

HAPPY DAYS

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[No. 1.

TOY BALLOONS.

THESE little folk look very much distressed, for they have met with a sad mishap. Not above fifteen minutes ago the little girls were as happy as could be. They had started out with their brother to spend the afternoon in the park, and mamma had given Bob money to buy balloons. At the entrance to the park they found the poor old balloon-man with his big bunch of gay coloured balls, bobbing and nodding as if making pretty bows to the children. Marjorie chose a big red one, and Helen decided on a blue.

Soon the little girls were playing on the lawn with their gaily tossing balloons. After a while they noticed that Helen's ball was getting smaller, and finally it shrank right up. But a far worse catastrophe befell Marjorie's. She forgot and let go the string and a little breeze came along and carried it off.

At first the little girls were going to cry, they felt so badly, but brother Bob cheered them up by saying that papa could fix Helen's ball, and perhaps the other would fall down some place where some poor little child could pick it up.

So Marjorie and Helen went home perfectly contented to have but one balloon between them, and happy in the thought that some other little girl might be enjoying the one that had flown away.

A BACKSLIDER.

THE minister's little girl and her playmate were talking of serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" she questioned.



A TOY BALLOON.

"Yes; it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?" asked the minister's little girl.

"Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good, they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slip back a seat, and keep on until they get clear back to the door. After a while they slip clear out, and never come to church at all."

It is a pity that this is not always clear in the minds of those who are going through the process.

WHAT AILED CARL'S WATCH.

CARL had a watch given to him as a prize. It had only a silver case, but he did not undervalue it on that account. It was as precious to him as any gold one could have been, certainly more so than a gold one which he did not win. The watch kept excellent time.

To humour Carl, his mother and sisters often inquired the hour, just that he might have the joy of telling. How proud he felt when he drew out his timepiece!

But one day something seemed to go wrong with the watch. It stopped altogether. Carl wound it, and it went for an hour or two, and then stopped again. "Oh it cannot be that it's no good after all," exclaimed poor Carl.

"Let's see," said his father. "Give it to me, and I will take it to my watchmaker."

When Carl came home to dinner his father told him that a tiny grain of sand had

got into the works, and was the cause of all the mischief.

"That little grain of sand, my son, injured the works, stopped the wheels, and made your watch tell a lie by its false face. Now if you want to keep right, don't give place to little sins. Don't let a bad habit get a hold on you, but do you get hold of it, and put it out. See that you are going straight ahead, with a steady purpose to do your level best."

A MEAN man rarely admits that he has good neighbours, nor does a good man often complain that he has bad ones.