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# Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1886.

[No. 17.



IN THE HAY-FIELD.

## IN THE HAY-FIELD.

WHAT a pretty picture this is! In the busy haying time his mother has to help rake the hay. So she takes her little boy along, and when he is tired playing with the flowers lays him down beneath the shade of her umbrella. See how carefully the old dog watches his little charge—with one eye open. I would not like to disturb him, or I am afraid that faithful watch would fly at me.

## IN CHAINS.

WHAT! fair little Nannie Bell in chains? A blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl bound fast? Yes, it is very sad, but it is true! Perhaps you could not see the chains if you should meet her, though, but God can see them.

Listen, and I will tell you what they are: chains of self-love, which makes her fond of admiration and praise, and the chains of self-will, which makes her fond of having

her own way. With hands and heart bound in this way, how can she be a good child, loving God and all about her?

Only One can break these chains for Nannie! Are you not glad to see that she is stretching out her hands to him for help? If you are in chains, will you not run to him, too?

KEEP yourself innocent if you would be happy.

## "WHOSOEVER."

THERE were children on the floor,  
Conning Bible verses o'er

"Which word all the Bible through  
Do you love the best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one,  
"Jesus is my word alone;"

"I like Hope;" "and I like Love;"  
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more, smaller than the rest—  
"I like Whosoever best,

"Whosoever, that means all—  
Even I, who am so small."

Whosoever! Ah! I see;  
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will," may come—  
Find a pardon and a home.

—Gleaning for the Young.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1886.

## HOW GOD LOOKS AT SIN.

DURING last summer a Christian lady who was visiting a seaside place asked some little children to come to her every Lord's day afternoon to hear about the Lord Jesus.

One afternoon she wanted to tell them what God thought about sin, so she took a microscope and gave them some very small print to look at through it.

They all exclaimed: "How large the letters seem, and when we look at them without the microscope they are so very small."

So then the lady told them, "That is the way God looks at sin."

You see, God thinks sin is very big, while you and I think it looks very small. We need to look at it through a microscope,

as the children did at the small print to see how big it really is, though it looks so small to us.

Now, dear children, perhaps you think it is a very little thing to tell a story, or get out of temper, or be disobedient to your parents; but God does not think it a little thing. God thinks it so big that nothing but the blood of Jesus, his own dear Son, could wash it away; and God loved the world so much, and the dear little children too, that "he gave his only begotten Son" to die on the cross, so that his precious blood might wash away all their sins.  
*Good Cheer.*

## A FORTUNE.

THREE boys were walking along the street together. They were all manly-looking little fellows, and no one could well help admiring their bright eyes and animated faces. An old woman, walking with a crutch and carrying a big basket, came along. She stepped upon a bit of orange peel which some careless body had thrown upon the pavement, she slipped, the basket fell from her hand, and in a flash more she would have fallen full length, had not one of our three boys sprang forward and held her up, like the true little gentleman that he was. Then he picked up the basket, replaced the things that had fallen out, and with an "Excuse me, boys," took it upon his own arm, and said to the old lady, "I'll carry it for you, ma'am," and away the pair went.

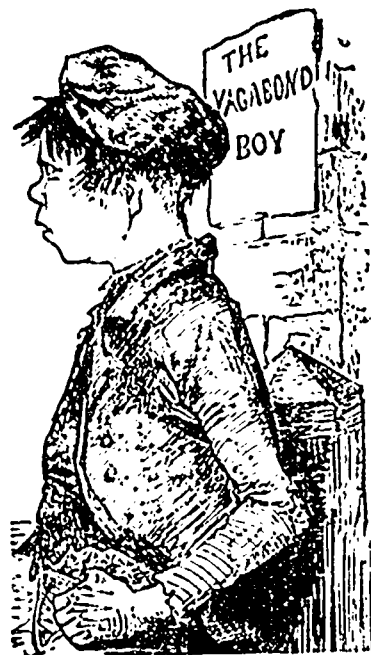
Two gentlemen stood looking on. One said to the other, "That boy has a ready-made fortune."

"Is he, indeed, heir to an estate?" asked his friend.

"O, he's the son of a poor widow, but he has a fortune in his quick eye, his clear head, his ready hands, and, above all, in his warm, generous heart. I have no fear for that boy's future. I have been watching him for months past, and to-morrow I am going to offer him a place in my counting-room."

The merchant was right. Ernest had a fortune already, and it was just such a fortune as any boy may have if he will. Ernest was a Christian boy, who loved God and all God's creatures. That made his eye quick to see if any one was in need of help, and moved his hands and feet on the errand of love. The spring, of course, was in his heart, and God sets that spring flowing for every one who asks it.

Ah! boys, the real fortune is in God! The world's poverty and wretchedness comes from not knowing this simple truth which is "revealed unto babes."



## TWO BOYS.

THERE is a prophecy in the two pictures on these pages. The boys here represented will be men after awhile if they live. Any one can tell what kind of men they will be, for some one has said that the boy is father to the man. This is certainly true in one sense. "Boys are the stuff of which they make men" That is, as the boys grow older they grow into manhood, and the men will be just what the boys make of themselves.

Now look at these two pictures. See what a careless, lazy looking fellow the one boy is. He does not like work with hands or head. He has had a few good places where he might have earned a living for himself and been a blessing to his poor parents, but his carelessness soon led to his discharge. He thinks he is too big and independent to work for some one else, so he loaf about the streets, gets into bad company and perhaps drinks and steals a little when he gets a chance. He is on the way to ruin as fast as he can go. It is not hard to tell what kind of a man he will be. It is high time for him to stop and go the other way or else he will be what people sometimes call a "gutter snipe," or a "jail bird," even before he becomes a man. There is hope for him yet, if he will only try by the help of God to do better.

Now look at the other boy. See him hidden away by himself in a tidy room, instead of leaning against a hitchen-post. He has some difficult problems to prepare for school. The vagabond boy would say, "Oh, I can't do that and I don't care." The studious boy says, "It's pretty hard, but I'm determined to have it." He has only a tallow candle for a light, but he is



THE STURIOUS BOY.

industrious and is resolved to make the best use of every advantage that is offered. His eyes are closed, but that is only because he is trying so hard to think out his problem. A boy like that will make a man of himself in the truest sense. He will be a man not only in body, but in a much higher sense. Others have done it, and he will. He is on the road to success.

The only difference between these two boys is that one is trying to make something of himself while the other is not. The industrious habits and firm resolution to be somebody will show themselves for good in the man in the one case, while the laziness and recklessness will make a loafer and a worthless vagabond of the other one.

Boys, which of these two pictures represents you? Can you read the prophecy of your manhood in them?

VIRTUE is a garment of honour, but wickedness is a robe of shame.

## DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

IT was for his name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he will stop smoking for Jesus' sake, and give the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in Sunday-school, though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress she hardly knows how to spare the time, but she says: "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then sister Molly, she wanted a new sack this winter, and had a beautiful one picked out at Smith's; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not get work or enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell, "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly, "for Jesus' sake. Now what can you do for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy-pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well to mind the baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus? If you do it cheerfully and without pouting, Uncle Frank thinks it is.—*Our Children.*

## THE SAND FORT.

My children at the seashore  
Were playing on the sand,  
"Let's make a fort," cried Bertie,  
"Broad and high and grand."  
"I'll bring the sand," said Elma,  
"Bertie'll pack it tight;"  
And little May stood gazing  
To see if all went right.

They heard the wild waves roaring,  
Breaking on the shore;  
The tide they never heeded,  
Rising more and more.  
They were so busy building,  
Of course they would forget,  
But quick enough they scampered  
When their feet were wet.

"We'll run and get dry stockings,  
And come again," they said;  
"We'll have our castle builded  
Before we go to bed."  
They were so sure, the children;  
But when with setting sun  
Back to the spot they hastened,  
Behold! their fort was gone.

For oh, my dears, the water  
Had washed it all away;  
Sand-houses never tarry  
Longer than a day.  
Since all our earthly pleasures  
Are houses built of sand,  
We'll seek for something better—  
Something that will stand.

## AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out-of-doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rang. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one; "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented, but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

Was not that a noble answer? Think about it, children, when you are asked to do wrong.

## LITTLE DILLY-DALLY.

I DON'T believe you ever  
Knew any one so silly  
As the girl I'm going to tell about—  
A little girl named Dilly,  
Dilly-dally Dilly!  
O, she is very slow;  
She drags her feet  
Along the street,  
And dilly-dallies so!

She's always late to breakfast  
Without a bit of reason,  
For Bridget rings and rings the bell  
And wakes her up in season.  
Dilly-dally Dilly,  
How can you be so slow?  
Why don't you try  
To be more spry,  
And not dilly-dally so?

'Tis just the same at evening;  
And it's really quite distressing  
To see the time that Dilly wastes  
In dressing and undressing.  
Dilly-dally Dilly  
Is always in a huff;  
If you hurry her  
Or worry her  
She says, "There's time enough."

Since she's neither sick nor helpless,  
It is quite a serious matter  
That she should be so lazy that  
We still keep scolding at her.  
Dilly-dally Dilly,  
It's very wrong, you know,  
To do no work  
That you can shirk,  
And dilly-dally so.—*Selected.*

## THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE TRUSTED.

"Speak for it!" said Harvey; and he held up his fingers, as if there was something in them, and waited for his dog to take a seat on his hind-feet, and bark a request for it; but the dog did no such thing: instead, he poked his nose between the rails of the fence, and looked surly.

"Why, what a dog!" said Harry Wheeler, who was on a visit to Harvey, and waiting to see the dog perform. "Now, my Trusty, the minute I bring him anything, and hold it up, so, will speak just as plain. Everybody knows what he says."

"This dog used to do so," Harvey said, looking crossly at him. "I'm sure I don't know what's got into him; he doesn't mind at all. He ought to be whipped."

Just then, Miss Lily Barr came out to see the fun. She was Harvey's sister; she was in time to hear what was said

"I know just what's got into him, Harvey Barr," she said; "and, if I were a dog, I would do exactly so. He doesn't believe a word you say. You cheat him all the time. You snap your fingers, and say, 'Speak for it!' and you haven't got a thing for him; and he knows it. What should he speak for? If I had a dog, I wouldn't cheat him."

"Pshaw!" said Harvey. "As if a dog knew when he was cheated."

"Why, of course he does! If he don't, why wouldn't he mind, when you spoke to him? He used to ask so nicely for things, but now, he knows you are just doing it to fool him."

"Well, he ought to mind, whether I have anything or not," Harvey said. "A dog ought to mind. Anybody who wouldn't mind, isn't worth a penny. Papa makes us mind, whether he has anything for us or not."

"Oh, Harvey! As if papa ever cheated us! You never heard him say: 'Come here, and I'll give you something,' and then not do it, after all."

"I don't care,—if he did say so, we would have to mind him."

"But he *won't* say so, ever,—because it isn't right; and I don't think it is right to treat a dog so: it just ruins him,—mamma said so. Mamma said Aunt Hattie was bringing up her Tommy just as you bring up your dog. She tells him to be a good boy, and she will bring him something; but she always forgets it; and Tommy knows she will. He says, 'Oh, pooh!—she won't.' I suppose that is exactly what your dog is saying to himself now."

"Boys are boys, and dogs are dogs," said Harvey; but he jumped down from the fence, and went away. He had made up his mind that there was no use in trying to have the dog "speak." Whether it was bad bringing up or not, he wouldn't mind.

## HOW NELLIE PLEASED NOT HERSELF.

NELLIE went down to the lake one day to see her brothers sail their new boat, the Swan. She took her dear doll with her. They had great fun for a while. The boat sailed about as if she were a real swan. At last Robert said, "I wish we had a passenger." Then he looked right at Nellie and her doll. Marie Antoinette smiled, but Nellie looked sober. That morning her text had been, "Even Jesus pleased not himself." She had been trying very hard all day to keep this text in mind. Now her heart said, "This is a chance to please not yourself."

Nellie knew that the water would not hurt Marie's blue flannel suit and her Tam O'Shanter cap. Both her feet had been broken off long ago, so there was no danger of getting them wet. Still, it was hard to think of her going out on that deep water in such a little boat. The text said itself over in Nellie's heart once more. Then she spoke very quickly: "Boys, you may have Marie for a passenger if you will tie her in very tight."

The boys shouted, "Three cheers for Nellie!" They were so glad to have a passenger that they did not care if she was a little longer than the boat. They tied her very carefully on one side of the mast. Then they put stones on the other side to make the boat balance. Then they gave a gentle push, and away went the Swan with her precious freight.

It seemed a whole day to Nellie before Robert drew the little boat to land again. She was such a happy little girl when she held her doll safely in her arms once more!

That evening Nellie asked her mamma if she thought such a little thing would count as "pleasing not herself." Mamma only kissed her little girl a great many times, but Nellie thought she meant "yes."

## PAYING MAMMA OFF.

"I LOVE 'ou, mamma," said Nellie one day, as she climbed over the end of the sofa, and printed a warm kiss on mamma's cheek. "I love 'ou, mamma, and I want to pay 'ou off."

"Why, Nellie, what makes you love me?"

"Because 'ou loves me, and takes care of me when I's sick."

Mamma had just been telling Nellie of the love of God for us, and this made her want to show her love for mamma. Mamma had just said that we can never pay God back for all that he has done for us, but we ought to show our love to him in every way we can.

Do you think Nellie can ever pay mamma back for all she has done for her? It will keep her working a long time if she does. But it is right for children to show their love for their parents, even if they cannot pay back all they owe. And they should do it every day. What if God should take papa or mamma to himself before they learn how much you love them?

"O DEAR!" exclaimed Edith to her doll. "I do wish you would sit still; I never saw such an uneasy thing. Why don't you act like grown people, and be still and stupid for awhile?"