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# Happy Days

VOLUME [II.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

[No. 4

## IN THE ALPS.

This picture shows how chamois hunters have to make their way along the steep and rugged paths of the Alps. They have sharp spikes in their shoes, and carry ropes and staves. Nevertheless dangerous accidents often occur.

## A CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

The *Youth's Companion* quotes the following story, in which a physician tells of the gratitude of a little German girl:

"I was called one day in October to the family of a German who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a very poor man with a large family. One of the many children, a boy of ten years, had the diphtheria. I attended the boy, and he recovered.

"He had a sister two years older named Sadie, who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me for saving brother Jimmy's life.' She always spoke of me as 'the good doctor who saved Jimmy's life,' and I in turn, won by her affectionate words and ways, fell into the habit of speaking of her as 'my good little girl.' Thus we became great friends.

"Not long afterward Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory-nuts to be given to me for saving Jimmy's life. Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called



IN THE ALPS.

to say that Sadie was much better, and that I need not call again. But early the next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside, and found that it was even so. She knew me. Beside her in the bed, under

the ragged quilt, she had a small bag of hickory-nuts, galled by her at the expense of her life. She held out the bag. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped, and in a few moments my good little girl was gone.

## GLOOM AND LIGHT.

A wise man in the east had two pupils, to each of whom he gave one night a sum of money, and said, "What I have given you is very little, yet with it you must buy at once something that would fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a great quantity of hay, and cramming it into the room, said, "Sir, I have filled the room."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with gloom."

Then the other, with scarcely a third of the money, bought a candle, and lighting it, said, "Sir, I have filled the hall."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with light. Such are the ways of wisdom, for it seeks good means to good ends.

This teacher certainly had a droll way of instructing his pupils, but it was a very good way. They learned that it is one thing to fill, and another thing to fill properly. One of

them knew this before, the other seemed not to know it. He was a simpleton. There are many such in the world.

A TRUE penitent knows sin, hates it, and forsakes it.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

O GOD, may thoughts of thee depart  
At night the latest from my heart,  
And in the morning first arise  
To thee in grateful sacrifice.

And from the morning's early light  
Until the darkest shades of night,  
May thoughts of thee inspire my heart  
Well to perform my humble part.

And when my days and nights are o'er,  
And I shall wake to sleep no more,  
Then may my soul delighted rise,  
To serve thee better in the skies.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

## THE PRAYING BOY.

A BOY who had been brought to the Lord Jesus at a mission Sunday-school was anxious that his father should know the Saviour: too. His father was a wicked man, who kept a drinking saloon, and thus not only got drunk himself, but caused others to do so. The lad asked his Sunday-school teacher what he should do, for his father made him wait on the customers, handing out the drink to them; and if he had not better leave home. His teacher told him not to leave home, but to begin at once to pray for his father, and she would also pray for him, and for his father too; and they both commenced to pray for that father.

In a few weeks the father left off drinking, and soon after left off selling, and went to work to earn an honest living.

"For, said he, with tears running down his face, 'something has been the matter with my dear boy for some time: and the other day I heard a noise in the room where he sleeps—it was a mournful noise—and I listened; and he was praying for me! He prayed that I would leave off

selling—for I had given up drinking some little time before. I felt I was doing wrong, and I have quit it all; and the next time you have a meeting I am coming with the boy."

## GOD'S FLOWERS.

SOME one has called children "God's flowers." I have been wondering lately how many children have a right to the name; for you know there are many things besides flowers in a garden. There are weeds, rank and useless; and some kinds of weeds look so very much like flowers that the gardener's eye cannot tell the difference. I want you, dear children, to ask yourself to-day whether you are weeds or flowers.

In order to be one of God's flowers you must be planted by him. The gardener does not plant weeds. There is a solemn passage in the Bible which says, "Every plant, which my heavenly father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." You must be "rooted" in Christ and grow up in him, drinking in your life from him as the little flowers drink in the rain and sunshine of heaven. What use will you be if you become one of God's flowers? Have you ever wondered of what use the real flowers are? How dark the earth would be without them! They do not do much; but their soft beauty brings praise to God their maker, and their sweet fragrance carries comfort to many a weary heart.

This is what you can do, little ones, if you are God's flowers. Your very sweetness and beauty caused by drinking in the sunshine of God's smile and the dew of his word will be a witness to him; and men seeing it will glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Which are you, children, weeds or flowers? Will you not come to Jesus and ask him to make you his own children, now and forever?

## "ENTER INTO THY CLOSET."

THE mother of a little boy about six years of age some time ago went in search of a house, taking her little son along with her. Having taken but a single room, on their way home the little boy burst into tears. His mother inquired what was the matter.

"Because you have taken that room," said the child.

"My dear," replied the mother, "is it not a better place than the one we now have?"

"Yes," said the boy, sobbing; "but there is no closet for prayers in it."  
"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." (Matt. vi. 6.)



I LOVE you, I love you,  
I love you right hard;  
And that is the reason  
I send you this card.

## CIGARETTE-SMOKING.

A BOY can never make a man of him (says the New Orleans *Picayune*) smoking cigarettes, though he may succeed in becoming a sickly dwarf if he neglects other business and smokes industriously. A cigarette seems a very harmless object, but a physician who analyzed one found nothing but harmless. He says:

"The tobacco was strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which warranted to be rice-paper, proved to be most ordinary of white paper, white with arsenic, the poisons combined and presented in sufficient quantities to cause in the smoker the habit of using opium without being aware of it, and which can only be satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes."

## THE SAFE CHANNEL.

A GOOD ship was passing on safely along a dangerous strip of coast where thousands have made shipwreck.

"I suppose you know every rock and sand bar along this coast," said a passer-by as he stood on the deck beside the captain.

There was a deep meaning in the glance that he gave from under his shaggy brows as he answered, "I know where they are not."

Ah! that was wherein lay the safety of those who had committed their lives and merchandise into his keeping. He knew where the safe channel lay, and he kept it.

Many think they ought to be learned in the evil habits of this world in order to shun them. It is far better to know what is good, and pursue it. "My soul, do not thou into their secret." One man's life is worth ten times more, than the lives of ten wicked men who would example you are to shun.



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

## WINDS AND SHOWERS.

THERE can't be sunshine every day;  
At times the tempest lowers;  
We cannot always take our way  
Through meadows strewn with flowers.

There's work in life as well as play;  
There must be serious hours;  
But blustering March winds lead the way  
To softer April showers.

And then will come the lovely May,  
That calls to woods and bowers,  
When both alike have sped away,  
March winds and April showers.

Hope comes before the sunshine ray;  
God gives to each the power  
To struggle bravely on the way,  
Through wind and rain and shower.

A KIND word, nay, even a kind look,  
Often affords comfort to the afflicted.

## THE SOLDIER AND THE THISTLE.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on a sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were

almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So you see the thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seal as their national flower."

"Well! I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully.

## KEEPING HOUSE.

MAY we borrow the baby, ma'am,  
Your beautiful baby, Gabrolle?  
You know what a staid little girl I am,  
And I'll bring her back safe and well.

We are keeping house over there  
Under the maple trees—  
Robbie and Ruth and I and Clare,—  
Do lend us the baby, please?

She holds out her hands to come,  
May I take her, ma'am, this minute?  
Home, mother says, is but half a home,  
That has no baby in it.

## NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A MAN of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water.

"No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill."

"Take a glass of ale."

"No, thank you," said he; "I am not thirsty."

These answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying he was not hungry.

At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill and drink when I am not thirsty."

—Selected.

A CHRISTIAN mother, when praying beside her little boy, had mentioned his name in her prayer. Upon rising from his knees he said: "I am glad you told Jesus my name, for when he sees me coming he will say, 'Here comes little Willie Johnson.'" But Jesus knew Willie's name before his mother prayed.

## BE KIND TO EVERYTHING.

SOFTLY, softly, little sister,  
Touch those gaily-painted wings.  
Butterflies and moths, remember,  
Are such very tender things.

Softly, softly, little sister,  
Twirl you limber, hazel twig;  
Little hands may harm a nestling  
Thoughtlessly, as well as big.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,  
Kindly pat the friendly dog;  
Let your unmolested mercy  
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide is God's great world around you—  
Let the harmless creatures live;  
Do not mar their brief enjoyment,  
Take not what you cannot give.

## THE HEAVENLY HOME.

It is not the walls of the building in which you live that makes your earthly home, but the company of those you love.

A little boy about four or five years old, was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming as he hung his hat up in the entry.

"This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlour. She said to him:

"Willie, the house next door is just the same as this, suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as well as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly. "It would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause, he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said:

"Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love, which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which the dear Saviour has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sunday-school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I am going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked his teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child. This dear child loved Jesus.—*Young Reaper.*

## "I WILL," AND "I WILL NOT."

LITTLE words, but O, how full of meaning! One boy determined to have his own will and way in everything, makes himself very disagreeable to his companions.

A loud and angry, "I will have it!" or, "I will do so and so," is often heard from his lips, but when it comes to real work or study there is a cowardly yielding of the will and a petulant, "I won't do it! You must, Charley, you've nothing to do."

And so gentle and obliging Charley is made to do his elder brother's work. In study it is about the same; Fred is ever ready to exclaim: "This lesson is too hard, and I won't learn it, there!" And so he shirks all he can of the real duties of life, while he is a self-willed bully among his companions.

Not so with Charley, who has learned to make a better use of these little words. He early sees that they have great power for good or evil. And daily asking in prayer to be guided right, he knows when to yield his will to others and when to be firm in carrying out a principle. He works and studies with a will that helps him to climb the ladder of knowledge, strength, and Christian manliness.

The little word "Will not" is rarely used by him, and only in resisting what he sees will lead to evil. And what makes the great difference in these two boys? One acts upon his own ungoverned self-will. The other is guided by the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer.

You cannot too young, dear children, ask for this guidance, or strive too early to become followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who gave up his own will to do that of his heavenly Father.

## A GOOD JOKE.

MANY are fond of playing jokes, as hiding a boy's cap or a girl's bonnet at school. Such things may sometimes be done for amusement, or to confer pleasure, but never to any one's serious inconvenience.

In one of our colleges, a professor, who made himself very social and familiar with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a corn-field. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke: "I will hide his shoes, and we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and see what he will do."

"No," said the professor, "it would not be right. You have money enough; just

put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the labourer had finished his row of corn, he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something had taken it off and found the dollar. He glanced around him, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He examined it and looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground, and returned thanks to God for the blessing which had thus been conferred upon him. The listener learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven. The old man now returned home with a cheerful and gratified heart.

"There!" said the professor; "how much better this is than to have hid the old man's shoes!"

The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another joke on any one, except in kindness. Would not something like this make a good Christmas joke? Suppose you try it.

## IMPROVE YOUR TALENTS.

GOD entrusts to all  
Talents few or many;  
None so young or small  
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise  
Have a greater number,  
Yet my own I prize,  
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task  
That to me was given.

Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers:  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,  
Every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.

God entrusts to all  
Talents few or many;  
None so young or small  
That they have not any.