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# Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889.

[No. 1.

## NEW YEAR'S TOYS.

I AM afraid this little boy has received a not very suitable New Year's present. I don't think that real cannon, even if small, and powder, are just the thing for a parlour table. It's not a very nice game any how, pretending to shoot people. I expect the old gentleman has been a soldier, and likes to fight his battles over again by watching the children play at this game of war. I would be glad if it could be left to children, but when it comes to grown up men using cannon to kill each other it is a dreadful thing. Thank God for the hope of the day when the nations "shall learn war no more."

## "LIKE YOU DO WHEN YOU LAUGH."

A BABY of three years once preached me a sermon, and I pass it on for the benefit of other downcast and despondent ones who need to learn to "rejoice evermore."

"How is the baby?" asked drearily, stand-

at the foot of the staircase leading to a chamber where the little one lay. I was tired and unhopeful; my mood out in my tone.



NEW YEAR'S TOYS.

"Peak like you do when you laugh," called the weak little voice up-stairs; and if I ever felt rebuked by an angel, that was the moment.

It has come up to me a hundred times since. I hope I am the brighter and cheerier for it "Speak like you do when you laugh." That means sparkle and gladness and good-will. Those fretful lines at the mouth-corners don't come from laughing; The weary ones around the eyes have another origin. But the plainest outward sign of despondency is that in the tone. The sick feel it; that is why "visitors are forbidden." Little children are infallible weather-prophets; they will not "take to" you. And you and I—just common working men and women, neither sick nor young nor old, but busy and often tired—we love—yes, that is the word—we love the bright, loving, laughing, happy voice. "Speak like you do when you laugh."

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders. "You just wait," they say, "and we will show you some day what we can do." Now

is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. You had better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort.

ISTERS.

little brothers,  
gruff;  
little sisters;  
and enough.  
look down on their

Try and Will are sweeter than roses  
In June, and as blithe as the bee,  
Sha'n't and Won't are backward and  
stupid—  
Little, indeed, can they know;  
Try and Will learn something new daily,  
And seldom are heedless or slow.  
Sha'n't and Won't love nothing—no, no-  
thing—  
So much as to have their own way;  
Try and Will give up to their elders,  
And seek to please others at play

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889.

DID JESUS SING?

At a gathering of children on Christmas Day, a gentleman present related a very interesting incident. A little girl, about three years of age, was very anxious to know why Christmas greens were so much used, and what they were intended to signify. So Mr. L. told the story of the Babe of Bethlehem—of the child whose name was Jesus. The little questioner was just beginning to give voice to the music that was in her heart, and after Mr. L. had concluded the narrative, she looked up in his face and asked, "Did Christ sing?"

Who had ever thought of that? If you will look at Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and thirtieth verse, you will find proof that Jesus sung with his disciples. Is not that encouragement for us to sing, not with the understanding only, but, as the apostle tells

the Ephesians, "in psalms and spiritual songs," to sing and make melody in our hearts to the Lord?

THE SNOW-MAN.

ELLA has been very busy for some days in building her snow-man. It has been no easy work either, for she has had to bring much of her snow from quite a distance on her sled; but all work into which we put our heart and in which we take real interest, becomes easy and real pleasure to us. When the tall body of her man is finished, then she will model the head and her work will be done. How she will enjoy it, and what troops of young friends she will take out to see it. I sometimes wonder if Ella is as industrious and fond of work when she is in the house at home as she seems to be when out of it? There are many ways in which even a little girl can make herself useful and lighten her mother's cares; and when this is done in a gentle and willing spirit, there is much pleasure to be found in the doing. Let the little Ellas who read this think over the matter, and spare some of their efforts for indoors as well as outdoors.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

THE very first snow of the season had come—just enough to slide on without going in over your boots.

It was a sunny November day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the terrace all ready for fun.

Mamie wore her blue hood and red mittens. Her eyes matched the hood, and her cheeks matched the mittens. She wanted the first slide down the terrace.

"Oh, please let me, Teddy!" she begged, in a happy flutter.

"No," said Ted; "I'm going to slide first, 'cause I'm the oldest. 'Sides, it's my sled."

"Then you're a mean boy," said Mamie.

"Say much and I'll slide all the time," answered Ted, coolly.

Wasn't it a pity that a quarrel should cloud the beautiful bright day? Mamma thought so. She had opened the window to get a handful of fresh snow, and she heard it all.

"Ted! Mamie!" she called, "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?"

They came, hanging back a little.

"Oh yes!" cried Mamie.

It was yet one of her delights to watch the new canaries bathe.

Ted didn't say anything—he didn't care much about such fun himself—but he looked on while mamma took off the cage-bottom and set the cage over a glass dish full of water on the oilcloth mat.

Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then all at once he seemed to remember something. He looked up at Cleo.

"Chip! chip! chip!" said he.

Cleo understood. "Che-up!" she answered, softly.

Then down she came, and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sang as if he meant to burst his little throat.

When Cleo had finished her bath he took his, scattering the water-drops like rain.

Mamma looked at Teddy. "What do you think of it?" she asked with a twinkle.

"I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Ted, promptly. "And I'm going to be one, too.—You can slide first, Mamie."

"No, you can," said Mamie.

It was to see who shouldn't be first, this time! But Teddy conquered.—*Youth's Companion.*

KILLING THE DRAGON.

A LITTLE boy about four years old was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister; and the next day he said to his father, "Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father; "you may be a saint, if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin to-day, if you will," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catharine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls; and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears. His father, who happened to be there, quietly said: "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, and looked quickly around the room, and then up at his father's face, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father "good-night," he whispered: "Papa, I'm very glad Catharine has the doll. I'll kill the dragon!"—*Michigan Churchman.*

## HOW WINTER CAME.

WHEN winter came down in his furry gown,  
With a border of snow like eider down—  
Came down to the earth from his far-off  
home

Away in the North, whence the fierce winds  
come—

He came on the wings of a chilling breeze,  
And whipped the last leaves from the trees,  
Piled them in hillocks here and there,  
And pulled the grasses' long, gray hair.  
He caught the rain-drops as they fell,  
From the dripping eaves; and, strange to tell,  
With a crystal fringe was each ledge o'er-  
hung

Like stalactites from some sea-cave swung.  
He raved and he scowled, till his terrible  
look

Chilled the heart of the timid brook;  
Then he laughed till the soft flakes shook  
from his cap,

In a thick white fleece o'er Nature's lap,  
Fold on fold, till the earth lay deep  
Tucked in for the season, fast asleep.  
How the children smiled when at early  
dawn

The curtains were back from the windows  
drawn.

A patter of feet, a busy hum,  
And glad, sweet calls, "Oh, the snow has  
come!"

Soon in the clear and frosty air  
They peopled the hillside everywhere.  
And to and fro, round curve and crook  
The merry skaters skimmed the brook.  
The day was fair, all the world seemed glad,  
And a right merry welcome winter had.

## GOOD BOYS.

THE wisest teacher may be at fault when  
he attempts to foretell the future of his  
pupils. The model boy who escapes bad  
marks and wins the prizes, whose hair is  
always smooth, his teeth and nails always  
as they should be, who never drops his  
slate, nor slams the door, nor leaves it open,  
—how natural to predict for him sure suc-  
cess in after life!

Perhaps he will achieve it. Probably he  
will do so, if the foundation of his goodness  
is strong and well laid. But if it is built  
upon a basis of timidity, or inordinate love  
of approbation, it indicates weakness of  
character, not strength; and in the rude  
struggles of men, strength wins the victory,  
—strength intelligently used.

We once knew a boy who was, in all  
visible things, an absolute pattern. Not a  
flaw could be found in his conduct any more  
than a spot of dirt could be found on his  
garments. Yet at the age of thirty-five this  
model was a man in ruins,—bankrupt in

fortune, debauched in morals, past any rea-  
sonable hope of reform; and those who had  
known best were obliged to admit that the  
model boy was father of a dissolute man.

His goodness at school had been genuine,  
as far as it went; but it did not spring  
either from principle or from benevolence.  
At the first rude test it had disclosed itself as  
empty and shallow. Then his former com-  
panions recalled that he had always been  
unpopular, that he had had few friends, that  
he had been the friend of few of his fellows.

Perhaps the surest mark of inferiority that  
a human creature can show is coldness of  
heart. The human quality of human nature  
is love. He is most a man who loves most,  
and he is least a man who has least capacity  
of affection.

A good case in point is Abraham Lincoln,  
now newly revealed to us in a popular biog-  
raphy. He was far from being a model  
boy, or an exemplary youth; but he could  
love, pity, give and help. He could save  
the life of the town drunkard whom he found  
freezing by the roadside. Some of his old  
comrades remembered to this day his bursts  
of human rage at cruelty done to turtles and  
cats. He had his faults; but he could think,  
he could feel, and he could love. He was a  
good boy.

## THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THERE are many happy families. This  
one lived in England, a good many years  
ago. It belonged to a little boy, who had  
trained its various members to live together  
in peace and harmony.

A dog was one of the members of this  
family; also a cat. They lived together in  
peace, in a large cage. The dog was not  
large; neither was the cat. A mouse also  
lived in this family, on the best possible  
terms with the cat, and a lively rat made  
himself at home in the cage. This was not  
all. There were two birds in this happy  
home—an English blackbird and a linnnet.  
And the dog, and the cat, and the rat, and  
the mouse, and the linnnet, and the blackbird,  
all lived together in one house in peace and  
quiet!

But cats and dogs, and rats and mice, and  
birds, do not often choose each other's so-  
ciety. Nor did these. The little English  
boy had trained them all to live in peace.  
He could never have done it if he had not  
had the spirit of peace in his own heart.

There are homes, where men and women,  
boys and girls live, in which peace and quiet  
are unknown. What is the matter? Is  
there no one to train them in the way of  
peace?

Hear what the Prince of Peace says: "In  
me ye shall have peace." Let Jesus into  
the home and peace comes with him.

## LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"BY-AND-BY" is a very bad boy;  
Shun him at once and forever;  
For they who travel with "By-and-By"  
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward—  
A boy that is half a man;  
Set on him a plucky wee terrier  
That the world knows and honors—"I  
Can."

"No Use In Trying"—nonsense! I say—  
Keep trying until you succeed;  
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the  
way,  
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys—  
they're a pair,  
And whenever you see the poor dolts,  
Say, "Yes, We Do Care," and 'twould be  
"Great Matter,"  
If our lives should be spoiled by such  
faults.

## PLEASING MAMMA.

"Get up, Rover! Haw! gee! whoa! I  
tell you."

Johnny did not know much what he  
meant when he said that. But Rover didn't  
either, so it was no matter. Johnny drove  
him round to the porch. His mother was  
sitting there.

"Hi, mamma! I'm ready for work. Don't  
you want some hauling done?"

"What kind of hauling can you do?" she  
asked.

"Oh, I can go to the market and get some  
eggs, or I can go over to grandma's for some  
apples."

"I don't wish you to go into the street,  
dear," she said. "Can't you find something  
to do at home?"

Johnny did not think that would be half  
so nice, and he pouted a little as he drove  
about the yard. But then he began think-  
ing:

"I believe I want to please myself. If I  
really want to please mamma, I'll do some-  
thing she wants done; and I guess I know  
what that is"

He drove his waggon up beside a pile of  
leaves on the lawn and took them all up.  
Then he went and hauled a load of kindling  
to the kitchen.

"You are a dear, useful little boy," said  
mamma.

"I'm always gladder when I please you  
than when I please myself, mamma."

"And when you please me, do you know  
who else you please?"

"Yes, I please God." It is nice to please  
two at once.



THE GARDEN SPIDER.

## THE GARDEN SPIDER.

ONE of the drollest of all the spider family is that represented in the picture above. It is seen in its hole excavated in the ground, with its head upward, and numerous forelegs extended forward, and two on each side backward; just beneath the orifice of its smooth, circular, and deep passage, leading directly downward—often a foot or more in the ground—to a beautiful nest at the bottom. At the top of its hole it constructs a cover out of dirt, made into paste with saliva and a silk material which serves alike for braces and office of a hinge. This lid, or door, fits so close to the opening as to be water-tight, and in appearance is so nearly like the common ground about it as to escape detection. On each side of the opening occupied are two others; one of these is shut up, and the other with its lid open. When the spider passes inward, and when it leaves the nest, the lid is closed; but when it watches for its prey it rests just inside the open door, as now seen. When within reach of an insect, it springs tiger-like, upon its victim, and kills it by bites with its powerful mandibles. Its nest and the passage thereto are worth examining for their very beautiful structure. They are not only faultlessly smooth of surface, but lined throughout by a beautiful silken tissue, which excludes water and dust from the nest.

## MY LITTLE NEIGHBOURS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In Galatians, fifth chapter and fourteenth verse, you will find these words: "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." How many of us do this? I mean by "us" professed Christians. But do we love Jesus if we do not keep his law? You remember we are told, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." But I hear a bright boy say, "We are not under the law, but under grace." Very well. "What then? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." If we love our neighbours we will not do evil against them; if it had not been so God would not have said, "My son, give me thine heart;" but he knew that when he had the heart he had control of the whole body. I know we think it hard sometimes to forgive a wrong some one has done us. But "if we do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." Jesus said, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you;" and, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." And how did he love us? He laid

down his life that we might live; and "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It may not be necessary for us to lay down our life for our friends, but let us be willing to do what is necessary—that is, no evil to them, but all the good we can. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

I should like to go on, and tell you some of the promises that are given to those who keep Christ's commandments; but you can look them out for yourselves. Won't you do it? Begin at once, and learn at least one verse every day. It will require but little time, and do you an unlimited amount of good.

## HELPING PAPA AND MAMMA.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,  
Helping to scatter the seeds,  
Feeding the hens and the chickens,  
Freeing the garden from weeds,  
Driving the cows to the pasture,  
Feeding the horse in the stall—  
We little children are busy:  
Surely there is work for us all,  
Helping papa.

Sweeping and washing the dishes;  
Bringing the wood from the shed;  
Ironing, sewing, and knitting;  
Helping to make up the bed;  
Taking good care of the baby,  
Watching her lest she should fall—  
We little children are busy:  
O there is work for us all,  
Helping mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy,  
Makes us both active and strong;  
Play we enjoy all the better  
When we have laboured so long.  
Gladly we help our kind parents,  
Quickly we come at their call.  
Children should love to be busy:  
There is much work for us all,  
Helping papa and mamma.

## A CLASS OF BOYS.

Not long ago a Sunday-school teacher got together a class of boys from the street—bootblacks, newsboys, and all sorts, such as are found only in large cities. One of the first questions he asked was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the reply came from one of the brightest of the lads, who pointed to another boy at the other end of the class, saying, "Yes, sir; that fellow down there."