

# Happy Days

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## A KING'S VISIT.

BY E. P. A.

THERE was a whole long hour to wait before Aunt Nan could possibly come driving up from Union Station. The house was all in order for her visit; Jenny and little Nan had on their Sunday dresses, and began to get very restless. They had never seen Aunt Nan, who lived in a great city, and who, they thought, must be very fine indeed.

"I 'spect Aunt Nan will think we live in a mighty little house," suggested her namesake, who was sitting on Jenny's knee and gazing down the busy street.

"I wish I had a dress with silver buttons, like the picture of Aunt Nan's little girl," said Jenny, taking a rather gloomy view of her plain blue merino.

There was a restless silence for ten minutes, and Jenny began again in the same tone:

"Won't Aunt Nan feel queer not to have any waiter at tea? Mamma said there was a fine man in a black coat waiting on her table."

"Lassies!" said mamma, suddenly, and both little girls started and turned

away from the window; they had not known that mamma was in the room at all. "We don't know," said mamma, "just what Aunt Nan is going to think or say or ask of us; but we are going to have a visit some day from a king, and I think I know just what he will ask us."

"A king, mamma!" they cried; "is a

king coming? What is his name? and when is he coming?"

"I will answer your last question," said mamma, "and see if you can't answer the first one yourself. We don't know when our King is coming, but he says we must

as we would have them do unto us; if we have pure hearts and right thoughts."

"Is it Jesus, mamma?" asked Jenny, soberly.

"It is Jesus, my darling—the Lord of heaven and earth, he has promised to come back, and he surely will come, and his coming will make all his children perfectly happy."

The two little girls forgot then about their little house and old clothes and plain fare. They even forgot how long the hour would be in trying to stretch their little minds to take in the thought of the coming of the Lord Jesus.



WAITING FOR AUNTIE.

## DOLLIE'S LESSONS.

ADA GRAY has a strange way of studying. She turns her study hours into play. This way.

She takes her six dolls and sets them in rows, and then she gets her books.

"Ethel Miranda, bound Ontario," she says to the first; and then in a squeaky voice, supposed to come from the doll, she gives the boundary; she refers to her book, and if her answer is correct she goes on to the next doll and the next question. If the answer was not correct,

Ethel Miranda gets a lecture, and has to study hard until she knows her lesson.

Spelling is great fun, for her dolls go up or down the class as they miss or know their lessons. Ada does not know that she really studies harder than most children, but her teachers know. It is "only play" to Ada while she teaches her dolls.