

though it were trying to swim away. When hundreds of these huge fishes are seen swimming in the breeze, it presents a curious sight.

The girls have their "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding the holiday, the shops of Tokio are filled with dolls and richly dressed figures. This "Feast of Dolls" is a great gala-day for the girls. They bring out all their dolls and gorgeously dressed images, which are quite numerous in respectable families. The images range from a few inches to a foot in height. They are all arranged on shelves, with many other beautiful toys, and the girls present offerings of rice, fruit, and "saki" wine, and mimic all the routine of court life. The shops display large numbers of these images at this special season; after the holidays they suddenly disappear.

I once bought a large baby doll at one of the shops, to send home to my little sister; the doll was dressed in the ordinary way, having its head shaved in the style of most Japanese babies. It was so life-like, that when propped up on a chair a person would easily suppose it to be a live baby.

In going along I would often see a group of children gathered around a street story-teller, listening with widening eyes and breathless attention to the ghost story or startling romance which he was narrating. Many old folks also gathered around, and the story-teller shouted and stamped on his elevated platform, attracting great attention, until just as the most thrilling part of the story was reached, he suddenly stopped and took up a collection! He refused to go on unless the number of pennies received was sufficient to encourage the continuation of the thrilling story.

The boys delight in fishing, and will sit for hours holding the line by the moats and canals, waiting for a bite. I have seen a dozen people watch a single person fish, when there would not be a bite once in a half-hour.

#### A CONSTANT SONG.

There were two birdies, so the folks say,  
Who sat on a tree one bright autumn day;  
And one was as thankless as thankless  
could be.

The world might be fair, but what cared  
he?

And one looked up to the sky above,  
And sang such a song of grateful love  
That it thrilled the hearts of the passers-  
by,

And made them, too, look up to the sky,  
And thank the Giver of all good things—  
For he who is grateful always sings.

Be a witness for Christ and the truth.

#### SIX TREASURES.

Little words in love expressed,  
Little wrongs at once confessed,  
Little favors kindly done,  
Little toil thou didst not shun,  
Little graces meekly worn,  
Little slights with patience born—  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far beyond the smiling skies.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1906.

#### NO DIFFERENCE.

Will came in from school in a half-ashamed way, hiding his report-card under the corner of his jacket. Mamma held out her hand, and Will reluctantly gave it up.

"What! poor marks again this month? Oh, Will, why don't you study?"

"It makes no difference about the marks now, mother. There's plenty of time. By and by I'll show you what I can do."

"No difference! Suppose a man intending to build a house thought the foundation of no consequence. What would you think of him? Don't you know it's the foundation you are laying, my boy? Your future success depends largely upon your knowledge of arithmetic and grammar and—"

"Oh, yes, ma; I know it all. You'll be proud of your boy yet; just wait and see."

With a rush and a whoop he was off for the pantry, from which he soon emerged with bulging pockets.

Mrs. Welles watched him fondly as he ran down the street to join his friends; but I think a little more care on his part

would have smoothed the wrinkles gathered on her forehead.

At the end of the school year Will found he was not to be promoted with his class. Another year as senior in the grammar school enabled him to "squeeze through," as he said, and with glowing plans for the future he became a high-school student.

"Welles, you must give more time to your Latin," said the master one day, "you haven't had a fair recitation this week. You have good abilities. With study there's no reason why you shouldn't excel. Haven't you any ambition?"

"Why, yes, sir; but there are so many things to attend to now, and I can't see that my standing here makes much difference. When I go to college I expect to lead my class."

The master's reply was all unheeded, for though Will appeared to attend, and said, "Yes, sir," now and then, he was really planning for the ball match of the morrow.

Four years of high-school, and Will was admitted to college. I cannot say that he was prepared for college, but he was admitted.

"Now you'll see what I can do," he told his mother at parting. "I've been foolish long enough. Now I shall begin study in earnest."

To his surprise he found that his record was known at college. The best students avoided or treated him indifferently. "We always find out the previous standing of a new man," some one told him.

He set to work determined to win for himself a name, but aside from his poor record he found his former habits were like chains to bind him down. In vain he sighed for neglected opportunities.

Near the close of the second year Mrs. Welles died, the property took to itself wings, and Will found himself thrown on his own resources. He looked for employment in his native town. "We need a new assistant," said the high-school master, shaking his head; "I wish your Greek and Latin had been more satisfactory." Another friend spoke of a position in the bank, but the old grammar-school teacher would not recommend him as quick or accurate in accounts. The minister spoke of him as honest. "But we need trained minds as well as honest purposes in our offices," said the business men of the place. At last he accepted a position as porter in a furniture shop. The work was hard, the pay small, but it was employment.

"Don't tell me it makes no difference," he often says to careless boys who are neglecting their studies. "I tell you it does make a vast difference."

Evil associations are full of danger, and ought to be utterly avoided.