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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1886.

[No. 6.]

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY IN JAPAN.

BY E. WARREN CLARKE.

THE most interesting sights are the games and sports of the children. The Japanese believe in enjoying themselves, and the young folks are as bright and merry as the children of other climes. The girls play battledore and shuttlecock, and the boys fly kites and spin tops. The girls enjoy their game very much, and are usually dressed in their prettiest robes and bright-coloured girdles; their faces are powdered with a little rice flour, their lips are tinted crimson, and their hair is done up in a most extraordinary fashion.

They play in the street, sometimes forming a circle of half a dozen or more, and sending the flying shuttlecock from one to the other. They are very skillful, and rarely miss a stroke. The boys like a strong wind, that their kites may scar high; but the girls sing a song that



HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY IN JAPAN.

it [may be calm, so that their shuttlecocks may go right.

The girls have their "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding this 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, having been kept from one generation to another. The images range from a few inches to a foot in height, and represent court nobles and ladies, with the Mikado and his household, in full costume. 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.

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,



A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

## A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN INRIE, TORONTO.

THE telephone,  
In merry tone,  
Rang "Tinkety, tinkety-tink!"  
I put my ear  
Close up to hear,  
And what did I hear, do you think?

"Papa, hello!  
'Tis me, you know!"  
The voice of my own little miss,  
"You went away  
From home to-day,  
And you never gave me a kiss!"

"It was a mistake,  
I was not awake,  
Before you went out of the house,  
I thought that a kiss  
Would not be amiss  
If I gave it as sly as a mouse!"

"So here goes, papa,  
And one from mamma,  
And another when you can come home;  
Just answer me this,  
Is it nice to kiss  
When you want, through the dear telefome?"

"Hello?" I replied,  
With fatherly pride,  
"I've got them, as snug as can be,  
I'll give them all back,  
With many a smack,  
Whenever I come home to tea!"

## TOM'S LESSON.

Go and get it! Go and get it, I say."  
Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up into his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say: "Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick which he had thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water-dog, having no more love for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on making him love the water. He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order, then, angry that it was not obeyed, he seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank, and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, and trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him, and a man's voice said: "Here! Now we'll see how you like to swim."

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled, and caught his breath, as the stranger lifted him in his strong arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg: "O sir, pray, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! Don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again!"

The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he, "but you meant to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not make you do it to amuse me? I am as much larger and stronger than you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger released him, saying "Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or any thing do what God, when he created it, did not make it to do, or to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, was given in kindness.—*The Children's Hour.*

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

HARRY and Grace are two lively little children, who find it hard to keep still. But they always sit very quietly while Grandma Brown reads Bible stories to them on Sunday afternoon.

They could tell you a great many Bible stories, though they are not yet large enough to read in the Bible for themselves. Harry is to have a Bible for his "very own" next birthday, and he is trying hard to learn so that by that time he can read his own book.

Here are some verses that grandma has taught them:—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of his love in the Book he has given.  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

"Though I forget him and wander away,  
Still he doth love me wherever I stray,  
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me."

## INDIAN GIRL'S LETTER.

THE following is a copy of part of a letter from a little Indian girl to her Sunday-school teacher. It shows what our Indian schools are doing for the children. The peculiar use of English words will be noticed:—

"DEAR FRIEND, I am very happy to inform a few words to you. I hope and trust that you are well. I was ever so sorry when you went away, especially in church, when I did not see you there, and at our class. I could not help from crying for you; but I trust the Lord will bless us all. We go to Sunday-school and church every Sunday. I try to be good. Please inform me soon as you can, for I am in anxiety to hear from you. I now send my love to you, and shake hands with you many times. Good-bye.—I am,

"MARTHA CAROLINE K—."

## MY RULE.

BOY.

As long as I live, wherever I am,  
I'll go to the Sabbath-school;  
Not just while a boy, but when I'm a man,  
This shall always be my rule:  
'Tis there that I learn to sing and to pray,  
And read the good Word of God;  
They tell me of heaven, and teach me the  
way,  
And I love the narrow road.

GIRL.

As long as I live, if my time's my own,  
I'll go to the Sabbath-school;  
Not just while a girl, but when I'm full  
grown,  
This shall always be my rule:  
'Tis there that I hear of a Saviour's love,  
How he died for children like me;  
And I learn the way to that land above,  
Where we shall our Saviour see.

J. LAWSON, Cobden.

## HARRY'S MISSIONARY BOX.

"I CAN'T afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces in four years."

"Oh, yes," said the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these the following season became a peck; the next season seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and when sold the amount realized was with a glad heart put into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged father exclaimed, "Why, I do not feel the donation in the least. And Harry, I've been thinking that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or

something else as productive, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?—*Gospel in all Lands.*

## BEING A CHRISTIAN.

"We have queer girls at our school," said little Lou one day to her Aunt Bessie.

"Why? Do they wear old dresses or bonnets, or anything of that sort?" asked her aunt.

"No, auntie," was the reply; "but there are so many things they won't believe. There's Lucy Smith, for instance; she says there is no use in being a Christian, for those that she knows are no better than other people."

"Can't you show her that there is something real in being a Christian?"

"But I'm only a little girl, you know, auntie."

"Yes, darling; and yet I am sure there must be some way for little girls even to show their love for Jesus, by gentle, peaceful ways and works."

After this Lou began to be very careful of her words and acts. And she asked God to fill her heart with love to everybody, even to those who were unkind to her.

One day, not very long after this, Lucy Smith came to her at recess, and whispered, "Dear Lou, I want to take back all I said about Christians. You have been so kind to that disagreeable girl, Sue Nolan, though she does all she can to vex you, that I really believe Jesus helps you. After all, Lou, I would like to be a Christian."

There was a hard heart melted by the gentle flame of loving, peaceful ways, which a little girl had brought to bear upon it.

## HOW WE GROW.

ONCE a lady asked a little boy who made him. He answered:

"God made me so big and I grew the rest." As he said this he measured with his hands as long as he was when he was a wee baby.

How many of our little ones think he spoke truly? Do you think he ever would have grown at all, if God had not made him grow? No, no, dear children. It is God who makes you grow, and who even keeps you alive. You could not grow, or do anything else of yourself, without him. Ought you not to be very thankful to Him every day you live.

I once heard of a little boy who planted himself to grow. That is the way God makes flowers and trees to grow; but he has a better way for boys and girls. They can grow as they go about, Did you ever

stop to think that God made everything just the best way that it could be made?

—Sel.

## HOW TO DO IT.

THE fields are all white,  
And the reapers are few;  
We children are willing,  
But what can we do  
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small  
And our words are so weak,  
We cannot teach each others;  
How then shall we seek  
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,  
By the pennies we bring,  
By small self-denials—  
The least little thing  
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,  
As the years pass at length,  
We too may be reapers,  
And go forth in strength  
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

## HELPED BY MOTHER.

"O, IT'S HOT! It burned me!"

The cry brought Willie's mamma in haste from the other room. "Mamma told you to wait until it was cool," she said, stirring the porridge briskly. "I said it was too hot to eat now."

"I wanted to see for myself," said Willie.

"Ah! that was the trouble. You did not trust me," replied his mother sorrowfully.

We know that some temptations seem so pleasant and harmless we think they cannot be wrong, until we have yielded to them, and then we wish we had seen the evil lying back of what seemed all right.

Mamma and papa are older and wiser than we, and they know how temptation comes and what it leads to. If, then, we trust them and listen to them when they tell us where danger is, we will be kept out of much sin and suffering.

## A NEW HEART.

THE old heart is a little slave of Satan, taking his orders and doing what he wishes. The new heart is a happy little child of Christ, listening to his orders, and doing what he wishes. The old heart likes to be naughty in some way or another. The new heart wants to be good, and would always like to be pleasing to the Saviour. The old heart is afraid of God, and would much rather he were not always seeing us. The new heart loves God, and is glad to hear about Jesus, and wants to come closer to him.