

# Happy Days

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## FALSE PRETENCES.

"You say that your father keeps a butler and a woman? Why, that's nothing," exclaimed Tom Talkaway, in a boastful tone to one of his group of school-fellows amongst whom he had come for the first time. "My father keeps a man and two boys," said the young boaster, waving round him with an air of triumph.

"I say!" exclaimed one whose mother could not afford to have one more servant.

"Oh, you should see how we go on in London," cried Tom. "You've got no notion of real high life in a poor little village like this. Why," he continued in his swaggering way, sticking his hands into the pockets of his waistcoat, "I've seen six—seven carriages waiting before my father's door, and the most of them had coronets on

them. Gilbert, the usher, had been sitting by the window, reading, and he turned his eyes from his book to Tom Talkaway,

and he said, "I happen to know about your father—he is a respectable haberdasher in London, and, for aught I know, may have six men in his shop, and two boys to pack his parcels; nor should I be surprised if your customers came in carriages with coronets on them."



CHERRIES RIFE

Tom was thunderstruck, his thumbs were pulled out of his pockets, he flushed up to the roots of his hair. There was a general roar of laughter from his schoolfellows, and cries of "Look at the great son and heir of the haberdasher," which increased the boy's confusion.

"Hush!" cried the usher. "There is nothing to be ashamed of in honest trade, but a great deal to be ashamed of in dishonest pretence," and he added, "it is only the ass that puts on the skin of the lion, and he is sure to be found out and meet the scorn which he merits"—A. I. O. E.

## EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense

true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, in the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.