

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1906.

No. 6.

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The most interesting sights are the games and sports of the children. 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-colored 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. The boys have wonderful kites, made of tough paper pasted on light bamboo frames, and decorated with dragons, warriors, and storm hobgoblins. Across the top of the kite is stretched a thin ribbon of whalebone, which vibrates in the wind, making a peculiar humming sound. When I first walked the streets of Tokio, I could not imagine what the strange noises meant that seemed to proceed from the sky above me; the sound at times was shrill and sharp, and then low and musical. At last I discovered several kites in the air, and when the breeze freshened, the sounds were

greatly increased. Sometimes the boys put glue on their kite-strings, near the top, and dip the strings in pounded glass. Then they fight with their kites, which

a large paper fish is suspended. This fish is sometimes six feet long, and is hollow. When there is a breeze it fills with wind, and its tail and fins flap in the air, as



JAPANESE LADY AND CHILD.

they place in proper positions, and attempt to saw each other's strings with the rounded glass. When a string is severed, a kite falls, and is claimed by the victor. The boys also have play-fights with their tops.

Sometimes I met boys running a race on leg stilts; at other times they would have wrestling matches in which little six-year-old youngsters would toss and tumble one another to the ground. Their bodies were stout and chubby, and their rosy cheeks showed the signs of health and happiness. They were always good-natured, and never allowed themselves to get angry.

On the fifth day of the fifth month the boys have their "Feast of Flags." They celebrate the day very peaceably, with games and toys. They have sets of figures with flags and processions. Outside the house a bamboo pole is erected by the gate, from the top of which

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.

COUNTRY BOYS.

Up with the early song-birds,
Fresh for the busy day,
Driving the cows to pasture,
Tossing the new-mown hay.

Hunting for eggs in the barnyard,
Riding the horse to mill,
Feeding the ducks and chickens,
Giving the pigs their swill.

Running of errands for mother,
Picking the early greens,
Hilling the corn and potatoes,
Shelling the peas and beans.

Going to school in winter,
Learning to read and spell,
Working at home in summer,
Gathering knowledge as well.

Growing to useful manhood,
Far from the noisy town,
One of these country lads may yet
Be first in the world's renown.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—APRIL 1.

THE TWO FOUNDATIONS.

Matthew 7. 15-24. Memorize vs. 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not
hearers only.—James 1. 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

If we would only do all the things Jesus tells us to do in his wonderful Sermon on the Mount we would be good Christians. It is exactly what he did himself, for he was full of love and charity to all men, and even his bitterest enemies he tried to help. Of course he preached against the evils of his day, and denounced those who did wrong. Two of the great sins of his time were "greed" and "hypocrisy." These words mean, first, a love of getting more than one's neighbor or of coveting what he has, and the other word means pretending to be good when secretly one is not. Hypocrisy is a dreadful sin, for it is so false.

Christ likens people who know how to be good and have heard the right way to live to either the wise or foolish man. If he does the things he knows to be right he is like the man whose house is on the rock. Neither floods nor storms can make it fall. His character is strong. But if he does not do what he knows to be right his character has no foundation, and like the

house on the sands can be easily swept away.

It is most important to build our lives on Christ's teachings and promises.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. To what is a Christian's life likened? To a tree.
2. What do trees produce? Fruit.
3. How shall we know a Christian? By the fruits, or character, of his life.
4. What is hypocrisy? Pretending to be good when one's heart is bad.
5. How does God judge? By the motives of the heart.

LESSON II.—APRIL 8.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-14. Memorize verses 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it
holy.—Exodus 20. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

One way of knowing hypocrites is to note how they watch other people to try to find them in a fault. That was the habit of the Pharisees. They loved to find fault with others, especially with Jesus himself. One Sabbath morning he and his disciples went through a corn-field and because they were hungry they picked and ate the grain. This the Pharisees said was a sin, for they had made many hard and foolish laws about the Sabbath. Jesus rebuked them by showing them it is a much better way to keep the Sabbath by being merciful and helping others. They also blamed him for healing a poor man with a helpless hand. Jesus tried to explain to them how if a sheep fell into a pit it would be right to get it out on the Sabbath day, and that a man was of more importance than a sheep. So he declared it was lawful to do good to others on the Sabbath day. Because they were such sticklers about the law this angered the Pharisees and they talked over plans to destroy him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who were the Pharisees? Those who pretended to be good.
2. What did they most care about? Keeping certain laws.
3. Were they right and kind at heart? No.
4. What were they fond of doing? Finding fault with others.
5. What did Jesus teach them? To be merciful is better than to make sacrifices.

TELL MAMMA.

What was the matter with little Molly, the sunshine of the kindergarten?

"I want to run home and tell mamma I'm sorry," she sobbed. "I can't be happy, because I ran away from her with Effie Gray while she was getting ready to bring me to kindergarten."

So Miss Alice tied on Molly's little

white bonnet and sent the maid home with her.

"I saw you with Effie, dear, so I didn't worry," said Molly's mamma; "but you did wrong, and I'm glad you came to tell your mamma about it."

When Molly came back she was the dear little sunshine of the kindergarten again. It's always best to tell mamma, isn't it?

A GOLDEN CHAIN.

One Review Sunday Miss Alice had a golden chain for fourteen of her scholars. Each link in the chain was made of cardboard covered with gilt paper and had the first word of a Golden Text on it, except when the first word was "the," then there were two words given on the link. When they were all in line, they read like this:

"I," "If," "Commit," "The hand," "They," "Prosper," "Watch," "The cars," "Wine," "Remember," "God," "Whatsoever," "Unto," "Bless."

"Now," said Miss Alice, "I want fourteen scholars who think they know the Golden Texts for this quarter, to come up here and form my chain. Who will try?" A great many hands went up, and from them the teachers chose fourteen. Each scholar took hold of a link in the chain and looked at the word on his or her link. Some of the children could not read; but when it came their turn to recite, one of the teachers whispered to them what the word was.

Two little girls who had the first and second verses recited them nicely, but the little boy who stood next could get no farther than "Commit," which he kept saying over and over.

"Ah!" said Miss Alice, "my chain is broken. Who will come and take this little boy's place and mend this link?"

Ten scholars raised their hands, and Miss Alice chose one. After that, all went well until they came to the word "Watch." The little girl who held it shook her head; she could not think of another word to put with it. The others thought it was funny that she should miss the text which had only three words in it. She went to her seat and another came in her place. In this way the chain was made perfect.

Then all the little links changed places and tried other verses, and then more of them had to sit down, and it took a good while to get a chain of fourteen scholars who could recite from any link that was given to them; but they found them. When the bell rang the little golden chain marched into the large Sunday-school room and recited their verses for the pastor and superintendent. Then the pastor gave each little link a lovely book that had all the Golden Texts in it for the next year.



DON'T BE BABYISH.

If you have a backache or a headache, don't often complain about it. If a lesson is to be learned, a journey to be taken, or a piece of work to be done, don't grumble, but do it bravely. "Don't you dread to do it?" said one boy to another in our hearing recently. "If I have a duty to perform, I go ahead and never stop to think about it," was the reply. The boy or girl who cannot overcome obstacles does not deserve success. Easy pathways make very weak persons usually.

TYRELL'S PIGEON.

Tyrell Moore thought the nicest thing among all his Christmas presents was a beautiful white carrier pigeon that his Uncle Henry sent him. It had been taught to carry letters around its neck.

The day after Christmas, Tyrell went over to his grandmother's house and took his pigeon over with him. He wrote a note to his mother and tied it around the bird's neck, and away it flew toward home.

Every day for a long time Tyrell used to take it out and send notes home. One day he went over to see Grandmother Moore, and after the pigeon had started for home it began to rain. The wind blew hard, and when Tyrell saw the lightning he began to wish he had not sent the poor bird.

As soon as he got home the next day he cried:

"Oh, mother, mother, where's my pigeon? Didn't it come?"

Mother shook her head. She was very

sorry; but she told Tyrell that she was afraid poor pigeon was lost.

In the afternoon Tyrell saw a bird at the window; but his eyes were so red with crying that he could not tell whether it was his bird or not, until he saw it had something tied around its neck.

"It's mine," he said. "It's my lost pigeon;" and he opened the window and it nestled on his arm.

It had been lost in the storm, and it was all wet and tired; and Tyrell says he will look at the sky before he sends it out again.

BOYS, DO NOT SMOKE.

Some of you think it a grand thing to have a pipe in your mouth; you think that when you grow old you will be quite a man if you can smoke. I want to warn you not to start this deed, for if you do you will be sad by and by. I can hear some of you say: "My friends smoke, why should not I do the same?" Let me tell you.

First—Boys who smoke do not grow well. I know you want to grow to be big, fine men; of course you would like to have strong arms and big legs; now, if you smoke, your arms and legs will not grow as strong as they will if you do not.

It may be you do not know that when men smoke they take in the blood a juice which has been known to kill a dog when a small lot has been put in the mouth. A boy one day took an old pipe to make soap balls; this juice was in the pipe; it came in the boy's mouth; in a short time he died.

You see men spit on the ground; what is thrown on the ground is good to help to change food to blood; and it is good blood which makes good bones and flesh. You want this, so do not smoke, and then you will not throw on the ground what is good to make blood.

Second—If you smoke you will spend much cash which you might spend in books or give to the poor. We laugh when we read of the folks in the East when they spend pence or gold to buy gilt things to burn on the graves of their friends. We say "How sad, and what a waste of good gold!" Well, now, is it not just as much waste when we spend pence and gold in a thing which is soon smoke, and that is all?

I read once of two boys who had ten cents each week to spend; one bought books, and his friend bought smoke, or what was soon smoke when he put it in his pipe and lit it.

The last one went to see his friend one day, and saw his shelves lined with good books. "Where did you

get all those books from? I have no cash to buy books."

"No, you buy smoke and I buy books; now, which is the better?"

"I think you are right, and I have been a fool; I will not buy smoke any more; I will buy good books."

Third—Boys who smoke may wish to drink.

I know you do not want to drink beer or wine or gin. I know you want to take all care to keep your pledge not to drink. Be sure of this: if you smoke you will find it more hard to keep your pledge than if you do not.

You can soon see how this may be. If you smoke, your friends who do the same will ask you to go to those rooms where smoke and drink go hand in hand. If you say you do not smoke or drink, you will not be asked to go at all.

Some men find they must drink when they smoke; they feel that smoke and drink are friends, and they do not want to part them. You have said that you will not drink, and I think you will be a wise boy if you make up your mind not to smoke.

There are men who will tell you they wish they did not smoke; they wish they could give it up, but they find they are so used to it they must keep on. Now, you do not want to be a slave to smoke, so do not put your first pipe in your mouth, and you will be glad when you are old.

Let the little hands that are ready to take
The things that our Father so freely
has given
Be ever ready to do a kind deed,
Till love to each other makes earth seem
like heaven.

