

Happy Days

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BEGINNING AND END.

THE progress of dishonesty is not hard to trace. The only safety of character is in resisting the beginning of evil. There are three hundred and sixty degrees in the circle of a cent as well as in the circle of the equator—and so is there as much dishonesty in a boy's theft of a cent as in a man's theft of a thousand dollars. Two pictures below will illustrate this. Here is the beginning:

A schoolboy, an years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the labourers in the wheat fields—had been sent to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again." He never gave back the money.



LOITERING.

The ending. Ten years went by, he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is

then, with child-like simplicity, he added "Lord, make ma's temper better, too."

God's mercy works sweetly, it allures and conquers.

now in a prison cell, but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.

"MAKE MA'S TEMPER BETTER."

A VERY little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after paternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. His offence was passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better; never to be angry again; and