

The Japanese are very fond of pets—of birds, dogs and the like. You see this shown in the picture.

It is very sad to think that these people are nearly all heathens, worshipping dumb idols. But, thank God, our own Canadian Methodist Church has sent missionaries and teachers to instruct them in the way of life. These have had great success, and a large number of Japanese are attending our Sunday and day schools, and several are preaching the gospel to their own countrymen. Part of the missionary givings of Canadian Sunday-schools go to support this interesting mission.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1886.

GOD WILL KNOW YOU.

ONE evening last Christmas, a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto, with apparently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion, in front of a fruit-stand. "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into a store, he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarce daring to speak, when the little one added, "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

HAPPINESS belongs most truly to those who have given themselves to Jesus. Religion never makes us miserable. But sin always causes unhappiness. God loves to make us happy, and in his Word the Christian finds delight. We are told to "rejoice in the Lord always;" and his Word means just what it says.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

COME, cuddle your head on my shoulder,
dear—

Your head like the golden-rod—

And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.

Away from life's worry and hurry and flurry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
We will float off together to a world of fair
weather,
Where blossoms are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and close fold your
hands—

Your hands like the leaves of a rose—

And we will go sailing those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.

On the north and west they are bounded by
rest,

On the south and the east by dreams.

'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtain of your dear
eyes—

Your eyes like the bright bluebell—

And we will sail out under the starlit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep
Till it reaches that magical isle
Which no man has seen, but where all have
been,
And there we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we float along,
To that shore that is blessed of God.
Then, ho! for that fair land, we're off for
that rare land,
The beautiful Land of Nod!

WHAT DO YOU GIVE?

EDITH was a dear little girl, who went to our infant school. Her papa gave her pennies every Sunday to put in the missionary box. One day she heard her papa read what David said, that he would "not offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord of that which cost him nothing."

She thought about it a great deal, for she said, "My pennies cost me nothing, and that is all I give." She talked with mamma about it, and mamma said, "Yes, that is so. Papa gives those pennies instead of you."

Mamma and papa often gave Edith pennies to buy fruit and candies with; so, after thinking it over, she said, "I will save half my candy money; that will cost me something, and then I will give papa's pennies for him."

So that is what she did; and she felt a great deal happier to give what cost her something. Then, as she grew older, she learned to give of her time and thought and care to those around her. Would you not like to try her plan, little friends? God is always pleased with such a gift to him.—*Exchange.*

A SHARP ANSWER.

A LITTLE child was beseeching her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at a distance. To get rid of her he said: "It costs two pounds every time we go to see grandma, Florence, and two pounds don't grow on every bush."

"Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl, promptly; and the logic was conclusive. They went,