

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1906.

No. 10.

IN THE SWING.

These four little girls are enjoying the beautiful summer afternoon in their comfortable boat-swing. As they go up and down through the air, now almost touching the ground, and in another minute away up among the green branches of the trees, they feel as if they were birds for the time. They think they know just what it would feel like to be able to fly and feel cool air blowing in their faces on the hottest day, as they sailed up, up into the white clouds. They feel sure that swinging is the next best thing to being able to fly or ride in a balloon. The motion of the swing does not make them dizzy in the least, and they think it the greatest fun to have the leaves tickle their cheeks when they go a little too high among the branches. The nice high sides of the boat-swing make it safer for the young folk than the ordinary swing. There is one thing, however, very special about this swing. There is a bird's nest away up in this tree, and sometimes the four swingers get a peep into the nest, and there they can count three little blue eggs.

GRANDPA'S BUG.

Grandpa came in, looking so queer. He had been pruning the orange trees.



IN THE SWING.

"Did you kill a snake?" asked grandpa.

"No," said he, "but I thought I was going to kill a bug—a great, ugly, sprawly bug."

"Then why didn't you kill it?" asked grandpa.

"Well, said grandpa, sitting down and rubbing his spectacles, "I had my reasons for not doing so."

"Was it one of those bugs that stand on their heads when you touch it?" asked grandma.

"No," said grandpa slowly, putting his spectacles on and taking up a paper. "No; 'twasn't that kind. 'Twasn't a bug at all. Did you think I said there was a bug?" And his eyes twinkled at grandma over the top of the paper.

"Why, you said you were going to kill a bug, didn't you?" urged grandma, completely puzzled.

"I said I thought I was," replied grandpa. "I guess I shall have to tell you all about it." So he laid his paper down and went on. "I found a humming-bird's nest in the orange grove."

"Oh, that is another story," cried grandma. "When you're rested I'd like to see it."

"All right," said grandpa, "but you'll see it's the same story after all. When I looked into the nest there was one wee

egg. I wouldn't dare tell how little. I was afraid it was going to be eaten up, for right beside it there seemed to be the ugliest and sprawliest bug—"

"Mercy!" cried grandma.

"And I took a stick to poke it out," he went on, "but when I touched it, it

didn't feel a bit like a bug—I hope I didn't hurt it."

"Why!" said grandma, "was it a little humming-bird, just hatched? Was it really?"

"Yes," said grandpa, "it was, but I couldn't believe it till I put my glasses on. I most wish I hadn't told you. I wonder if you'd have made out what it was. Let's go and see it."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1906.

"IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER."

A few weeks ago a gentleman was telling us of a little girl in his Sunday-school, who not only heard this sweet command, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another," but acted upon it. He had promised a prize to the child who should learn the greatest number of Bible verses, and as little Maggie had the best memory, he expected she would gain it. The appointed day came, and to his great astonishment Maggie only repeated nineteen verses, while her little sister Janet had learned twenty, and so gained the prize.

"Could you not have learned one text more, Maggie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not?"

Maggie hesitated, her color rose; at last her answer came shyly.

"Because, sir, you taught us last Sunday that if we wanted to please Jesus we were to 'be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another.'"

Boys and girls, is Maggie's Lord your Lord? Then will you not each try to gladden his loving heart by denying yourselves for his sake!

A TABLE IN THE WILDERNESS. A TRUE STORY.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

A missionary making his way from place to place among the natives in Africa found himself well received by a friendly tribe, who showed him much kindness. They listened like eager children—for all primitive people are but children, with no knowledge of the outer world and little self-control—to his message of mercy, the story of a Saviour's love. In return they gave him what he sorely needed, food and shelter. It was the close of day when he arrived, and they were about to partake of a general meal, men, women and children together. He found that the meat—the flesh of some wild animal caught by the hunters—was cooked and smelt good, and he was very hungry. They all squatted round the big pot, like gypsies,

your mind what a child may do to send the Gospel to those who are "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death." We know of some little girls who kept a missionary hen, and boys who exhibited hand-somely colored maps on rollers, giving the profits made by sales to some Board of Missions. Long afterwards these boys heard from a missionary in a foreign land that when he was at the end of his own resources, and had no money to carry on his work, their gift reached him, strengthening his faith in God and tiding him over his difficulties until further help came.

MARCHING ON.

"What makes us sing 'Marching On'?" said George to his teacher. "Little boys and girls are not soldiers." "Yes, I think



DR. AND MRS. IOUYE AND THE IR FAMILY, SHIZUOKA, JAPAN.

This is the happy family of one of the native missionaries of our Church in Japan. The children are bright and merry as any Canadian boys and girls. They have such queer clothes and sleep on such funny pillows. See cut on fourth page.

which was placed on a piece of matting in the open air. The chief lady, who was really their queen, scooped the broth up, and served it in curiously carved gourds, or wooden vessels, but the meat was picked out with her dark fingers. The poor missionary, however, was too weary and famished to be particular. He wanted meat and not manners. Suddenly the great woman snatched away his piece, thrusting towards him the fine bone which she had been picking, making signs to show that it was very good. Well, you know "beggars can't be choosers," and he dared not give offence, so he accepted the exchange with as much grace as he could muster.

But the heathen are not always kind. Too often they are vengeful and cruel. Do you not want them to learn a better way, to serve our God? Turn over in

they are," said the teacher. "Good soldiers fight; so do children who are trying to be good. They have to fight naughty words and thoughts and tempers. They have to fight Satan, the wicked one, who is always trying to draw them away from God. And when they are fighting, then they are marching on."

DOLLYTOWN.

Hushaby, dolly, in your white gown,
And mamma will take you by-by.
We'll go a-riding in Dollytown;
Hushaby, dolly, by-by.

Hushaby, dolly, hug mamma close;
Snuggle down into my lap, dear,
And when you wake up I'll pluck you
a rose;
Hushaby, dolly, by-by.

"I DIDN'T THINK."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
From want of willing heart;
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings always—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite;
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting-place.
If from that great unselfish stream
The golden rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws, and have no cause
To say: "I didn't think."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IX.—MAY 27.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Mark 6. 30-44. Memory verse, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My Father giveth you the true bread
from Heaven.—John 6. 32.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful picture comes before
our mind when we think of the scene of
this wonderful miracle. On the green
hillside overlooking the deep blue sea,
with a fair blue sky above, many people
had gathered. They heard that Jesus
had gone hence to this quiet place, so they
sought him out, many coming on foot a
long distance.

When Jesus saw them he was moved
with compassion towards them, because
they were as sheep not having a shepherd.

In the late afternoon the disciples
began to feel anxious, for there was nothing
to eat and the people were getting hun-
gry. Jesus knew all this and asked how
much food they had with them. Just five
loaves and two fishes, which the disciples
thought was as nothing among so many.
But Jesus told them to bid the people sit
down, and to start with what they had,
which he blessed, and lo, when it was
divided it fed all, and there were left over

twelve baskets full, and this crowd num-
bered about five thousand.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where had Jesus gone? To a quiet desert place.
2. What for? To rest.
3. Who followed him? A great crowd.
4. Did they get hungry? Yes.
5. Had they food? No.
6. Were the disciples alarmed? Yes.
7. What did Jesus ask? How much food they had.
8. What had they? Five loaves and two fishes.
9. Did it feed all? Yes.
10. What was left over? Twelve baskets full.

LESSON X.—JUNE 3.

THE GENTILE WOMAN'S FAITH.

Mark 7. 24-30. Memory verse, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even
as thou wilt.—Matt. 15. 28.

LESSON STORY.

We may think this a strange answer
that Jesus gave to this poor Greek woman
who was in such distress about her daugh-
ter. It may seem unkind until we know
its purpose and its meaning. For Jesus
is too wise to err, too loving to be unkind.
This sad-hearted woman knew this, and
she had faith that he could cure her
daughter.

When Jesus said let the children first
be fed, by the children were meant the
Jews, and the dogs were the Gentiles. She
knew that Jesus was a Jew and that he
had come to save the Jews, but she knew
also that he was so large-hearted his love
embraced Gentiles as well, and even
though it was crumbs she could get, she
would be glad of them. She was not
proud, but humble and sure in her faith.

Jesus rewarded this faith by curing her
daughter.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who fell at Jesus' feet? A poor Gentile woman.
2. What did she ask? That Jesus would cure her daughter.
3. What did Jesus preach? About the children being fed first.
4. What did she reply? That the dogs might have the crumbs.
5. Was she willing to take crumbs? Yes, and thankful.
6. Did this show her faith? Yes, and Jesus rewarded it by curing her daughter.

"WHO FEEDS THE BIRDS."

"Who feeds the birds, mother?" asked
little Lottie as, looking from the window,
she saw a lonely robin sitting on the
branch of a cherry-tree from which the
frost-touched leaves had fallen.

"God feeds them," answered the mother.
"How does he do it? He doesn't hold
out his hand with something to eat in it,
nor set a table for them?"

"No, dear; nor does he hold out his
hand with something to eat in it, nor set a
table for us, and yet he feeds every living
animal."

"How does God feed us, mother?"
"He causes the wheat and corn to grow,
and from them we make bread. Every-
thing we eat and drink is really given by
his loving and careful hand. There is not
a blade of grass, a leaf, a flower, a grain
of seed, or anything that lives and grows,
that is not made by him."

"Isn't he good, mother?"
"Oh, yes, he is very good, feeding us
and caring for us, even though we are too
often unthankful and disobedient."

"But how are the birds fed, mother?"
"Poor Robin out there on the cherry-tree,
how is he going to get his dinner? I
don't see anything for him to eat."

"God never makes any bird or beast,
my Lottie, without making his food also.
And each one knows where to find it."

"Mamma," said a wee child one Sun-
day evening after having sat in the house
all day like a good child, "have I
honored you to-day?" "I don't know,"
replied the mother; "why do you ask?"
"Because," said the little one, sadly
shaking her head, "the Bible says,
'Honor thy father and thy mother: that
thy days may be long;' and this has been,
oh, the longest day I ever saw!"

PETER NODDY.

BY D. W. MOREHEAD.

Peter Noddy comes at night,
Down the chimney, so they say,
Sews our eyelids fast and tight
Till the break of day.
And never yet has anybody
Caught a glimpse of Peter Noddy.

Often have I set my chair
By the fire to watch for him,
But he took me unaware
In the shadows dim,
And before my eyes could view him,
He had popped his needle through them.

Is his thread a moonbeam white,
Stolen from the sky, I wonder?
Or perhaps he tears the slight
Spider webs asunder,
And from out their glossy shreds
Twines and spins his lissome threads.

And his fingers are so deft,
And his needle is so keen,
Not a scar or mark is left
Where its point has been.
So he comes and so he goes,
Whence or whither, no one knows.



A STRANGE PILLOW.

PENNY SAD AND PENNY GLAD.

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

When a little penny's dingy
And a dull and ugly brown,
From the fingers of the butcher-boy
And eve y one in town,
I feel sorry for the penny,
And I say it is too bad—
Don't you think the little penny must be
sad?

Then I rub it on the carpet
With all my main and might,
Till it gets all warm and shiny,
And so pretty and so bright
That I'm sure it has forgotten
All the troubles that it had—
Don't you think the little penny must be
glad?

JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRLS.

One of the most wonderful products of the new Japan is the schoolgirl. She shuffles gracefully to her academy in the clogs and kimona of old Nippon, to study a European college course and at least one foreign language. There are thorns in her path, too, undreamed of by the Canadian student. The foreign language begins at the wrong end of the book, and reads from left to right, instead of up and down; she finds difficulty in studying when raised on a chair and imprisoned by a desk; her wadded kimona, comfortable in her fireless, paper-walled home, is far too warm for the stove-heated class-room, and she is always liable to be married in the midst of her studies. In spite of these handicaps, she readily acquires even the higher education, and is almost painfully anxious to excel, often overtaking her frail

little body and bright eyes in studying by the foggy flare of the "andon" long after her elders are asleep. Her own language by itself presents a fair field for her industry, for in ordinary reading and writing at least 7,000 characters are used, and scholars, owing to the admiration of Chinese, must master twice as many.

In addition to the new Western learning, so far, at least, she has retained that of the Land of the Rising Sun. She studies, as her ancestors, the art of opening and shutting doors, polite handing of teacups, gracious reception of presents, and so on; in fact, so careful are her lessons that no chance of being unprepared is left to the Japanese maiden, who gains an entire self-possession through a thorough knowledge of how to act on all occasions with politeness and charm. She masters the difficulties of walking in clogs and sandals, of sitting on and rising from the floor, and of bowing with grace in her tight kimona—her bows are often literally to the ground, remember.

The arrangement of flowers is a delightful lesson, and important, considering that a flower vase is often the sole furniture in a room. Much time is spent in showing how they should not be grouped, our old bouquets being the earliest object-lesson. In tea-making, the number and depth of the salutations, the order of serving—everything, in fact, from the heating of the water to the washing of the tiny bowl—is prescribed, a mistake in which would be fatal to a well-bred girl's reputation. Boys' schools have already discarded her counsels of perfection, and probably mid-

dle-class girls will make their salutations and their tea minus the politeness of the honorable Mme. Etiquette.

On holidays, which are as common, luckily, in the Japanese calendar as saints' days in ours, the students march in gay processions, carrying branches of blossoms and banners to the parks, there to play games and drink tea, and sometimes even to have a peep at a strolling theatre, though, strictly speaking, this joy is forbidden the fair sex till after forty!

A BUSY DAY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

My papa has a little sign,
Printed in black and gray;
It's only just a single line:
"This Is My Busy Day!"

And sometimes when I creep to look,
He's writing with a pen;
Or quietly reading in a book—
He calls that busy then!

Why, when I'm busy I just race
Downstairs; then, like as not,
I fly back to the other place
For something I forgot!

Then I slide down the banisters,
And from the porch I spring
(Perhaps I tumble in the burs)
Then go and take a swing.

And then I race Jack Smith to town,
Or climb the garden wall;
And, though I'm sure to tumble down,
Nobody minds a fall.

But if I sat still in a chair,
It wouldn't be my way
To say, with such important air:
"This Is My Busy Day!"



THE JAPANESE ARE VERY FOND OF THEIR CHILDREN, AND A SCENE LIKE THIS IS VERY COMMON.