

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 2

CROSSING A RIVER IN JAPAN.

The picture shows a strange scene in Japan, a very remarkable way of crossing the river. Observe the boat is really two boats, side by side, with a little platform across on which the passengers sit, while seven stalwart fellows in the water are towing the boat. It seems to be a

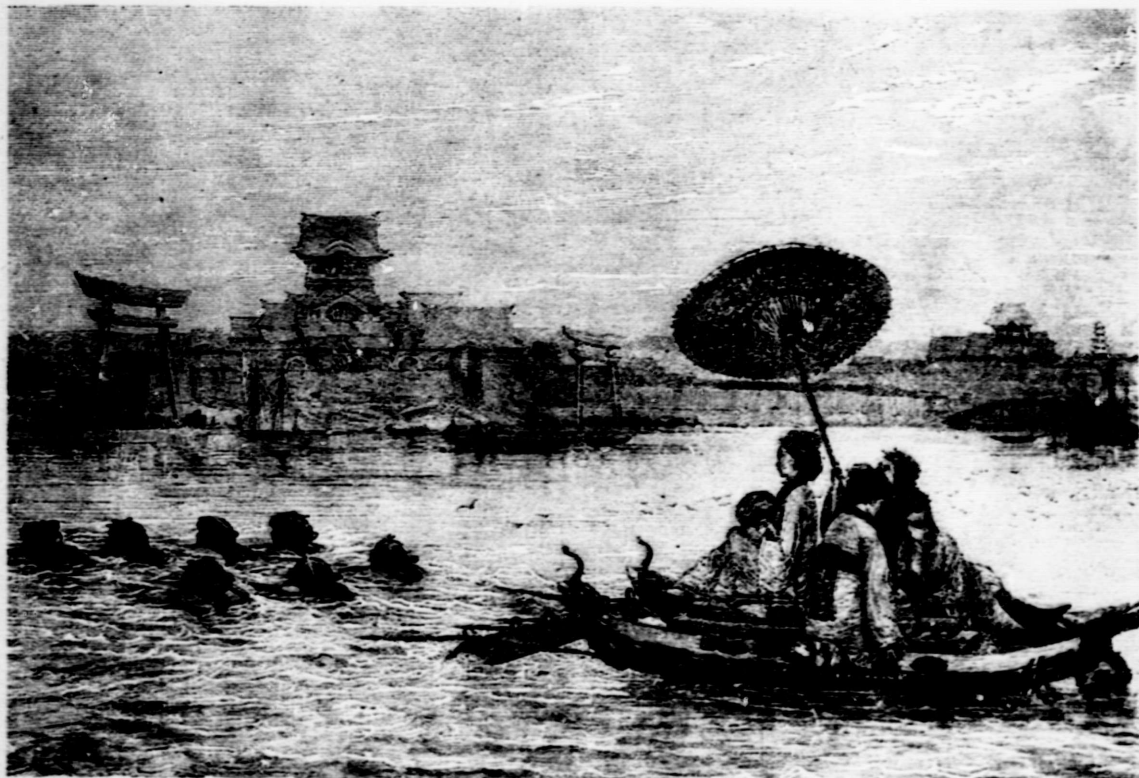
SAVING THE TRAIN.

One of the brightest and best-educated girls in Millsboro' was employed as a telegraph operator on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

One evening, during a terrible thunderstorm, on going to her office door, she noticed about a hundred yards away a

and swung her lantern, until at length she heard the engineer whistle "down brakes," and she knew the train was saved.

Meantime, though the speed of the train had been checked, the engine struck the tree with sufficient force to hurl a heavy limb against the shoulder of the



CROSSING A RIVER IN JAPAN.

great waste of energy. A couple of these men with a pair of oars would get along as well, but human labor is very cheap in Japan. We have loving missionaries in Japan who are teaching the people the Way of Life. Learn all you can about them.

large tree uprooted and blown directly across the track. At once she realized the danger of the situation. An express train was due in a few minutes.

Seizing the red signal, this frail yet brave and determined girl flew through the fearful storm up the track,

brave girl, and she plunged headlong down the steep embankment into a ditch, inflicting several painful and serious injuries.

The passengers, as would naturally be expected, were profuse in expressions of gratitude to the resolute girl, and a hand-

some sum of money was made up and handed to her. This, however, she modestly declined, and returning to her office, she remained on duty all night.

The injuries, however, which the young operator received ultimately proved fatal. From the effects of that blow on the shoulder she never recovered; consumption finally claimed her as a victim, and one beautiful summer day the young girl who so freely risked her life to save others was laid to rest in the village churchyard.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1906.

Most of the readers of this paper also read *The Sunbeam*. In the next number of that paper will be found an appeal to help the hospital for sick children in China. We know that you will be glad to help them. We give a picture on this page showing what bright and cheery children they are. But they get sick and suffer just as you do, and have not the skilful help that you have. Often their little feet are bound so tight that they can hardly walk, and sometimes their feet drop off through this cruelty. Ask your teacher to tell you more about this hospital. Won't you do without some candy or toy, and join the school in giving something for this great cause?

LOVE AND KISSES.

"Let me kiss him, mamma. Do let me kiss him!" pleaded Fred, plumping down on his knees by his mother's side and throwing his arms around Baby Ted as though he could not keep from hugging the dear, sweet little fellow.

"Not now," cautioned his mother. "Wait until he is done eating. You will disturb him now."

"But I love him so, mamma, that I can't keep from kissing him. He is such a cunning little thing."

"But won't your love for him go on just the same whether you kiss him or not?" asked his mamma, smiling.

"But how will he know that I love him if I don't kiss him?" Fred wanted to know in an aggrieved tone.

"I'm sure there are other and better ways of expressing love than by kissing," answered his mother. "Kisses do not always tell a true story."

"How is that?" Fred asked.

"Because," answered his mamma,

seemed to be rather beating around against a boy we wanted to hire.

"Well, not anything, exactly. Only—the fact is he always blacked boots on the steps of the —," naming one of the worst restaurants and saloons in town. "and seems to me a boy of the right stamp would find better standing-room than that, with all the street corners to choose from."

You see, lads, how that man felt; and we are not quite sure but all men of honor feel something the same way. Be's that are to be put into positions of trust, they wish to have come from good, clean places. So look to it, then, as to what kind of standing-room you choose when working your way along.



SICK CHILDREN IN A MISSION HOSPITAL, CHINA.

The feet of the child in the large chair dropped off, the result of foot-binding.

"true love thinks more of another than of self, and is willing to give up one's own pleasure for that of another. Kissing is not doing that. There are many other ways of showing love than by kissing. By and by Baby Ted will want some one to run an errand for him or give up something for him, or stop playing and keep quiet while he is asleep, or relinquish the pleasure of something at the table which would tempt him to want that which was not good for him. Those will be the real tests of love, and not the kisses you give him now. Just wait a little while, and you shall have an opportunity of telling him how much you love him in a surer and more truthful way than by kisses. But you may kiss him, too, of course, all you want to, when he is done eating."

A WORD OF WARNING.

"But what do you know against him?" we asked our brother, in the office, who

WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE MISSIONARY CAUSE?

1. I can give my whole heart to Jesus, who redeemed me from sin.
2. I can set others an example by coming out bravely in his cause.
3. I can, through faith, be strong and steadfast even in the midst of discouragements and trials.
4. I can pray earnestly for the prosperity of all the work of the church of which I am a member, especially for the growth of the foreign mission fields.
5. I can give my name as a member of the juvenile missionary society; and not only my name, but the hearty pledge of my support, which, by God's help, I can faithfully keep.
6. I can, through words and by example, induce others to join, and I can help them to be steadfast through my own earnestness and faithfulness.—Ex.

NOBODY BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each little fat fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row
Nobody knows but mother.

How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many little torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of toil must she spend?
What is the time when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many joys from her mother love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many prayers by each little white bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 13.

A DAY OF MIRACLES IN CAPERNAUM.

Mark 1. 21-34. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He healed many that were sick.—Mark 1. 34.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Jesus had spent the whole week preaching to the people on the shores of Lake Galilee, and helping them in body and soul, on the Sabbath day he went to the city of Capernaum. As was his habit he went to the synagogue or church, and there he again preached to the people. They were astonished at his teachings, and felt that his words were as if God had given him power. There was present a poor man with an unclean spirit, who cried out: "Let us alone." "Thou art come to destroy us; Thou art the Holy One of God." Sure enough Jesus was, and he had come to destroy the wicked-

ness in man. So he bade the evil spirit to leave the man.

Later in the day Jesus went to Simon Peter's house, where he found Simon's wife's mother ill of a fever. But when Jesus took her by the hand all the fever left her, and in her joy and thankfulness she turned and ministered to him. At eventide many poor sick and helpless ones were brought to Jesus, and he did them all good. How beautiful are these stories of our dear Lord's love and sympathy for the people. He never spared himself, and was often worn out attending to the care of others.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus go on Sunday? To the synagogue.
2. How did he astonish the people? With the power of his words.
3. What called out to him? An evil spirit.
4. What did it say? "Thou art the Hely One of God."
5. How did Jesus answer it? By proving that he was, and commanding it to come out.
6. Whom did he next heal? Simon's wife's mother, who had a fever.
7. In the evening who came to him? All who were diseased or were sinful, and Jesus helped them all.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 25.

JESUS' POWER TO FORGIVE.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memorize verse 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus power to heal the sick had got noised about, so many brought their sick friends to be cured. Jesus' preaching also brought many to hear him. One time the house was so crowded four men with a sick friend could not get anywhere near Jesus. They had such faith in him as the Divine Healer, they knew if they could but get their friend to Jesus he would heal him. As they could not get the sick man in through the door they took him to the flat roof, and made a hole so as to let him down just above Jesus, who, perceiving their faith said to the palsied man, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." This remark offended the scribes, and they said nobody could forgive sins but God. They forgot that Jesus was the Son of God, and had that power. To prove it was so he told the poor palsied man who had been helpless for years to "rise up and walk." This he did with joy, and great was the amazement of all who saw him. Then were the people sure that Jesus really had power from God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was let down through the roof before Jesus? A man sick of the palsy.
2. Why had his friends done this? Because they had faith that Jesus would cure him.
3. Did Jesus reward their faith? Yes.
4. What did he say? "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee."
5. What did the scribes say? That only God could forgive sins.
6. What did Jesus then say? "Arise and walk."
7. What did this prove? That he had power of God.

NOT A CHRISTIAN POTATO.

A little boy in Kansas, only seven years old, was trying hard to be a Christian. One day he was watching the servant as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it was hollow and black inside. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian."

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie. "Don't you see it isn't good clear through?" was Willie's reply.

He knew that a Christian must be sound right clear through.

THE RAINDROP'S STORY.

One rainy day, as a sprightly little field-mouse, looking anxiously at the door of his house greedily chewing a grain of corn, a raindrop fell on a leaf beside him.

"Where did you come from?" asked the field mouse, looking anxiously at the raindrop and wondering whether he would get an answer or not.

"From the sky," answered the raindrop very readily; "but my real home is the sea. One day as I was playing with my brothers and sisters in that beautiful home of ours the hot sun shone upon us. It drew many of us up into the sky. I was among them. We could see the green fields and beautiful flowers far beneath. We came close together and formed a white, fleecy cloud. Pretty soon a chilly wind began to blow. We crowded together to get warm. We became so heavy we could not stay up in the clear air. We came tumbling down, and I have alighted here to—"

But just then a sparrow, who was very thirsty, gobbled the raindrop up so quickly that he did not have time to finish his story.

Every little raindrop has its work to do, just as every little child has. If this one had not gone to quench the thirst of one of God's sparrows, it might have given new life to a blade of grass or a pretty flower of the field. God cares for all his little creatures and gives each one work to do for him.



PUNCH AND JUDY IN CHINA.

I don't know whether the Chinese borrowed Punch and Judy from England or England from China. I rather suspect the latter. As our almond-eyed friends possessed the art of printing, and knew all about the mariner's compass, and how to make gunpowder before Europe, why should they not have known Punch and his termagant wife as well? Certain it is that they have a sort of puppet show worked by a concealed man, quite like the English Punch performance. In the picture the Evil One seems to be after his victim in earnest, which doubtless conveys a wholesome moral to the young Celestials who are such interested spectators.

THE GOOD FAIRY.

Once upon a time, as most fairy stories begin, there lived in a large city, a little girl who was very much dissatisfied because she could not have her own way in everything; and she was very selfish, too, giving no thought to the comfort of others until she was first attended to.

One day the little girl came to her mother, and said: "Mamma I want a new cloak; for, you see, it is getting cold, and the snow will be here before you know it."

"But I cannot afford to buy you a new cloak," said the mother.

"Why not?" asked the little girl, pettishly.

"Because I haven't the money to spare. Besides your brother needs an overcoat. Wear your old cloak for a little while longer, my dear."

"Well, I won't, and so there!"

The little girl had no sooner uttered these words than she slammed the door and went upstairs to her room. For a long time she lay on the bed crying with vexation. Finally she arose, went to the closet where she kept her clothes, then took down the old cloak, and flinging it across the room, exclaimed: "Hateful old thing! I'll never, never wear you again!"

At that moment she caught sight of her own reflection in the looking-glass over her bureau, and she was so startled at beholding such a face that she did not recognize herself at all.

"Keep on, keep on," said a tiny voice; "You'll soon make yourself old and ugly."

The little girl was surprised but not frightened, for the voice did not sound harsh.

"Speak again, please," she begged, "and let me see you."

"Not until you smile," said the mysterious voice.

"I don't feel like smiling, for I am very much vexed," said the little girl. "Are you a fairy?"

"Yes."

"Oh, come quickly and let me see you!"

Then she smiled very sweetly, and the fairy showed herself—a tiny creature, all dressed in white—and she stood on a pin-cushion.

"Pick up the cloak, little girl, and hang it on its hook."

The little girl obeyed.

"Now, then, listen to me," went on the fairy. "Remember that the cloak you so much despise has given you much comfort."

"Yes, but it's old now," said the little girl.

"True, but not too old to give you still more warmth. Would you have your little brother go out without an overcoat and freeze?"

"O dear no!"

"Then have patience. Think of your mother and your brother, and not of yourself. Above all things, don't get angry again."

"Why not?" asked the little girl.

"Anger brings wrinkles and unhappiness. Shall I come again?"

"Yes, indeed! Come often; and, dear little fairy, forgive me for acting so."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered the little girl.

When she went downstairs again, she took the cloak, and said, as she entered the room: "Mamma, why, my cloak isn't so old as I thought. I'm not going to get angry again, because I don't want to be naughty and have wrinkles before I get old—truly old, you know."

The little girl kept her promise and was very happy, because she thought more of others than she did of herself.

SOME QUEER FLOWERS.

One day Florence ran into the garden and came back holding up her dress skirt with both hands. It was so full of something it looked like a little balloon.

"Guess what I have in here, mamma," she cried, running to her mother on the porch.

"A lapful of kittens," her mother guessed.

"No, a lapful of flowers," Florence answered. "Aren't they lovely? I wish I could make a flower, mamma."

"Only the dear Lord can do that," her mother answered; "but you can change the colors of your flowers if you wish."

"O mamma, can I really? Please show me how."

"If you will run into the house and bring me the bottle of ammonia, I'll show you," her mother answered.

Away flew Florence and brought the ammonia and a cup.

"Now pour a little ammonia into the cup and dip the flowers in it."

Florence did this very carefully, for she knew that ammonia has a very sure way of putting tears in little folk's eyes if it can only creep up their pink noses.

After she had poured the ammonia into the cup, she began dipping in her flowers. The first she tried was a pink verbena, and when she took it out it was a bright green one.

"O mamma, isn't that queer?" she cried. "It really did change; it did!"

A white rose turned yellow when it had had a drink of ammonia, and a yellow pansy turned brown, while a purple one turned green, and a red geranium turned purple.

"Now I'll have some queer flowers to show grandpa," cried Florence, gathering up the strange bouquet, and she danced off into the house.