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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1886.

No 11



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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1886

MY BABY.

WE'VE in our home a baby boy
With eyes as black as jet,
Who fills the house with mirth and joy
And is his grandma's pet.

He is a very happy child,
And coos and laughs all day,
His little rattle pounds and shakes
In every noisy way.

He pulls his grandma's hair awry
And scratches grandpa's nose,
But that which he loves best of all
Is playing with his toes.

His grandmamma will surely spoil
This baby boy of mine,
For she will laugh and play with him
An hour at a time.

Then when I take the little rogue
And quietly sit down,
There comes across his pretty brow
A naughty little frown,

And tears will gather in his eyes
And steal adown his cheeks,
And he will cry so hard you'd think
He wouldn't stop for weeks.

Of all the babies grandma's seen
She thinks this one the brightest;
But, then, folks say that every sheep
Thinks its own lamb the whitest!

ONCE when a certain little girl went to a baker's shop to buy bread, the baker looked at the money and said: "See here, child, this isn't enough; bread's higher." "When did it rise?" asked the little customer. "To-day." "Then," replied the girl, "I'll take some of yesterday's bread."



THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

LITTLE Maud Merton's mother was taken ill, so she had to ask Maud to try to prepare dinner for her father and brothers.

"Oh, yes, mamma, I can do it firstrate," said Maud, and she rolled up her sleeves and tied on an apron and set to work. She got the eggs and butter and flour, and I don't know what else, and in a short time had quite a nice dinner ready. Not only did she relieve the mind of her sick mamma of a great care, but she greatly pleased her papa to find what a kind, helpful daughter he had, but she also learned how to do what she will find to be very useful in after years.

Girls, always be glad to help your mother, you will also learn to help yourselves too, and to be useful to all around you. Nothing is so pitiful as to see girls grow up without knowing how to do a thing about the house.

"I WISH I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always seems pleased to mind, and I don't." What a lesson these few plain words of the child convey! Little one, do you mind mamma, or papa, or the teacher, as well as your pet minds you?

SHE WOULD NOT AT FIRST, BUT AFTERWARDS CAME.

A LITTLE girl was at the meeting on Monday, at which time a lady spoke to her, and asked her to come to Jesus. But she did not like to do it, and she would please herself.

The next day she went to the meeting, and no one spoke to her—she did not like that; she felt as if she had been left out and forgotten. She felt unhappy. She went again, and still no one came to speak to her. She thought she could get people to speak to her without troubling herself. But, to her surprise, everybody seemed to pass her by.

She felt forsaken. She heard a lady saying to another little girl just like herself: "Give your heart to Jesus, and he will love you!" She felt so lonely, she wished the lady would say that to her; and the lady turned to her at that moment, and said: "Will you give your heart to Jesus?"

And she answered at once: "I will, for I want to;" and that was Friday. "It was pride that was in my heart," she said, "and it took a whole week to get it out."



JESSIE'S TEMPTATION.

SING OF JESUS.

I AM singing, singing,
Singing all day long;
Through my heart is ringing
One unceasing song:
Glory be to Jesus,
Glory to the Lamb,
By whose blood so precious
Clean and whole I am.

When at early morning
From my bed I spring,
When the shadowy evening
Folds me in its wing,
While I'm at my study,
While I'm at my play,
Sings my heart of Jesus
Through the livelong day.

Yes, I'll sing of Jesus
And his tender love
Till I stand before him
In the courts above;
Then I'll join the chorus
Of the heavenly throng,
While the angels listen
To the grand "new song."

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved,
but he that is perverse in his ways shall
fall at once.

LITTLE JESSIE'S TEMPTATION.

JESSIE was sent to the kitchen one morning after breakfast with the cup and platter from which she had eaten her nice health-giving oatmeal porridge. Some object on the wall attracted her eye, and, not looking where she stepped, her foot struck a stool and knocked it over. This accident startled her, and, in her confusion, she let the cup slide from the platter. Down it went with a smash, and was broken to pieces.

Poor little Jessie was much disturbed by this mishap. In a moment she thought of her mamma, and what she would say when she should see the broken cup. Her heart went pit-a-pat, and she stood with her hand rumpling the corner of her pinafore, looking on the broken cup, and saying to herself:

"O dear me! What shall I do? What will mamma say?"

Then the voice of Fear whispered in the secret chamber of her soul, saying:

"Put up that platter and go out to play. Leave the cup where it is. Your mamma will think old Tabby knocked it down while trying to lick out the porridge you left in it. If she asks you about it, you can say you left it in the kitchen, and that is all you know."

Jessie listened to this naughty voice for a moment only. Then, standing erect like one resolved to do no wrong, she said aloud:

"That would be mean and wicked. I won't tell a lie, nor deceive my dear mamma. I will go to her at once and tell her just how it happened."

That was nobly said, and as nobly done. You may be sure that Jessie's mother forgave her fault very freely when she heard her frank confession, and saw her penitent face. And you may also be sure that, after Jessie had received the kiss of loving forgiveness, she was happy again. Had she lied about it, I need not tell you that she would have felt miserable, mean, and guilty for a long, long time.

I advise you, my reader, if you meet with such little mishaps, to treat your temptations to conceal them as Jessie did hers. I know it is often a great trial to confess a fault and risk punishment, but I also know that the punishment of hiding a fault by deceit and lying is far greater than any your parents would inflict if you hastened to tell the truth. By lying and deceiving you bring guilt upon your conscience, and offend God. If, therefore, you meet with little mishaps, take the advice given in the following lines from the *Infant's Magazine*:

Do not cry my child, but go
To mamma, and let her know
That you only are to blame;
That you feel regret and shame;
That you'll strive with might and main
Ne'er to do the like again—
Go at once and have no fear;
She will pardon you, my dear,
And will feel both joy and pride
That your faults you do not hide.

WILL YOU TAKE A DARE?

Boys, do you know how to play "Dare?" Sometimes it is called "Follow Your Leader." One boy climbs a high wall, goes dangerously near a hole in the ice, or takes a flying leap, and dares the rest to follow him. Some boys think it cowardly to hesitate risking their necks in this way, but those boys do not know the difference between cowardice and common sense. There is good sense in the reply of the coloured man to the question why he ran away from an affray, and if he did not think it cowardly: "I'd rather be a coward all my life than a corpse one minute." If a boy charges you with being a coward, answer him that it is not cowardice but good sense that keeps a man from acting wrong or recklessly, and "dare" him to stop swearing, or playing hookey, or to do a kind and generous act. That will be a true test of bravery.—*Ed.*

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 comes to the house of "Never."

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

"No use in trying" — nonsense, I say —
Keep trying until you succeed,
But if you should meet "I Forget" 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.

MY BROTHER.

A HANDSOME, stately youth of sixteen
years passed through the play-ground of a
public school.

"There goes brother Robert," cried out a
little girl in the midst of a group of scholars.
"Isn't he handsome?"

"Why? Why?" cried out several voices
at once.

"Oh, he is so good! He never swears,
nor chews nor smokes tobacco, neither does
he ever drink any liquor. I am so glad
I have such a brother." The children all
looked again with admiration upon the
youth, when one of them earnestly re-
marked, "I hope my brother will be like
him."

The next day two young men in a buggy
drove rapidly past the same children. One
of them had a cigar stump in his mouth,
and he was so drunk that he could scarcely
sit up. As the buggy went by the children
they heard him utter a terrible oath.

"That is Will Burton," said one of the
children; "he tends in a saloon, and he is
drunk the greater part of his time. I would
be ashamed to have such a brother."

None of them noticed that a little girl
ran away and hid herself. In a few
moments her playmates missed her, and
hunted her. They soon found her weeping
and sobbing as if her heart would break.
She refused to tell the cause of her trouble;
but it was soon clear to them, as a little
girl whispered to another, "That drunken
boy was her brother."

Boys, see that your actions and lives may

be so that your sisters may be proud of you.
Never give them cause to be ashamed of
you — *Words of Cheer.*

WHAT KIND OF FEET HAVE YOU?

SIDE by side sat two little girls in an
infant school. Jennie's father was rich, and
she had on nice kid boots, which made her
feet very neat and pretty to look at. Lucy's
father was dead, and her mother was very
poor; so her shoes were coarse, and not at
all pretty.

"What ugly feet you have!" Jennie
said, scornfully, as she drew her dress away
for fear it would become dusty. Jennie
did not know that the teacher was near
her; but she was, and heard the unkind
remark. So she told them this story:

"One day recently I was walking along
the street, and I saw a dear little girl whose
name was Lucy. Just before I reached her,
another little girl fell down on the pave-
ment, and upset her basket of apples, that
were almost heavier than she could carry.
Lucy ran quickly and asked the little girl
if she was hurt, and told her not to cry, and
picked up her apples for her. Lucy did
not see me; and I stopped just then to
talk to a friend, and I watched her go down
the street. Before she was out of sight,
she opened a gate for an old lady, and gave
a piece of her candy to another child.

"Somebody has said:

'Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.'

and the Bible says 'How beautiful are
the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.'
Now don't you think little Lucy's feet must
have been very beautiful in God's sight,
when they took her to do these kind
things?"

Our little Lucy blushed and hung down
her head, for she knew the teacher was
talking about her. And Jennie blushed,
too, and looked ashamed, as I think she
well might.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.

HAS it ever been a part of your work to
cleanse and polish a lamp chimney? If so,
then you can scarcely have failed to notice
how easily deceived one is as to when the
work is thorough and complete. We look
at the glass, and it seems quite bright and
clear, with not a blur or blemish. But
wait till evening comes, and the bright
flame is lighted within. Ah, how many a
blur before unseen, how many a blemish
unnoticed, how much less clear and stainless
than it appeared in the ordinary daylight!

And is it not just so with the heart?
We brighten it hastily, as it were, with the

usual daily devotions and imperfect self-
examination, and glancing at it think it
does well enough. But when something
suddenly touches a match to the wick of
conscience within, and there flames up the
clear steady light of God's pure law, how
many a blur, and spot uncleaned, how
many a stain stands forth revealed, ob-
scuring the perfect holiness which should
shine forth in those who are as lights in the
world.

Then, if we should know when our work
is pure and perfect, let us light that flame
within, oftener, and be not satisfied with the
polish which is only in outward appearance.

A SURPRISED FATHER.

A FINE looking man, of noble physique,
and clad in overcoat, gloves, and stout boots,
was walking out the other day, with his little
three-year-old daughter, a pale-faced child,
with bare neck and arms, and morocco
slippers. A neighbour, meeting them, be-
gan to ask, with great apparent concern,
after the father's health, adding:

"But I am glad your little one does not
inherit your feeble constitution."

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the
astonished parent. "Why, I was never
sick a day in my life; while, as to my
daughter, we fear she has her mother's con-
sumptive tendencies."

"Indeed!" replied his friend, with a sly
twinkle of the eye, "you take extra care to
protect yourself from the cold, while she
goes bare-necked and in pasteboard shoes.
I inferred that it was you that inherited
the mother's consumptive tendencies, and
not she."

A WISE REPLY.

SOME years ago, during the time of the
Father Matthew excitement, one of his
converts had scarcely lauded in New York
when an old acquaintance invited him to
drink.

"Arrah, Pat," said he, "I am glad to see
you in this free country."

"But," said his friend, "this is not
Ireland. This is a free country, and you
can do as you please."

"Faith," replied brave Pat, "do you think
I have brought my body here and left my
soul in Ireland?"

A CHILD'S LEGACY.

A LITTLE girl six years old was a short
time ago called home to God. About a
year before her death she had a small
writing-desk given her. After her death
her mother unlocked it, and found this
writing: "I will mind my father and mother
always. I will try to have my lessons
perfect. I will try to be kind, and not get
cross."