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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1886.

[No. 8.]

MAKING CALLS.

IN the city of Hamilton lived two little sisters, Bertie and Lottie Jenkins. Their cousins from Toronto, Laura and Willie, came to visit them during the holidays. On New Year's day they saw the gentlemen coming in carriages to make their calls, and so two or three days after, when they had become a little rested from the excitement of New Year's, and wanted some amusement, Bertie said, "Let's play calls."

"O yes, yes!" the others cried, "that's just the thing!"

"Bertie," said Laura, "you and Lottie will receive the calls, and Willie and I will make them."

"Then we must have a horse and carriage," said Willie.

"O, I'll tell you!" said Bertie, "there's Benny's hobby-horse. We can have that."

Benny was the youngest of the Jenkins family, and



MAKING CALLS.

almost too small to have a hobby-horse, brought the horse into the parlour—what a place for a horse!—and put him in front of one of the chairs. On this Lottie placed a

foot-cushion for the driver's seat. Then they all drew the large easy chair behind the other chair for the carriage.

After the girls had dressed themselves in borrowed livery, Laura got into the carriage, and Willie took the driver's seat.

"Now, Michael," said Laura to Willie, who played coachman, "I want you to drive to Miss Jenkins's, and go as fast as you can, for I have a good many calls to make."

"Get up, Dabbin," said Willie, or "Michael," as his sister called him, and he pulled the reins and made the hobby-horse dance up and down.

They were not long in getting to "Miss Jenkins's" house, and found the young ladies ready to receive them in the politest style possible.

Benny at first was not very well pleased at having Cousin Willie use his horse, but he soon forgot his displeasure when

he saw the wonderful way in which his sisters had managed to dress themselves in order to receive calls. Snap, the dog, hardly

knew them at first, and was very much inclined to bark at them.

They had "lots of fun," as Willie afterward said, and were so busy in their amusement that they did not notice the half-open door through which mamma was watching them, until she laughed outright at some of their comical speeches.

They got tired of their fun after awhile, and took off their fancy dresses. They put the horse into his stable, leaving the carriage in the parlour where it belonged.

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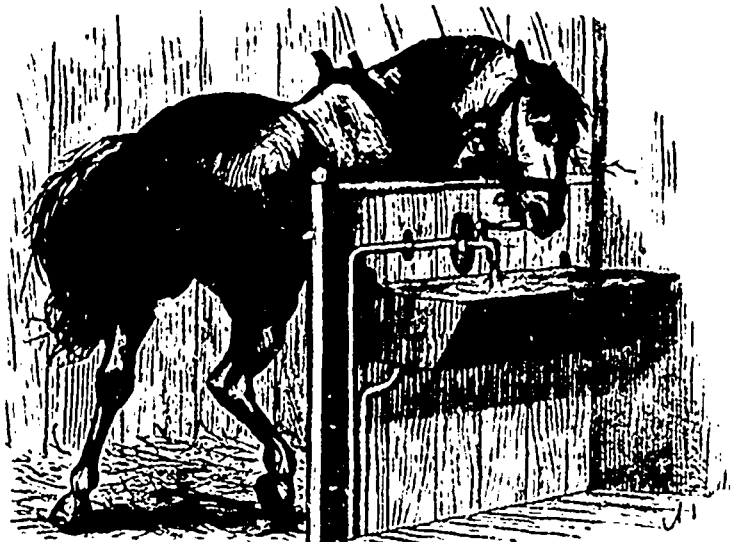
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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1886.

"GOD KNOWS ME, ANYHOW."

FRANK had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass, and cut off all his fair locks. His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way: When they were all seated at the dinner-table his father, pointing to him, said to his mother: "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply. "Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for half a dozen boys such as you." Franky now turned to his mother, and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he was not little Franky; but his brother only shook his head. He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother, and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so: "Well, it don't matter much, for God knows me, anyhow." Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's.



OLD JIM.

EASTER TIME.

The little flowers came through the ground
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around
At happy Easter time,
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day!
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
"This happy Easter time."

The pure white lily raised its cup,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter time.
"We hear the song of heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh! may it shine on us alway
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day!
For Christ has risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time!"

—Laura E. Richards.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

KATIE climbed up into the broad window-seat, to have a nice time with her new picture book. And just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming, she felt just like saying, "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like this: "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie." And then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think Jesus answered Katie's prayer; don't you?

OLD JIM.

JIM is a fine large horse. He lives in the engine-house, and draws the hose-carriage. His stall is so made that when the alarm-bell strikes it opens in front of him, leaving the way clear for him to rush out and take his place in front of the hose-carriage.

Outside of his stall, on one side, is a watering trough, where Jim is taken to drink. The water comes through a pipe, and is turned on by a faucet. Two or three times the water was found running, so that the trough overflowed, when no one had been near to meddle with it.

At last the men suspected that Jim was the rogue, and they kept very still and watched one night till Jim thought he was all alone. Then they saw him twist himself about almost double in his stall, stretch his long neck out, take the faucet in his teeth, turn on the water, and get a good drink.

The firemen think Jim a most amusing horse; and they sometimes say that he understands as much as some people do, and can do almost everything but talk.

LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

I HEARD of two children—boy and girl—who used to play a good deal together. One day the boy came up to his mother, and said:

"Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother, the expression sounding a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child; "if you take everything she's got, she don't get angry. Before, she was selfish, and, if she didn't have everything her own way she would say: 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy.'"



AMY'S PSALM.

AMY'S PSALM.

DARLING little Amy,
 Only two years old,
 Sitting on the hearth-rug,
 Hears the story told
 Of the tender Shepherd
 Who his loved ones leads
 By the pleasant waters
 Through the flowery meads.
 Listening intently
 To her sister's voice
 Conning o'er the lesson,
 Not a bit of noise
 Makes the tiny maiden
 Close by mamma's side;
 But at length she rises,
 Opens blue eyes wide,
 Little arms uplifts she,
 "Take her!" baby cries,
 "Amy say a lesson!"
 And she looks so wise.
 Saying words most holy
 In her childish way;
 "The Lord, he is my Shepherd!"
 "Aye of such," we say.
 "He maketh me," she murmurs
 As if from vague alarms,
 The golden head is hidden—
 "To lie down in mamma's arms."

FLY AWAY JACK!

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHBOLD.

DID you ever play "Two little blackbirds?" I learned how when I was a child, and I am sure I had a hundred good times mystifying my playmates by the simple little trick. If you would like to try it learn first this easy rhyme:

"Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
 One named Jack and the other named Jill;
 Fly away Jack! Fly away Jill!
 Come again Jack! come again Jill!"

Take two small pieces of black court plaster, and stick fast to the nails of the index fingers. If you haven't the plaster tie on black thread.

Now you are ready.

Shut your thumbs and all your fingers except the first, which you lay with their conspicuous black spots on the table or stand in front of you. Then repeat with a lively sing-song the above rhyme, keeping time with your outstretched fingers, lifting one as you lower the other. When you say, "Fly away Jack!" throw your right hand suddenly back over your shoulder, and shut your fingers into your palm, straightening at the same time your middle finger, and bringing it to the table. When you say, "Fly away Jill!" do precisely the same thing with your left hand.

At "Come again Jill!" toss back your right hand again, doubling up the middle finger and straightening the first, quickly following with the left at "Come again Jill!"

You will be surprised to find how few children will see through the innocent fraud, and how you will be asked many times to "do it once more," by some little one who hates to give it up. But you must be quick or you will be caught.

When I played it for a little girl the other day she thought it the most wonderful performance in the world, and even her father, watching it over her curly head, looked somewhat puzzled for a moment

CHILDREN'S EASTER

BREAKS the joyful Easter dawn,
 Clearer yet, and stronger,
 Winter from the world has gone:
 Death shall be no longer.
 Far away good angels drive
 Night and sin and sadness,
 Earth awakes in smiles, alive
 With her dear Lord's gladness.

Rousing them from dreary hours
 Under snowdrifts chilly,
 In his hand he brings the flowers,
 Brings the rose and lily.
 Every little buried bud
 Into life he raises;
 Every wild flower of the wood
 Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy buds of spring,
 For the Sun has risen!
 Through the sky sweet voices ring
 Calling you from prison.
 Little children, dear, look up:
 Towards his brightness pressing,
 Lift up every heart, a cup
 For the dear Lord's blessing!

—Lucy Larcom.

THE CROOKED PATH.

Two boys set off on a snowy day to run across a field. At the end of their race, they looked back at their foot-marks in the snow.

"Why, Edward," said one, "you have left a line as straight as an arrow. Mine is all crooked and irregular."

"That is easily accounted for," said the other. "When we started, I made for this large tree, and ran straight to it, for I didn't take my eyes off it. You must have been looking about you."

"Yes," replied John, "I was. First at my own feet, and then at some birds that were passing."

Only by "looking unto Jesus" can we "make straight paths for our feet."

EASTER MORNING.

Lift up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet.

Chor.—Oh, sing the blessed story
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead.

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun,
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

Ring all ye bells in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again.
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time, like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No, indeed, dear," said mamma; "but you are more wonderful than any watch that was ever made."

Then she took her little girl on her lap and told her what she eat went to make warm, bright blood, and how the beating of the heart sent this warm, bright blood all over her little body, and to make flesh and bones, and fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her, "and some day he will say, 'stop, little heart,' and it will stop. But while it beats Lucy must keep it full of good kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it."

"But when it stops, what then?"

"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ and trying to please him you will be forever happy with him."

WHAT CARL CAN DO.

"WHEN I am a big man I'm going to be a preacher," said Carl, one day.

"Oh, ho! You'll never know enough to preach," laughed his brother.

"Well, if I can't preach, then I'll be a good man, and show people what God likes us to be," Carl answered.

"And you need not wait to be a man for that," added his mother. "Even little girls and boys can do that; and it is, after all, the best kind of preaching."

CHILDREN AT WORSHIP.

The question is often asked, "How shall we get the masses to attend public worship?" The answer may be supplied by an incident of my boyhood.

On the mantel-shelf of my grandmother's best parlour, among other marvels, was an apple in a bottle. It quite filled the body of the bottle; and my wondering enquiry was, "How could it have got into that place?"

By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was said of that other wonder, the source of the Nile, "nature well known, no mystery remains," so was it here. Walking in the garden, I saw a vial placed on a tree, bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. Now I saw it all. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.

Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the church; for, alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.
—*Spurgeon.*

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

LORD Jesus, cleanse me in thy precious blood, and keep me faithful to thee as long as I live, and then take me to thyself. Amen.

Lord Jesus, make me wholly like thyself. Let thy peace rule in my heart. Be to me all in all. Amen.

Heavenly Father, I praise thee that thou hast called back and pardoned thy wayward child. Strengthen me to do all thy will, and keep me from going astray from thee, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Oh Lord, our Father, help us to be thy loving, obedient children. May we honour thee by holy living and by doing good. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Heavenly Father, I have gone astray from thy way like a lost sheep. But thou hast sought me and found me. And now for thy name's sake lead me and guide me. Amen.

Heavenly Father, may thy will be done in earth as in heaven. May we know how to make thy will our will, so as to be always thine. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Lord, teach us how to pray. Grant us a

spirit of earnest prayer, and may we know that thou hearest us when we call upon thee. Grant this, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Blessed Master, may we never be ashamed to confess thee before men, but may we always be ready to acknowledge thee as one who has done all things for us. Amen.—
Religious Telescope.

ALWAYS OPEN.

In the city of New York, on Broadway, there is a telegraph-office with the sign "Always Open" conspicuously displayed in its window. At any hour of the day or night you may enter it and send a message to any part of the world. How much this reminds us of the door of the palace of God, where the words are always to be seen, "Knock, and it shall be Opened unto You." This door is always ready to open, and to present to our eyes the added words, "Ask and ye shall Receive." At any hour in the twenty-four, and wherever we may be, the invitation stands with its perfect welcome, and we may send our requests to God. The Prophet Isaiah, in one of his glowing visions of the future church, said, "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually: they shall not be shut day nor night." The gates of the Lord's church are ever open to welcome into his fold all who will come.

THE IRISH BOY'S SONG.

A MAN going to the station to take the train heard a little Irish boy singing,

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there."

"Where?" asked the gentleman; for his mind was impressed by the words, "There'll be no sorrow there."

The boy answered,

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened to take the train, but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn. A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great thought which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now resolved to become a Christian, and did so, and began to live a life of preparation for the land where there is no sorrow.

LAUGH OF CHILDREN.

THE little boy's hearty laugh! O what music!

I like to hear children when they are alone tell what things they have seen and done during the day. Listen how these merry voices mingle with the clatter of knives and forks at supper time. I would rather hear that than the best music in the world.