.

Crusade is from a word meaning "cross," and all the knights wore crosses, and so pledged themselves to fight for the Holy Land. The Templars, of whom

you've all heard, were so called because they had a house near the supposed site of Solomon's Temple. The order was founded for the protection of pilgrims, but they grew very rich, and very wicked, so some people say, and the head Templar and many others were put to death by being burned alive.

PLANTING RUBBISH.

Some boys were playing behind Mr. Thompson's barn. Sad to tell they were using bad language, and were trying to smoke cigarettes. Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn. Shocked to hear such words, he looked out to see who the boys were. He was greatly grieved to see his own son Willie with a cigarette between his teeth, and to hear him using very bad words. Early the next morning he said to Willie: "We will plant corn to-day, my son; come with me, and I will show you what seed to use." He led the way to the ashheap, and when he had filled his sack with rubbish he went to the field.

When the rows were all ready for the seed, Willie said: "Shall I run back to the house, father, and get some corn to plant?"

"Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks," and proceeded to drop bits of trash in the ground.

Willie was astonished, and exclaimed: "But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you plant nothing but rubbish?"

"No, I don't think so; but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way just for once." Willie was in the barn yesterday when you were playing behind it; and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits, which cannot fail to yield a large crop of evil one of these days."

MID-DAY PRAYER.

"What are you going upstairs for, Robert?" said a mother to her little boy on seeing him going upstairs in the middle of the day. "Come back and stay in the kitchen."

The little boy answered: "It says in the Bible that Daniel prayed three times a day; and oughtn't we to say our prayers in the middle of the day, too?"

The mother said no more, and Robert went upstairs, followed by two little brothers younger than himself. The mother went to the foot of the stairs and listened, and heard each of the three in turn say his "Our Father," and his other little prayers.

Would it not be a good thing if some older people were as ready to learn the lessons taught them in the Bible, and to carry out those lessons in their lives.

STRAYING LAMBS.

BY MRS. E. H. GATES.

How many lambs are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold!
Upon the lonely mountains
They shiver with the cold.
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges,
Wander the poor lost sheep.

Oh, who will go to find them?
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search with tireless patience,
Through brier and through brake?
Unheeding thirst and hunger,
Who still, from day to day,
Will seek, as for a treasure,
The lambs that go astray.

How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at nightfall,
Bearing them safely home."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 12.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Mark 15. 22-39. Memorize verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

That was a strange week in the life of our Lord, that last one in the flesh. On the last day of the week he came into Jerusalem like a king, a great multitude of men, women, and children around him waving branches of palm and crying, "Hosanna!" He cast his garments before him that they might ride over them. The people believed that he was the King that had been promised them, and that he would suddenly come to his temple and scatter the Roman rulers. But he had told his disciples that he must suffer and die. He had come to begin a reign of love and truth and righteousness, and to do this he must give down his life for love's sake, so that in a few years to come his people would also lay down their lives for each other, if need be. He needed, too, to pass through death for us, and so, overcoming every fear and pain and sin, open the way to heaven.

It was quite another procession that went out of Jerusalem to Golgotha the next Friday morning. Crowds of people followed him; some were friends and

many were foes, and he was put upon a cross and crucified. Some friend tried to give him a bitter mixture, perhaps to ease the pain, but he turned his head aside; he was bearing all for us.

About noon a thick darkness spread itself over all the sky, and for three hours it was like night. Even the sun hid its face from the sight of the cross. At last the earthly life of Jesus ended, and the darkness went away. The redemption of the world was won, and this sign was given—the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How did Jesus once enter Jerusalem? Like a king. What did the children do? They cried, "Hosanna!" What did the people call him? The Blessed. How did Jesus go out a few days later? As a criminal. Was he truly a king? Yes. Where was his kingdom to be? In the hearts of men. On what was he building it? On love, truth, and righteousness. Where was he crucified? On Calvary, or Golgotha. What came across the sky? A thick cloud. What happened when Jesus died? The veil of the temple was torn. What did this mean? That Jesus had become our high priest. What else is he? Our elder brother and our Saviour.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

CHRIST RISEN.

Matt. 28. 1-15. Memorize verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, —1 Cor. 15. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

Before sunset on the day of the crucifixion (which we call "Good Friday" because of the great salvation it brought us), a Jewish ruler named Joseph went and asked for the body of Jesus, that he might lay it in a new tomb in his own garden. The tomb was cut out of the rock, and a great stone was by the door. The disciples, with the women, tenderly laid him there, rolled the stone across the door, and then went sorrowfully away to wait until the Sabbath should pass before they prepared him for burial. They seemed to forget that he had said that he should rise the third day. When the Sabbath was past Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to the tomb. They went as the dawn was just breaking and while the garden of Joseph was fresh with dew. But something had happened before they came. There was an earthquake, and the stone had been rolled away from the tomb by a great shining angel. While the keepers fell back as if dead Jesus rose from the tomb, and when the women came they saw only the angel. How kindly he spoke to them! He told them not to be afraid; he knew whom they sought. "He is not here,

for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Then he told them to go quickly and tell his disciples that Jesus had risen from the dead, and was going before them into Galilee, where they should see him. How they ran to tell the good news, and as they ran they met the Lord himself!

As he greeted them they fell down and clasped his feet, worshipping him. Jesus told them as the angel had done to go tell his disciples to meet him in Galilee, and they went full of joy.

As for the keepers of the tomb, they were bribed to say that the disciples had stolen the body of Jesus while they slept.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

When was Jesus laid in the tomb? On Friday about sunset. Who took him there? His disciples. Where was the tomb? In a rock in Joseph's garden. When was the Jewish Sabbath? On our Saturday. What occurred Sunday morning? Jesus rose from the tomb. Who first came to the tomb? The two Marys. Whom did they see? An angel, bright like the sun. What did he tell them? All about Jesus. Where did they go? To tell the disciples. Whom did they meet? The Lord himself. What did they do? They worshipped him. What did he tell them? That he was going into Galilee.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

I have heard two stories about two little girls, and I will tell them both to you.

One little girl was very poor and very sick. She could not walk out in the bright sunshine at all, because she could not use her feet and limbs. Yet, though she had no pretty clothes, nor costly playthings, nor rich food, she always seemed happy. She loved everybody, and everybody seemed to love her. She said she had many things to thank God for, and when her friends did her a kindness she was sure to thank them with her very brightest smile. When some of her little mates put a wooden box on wheels and took her out into the pleasant sunshine, she thanked God over and over again in her dear little heart.

The other little girl lived in a beautiful house, and was well and strong. But she was not happy. She always wanted something better than she had, and never thanked God for anything.

Which do you think pleased God the most?

A Japanese, on going to his work each morning, put this notice on his door: "I am a Christian, and if any one likes to go in and read my Good Book while I am out, he may."



TUG OF WAR.

TUG OF WAR.

Four little girls and two little boys
Went out in the garden to play,
But tired of all the games they'd played,
"What will we do?" said they.

One little boy said, "Let us go fish,"
A pleasure he did adore,
"Oh, no," said a little girl, "I know what;
We'll have a tug of war."

Two girls and a boy on each side had they,
And to win the victory each tried,
But which, "from the looks of things,"
did win,
I'll leave you to decide.

FATHER'S COME HOME.

I wonder what boy or girl is not glad
to see father come home? These little
children are delighted, for father has
been away fishing, and mother has been
so anxious for his return, for there have
been many storms since he went away;
but God has watched over him and
brought him safely home again to his
wife and the "bairns," as he says. The
children have been on the shore watching
all day for him, and how delighted they
are to take him safely to mamma.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

Once when Carol's mamma was very ill,
the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest
she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee girlie!
She missed mamma; and, tired of watch-
ful Mary, she liked to slip away into
papa's study and play quietly beside him
while he wrote his sermons. His presence
made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the after-
noon; and one day, noticing the shadow
on his little girl's face, he said, "I shall be
home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still

papa did not come. A thought occurred
to her. With a great effort she climbed
up to the study clock, and, opening the
door, tried to move the hands along, when,
alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr.
May, as he entered the house an hour
later. But no little girl appeared. When
he entered the study she pointed mutely to
the clock.

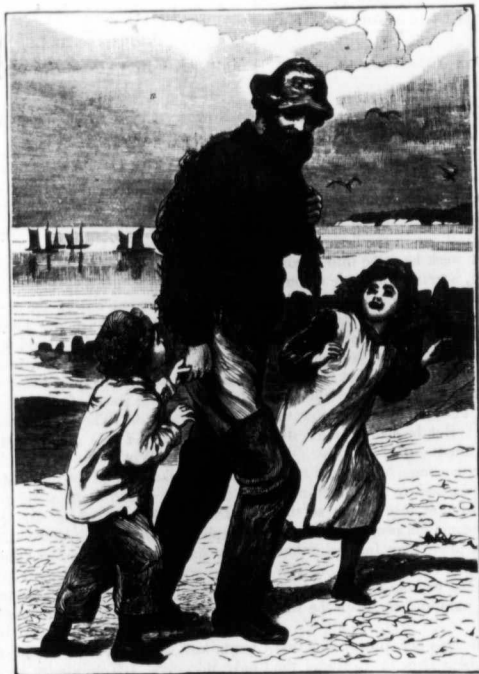
"But what made my darling touch the
clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to
make it time for papa to come home."
And papa could not find it in his heart to
chide her.

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world
for a boy to get the idea that his life is of
no consequence, and that the character of
it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful
boy will shine like a star in any commu-
nity. A boy may possess as much of a
noble character as a man. He may so
speak and live the truth that there shall
be no discount on his work. And there
are such noble Christian boys; and wider
and deeper than they are apt to think is
their influence. They are the king boys
among their fellows, having an immense
influence for good, and loved and respected
because of the simple fact of living the
truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your
word as absolutely sacred. Keep your
appointments at the house of God. Be
known for your fidelity to the interests of
the church and Sunday-school. Be true
in every friendship. Help others to be
and do good.



FATHER'S COME HOME.

