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# Happy Days

## AT SUNSET.

WHEN the low sun's  
light on the village  
gleams over the  
little church spire,  
And the leaves on the  
trees and the  
hedges  
twinkle in its bright  
golden fire.

Then my beautiful  
little maiden,  
With her long black  
silk hair,  
Will come tripping  
through the mead-  
ows,  
With a pretty,  
thoughtful air.

Out to her pet lambs  
she is going  
before they are still  
for the night,  
A dish of sweet new  
milk to bring them,  
And to see that all  
is right.



AT SUNSET.

## A VISIT TO A QUEEN'S PALACE.

THE State of Kohla-  
pur, India, is ruled by  
natives, though there  
is an English political  
agent living in Kohla-  
pur City. There are  
four queens, or rani, as  
they are called, one of  
whom is the wife of  
the present Rajah.  
This little wife is only  
eleven years old. The  
queens, like all women  
of high caste, are close-  
ly secluded, and no  
man can see them. One  
day we were calling  
on an English lady who is often at the  
palace, and teaches the queens, and one of  
the queens was visiting her. When she  
went away a cloth was held up so the

coachman and other men around could  
not see her as she got into the carriage.  
When we first arrived at the palace, we  
were invited to take tea, and afterward

were shown into the  
room where the queen  
and other women and  
children were. We  
were first introduced  
to the queen's mother-  
in-law. The dresses  
were very fine, of  
silk and satin, beauti-  
fully embroidered  
often with silver and  
gold.

The little queen in-  
terested me most for  
I had never seen a real  
queen before. She  
wore her hair in a  
long braid, and all  
along the braid were  
silver ornaments as  
large as fifty-cent  
pieces. At the end of  
the braid were three  
silver balls. Then she  
had necklaces, a girdle  
set with diamonds,  
earrings, and a nose-  
ring with fifteen pearls  
in it, and rings on her  
toes.

Some of the English  
ladies had prepared  
tableaux, and we saw  
those first. After the  
tableaux we all went  
into the room where  
the Christmas tree was.  
It had been prepared  
by some of the Eng-  
lish people, and was  
covered with toys for  
the foreign and native  
children. There were  
dolls, wagons, and  
all sorts of European  
toys—so many that  
the little natives  
hardly knew what to  
do with them.

The little queen  
distributed all the  
presents, and each child bowed to the floor,  
and said, 'Salaam'—the Indian word for  
hello.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

## FROGS AT SCHOOL.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Twenty froggies went to school,  
Down beside a rushy pool;  
Twenty little coats of green,  
Twenty vests, all white and clean.  
"We must be in time," said they:  
"First we study, then we play;  
This is how we keep the rule  
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and storn,  
Called the classes in their turn;  
Taught them how to nobly strive,  
Likewise how to leap and dive;  
From his seat upon the log  
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"  
Also how to dodge a blow  
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;  
Bullfrogs they became at last;  
Not one dunce among the lot,  
Not one lesson they forgot;  
Polished in a high degree,  
As each froggie ought to be;  
Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching other little frogs.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894.

## TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

WE have recently read an interesting story. A coloured man, just before he died, told his wife that he should probably come back to her as a yellow dog.

It closes thus:

"Standing at the door, the old lady watched her visitors going and gazed reflectively toward the asparagus bed, where the feathery branches waved mysteriously.

"'Suthin's in there!' she said. Presently the muzz'le of a yellow dog appeared and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her.

"Well, I never! Where'd you come from? Sho! Go 'way!' But the dog was at her feet, and something in his dark appealing eyes held her spell-bound. A chill seized her. She breathed fast; then rallying, grasped a broom.

"'Gib outhen th' yard!' The dog crouched and licked her shoe.

"'He said how's he might come back a pore yaller dog!' The broom dropped weakly. 'John Bascom, ef so be your spirit is come back to me in this beast, as ye said, gimme a sign!' Two shaggy paws leaped upon her shoulders and there was a dog's warm tongue on her cheek.

"'Well, John,' she said 'ef so be as it is you, why stay an' I'll try to get used to you!'

"But a queer twinkle came into her face as she added, 'Now it's my turn to hev th' lead. Git under th' stove and stay there, John Bascom!'—*Our Dumb Animals.*

## THE INNER VOICE.

I SAW a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight.

I hastened home, and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and, taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice."—*Parker.*

## WHERE ARE THEY?

"It's strange where Ed and Willie hide their treasures, the candy they made, the nuts they bought, the new books, and all!" cried Maud, their sister.

"And themselves too," cried Susie, their other sister.

"I've hunted everywhere! In the barn, the hen-coop, all the trees, in the garret!" cried Maud, again.

"I hear 'em now. Don't you? Listen!" cried Susie.

A low hum of voices near them could certainly be heard.

"It's somewhere about this woodhouse, though I can't see where, for the wood is piled to the very top," cried Maud.

Susie had already pulled off her shoes, and climbing first on the fence, then into a tree, was on the roof of that building in a minute.

A little trap-door opened, and Ed's head peeped out; Willie's too.

"They've caught us!" cried the boys "Come in, ladies, and take a seat."

What had these boys done? Out a square hole in the roof of the woodhouse, put hinges on it, thrown out the wood underneath, and lined their nest with hay

"Please pass the 'freshments!' said the girls.

## THE WINTER LAND.

BY W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

INTO a desolate land  
White with the drifted snow,  
Into a weary land  
Our truant footsteps go;  
Yet doth thy care, O Father,  
Ever thy wanderers keep;  
Still doth thy love, O Shepherd,  
Follow thy sheep.

Over the pathless wild  
Do I not see him come—  
Him who shall bear me back,  
Him who shall lead me home?  
Listen! between the storm-gusts,  
Unto the straining ear  
Comes not the cheering whisper,  
"Jesus is near"?

Over me he is bending;  
Now I can safely rest,  
Found at the last and clinging  
Close to the Shepherd's breast.  
So let me lie still the cold-bells  
Sound on the homeward track,  
And the rejoicing angels  
Welcome us back!

## HOW THEY KNEW DINAH.

LILIAN, Gertrude, Harold, and Stuart had a sweet little kitty named Dinah. She was very black and very cunning. One day, just before supper, a strange black kitten walked into the house, and they all agreed that she must go away, as some other children might be waiting for her to come home; and so they put her out of doors, and drove her off. While they were eating supper, a little scratching was heard and the children, looking around, saw a black kitten on the window-sill, trying to get in.

"It's Dinah!" "It's the strange kitten!" "It is Dinah!"

"Well, children," said papa, "now let each one tell why he thinks it is, or is not, Dinah."

"I think it is Dinah because it is black, and just her size," said Lilian.

"Gertrude looked carefully, and exclaimed: "I don't think it is Dinah, because her eyes are larger and wilder!"

"Do you see the white spot on her throat?" asked Harold. "It is smaller than Dinah's."

"Now, Stuart," said papa, turning to the youngest, "is it Dinah or not?"

"It is not." "Sure?" "Yes." "Why?"

"Dinah is under the table!"—*Sunday School Times.*

## NOT I.

BY MRS. L. G. M'VEAN.

*Leader.*—Who will be drunkards, by-and-by?

Let each boy shout.

*Boys.*—Not I! Not I!

A drunkard's death I will never die,  
In a drunkard's grave I will not lie.

*All.*—Not I! Not I!

I'll work, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by-and-by.

*Girls.*—How will the dreadful ranks be filled

When these poor drinking men are killed?

Who are the boys now growing up

To sink their souls in the shameful cup?

*Boys.*—Not I! Not I!

I'll teach, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by-and-by.

*Girls.*—Who will be guilty by-and-by,  
Of taking barley, corn, and rye,  
Even the wheat that makes our bread,

And making it into poison instead?

*All.*—Not I! Not I!

I'll vote, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by-and-by.

## MOTHER'S SUNBEAM.

SHE lived across the way in an old frame house that had never seen any paint. It was propped up on one side by a long pole that so far kept it from going the one way as to crook it the other.

You would hardly think it possible a sunbeam could exist in such a place, and yet this sunbeam was born and nurtured here.

The house did not look just as it does now when our Sunbeam first saw the light of day within its walls; the blinds did not swing loosely by one corner and clatter noisily against the walls with every breeze that stirred the treetops, but hung straight and were painted a bright, beautiful green.

The veranda was firm then, too, and resounded the patter of her first tiny footsteps, while now it sank at the corners and one feared of stumbling over the loose boards as they walked across it.

Yet, despite such disadvantages, our Sunbeam had grown and flourished here, until now she was old for a sunbeam and large for a child of thirteen.

Oftentimes during the day one might see a middle-aged lady with a very sad

face sitting in the shade of the woodbine doing the family darning or knitting. Sometimes she sat under the trolleys of morning-glories, for there was a trolley of morning-glories over one end of the porch that changed the appearance of the whole place.

While the mother was thus employed there were busy footsteps within the house. Sometimes they were running after baby, ushering him out of some difficulty, and again they were taking the many steps known only to those who keep house and mind noisy boys.

They were not quiet little footsteps, either, even if they were made by a sunbeam, for even Sunbeam could not step lightly in cowhide shoes. Perhaps you would like to take a look at our Sunbeam? She is not beautiful; you see many a resemblance of her as you walk about the street. She is large—nearly as tall as a woman and weighs quite as much. Her hands and feet are large and might be called coarse. When not at work she handles them awkwardly, as though they were not used to idleness. Her face is tanned quite as much as if she lived on the sea-shore, but there is a brightness which gleams forth from her sun-browned cheeks and happy eyes that somehow reminds one of rustic paintings. Her mouth is not bent in graceful curves, and you almost fear Nature has forgotten something, yet when she speaks you feel sure no hot or hasty words will escape.

I expect you think our Sunbeam is an orphan and the sad little lady that knits under the woodbine is a widow; but not so. Mr. Downworks in a blacksmith's shop a few blocks distant, and earns good wages and works every day, and might support his wife and Sunbeam, his noisy boys and mischievous baby in comfort, but instead he spends it at the saloon. Sally—for that is our Sunbeam's real name—knows this and a great many other sorrows that would break the hearts of most children, yet she carries a brave heart, cheering mother and taking care of the boys and the baby in a real womanly fashion.

One might expect her to spend much of her time envying her more fortunate acquaintances, but, instead, our little Sunbeam's heart is so full she finds no room for envy.

Each Sunday morning you may see her in a simple print, clean washed and ironed, a straw hat with a bit of ribbon in front, holding firmly in each hand the rough brown palms of Tom and Jake—who are none other than the noisy brothers she has cared for during the whole week—and walking toward the village church.

When she enters and sits upon the cushioned pew, with Tom and Jake at either side, and listens to the words of cheer and comfort there spoken, you can almost see her heart swell with glad emotion and feel her grasp the little rough hands closer.

There may be some who feel our Sunbeam is growing up uncultured and unknown, but God has many processes of education, and who can say our Sunbeam is not least?

## WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," SAID the duck, "I call it fun,  
For I have my little red rubbers on,  
They make a cunning three-toed track  
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,  
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;  
And she lifted her little yellow head  
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"  
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark door;

"For with a broad leaf for a roof  
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,  
And wish they never need to stop  
Till a big river I grow to be,  
And could find my way to the sea."

—Selected.

## A DEAD LOSS.

"COME, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

"Mamie came slowly toward her mother, and said: "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong; but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in the future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against him again."

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JUNE 24.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord's portion is his people—Deut. 32. 9.

JULY 1.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Birth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 1-16.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.



THE PRINCESS OF AN HOUR.

## THE PRINCESS OF AN HOUR.

A proud little princess is Mabel, with Teddy and Frank as her careful pages. A shawl pinned to her shoulders makes a beautiful train. One feather in her hair serves as a coronet, and the bouquet she carries is made up of very choice "sun-flowers." It is a fine thing, indeed, to be such a princess as Mabel is, for just as soon as she grows weary of being a great princess and walking slowly in that stately way, all she has to do is to unfasten the shawl, throw away the flowers, take away the gay feather and she will become simple little Mabel Hopkins. Teddy and Frank make gay young pages, each carrying a wooden sword over his shoulder and wearing a proud goose-feather in his cap. They think it great fun to wait upon their sister, the princess, but they will grow tired of it after a while, and then they will run away and play something else. They will be glad to be Frank and Teddy Hopkins once more, playing hide-and-seek with their merry little sister.

## A VOICE FROM THE CAMEL.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

ALMOST everyone has heard about a camel's three stomachs, and the water cells in them, but all people cannot remember that in an Arabian camel like myself, the cells will hold a whole gallon and a half of water. Sometimes it is very unfortunate for us to have such stomachs, for on long marches across the desert, the Arabs, when without water, will occasionally kill some camels to get at their cells.

But, besides our queer stomachs, our noses are made in a strange way. You know it is very unpleasant indeed to have sand blown up your nose. Now I am going to relate a most singular fact. We camels are so made that when the sand-blasts come, we

can shut up our noses with some little valves inside.

Our feet are made so they are just right too, for we have very thick soles, so that the hot sand of the deserts cannot burn us. Altogether, I think we camels ought to be very thankful that we are made so beautifully. Some of the old Jewish rabbis did not think we were very thankful though, for they had a saying, "The camel desired horns, and his ears were taken from him." I think, though, that the rabbis made up that saying to tell people who were grumbling, and who

ought to have remembered how much worse off they would have been if the good they had were taken away from them. Most people are not nearly thankful enough for their good things. It is so much easier to grumble than to be thankful.

## UNSELFISH.

THERE are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of the second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity, "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile; "I don't mind it at all—now."

## MY TWO HORSES.

SOME years ago I owned a horse, with which I undertook to drive to a neighbouring town over the hills in winter. A spot of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up. But, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on foot again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighs; and, that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder or under my arm.

On another occasion my pet Morgan called me, while I was engaged fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent

calls, that I instantly understood meant trouble. Going hastily to the stables, I found the cows had broken down a door, and were capable of doing mischief. As soon as I approached, the horse gave a satisfied whinny, followed by a long sigh of relief, and went to eating very quietly.

## "CAN I GO HOME?"

BESS went to church one sultry day  
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,  
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then moments into hours grew  
Oh dear! Oh dear! what should she do?  
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,  
On some absorbing mission bent  
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said in plaintive tone,  
With hand uplifted toward the dome,  
"Please, preacher-maa, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,  
Disturbed a sermon most profound:  
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread:  
He paused and bent his stately head;  
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

## "THE LORD'S PART."

NANNIE had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part out of it." And when she got it in smaller coins, she laid out one-tenth.

"There," she said, "I'll keep that until Sunday." And when Sunday came, she went to the box for offerings in the church vestibule, and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you said you gave one-tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belonged to him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."

It was one of the days when little Katie seemed to be possessed by a spirit of mischief, and before the afternoon was over she had tired herself and pretty well exhausted her mother's patience. At last she did something so naughty that her mother said: "There, Katie; I shall have to punish you for that." The child looked at her a moment in silence, and then without warning, burst into tempestuous weeping. Just at this crisis her father came into the room, and Katie sobbed the louder, perhaps in order that he might the more surely notice her. "Why, little one, what is this?" he asked. "What are you crying for?" Katie thought a moment, and then, remembering that the manner of her punishment had not been announced, she answered amid her sobs: "I don't know, papa; mamma hasn't told me yet."