

Happy Days

VOLUME I.]

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THE LION.

THERE was never a creature more fitted for its own place than the lion. Its colour is a tawny yellow, so much the shade of the desert sand around it, that as it steals along it is not seen from a distance. Its movements had need be stealthy, lest it should alarm its prey, and so, its feet being softly padded, it can come upon it unawares. There is also another reason for the make of its huge paws; it springs upon its victim when it is thirty or forty yards from it. Suppose it should miss—why, the force of its fall would be enough to shatter even the iron frame of a lion; but on those velvet cushions it would alight with no more injury than you would get if you were to tumble into a feather-bed. And then, when the lioness has her babies to fondle, it would never do if she could not sheathe her murderous claws, and encircle them in those soft arms, just as if there were nothing sharp inside! You have often seen your cat fling out her claws in a moment when anything offended her;

well, you know she is a beast of prey, though a small one, and the lion is nothing more than a monster cat; they have each the same nature, and are made after the same fashion. But when the lion's claws are put out, frightful indeed they are. Its tongue is hardly less so, being set with sharp points or bristles, which can tear the



THE LION.

teeth from the bones even without any help from the claws. The teeth are so strong they can break the hardest bone.

A LITTLE child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, 'Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box.'

FROM APRIL TO MAY.

"BESSY is my sunshine, and Margaret is my April day," said mamma, as the two little figures stood at her knee.

A smile of the veriest sunshine spread itself all over little Bessy's face, as she went back to her play in another part of the room. The mother drew her closer and whispered, "I wish the showers and storms could stay away, and both my little girls be sunny all the time.

"Mamma, do you mean because I cry and get mad?"
"Yes."

The little face dropped, and a finger went up to the corner of her mouth. Mrs. Marsham said.

"April comes first in the spring, little girl, with sometimes rain and sometimes sunshine, and such beautiful, beautiful flowers. And so, my darling, if you try very hard, and ask God to help you, you may yet turn to a May day.

By this time, the little face was wholly hidden against mother's breast and remained there for a good while; and then she, too,

stayed off to her play, but the earnest look did not pass away. And many a time, when a storm or shower seemed brewing, a determined little smile would come first as a rainbow, in answer to the mother's anxious look, and then, like the sun breaking through the clouds, it would flood her whole face with real May sunshine, and the