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Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

[No. 18.]



DELIA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

WORDS THAT STAIN.

A SMALL brush of camel's hair had been dipped into a fluid in which was some nitrate of silver, or "caustic," as it is sometimes called. The brush was wiped upon a white sheet. Pretty soon there appeared a black stain upon a white surface. It did not look very dark at first, but the action of the light seemed to deepen the colour, until it was an ugly spot that could not be washed out nor bleached out in a whole summer's sunshine.

A bright boy heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and they left a stain which could not be washed out by all the waters of this great round earth.

Do not allow yourself to think of vile, "smutty" stories, or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and bad books, it is our duty to take care what we listen to and what we read. A bad story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory and inflames the fancy.

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous kisses" of the crocodiles seen in De Quincey's opium dream. If, by chance, you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts, as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.

DELIA.

BY MOLLIE P. COPE.

WHAT is Delia dreaming of?
Dearest, sweetest little love,
Gazing in that pensive way,
Whither do her young thoughts stray?
Does the spirit of the flower
Whisper of a coming hour
When she'll blossom pure and good
Into beautiful womanhood?

Fancy, with enchanting wand,
Opens up a wonder-land:
Fair and radiant it lies—
Not a shadow dims its skies;
And through all its hidden years
Rainbows span the tide of tears.
Thrills her heart with keen delight,
Fills her eyes with misty light.
As she scans the flower-paved way
Where her future footsteps stray.

Marvel not that Delia's dreams
Are inwrought with golden gleams,
For the future seems as fair
As the sunshine in her hair.
Shadow not the sweet, young life
With forebodings of the strife.
Tell her not that cares and fears
Lie concealed in coming years.
Hint not that those years may bring
Pain and bitter sorrowing.

Delia, sweet as rosebud's breath
Is thy simple, trusting faith.
Be that faith forever strong,
And thou'lt triumph over wrong,
Foil the cruel tempter's power—
Safe in every trying hour.
Then the untried years will be
Sweet as are thy dreams to thee,
And thou'lt blossom pure and good
Into beautiful womanhood.

THE NEST WITHIN THE NEST.

BY ALICE M DOUGLAS.

"THERE, I shall never play with Gertie again," said Mabel Page. "I might have known that a poor girl like her would be likely to steal my playthings, and I miss what she has taken just as much as if they weren't such little things!"

"But how do you know that Gertie has taken your toys, when you did not see her take them?" asked mamma.

"Why, because I have not carried them away from my play-room, and she is the person that has been there since I first missed them," answered Mabel.

Mamma looked very gravely at her little girl, and said, "You must remember that we

are told to judge not lest we be judged, I fear that you do Gertie great harm in judging her."

"But, mamma, I am sure that she stole those things," answered Mabel.

After this Mabel treated Gertie very coolly, visiting her home but once, when she took special pains to see if her lost trinkets were among the few owned by the poor child, but they were not.

One day Mabel was having a general house-cleaning in her garret play-room. In one corner there was a large wasp's nest, one of her girlish treasures. As she mopped this, something fell from the upper passage hole and rolled over the floor. Stooping, she saw before her the little toys which she had supposed Gertie had stolen. Wondering how they could have found their way into such a strange hiding place, she put her little hand into the opening, greatly damaging the nest thereby. She found that some mice had made a soft, snug home in the wasp's nest, and carried into it many of her little trinkets. As none of the thief family were at that moment in their winter quarters, Mabel took out a handful of the nest, which was made from the greenish pulp of the wasp's nest. From the shells found in the nest she knew that intruders had been feasting on the dainties she always kept on hand.

This discovery taught Mabel a good lesson, and she still keeps the beautiful large wasp's nest to warn her against judging a person too hastily.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous and magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school that has a cast foot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that does not require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him get his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. At the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a grudge.

A BED-TIME SONG.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.

Dear little passenger say, "Good-night,"
We've reached the harbour of Shadowtown.
—St. Nicholas.

HOW FANNIE HELPED HER BROTHER.

"O DEAR! I've got to write an essay on 'Flying Squirrels'—where they live, and what they eat and drink," said George. "Now, how does the teacher think a fellow in the city can know anything about 'flying' or any other kind of squirrels? If it was 'Flying Kites,' I could write a lovely essay. Now, how do I know where they live. They are not down in the directory, and none of them ever invited me to their house. If they came to school and brought their lunch I could tell what they eat and drink; but they don't, so how am I to find out? Besides, how can a squirrel fly, anyway? I don't believe that squirrels have wings; they might as well talk about fish flying." "So they do," quickly said little sister Fannie.

"Do what?" asked George.
"Why, there are fish that fly."
"Yes, through the water."

"No," said Fannie, "through the air. I was reading about them in my new book. They are a sort of herring, and when chased by other fish can fly out of the water. Of course they cannot fly very far."

"I wonder," said George, "if there is anything in your book about flying squirrels."

"We can soon see." So the book was brought, and George gladly left his desk to come and look over it with Fannie, and the hunt for a flying squirrel began. "Here it is," said Fannie. "It is a small squirrel with beautiful dark grey fur; they sleep in

the day time, and come out at night. they have beautiful black eyes, are very gentle and easily tamed; live in hollow trees, and eat nuts and grain. They do not fly, but can sail from the top of a tall tree to the ground, or to another tree if lower; they do not have wings, but their hind and fore legs are connected by a fur-covered membrane, and they spread themselves, and can sail quite a distance."

"Oh that's splendid," said George. "Fannie, you are a smart girl. Why, you know almost as much as a boy."

"Don't tell the teacher that Fannie told you all about it," said Willie, "else he'd think you didn't know as much as a girl. What do they drink, Fannie?"

"Well," said Fannie, "the book does not say; but water, of course."

"Why, yes, of course. Anybody ought to know that."

"I don't know about that," said George, with a twinkle in his eye. "The book says that they are out at night, and spread themselves; that looks as if they drank something else besides water."

"Yes, but it also says that they are gentle and have bright black eyes, and if they drink whiskey they would not be gentle or have bright eyes."

"I know a man who drinks," said George, "and he has a black eye half the time."

"I know they drink water," stoutly asserted Willie.

"How do you know?"

"'Cos they haven't any money, and you can't get beer without it."

"That's so," said George; "you know lots, Willie."

"Yes," said Fannie, "water is free, and God gives it to birds and animals, and men; and man is the only discontented one, and tries to make something better."

"Yes, and a pretty mess he makes of it. He don't seem to be as wise as some animals. He had better let well enough alone."
—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

ONCE, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee little girlie. She missed mamma, and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon, and one day noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said. "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands."

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study, she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.

DAISY NURSERY-MAIDS.

The daisies white are nursery-maids,
With frills upon their caps;
The daisy buds are little babes
They tend upon their laps.
Sing "Heigho ho!" while the winds sweep
low,
Both nurses and babies are nodding—just so.

The daisy babies never cry,
The nurses never scold;
They never crush the dainty frills
About their cheeks of gold.
But, prim and white, in gay sunlight,
They're mid-uid nodding—O pretty sight!

The daisies love the golden sun
Up in the clear blue sky;
He gazes kindly down at them,
And winks his jolly eye,
While, soft and slow, all in a row,
Both nurses and babies are nodding—just so.
—*Treasure Trove.*

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What?" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."



THE SCAPE GOAT.

THE SCAPE GOAT.

This cut shows a divinely appointed custom of the Jews, thus described in the Bible:

And he shall take the two goats, and present them before the Lord at the door of the congregation. And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin offering. But the goat, on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat, shall be presented alive before the Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness. And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: and the goat shall bear upon

him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited. and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness.

A TRAP FOR BOYS.

At a meeting in Philadelphia, during the week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprives men of their property, and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come to his place of destruction and take a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being assured that he would get nothing but a glass of sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the ramseller began his work by dropping into the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing

it so as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks, one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he favored the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."—Selected.

THE REASON WHY

O HAPPY birds among the boughs,
And silver, tinkling brook below!
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?
"Ah! would you, would you know?"
A pleasant song to me replied;
"For some one else we sing,
And 'hat is why the woodlands wide
With rapture 'round us ring!"
Daisies crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow
Each glance you greet
With smiles so sweet!
"And why—ah! would you know?"
Their beauty to my heart replied,
"For some one else we live:
And nothing in the world so wide
Is sweeter than to give!"

GEORGE COOPER.

JAMIE'S GARDEN.

"I SHALL have the nicest kind of a garden," said Jamie one morning. "I'm going to make it in that pretty little spot just over the bank. I mean to have some flowers in pots and some in beds, just like the gardener; and then you can have fresh ones every day, mamma. I'm going right over there now."

Jamie started off bravely with his spade on his shoulder; but when, after an hour, mamma went to see how he was getting on, she found him lying on the grass, with the ground untouched.

"Why, Jamie, where is your garden?"

"I was just lying here, and thinking how nice it will look when it is all done," said Jamie.

Mamma shook her head. "But that will not dig ground, nor make the flowers grow, little boy. No good deed was ever done but only lying still and thinking about it."

THE man whose thoughts take root in the Bible finds himself brought into contact with all the vital forces of spiritual life. He stands and grows a plant of immortality, blooming forever by rivers of living water.