

Happy Days

TRAMPS.

JUST look at those dreadful-looking men, you say. Where do they come from, and where are they going? We don't know exactly where they come from, and they do not know themselves where they are going. Poor men, perhaps they once had happy homes, loving wives and

with a friend. That was the case with one of them, we know, the first of the five, and we may safely conclude that it was the same with all. This one, Bill Smith, found that he was beginning to like the tavern better than ever all the time, till by-and-bye he spent most of his time there, and then his home was gone, his

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE a little girl was walking with her father. It was winter, and the walking was very slippery. Her papa said he would hold her hand, but she had a new muff, and she thought it looked so nice to have her hands in that, so she said she would walk alone. After a while she fell and



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children, pleasant faces and better clothes than they have now. What has made the change, you ask? Just look at them and think. Don't you know what is the only thing that can bring men to look like that? Why, of course, it is drink. They don't change all at once, you know. Perhaps a little whiskey shop was opened near their homes, and they began to go in at once a week or so for a little chat

poor, hard-working wife dies, the children were scattered, and he was left to wander alone. Poor, poor men. Don't you pity them? and won't you make up your minds, boys and girls, to do all you can to stamp out this dreadful thing that has such power to ruin men, body and soul?

THE love of heaven makes one heavenly.

hurt herself a little. Then she said, "I will take hold of your hand, papa." So she took one of his fingers in her tiny hand and thought she could hold fast. But by-and-bye, when she came to another slippery place, she fell again, for her little hand was not strong enough to keep fast hold of papa's finger. Then she said, "You may take my hand, papa." And after that she walked safely.