

taking long breaths so that they can be distinctly heard. Then I say, 'O-ma-ri-ka-ka-ri-masu,' which is, 'Let me hang on your honorable eyelids;' or, in good English, 'I am glad to see you.' Then, as I understand so little of the language, I have an interpreter called in, and after going through all those bows again, she does the rest of the talking. I get pretty tired sometimes, sitting on my heels, and when I go to see a Japanese I have to remove my shoes before entering the house, and then my feet get pretty cold. But it has to be done, for it is a great insult to the Japanese host to keep the shoes on."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1905.

### A FATHER'S LOVE.

Ever since Teddy's cousin from the city had visited him, during the summer, in his prairie home, the little boy had been unhappy.

Ted had learned from cousin Hugh that away beyond the misty blue line where the earth and sky seemed to meet, there was a wonderful world of cities and towns.

"I wish father would leave his farm here," he would say to himself over and over again, "and go out where I could see and do things. I'm the only boy he's got, and I don't believe father cares very much for me, or he wouldn't keep me here, where nothing ever happens."

Winter came on, and the wide prairies were covered with snow; and Teddy felt more lonely and unhappy than ever.

Then one night, the only little boy on that prairie farm took very ill, and father and mother watched anxiously beside him. Outside, a storm was gathering, and they both knew that in the face of a prairie

blizzard, no man or beast could live outside of shelter.

In a dreamy way, Ted could hear his father and mother, as they whispered together. "Yes, mother, I must," his father's voice seemed to say. "God will guide me, even in the face of the storm. He's all we've got, and I'd risk my life to save him."

It was late the next day when Ted's father returned from town with the doctor. Nothing but God's goodness could have brought him safely through in the face of that terrible storm. The doctor was able to save Teddy's life, and it was not long before he was sitting up, a pale little shadow of what he had been.

"Mother," he asked one day, "how did the doctor come the night of the big blizzard?"

"Father brought him, dear," she replied.

Teddy thought for a long time, and then he put his tired little head down on his mother's shoulder. "Father must have loved me very much to have gone out in that storm," he said slowly, as if to himself. And then, as if he were quite strong again, he straightened up, and said, "Just wait till I'm well again, and I'll show father that he'll have a better boy to love than he ever had before."

### CLEAN HANDS AND A CLEAN HEART.

"He never was seen with his hands at all clean, Nor yet ever washed—"

But Gilbert didn't finish his teasing. Douglas was on his feet in an instant, and the wonderful castle on the nursery floor was forgotten.

His sturdy little face was flushed and angry. "My hands aren't dirty! Look," and he held out two rather doubtful looking palms, "I just washed them before I began building."

Douglas was never known to be very fond of soap and water, and Gilbert never lost a chance of reminding him of it. But to-day the little fellow had bravely washed his hands very clean before beginning his play.

"You needn't tell me you washed those hands as mother told you to," continued Gilbert. "They look like crows beside mine."

"But I did wash them," returned Douglas angrily, "and they're just as clean as yours are."

Mother looked in just then to ask what all the wrangling was about, and poor Douglas, whose pride in his washed hands was fast disappearing, said with something very like a sob, "Mother, they are clean—I washed them hard with soap, and Gil says I didn't, cause they're not as white as his."

"I'm afraid, Gilbert," said mother, "there has been a heart not very clean,

when all these unkind teasing words were finding their way out.

"Hearts are much harder to cleanse than hands are, Gilbert, remember, and the whitest hands cannot be clean if the heart is not right. Soap and water will make the hands clean—but it needs asking and seeking help from Jesus to make little hearts clean."

### THE SOLDIER BOYS.

Little Dennis had been to kindergarten and he loved to play "Soldier Boy." When the carpenters were building a new house near where Dennis lived, he picked up a short lath one day and began to march up and down with it, singing in his sweet little voice:

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,  
Bearing so proudly the red, white, and blue?"

"I go where my country and duty are calling;  
If you'll be a soldier boy, you may come too."

Dennis was soon joined by Fritz, Pierre, and Manuel, and when little Maggie and Gretchen saw the fun, they came running out too for a lath. Down one block marched the gay little band. Then they turned a corner and went on two or three blocks further.

Suddenly the soldier band met a baby carriage—such a baby carriage!—with a real silk flag waving over it, and in front, on tiny trucks, so he could 'go,' was the dearest hobby horse!

In the midst of all this elegance sat a little lonely boy. There was a discontented frown on his face, and he held the reins as if he couldn't possibly 'make believe' that the hobby horse could go.

The soldier band started to march on, but the little boy jumped out of his carriage with his silk flag in his hand.

"I want to lead!" he cried. But the soldier band marched straight on with Dennis at their head, leaving him on the crossing looking after them.

He was still there when they came back. "Say," he said sheepishly, "don't you want a team and a real flag in your procession? One of you can ride in the carriage and drive and somebody can ride on the horse if they want to—and I'll push!"

The soldier band did want a team and a real flag in their procession, and they were all having the very happiest time imaginable when their respective mothers came around the corner, bareheaded, and scolding the runaways loudly.

The little boy sadly climbed back to his lonely seat. "What jolly fun!" he thought. "I wonder why they wouldn't play with me at first, though!"

But I think I know why—don't you, boys and girls?