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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

[No. 19.



HOW PUSSY CAN SING.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## WHAT HAVE I DONE?

BY RENA M. HURD.

The silent shadows fall,  
The night has come again,  
What have I done to-day  
To help my fellow-men?

Have I improved the time,  
Each moment lived with care,  
And evil overcome  
By constant, earnest prayer?

Lord, help me to review  
With honest heart the day,  
And see where I have erred,  
Or faltered by the way.

I look to thee for grace,  
For help and strength I pray  
To-morrow to improve  
Where I have failed to-day.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

## HOW PUSSY CAN SING.

Puss doesn't look as if she enjoyed it very much—does she? She can sing in her own way well enough, but I don't believe she can ever learn to sing by note. Did you ever listen to Puss sing? I think it is when she goes "Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r" with such a funny, low, little sound, that only a cat can make—at least, I can't make it—can you? She seems very happy when she purrs; but now she protests against singing in little-girl-fashion, when God only taught her to do so in cat-fashion. I think Mabel might as well stop trying, for puss' teeth look pretty sharp, and I have no doubt her claws are, too. Hence, Mabel may be bitten, as well as scratched, if she is not very careful.

## GEORGE'S MARBLES.

GEORGE'S mother gave him some money to buy marbles, but she told him he must not play "for keeps," because it was wrong; it was as bad as a man playing for another man's money and getting it all. A few days after this, when George came in from school, his mother noticed that his pockets were much bulged out.

"What makes your pockets stick out so, George?" she asked.

"Marbles," he replied, and hung his head with a guilty look.

"Where did you get so many? You did not buy them all, did you?"

"No, ma'am—" He stopped short and was still several minutes; then he said, "I have been playing for keeps, mamma. All the boys do, and—and—it is such fun; but I wish I hadn't, for they feel so heavy, and—and—kind of burn in my pocket."

"That is because you know you have done wrong and have not got them home. I am sorry. I did not think you would disobey me."

George left the room, and was gone some time. When he came back his pockets were flat, and he held up his empty palms.

"See, mamma!" he cried; "I've buried them 'way down deep in the earth, so they will not make me or any other boy sin any more. I asked God to forgive me when I was in the garden; and you will too, won't you?"

George's mother kissed him and forgave him, and then thought, "Am I always so careful to put temptation out of sight?"

## THIRTEEN DOLLARS.

MRS. GREEN had given a birthday party to the eldest of her three daughters; and when the dinner was over the pastor, who had been invited to be present and make a speech to the children, asked them, one by one, if they loved the Saviour, and, if so, how much.

The question went round. One said, "I love him a great deal;" another, "I love him with all my heart." Little Emily, the youngest of all, and not four years old, could not wait for the question to come to her, but, speaking up in a sharp, quick voice, said, "Yes, I does love him; I love him thirteen dollars!"

Mrs. Green and all the children broke out in a hearty laugh at Emily, partly because she spoke in such a tone of voice, and partly because she said thirteen dollars. After thinking and talking over the matter a little while, it was agreed that Emily's answer was very good—as good as any, and a little better than many. She didn't imitate the older children, but spoke from her own heart.

Thirteen was all she could count, and she knew of no higher number; and she loved him that much.



JESUS RESTORING SIGHT.

## JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.

THE blind man that we read about in the lesson for July 4 lived when Jesus was in the world. He had been born blind, and so had never been able to work, and was very poor. He had to beg for money to buy his clothing and food. He sat by one of the gates of the temple and begged of the people who went into the temple to praise God. Everybody knew that blind beggar who sat at the gate of the temple, because he had been there every day for many years. One Sabbath day, when Jesus was going into the temple, he noticed the blind beggar. He must have stopped and looked at him, for the friends who were with Jesus saw that he was very much interested in the man, and they began to ask Jesus why the man had been born blind? Do you think that Jesus gave the blind beggar some money? Perhaps not, but he gave him something better. He gave him sight. He cured the man's blindness! Let us read from the Bible how he did it:

"When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay,

"And said unto him, go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

"To see what the people thought read again from the Bible what they said:

"The neighbours, therefore, and they which before had seen him, that he was



POOL OF SILOAM.

blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged?

"Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he."

Then the wonderful thing which Jesus had done was told to the Pharisees, who hated Jesus and would not believe that he was the Son of God. They found fault with Jesus because he had cured the man on the Sabbath day. Then they went and called the father and mother of the man who had been blind, and asked them how their son had been cured. The parents said, He is old enough to speak for himself; ask him. Then the Pharisees went to the man who had been cured, and tried to make him think that Jesus was a bad man. But this was his answer in part: "If this man were not from God, he could do nothing."

There is still more of this wonderful story to tell. It was not long before Jesus met the man he had cured, and he found him still blind, not blind in his eyes, but blind in his heart; for when Jesus asked him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" the man answered, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" Jesus answered, "I am he. It is he that talketh with thee." The man then worshipped Jesus, and his heart was filled with light and joy, and he could say in the words of the GOLDEN TEXT: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

#### A TRUE STORY.

JENNIE had never had a doll. This seems very strange to us, for every little girl we know has one, even if it is very shabby. Jennie lived a long way from New York—away out West. She went to Sunday-school and was in the infant class. She heard one Sunday that some young girls in New York were going to send a box of Christmas presents to the infant class to which she belonged; and how she hoped there would be a dolly for her! She thought she would love it so dearly, no matter how small and homely it was.

At last the box arrived, and the children met to receive their presents. As Jennie looked at the different packages she could hardly sit still. Her bundle was handed to her. It was wrapped in soft white paper. Jennie felt disappointed, for she thought, "It's too big to be a doll." So, with a little sigh, she opened the white paper, and there lay a rosy, smiling doll, beautifully dressed, looking up at Jennie with eyes as blue as her own. You can imagine how that dolly was hugged and kissed, and how carefully she was put to bed, for Jennie knew how tired she must feel after her long journey.

Jennie could hardly sleep that night, she was so happy at having a doll of her very own, and, besides, she had to choose a name for her, which was a very serious

matter. It took her some time to make up her mind. If you ever see a little girl named Jennie with a doll called Violet, you must ask her to tell you more about it.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

#### PETER PUT OFF.

I know a little boy whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons, but the boys call him Peter Put-off, because he had such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lesson well but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he had put off learning his task from one hour to another until he is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand, the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one moment to another, and for the same reason he is late at school, because he can never be made to see that it is drawing near nine o'clock.

If letters are given him to post they never get in time for the mail; and if he is to go away on the boat or train the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he defer starting till the hour is past.

He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library book until it is time to send it back, he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind hand for everything from Monday morning until Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for Church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his own faults, and means to reform some time, but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and still find him only worthy the name of Peter Put-off.—*Little Sower*.

#### HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on a missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir,"

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Well, sir, I begged."

A child of six years in a Sunday-school said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here tells me so."—*Cumberland Pres.*

## LOVE AND CHARITY.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket will soon be empty,  
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon  
And some toys—they were not new,  
But they made the sick child happy,  
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments—  
They were all I had to spare—  
But they'd help to clothe the needy,  
And the poor are everywhere,

A word now and then of comfort,  
That costs me nothing to say,  
But the poor old man died happy;  
And it helped him on his way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small  
What doth he think of his children  
When they never give at all?

WHAT AN ANGEL WHISPERED  
TO SUSIE

BY BESSIE PEGG MACLAUGHLIN

IT was a lovely garden. Hyacinths, purple and pink and white, bloomed there in the early spring-time; and later there were ranks of stately tulips decked in scarlet and gold; and yet later masses of wonderful glowing crimson and creamy tinted roses.

Often and often in the early morning a sweet, kindly face looked down into the faces of the flowers.

It was the face of a dear, elderly lady who loved them; and sometimes she turned from them to speak to two little girls at her side whom she loved yet more. The little girls called her "Grandma."

At Christmas the angels came for grandma.

She had been so lovely and pleasant in her life that those she left behind were very lonely without her.

It was lonely at church in the pew where she had sat for so many years. It was lonely in the library where her large chair stood empty; but no place was quite so lonely as the beautiful garden she had loved so much.

When the spring-time came again, the hyacinths, and sweet peas, and tulips all

seemed to inquire for their absent friend, and sometimes there were tears falling on them.

One day in June, when the roses were in their glory, sweet and glowing, the two little girls and their mother walked in the garden.

"O, mamma!" said Susie, with wistful, serious eyes, "Don't you wish grandma had some of these roses?"

"Darling, where grandma is there are more beautiful flowers than these."

Susie looked quietly for a moment into the heart of a snowy rose, then up to her mother's face, and said, "Mamma, I s'pose God is beautifuler than roses."

Surely "he has hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." Some people are many years in learning that God the Giver is more beautiful than health or money or fame or human love, and yet he is willing to dwell in the heart of any little child.

## A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"TELL your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school-teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Tommy, "we hasn't any mother!"

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes all the care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing labourin' till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home, when he tells us stories, and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed labourer; but before the stranger has been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose graceful spirit lighted up the other-

wise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulders to the burdens of life; rather than become burdens to others in the days that are coming.

He was, as the children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.—*Ex.*

## MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER.

MAMMA said, "I've so much to do this morning I'm almost wild, and nobody in the world to help me."

"I'll help you, mamma," said her eight-year-old Laura.

"You? What can you do, child?" answered mamma, so tired that she forgot to thank the dear little daughter for her offer. "You go out and play, and that'll be one out of the way, and may be I'll get along."

"I won't trouble you, mamma. Let me do something—mend stockings. Shall I? I can do it nicely, I know."

She took stockings, cotton, and scissors, and soon was busy at work mending stockings, and singing gayly.

Dear little Laura! She did much good that morning. It helped her poor, tired mother out of her flurry to hear the little girl singing so sweetly. And when mamma saw how busy she was, she said, "The dear child! She does help me, that's sure."

## "HATE EVIL"

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp lookout for the boys. He knows if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win them.

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them! Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for;" he whispers. "You might have-known better!"

Now the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can't afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys, but be sure and use the Lord's weapons!