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Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

[No. 21.]

HELPS FOR THE FUTURE.

A WELL KNOWN journalist recently advised all boys and girls at once to begin keeping a scrap book in which they should set down descriptions of any noteworthy place or scene which comes in their way, also accounts of any remarkable person whom they met, with their photographs, or little personal details.

"In thirty years," he says, "such a book will be invaluable to the owner, especially if he be a journalist or literary man."

The most trifling details in such a book as Pepys' Diary or the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, are read now with keen interest, as they make flesh and blood of historical characters who else would be but shadows to us. There are other habits which boys and girls can cultivate that will be of incalculable use to them hereafter.

Frederick Robertson made it a rule, at ten years of age, to commit one or two verses of Scripture to memory every morning while he was dressing, and kept it up all his life. It became the daily bread of life to him in his years of suffering.

Benjamin Franklin counted that day lost in which he had not mastered a sentence in a foreign tongue.

Certain families in Virginia have adhered for generations to the custom of putting beside each child's bed some little gift which



HOME-WORK.

would be a pleasant surprise in the morning. The gifts are of little or no value, a fruit or flower or picture cut from a paper. But the child wakens to the consciousness of a watchful, tender love, with its first sight of the day.

Delcamp, most cheerful of philosophers, prepared such pleasures for himself when he was a boy. "I always managed to have something pleasant to which I could look forward on wakening, if it were only a walk

of Hope."

The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said, "Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some bull's-eyes."

The boy took the penny, and said, "I thank you, but I had rather not buy bull's-eyes. I shall put it into the savings-bank."

The men looked at each other, and for some moments were entirely silent. At

or a page in a fairy story. Come what might, I was resolved to force happiness into my life."

The Germans, with the same purpose in view, observe all birthdays and other anniversaries in the family, and crowd into the daily life as many cheap, simple pleasures as possible. If American young people would imitate these homely, cheerful customs, our households would be more happy, and we should hear of fewer deaths from overwork and nervous disease.

A CHILD'S WORD IN SEASON.

AN English clergyman says: Very recently a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father from a public-house. He found his parent drinking with some other men, one of whom invited the little fellow to take some beer.

Firmly and at once the boy replied, "No, I can't take that. I am in the Band

length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words: "Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our money in the savings-bank the better."

The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the two speeches of a boy only six years old.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

OUR HAND IN CHRIST'S.

A LITTLE girl lay near death; she had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her steps had been as light, and her heart as joyous and gay, as any of her companions; but her body was racked with pain; the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her father, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

Precious faith! "Jesus will not let it go." He loveth his own, and will not leave them. No power can pluck them out of his hand. Dear reader, does Jesus hold you by the hand? If he does not, it is only because you refuse to trust him.

A dark hour is rapidly approaching you. I think I see your friends gathering round you. The doctor shakes his head, but says nothing. Great, silent tears roll down the cheeks of those who love you. Your glazed eyes are open, but you cannot see. The minister kneels down by your bedside and speaks of the mercy of God. He says, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." But your ears are dull and heavy. You cannot hear. You

are dying. A moment more and you are dead. There remains now for you in this world only the shroud, the coffin, and the grave. In the next world—the judgment.

O, say, dear reader! does Jesus hold you by the hand?—*Christian at Work.*

HOW TO SEE A SEED GROW.

MANY little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root.

We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, around which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or drop down in the centre of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet-peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on under the ground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white, thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large, and gave way to a stalk or stem. In this way most seeds may be seen to grow.

WITH GRANDPA.

GRANDPA calls Nellie "his eyea." Everywhere that he goes she goes with him, for her "dear grandpa" is blind. He cannot see a thing.

Did you ever think what a blessing your eyes are? Do you thank God for them? I am afraid not. We are apt to think that our health and strength, sight and hearing, the free use of our limbs, besides the thousand daily blessings that are showered upon us by the Father, belong to us as a matter of course. Do they?

Grandpa never complains, but thanks God for his great blessing in giving him such a sweet little grand-daughter to lead him. Such nice walks and talks as they have together. Nellie tells him how the

trees, clouds, flowers, and birds look, and then he talks to her of them and of their Maker and his goodness.

One thing grandpa is especially glad of: that he studied God's Holy Book, and learned so many of his precious promises by heart, when he had his sight. They are such a comfort to him now.

Nellie is learning as fast as she can so as to read to her "dear grandpa," as she calls him. In helping and cheering him God will surely bring the sweet words home to her own heart and bless her.

Study that word with all your heart, and then when trouble comes you can say with the Psalmist: "This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me."

A SONG OF THE SUMMER.

I WOULD sing you a song of the Summer,
Sweet Summer, the bride of the sun,
Pale, wasted and worn, she is dying,
Grown weary, the bride who was won.

All cold are the kisses he gave her,
One tender and sweet, and so warm,
What wonder she's dying, when loving
Can so change and so chill and so harm?

I would sing you a song of the Summer,
Sweet Summer, the bride of the sun,
From whose breath comes the lingering
scent of the roses,
Whose life, sweet-scented, is done.

What matter the Summer is going?
What matter the roses are done?
For Summer will leave us the fragrance,
When herself and the roses are gone.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleaueth us from all sin."—*Forward.*



ANGLING IN FORMER DAYS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ROVER.

"Now, Rover, I am very sure
There is no reason why
You shouldn't talk as well as not
If you will only try.

"You're big enough and old enough—
Say, do you hear me, sir?—
To be an educated dog,
And not a common cur.

"Come, do not be so lazy now;
Speak out—speak out, I say!
Just try how easy 'tis to talk;
Why—I can talk all day.

"Now, tell me, when you scratched and
scratched,
And made a dreadful hole
Among the pansies yesterday,
Was it a rat or mole?

"Why did you chew up Lula's doll?
And then my rubber shoe,
Where did you hide it? won't you tell?
Well, that is mean of you!

"But say, old fellow, was it you
That ate the candy up,
That night we set it out to cool,
And didn't leave a sup?

"You won't? Well, I'm ashamed of you!
Go off, and snarl and growl,
Like any other stupid dog,
Just fit to bark and howl."

—Companion.

ANGLING IN FORMER DAYS.

If you set yourself to look for all the notices of fishing in the gospels, you will be surprised to find how many there are. You remember, I dare say, the account of the two miraculous draughts of fishes, and of the coin found in the fish's mouth; and you could tell me the names of those of the disciples who were fishermen, and how Jesus promised that if they followed him he would make them "fishers of men." And my readers, if they seek his help, may be fishers of children—of their schoolfellows, brothers, sisters, cousins, playmates, or the poor little uncared for children they meet in the streets or roads. Try to draw them into the gospel-net, and you will bring glory to your Lord and Master. Remember the promise to those who "turn many to righteousness," that they shall shine as "the stars forever and ever." If you go thus a-fishing, you may be sure that some others will say, "We also will go with thee."—*R. R. T.*

HAD AN EYE ON HIM.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I've heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds it. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sunday, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day, and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bells never drew the merchant to the prayer-meetings, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer, "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself, "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true; if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its calculating eye on you to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The Master's loving eyes are on you, also.

MARION'S EXTRACT.

EVERYTHING had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place, breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister, Allie, had accidentally upset her cup of coffee, and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry and rushed up-stairs to change her dress. Some words which her Sunday-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood, a few moments later, with her hat and cloak on, ready for school, she

remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it.

What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move in prayer?

She stood a moment committing the lines to memory, then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract she rose, and, with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly,—

"The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or, we may make them stepping-stones to be,
Of grace, O Christ, to thee."

—Selected.

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 stopped smoking for Jesus' sake, and gives the money for missionaries. Mama goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in the 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 Mollie wanted a new sack this winter, and had a nice 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 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 baby for mother when he's cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus?

A SECRET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

As soon as you see this, without waiting a moment, and without saying much about it to any one, look about you, and see if you can find something to do for somebody else. To your surprise you will probably have a chance inside of two minutes. No matter what it is, or how trifling or unpleasant it may be, do it. Keep this up until bedtime, and you will find that you have had the pleasantest day of your life.