

Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

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[No. 13.

MIGNON.

WHAT a pretty, thoughtful face this is. We are sure this is a loving and dutiful, as well as beautiful, girl. You remember the old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does," and yet how many young girls, and young boys too, often spoil a pretty face by indulging in selfishness and spitefulness to others. We hope this is not the case with any of our young readers.

HOW A GIRL MAY LOOK NICE.

WHEN I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for 'making her things last.' Her dress, hats, gloves, and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she managed to make them so without their looking shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her at her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took such good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was discovered.

"Her hat was wrapped in an old pocket handkerchief, and put away in a box as soon as done with, the strings and laces being straightened and rolled out most systematically each time. Her gloves were never folded together but were pulled out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon another, each time they were used, the tiniest hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself.

"But the thing that impressed me most was the care she bestowed on her ribbons. When making up bows she used to line the under part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon

from becoming limp and creased, but kept it clean, so that when the bow was soiled on one side she could turn the ribbon and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh.

"That girl married and brought up a large family. Her husband had to fight his way, and did so bravely, and was un-

Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm, the team went pretty briskly down a steep. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly, "I asked the Lord to help me and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach the lesson. In all troubles pray and hang on like a beaver, by which I mean, that while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.

TRUE STORIES.

A LITTLE girl and her mother were on their way to the ragged school on a cold Winter's morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass of the common were white with frost, the wind very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of coat over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion up to her, saying:

"Come under my coat, Johnny"

"It isn't big enough for both," he replied.

"O, but I can stretch it a little," and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in this world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves



MIGNON.

usually successful, for he became wealthy. But his prosperity was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his in making it."

HANG ON LIKE A BEAVER.

WHEN our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master