

Happy Days

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THE KING OF SIAM.

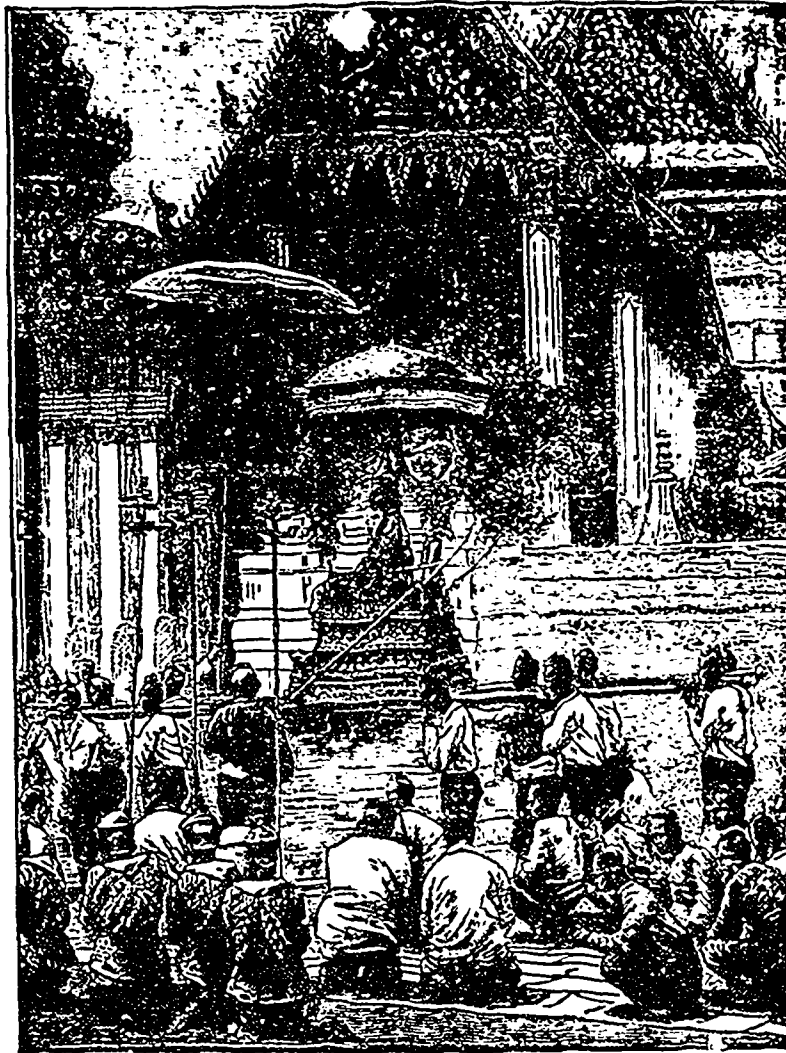
This picture shows the people of Siam carrying their king to a temple to worship idols. Do you not wish he knew and worshipped the true God? The idols cannot hear him pray, but God could hear and help him. Some of his people have learned to love God, but there are not enough missionaries to teach them all. Let us give our pennies to help pay others to teach them.

THE CHILD AND THE PRINCE.

ONCE upon a time a certain prince paid a visit to an English town. He was to have a royal welcome. Flags were flying from every window, triumphal arches were set up in some of the principal streets. After dark the whole town was to be ablaze with illuminations.

Now there was a little servant maid—quite a child she was—who lived at a humble shop in one of the streets through which the procession was to pass. She loved the prince with all her heart; in all the town there was nobody more loyal than she.

What could she do? Other people were doing so much. At first she could think of nothing at all; and this so troubled her that she sat down, and had a thorough good cry. At last, however, a brilliant idea occurred to her. She could clean the step. When the prince passed, he should see at her house the whitest step in all the street.



THE KING OF SIAM.

So she set to work, and scrubbed and polished till you might have been looking at marble, instead of very common stone. And the prince bowed and smiled very graciously as the procession went by, and the little maid clapped her hands in delight, and cried, "He sees it! he sees it! he's delighted with my step!"

Now, my dear little friends, I dare not say that the prince really noticed the poor

child's loving labour, though had he heard her little story I am sure that he would have praised her handiwork. But how was he to know about it? But there is a Prince who knows and sees every thing. Every little labour of love for him is quite certain to gain his blessed praise and his most tender smile.

We will all try and win this, won't we?

CHINESE PILLARS.

WHEN our friends die we put a stone or a monument by their graves to show that we love them, and care for the place where they are buried. The Chinese build monuments or pillars by the graves of their parents, but they do it to keep evil spirits away. They think the evil spirits will come and make them sick if they do not guard the graves. They cannot stand by the graves all the time, and make the sign that the evil spirits are afraid of, so they build these pillars, and mark the signs on the pillars, and think the evil spirits will not dare come

where those signs are marked.

The Chinese are heathen. They do not know about God, and about Jesus, the Saviour. If they loved God they would not worship evil spirits. Missionaries have gone and told a few of the people about the true God, but let us pray that God will put it in the hearts of many more to go and tell about him. And let us give our pennies to buy Bibles for them, that they may read and give their hearts to him and be saved.