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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

[No. 1-



COLUMBUS AND HIS SON.—(See next page.)

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

TAKE care of the minutes, they are priceless, you know,
Will you value them less that they so quickly go?
"It is but a minute," the trifler will say;
But the minutes make hours, and hours the day.

The gold-dust of time is, those minutes so small;
Will you lose even one? Why not treasure them all?
As each broken petal disfigures the flower,
So each wasted minute despoils the full hour.

Take care of the minutes; they come and are gone,
Yet in each there is space for some good to be done.
Our time is a talent we hold from above;
May each hour leave us richer in wisdom and love!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

COLUMBUS AND HIS SON.

How changeful was the life of the man whose picture we give you this week! Before the discovery of the New World he was looked upon with distrust and contempt on account of his belief that there was more to this earth than men knew of. Immediately after his grand discovery he was loaded with honours and attentions, and afterwards wronged and made sad by malicious ones who envied him his well-earned fame.

The face of Columbus in our picture looks very sad and yet patient; but the expression on the face of his son shows that the indignities heaped upon the father are keenly felt by



A ZULU CHIEF.

him and resented with all the fervor of his vigorous young heart.

This great man died May 20, 1506. His trust was firm in a Saviour and his last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

THE DONKEY, OR ASS.

THIS homely little beast is not much thought of now-a-days. But a good while ago, before horses came into common use, it was made to do good service. And then people took such good care of it that it was more spirited than it is now. It has grown stupid by neglect and abuse. The kings and princes used to ride on white asses, which were much prized.

Jesus once rode into Jerusalem on a young ass, with all the people running before him and shouting hosannah. Hundreds of years before Jesus was born one of God's prophets had foretold this. It is one of the things which prove the Bible to be God's word; for who but God himself could have told that prophet so long beforehand that such a thing would happen? And who but God could have made him write it in a book, so that people could read it afterward and see that it came true?

A ZULU CHIEF.

It must be confessed that he don't look very handsome, or to be much of a fighter. Yet the Zulus have the reputation of being a very brave people and quite a warlike one. They are a nation of South Africa, constituting a branch of the Caffres. They live chiefly in the elevated country between Natal and Delagos Bay. They are quite a handsome race, and appear to occupy an intermediate place between the negro and a higher type. Their language, manners and habits are similar to those of the other Caffre tribes. They came originally from the north, and conquered their present territory about the beginning of this century. In 1867 they commenced a war with the Transvaal Republic, which lasted about two years, and ended in their defeat. It was among the Zulus that the only son of the Empress Eugenie, and the Prince Imperial, of France, met his death, being at the time an officer in the army sent by the English Government to subdue them.

LET the little hands that are ready to take
The things that our Father so freely has given
Be ever as ready to do a kind deed,
Till love to each other makes earth seem
like heaven.



MY LITTLE MAN.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I KNOW a little hero, whose face is brown
with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes
the boy a man.
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win
its way;
It does me good to look at him and watch
him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor and
sews for bread.
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the little
fellow said;
And then his eyes shone brighter—God
bless the little man!
And he added: "'Cause I love her, I help
her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove
the love you bear
To the mother that has kept you in long
and loving care;
Make all her burdens lighter; help every
way you can
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my
little man.

—Independent.

POLITE CHILDREN.

FREDDIE is sailing his new ship on the
pond, and Amelia is sitting on a log looking
at him. She thinks all Freddie does is
just right. He is her twin-brother, and
they look so much alike that if you saw
them in bed asleep you wouldn't know
which was which. But they are not at all
alike in disposition. Fred is a noisy boy,
full of fun and flutter all the day, and
Amelia is quiet, content with following
Fred about, watching and listening to him.

Maude, their elder sister, lets them alone.
"They are company for each other," she
says; "and as I haven't a twin, I must
make up for it with my dollies." So you
seldom see her without her dolls; she even
takes them to bed with her.

But these little ones are very kind to one
another. I have spent days in their home,
and I never hear a disputing word. And
I have been greatly pleased to notice their
politeness. At the table Maude will say,
"Please pass me the bread, Freddie;" and
when he has passed it, she says, "Thank
you." Or Amelia will say, "Please, Maude,
hang up my bonnet;" and she never forgets
to say, "Thank you."

Their mamma is very particular with the
children about this.

"When I was a little girl," she says, "I
learned these lines.

'Please is a very little word,
And thank you is not less.'

And I want you to remember them. If
you would be polite when you grow up,
you must begin when you are children; and
if you wish to behave well when you go
abroad, you must behave well at home.
Form good habits, and then polite and
pleasing manners will become easy and
natural to you."

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember
that nothing is easier than to be mistaken,
and if you permit yourself to be so very
positive in your mistakes a great many
times everybody will lose confidence in
what you say. Never make a positive
statement unless you know it is as you say.
If you have any doubts, or if there is room
for any, remove the possibility by exami-
nation before speaking, or speak cautiously.
Don't be too certain. "John, where is the
hammer?" "It is in the corn-crib." "No,
it is not there; I have just been looking
there." "Well, I know it is; I saw it there
not half an hour ago." "If you saw it
there, it must be there, of course; but
suppose you go back and fetch it." John
goes to the corn-crib, and presently returns
with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was
the axe I saw; the handle was sticking out
from the half-bushel measure; I thought it
was the hammer." But you said positively
that you did see the hammer, not that you
thought you saw it. There is a great
difference between the two answers. Do
not permit yourself to make a positive
statement even about a small matter unless
you are quite sure; for if you do you will
find the habit growing upon you, and by-
and-by you will begin to make hooe replies
to questions of great importance. Don't be
too certain.

"I WILL NOT."

"I WILL not," said a little boy, stoutly, as
I passed along. The tone of his voice
struck me. "What won't you do?" I
stopped and asked. "That toy wants me
to 'make believe' something to my mother,
and I won't," he answered in the same tone.
The little boy is on the right track. That
is just one of the places to say "I won't"
I hope he will stick to it. He will, I feel
sure,

WHAT IT WAS.

Oh, they were as happy as happy could be,
Those two little boys who were down by
the sea,
As each with a shovel grasped tight in his
hand,
Like a sturdy young labourer, dug in the
sand.

And it finally happened, while looking
around,
That, alongside a big shell, a star-fish they
found,—
Such a wonderful sight that two pairs of
blue eyes
Grew large for a moment with puzzled
surprise!

Then—"I know," said one, with his face
growing bright,
"It's the dear little star that we've watched
every night;
But last night, when we looked, it was no-
where on high,
So, of course, it has dropped from his home
in the sky!"

—Malcolm Douglas.

THE STORY MAMMA TOLD.

BY BESSIE PEGG MAUGHLIN.

ONE afternoon Maud and Dotty North
were seated on the library floor eating chest-
nuts. Mrs. North was writing a letter at a
table near by.

Maud was fond of her younger sister,
but she loved herself much better.

She was also fond of chestnuts, but had
a great dread of the worms that are often
found in them.

"Now, Dotty," she said, "you just bite
this chestnut and see if it's wormy, but
don't bite it all!"

Dotty did as she was bidden, and Mrs.
North looked on, but said nothing at the
time.

As the day drew near its close, the chil-
dren perched themselves one on each arm
of their mother's great easy chair, and
begged for a story.

"I will tell you a very old story," said
Mrs. North. "Once upon a time there was
a monkey who had a great liking for chest-
nuts, and, having found a few in the kitchen
pantry, he put them in the fire that was
blazing on the hearth to roast them. The
family cat sat near and watched him. Now,
when the nuts were done, they were so hot
that he did not want to handle them
himself, so he took poor kitty's paw in his
own, and pulled the nuts out of the fire."

"O, what a mean, old, naughty monkey!"
exclaimed Maud. "I'd like to kill him."

"But he was only a monkey," replied

her mother. "What would you think of a
little girl who did the same sort of a thing?
I saw one once. She wanted a chestnut,
but was afraid it was wormy, and so made
her little sister bite it for her, just enough
to find out that it wasn't, and then she took
it and ate it."

"O, mamma," said a voice from the back
of Mrs. North's chair, "I'm 'fraid 'twas me!
I wouldn't be like that howwid monkey for
anything."

"Then, dear, don't ever ask anybody to
do for you what you are unwilling to do
yourself."

YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

IN John Falk's school for poor and out-
cast boys in Germany the grace which was
said before eating was this: "Come, Lord
Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou
hast provided."

A small boy asked Mr. Falk,—

"Will you tell me, sir, why the Lord
Jesus never comes?"

"Only believe, dear child," answered he,
'and you may be sure he will come. He
does not despise our invitation."

"May I set a chair for him every day,"
asked the simple boy.

"Yes," was the kind reply.

Not long after this, while they were at
supper, a poor boy, ragged, chilled, hungry,
came in and begged for a night's shelter.
He was made welcome, and, as there was no
other chair empty, he took the one the little
boy kept for the invited Guest. As the
wretched boy ate and grew warmer the
little boy roused up from deep thought,
saying: "Ah! I see it now. Jesus Christ
could not come, and so he sent this poor
fellow. Is that it?"

"Yes," answered Falk; "that is it."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
of the least of these, ye have done it unto
me."

MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

"That tenon does not fit the mortise by
a quarter of an inch," said an employer to a
young carpenter who had just begun to
work for him.

"I thought that for a garden gate you
would not be particular, and it would make
no difference," answered the young man.

But it did make a difference. It made
just the difference between the young
carpenter having a summer job at good
wages, and having his time unoccupied
upon his hands. The employer found no
further fault; but when the gate was
finished, he paid the maker without another
word, and dismissed him. The next day

there was another man in his place. He
happened to be a man who thought it did
make a difference how everything was done;
he always did his best; and he kept his
situation till the end of the season.

So it happens. Frequently some little
thing which was not expected to attract
attention is noticed by some one to whom
the excellence of the work has commended
itself, and the man who has made pains-
taking the rule of his labour, is surprised
by a sudden and unlooked-for accession of
good fortune. He has been brought into
note by some unconsidered trifle, which was
well done merely because it was his habit
to do everything as well as possible.

On the other hand, many a man who is
lamenting his ill fortune, and does not know
what to attribute it to, owes it to some
such carelessness in the way of doing his
work as that which doomed the young
carpenter to a summer of profitless idleness.

THE RECKLESS DRIVER.

HARRY LINDSAY was what is called a
"headstrong" boy. He thought he knew
what was best as well as anybody, and he
was, therefore, slow to take advice. So
when his father said, "Don't drive the new
horse past the steam saw-mill," he merely
thought, "Father thinks I can't manage that
horse!"

Harry asked Bert Leo to ride with him,
and without much thought about the matter
one way or another, drove past the steam
saw-mill! "Buzz!" "buzz!" went the
great saws, and Prince reared and snorted,
and plainly meant to give Harry a chance
to "manage" him. What a run they had
to be sure! Harry and Bert came out alive,
and with no bones broken, but the pretty
buggy was badly damaged, and Prince had
one of his legs cut severely.

Harry didn't drive Prince again very
soon, but it is very doubtful if the concert
was taken out of him. It takes so many
hard blows to convince a headstrong boy
that he can be mistaken!

But it remains true that young folks had
better take the advice of their elders.

WHAT WINNIE THOUGHT.

"Now, do you suppose," said Johnny, as
his little cousin laid away her largest,
rosiest apple for a sick girl, "God cares
about all such little things as we child en
do? I guess he is too busy taking care of
the big folk to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to
mamma, who had just lifted baby from his
crib.

"Do you think," said Winnie, "mamma
is so busy with the big folk—helping the
girls off to school and papa to his office—
that she forgets the little ones? She just
thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest
and needs it most. And don't you think
God knows how to love as well as mamma
does, Johnny Gray?"