

Happy Days

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[No. 3.

THE FISHER BOY.

THE fisher boy is watching his father's boat sailing away over the sea, and the waves breaking on the shore. How brown and hearty and rugged he looks, with his sou'-wester hat and fishing blouse and hob-nailed shoes. He is longing for the time when he shall be big enough to go out with his father and pull at the oar, and haul in the net, and hold the helm. It is a grand, free life, which cultivates daring, strength and trust in God. The sea is his, he made it; and the harvest of the sea is his gift to the children of men. This picture might stand for the portrait of many a young leader of the HAPPY DAYS, which finds its way in hundreds to the far-off fishing villages of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.



THE FISHER BOY.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

"OH, do come and see the bird's nest!" cried George to his sister. I think the bird was as much surprised as the children were; for the window in the spare room had not been opened before since the bird could remember. He flew away, and was very shy at first; but he need not have been afraid of George, or his little sis-

ter; for they had both been taught that birdies have as much right to their homes as little boys and girls have. They looked at it many times a day, but they never touched it. When birdie learned this he came back;

and he and the children became very good friends. When they first discovered the nest the birds were just bringing the last straws and bits of wool to finish making their little home. After that Mrs. Birdie laid four of the cutest little eggs in it that you can imagine, and a good while afterward they found four wee birdies there. As they grew older they were very tame, and often flew into the open window, and learned to expect the crumbs of bread that George and his sister brought them each day.

When Willie was about seven years old he died. Do you not think it gave his mother great pleasure when she thought of him to remember how careful he was to obey her? It gave Jesus pleasure also. He loves thoughtful, obedient children.

OUR WILLIE.

WILLIE was the most obedient little boy I ever saw. When his mother gave him permission to go out in the yard to play for half-an-hour, he would run in two or three times calling out, "Mamma, is the half-hour up yet?" he was so afraid lest he should stay out a minute over the time and so disobey.

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