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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1886.

[No. 7.]

A LITTLE MOTHER'S CARES.

"SH-SH-SH! don't make so much noise, or you will wake the children, and I've had so much trouble to get them to sleep' I do hope they will sleep a long time; for I have so much work to do—Nell's dress to mend, and bells to sew on blue ribbon collars for Tab, and Puss, besides tea to get for company. 'Nobody but a mother knows about a!' these things!"

Now, Peter, don't you blow that horn;
My doll is fast asleep in bed,
And if she wakes before the morn
Her mother will be worried.

For she was taken deadly sick
Just as the night began to fall;
And Dr. Dorn came very quick,
In answer to my urgent call.

He said that she must lie and sleep,
And let the kittens purr to her;
That I a constant watch must keep,
And never from my post must stir.

So, Peter, with an anxious look,

Before the horn begins to blow,
You see me with my finger shook
To check that toot, and bid you go.

HOW NELLIE READ IT.

THERE was once a very wicked man who did not believe there was any God. He had a dear little girl named Nellie, who had gone to Sunday-school, and learned to love Jesus, and tried to obey him. One day he

printed a card like this: "GOD IS NOWHERE," and hung it where Nellie would see it. You see he meant, "God is not any where," but when Nellie began to spell it out, she read, "God is now here."

"Why, yes, papa," she said. "I know God is now here, because he is everywhere. I am so glad, because he is so strong and true he can take care of me always."

A CROOKED DAY.

MOTHER, what has been the matter with the day? It has been the longest day of my life, and such a very crooked one."

"It is very easy for me to see where the fault lies. Can you not see it also?"

"I know, dear mother, that I was very naughty to read the book you told me not to," Gracie answered, gently.

"But what did you omit to do to-day?"

Gracie said. "What do you mean, mother? I know every thing has gone wrong."

My darling, did you ask your Heavenly Father to forgive your disobedience to me? Did you ask his loving care over you, to-day? Did you ask to be helped through the day?"

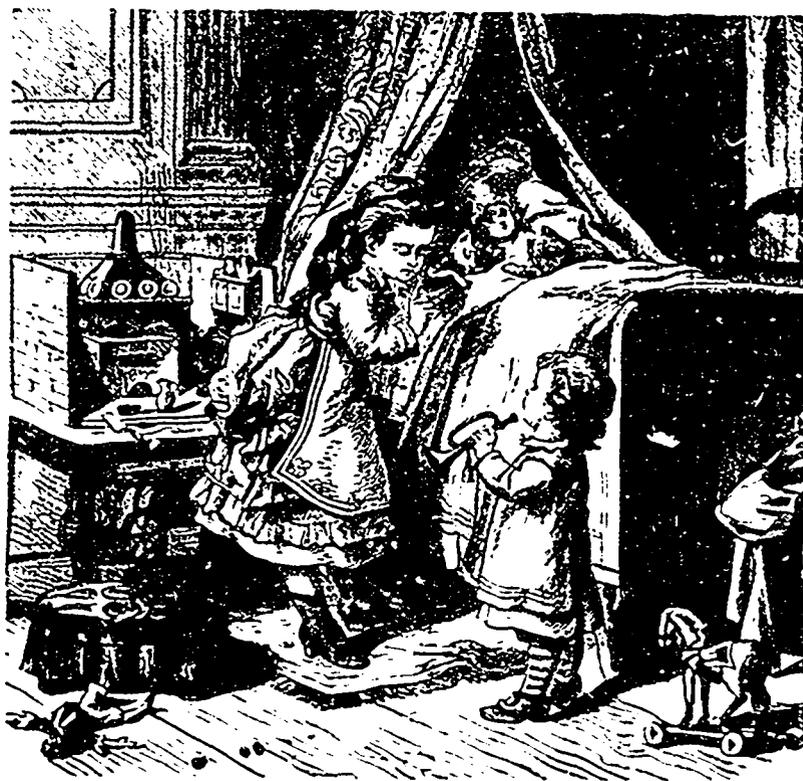
Gracie hung her head, and confessed that she was in such a hurry to get to breakfast that she forgot her prayers.

"Ah! little girl, there is reason enough for a crooked day. I, and all grown-up folks who love God, have to ask for help all the time, that we may be shown how to take each step, as well as how to live each moment. And I know you do not forget how the Saviour listens to the little

children when they call upon him."

Gracie has lived a good many years since she had that talk with her mother, and, as she does not now forget her morning prayers, she wonders that she has so few crooked days.—*Children's Friend.*

SOMEBODY says: "Gold is worshipped in all climates without a temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite."



A LITTLE MOTHER'S CARES.

The father was angry at first, but as he thought it over he knew that Nellie was right; and, after a while, he, too, learned to love Jesus. Then, so that he would never forget his little daughter's lesson, he wrote another card, and hung it in his room. It read: "GOD IS NOW HERE."

Wherever you are, dear children, don't forget that this is true, and if you love and serve him, you will be glad as Nellie was that it is so.

WHAT IS IT MAKES A LADY?

WHAT is it makes a lady?
 Asked my little girl of me,
 One sunny summer morning,
 As she stood beside my knee.

And I told her that it is not
 Fine dress nor shining gold,
 Nor all the flashing gems
 The caves of ocean hold.

But it is a gentle temper,
 And thoughts of peace and love,
 A mind that seeks in all things
 Some goodness from above.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1886.

BELIEVING IN GOD.

MANY of you do not know all that is meant by "believing in God." Had you been in Paul's place wouldn't you have been a little afraid of the storm, even though God had told you he would keep you free from harm?

The other day Bessie was walking with her papa when a cow ran at them, bellowing and shaking her head. Bessie was dreadfully scared, and said, "O papa! do let me run, quick."

But papa held her hand tight and said, "Stand perfectly still, and you shall not be hurt."

And when she looked up and saw that he was calm and even smiling, she felt safe, and only clung closer to him.

The cow ran up close, and stopped and licked her papa's hand, for she was a pet, and ran to him, because she was glad to see him, and expected to be fed. But before Bessie knew this she felt safe, because she believed her father when he said she should not be hurt.

That is the way God wants us to believe



in him. He tells us that he will forgive our sins for Christ's sake and wants us to feel perfectly sure that we are saved, because he has promised it. He is so much greater and stronger than your father that it ought to be easier to believe him. The winds and waves and lightnings are as harmless with him as the pet cow with Bessie's papa.—
Our Children.

WHICH WILL YOU BE LIKE?

Two little sisters, named Fan and Bess, lived in a pleasant home in the country. One day Fan went to the brook near by, to get a pitcher of water. On the way she met an old woman who asked her for a drink. "Get your own drink," said Fan, very crossly. "It's trouble enough for me to get what I need."

The next day Bess went to get a pitcher of water, and met the same woman, who made the same request. "Why, gladly, aanty. You look very old and tired, so I am happy to help you," said Bess, as she gave her the water. Then the woman said, "You are so kind that every time you open your mouth, there will be diamonds and pearls drop from it." Bess was so pleased she went home and told Fan all about it. So the day after Fan wanted to go and get the water, hoping to meet the old woman again.

Surely enough she met her, and at once gave her the water she asked for, but instead of saying what Fan expected her to, she said: "You were so cross the other day, and now kind only for hope of reward, that whenever you open your mouth, scorpions and snakes will fall from it."

Of course she did not mean *real diamonds*, or *real scorpions*, but the beautiful things that made Bess's life happy, and the rude, ugly ones, that made Fan's unhappy.

ALL ABOARD!

ALL ABOARD! Hold on, Mr. Conductor, not so fast. They are not *all aboard* yet. Master Mort has not taken his seat yet, and here you are ringing your bell, all ready to start. The train does not seem to be going very fast, though, and I think he can easily get on. Mamma Gertie has been telling daughterdell that she "will take her to 'Lantic City, and they will have a boo'ful time." Eva only puts her arms around brother conductor, and says she "will go wherever he does. He isn't quite sure yet where he is going, only "to travel." Well, that is very nice kind of travel for little people; it is safe. Mother can leave them for a whole afternoon, and will know just where to find them when she comes to look after them.

A REMARKABLE SET.

AN old farmer, with a house full of boys, was one day tugging away at a large piece of timber. Finding it rather hard work, he called his boys, one after another, at the top of his voice, but received no response. Finally, after he had no need of them, they all came.

"Where," said he, "have you been, and what have you been doing? Didn't you hear me call?"

"Out in the shop, settin' the saw," replied one.

"And you, Dick?" continued the farmer.

"Out in the barn, settin' the 'Len."

"And you, Jack?"

"Up in Granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, Tom?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And now, Master Fred, where were you 'settin'?" asked the farmer amused at the peculiarity of the replies.

"On the doorstep, settin' still!" replied the youngster.



GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

SEE the loving mother
Bring her infant child
To the blessed Saviour,
Loving, meek, and mild;
To its mother's bosom
See the infant pressing,
While for it the mother
Seeks the Saviour's blessing.

See the blessed Saviour,
Graced with beauteous charms,
Take the little infant
Gently in his arms;
To his loving bosom
Tenderly he presses,
And in sweetest accents
He the infant blesses.

Joyfully the mother
Takes her little one,
See! there comes another,
Eager pressing on,
Others now encouraged
By his look and word,
Bring their little children,
Welcomed by the Lord.

Still the blessed Saviour
Loves the youthful race,—
Bids the little children
Early seek his face;
All should come to Jesus,
Little children, come,
And in death he'll take you
To his heavenly home.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

LITTLE Fred is listening to grandfather's watch. What does it say? Tick, tick, tick. Grandfather is very fond of little Fred, and always lets him hear what the watch says, when he promises to be a good boy. But, alas! Fred is not always a good boy, although he looks so smiling and pleasant in the picture, for sometimes he gets into a bad temper, and then he cries and makes a great noise. Grandfather has promised him a watch for himself, when he grows up to be a big boy like his brother Will, who is away at sea. So, often when grandfather comes, Fred will stand with his back to the wall and say, "See how big I am, grandpa," and then grandfather says he is getting *very* big. Grandpa is very fond of repeating the following verses to little Fred:

Two little hands so busy at play,
Hunting for mischief all of the day.
Two little feet that never have walked,
One little tongue that never has talked.
Two little ears that hear the least sound,
Two little eyes that look wisely round.

Two little cheeks all dimpled and red,
A little pug nose, a great round head.
Two little lips, soft, rosy, and sweet,
Looking like cherries ready to eat.
Say, has it happened you've ever met,
Daintier boy than grandpa's pet?

MAMMA'S JEWELS.

"MAMMA, have you any money this morning? I forgot to ask papa before he went away, and I want some very much."

"No, Annie, I have not one cent of money in my purse, I am very sorry to say."

"You see, Annie, we are poor!" exclaimed practical Lilian, two years younger than Annie, who liked to have all things clear and straight.

"O no! not poor!" said mamma. "You see we have a good home, with plenty of food and clothing, warm and comfortable, if not quite so fine as some wear. And then, I have jewels, besides—two very precious ones."

Aunt Ida glanced at mamma and saw the meaning of her look at the beautiful children. "You might pawn your jewels," said she with a smile.

The children caught the conceit, and laughed heartily. "Yes," continued Aunt Ida, "your mamma has two jewels—a diamond and a pearl."

"I am the pearl," said sweet Lilian, softly. "Only think of it! I am dear mamma's pearl!"

"I must be the diamond, then," said Annie; "a diamond in the rough, I suppose; but I hope to be polished some day."

"We have a jewel, too," said Lilian, after a moment's pause; "a larger and finer one than the others; and it is an opal!" Then she looked at mamma with loving eyes.

"Yes, mamma is our opal," said Annie, "for an opal is a pearl with a soul in it, and I am quite sure she has that."

It was indeed a case of precious jewels that will some day shine in the crown of the Master.—*Little Ones.*

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

"ALWAYS send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good night. Kiss it as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds; and welling up in the heart will rise the thought: "My father, my mother loved me." Lips parched with fever will become dewy at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep."

"I'LL PUT IT OFF."

SOME little folk are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off—at least to-day;
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing—
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks:
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "Never done;"
And "By-and-bye is time enough
Has ruined many a one.

JESUS SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold spring-day to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. "Poor girl! What a cheerless life she has of it," I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my Sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes, Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*American Messenger.*

DOING NOTHING.

THERE was a boy in school once who was very lazy. He would sit on his seat all day and do nothing. He never made any noise nor disturbed any one. He never whispered nor got into any mischief. The master never caught him at tricks.

One day, as he sat still and quiet, the master came along and struck him a smart blow with a ferule. The boy jumped at the unexpected blow and cried out, "I ain't doing nothing!" "That's just it," said the master, "I want you to do something."

So with some people. They think like this boy, that if they do nothing wicked, they are right. We must not only "cease to do evil," but learn to do well.—*The Children's Friend.*