

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# Happy Days

VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

[No. 3

## GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

In the crowded, narrow street groups of noisy children were playing and quarrelling. Their loud, angry tones reached the ears of Mrs. Easton as she lay on her bed of suffering in one of the tiny houses of Linden Place. Everything within the little sick-room bore the marks of cleanliness and refinement. The few pieces of furniture in the room were carefully dusted and arranged so as to produce the best possible effect. The dishes on the open dresser were polished till they gleamed like so many jewels. The sunlight danced on the bright, clean window panes and played among the curly, brown locks of a little girl who stood bending over a rose which was in bloom in a small brown pot resting on the window-sill. The child stroked the rose caressingly and then stooped down and kissed it.

Mrs. Easton lay watching the child and her eyes grew moist with tears. She called softly, "Birdie, bring the rose here and let mamma smell it, too."

The child carefully carried the flower to her mother's bedside. Her beautiful brown eyes sparkling with pleasure as she handed her mother the treasured plant. The noise in the street grew very loud, and Mrs. Easton asked Birdie to close the window. When the little girl came back, her mother, holding the flower in her hand and looking at it, began to tell Birdie about a beautiful land where flowers grow all the year round; where there is no sorrow and no pain, and where God lives. Then putting the plant down on a table that stood by the bed she drew the little girl very gently to her side, and stroking the silken curls she said, "God has asked me to go to that beautiful country very soon, and, my little Birdie, I must go when he calls me. I am sorry that I must leave you behind, but remember that though you have no father or mother, you are always God's little girl, and he will take care of you, I am sure of that."

Very calmly and quietly the invalid continued, her voice sometimes becoming almost a whisper in the difficulty she had in breathing. "I have written an aunt of mine who lives in a small village called Paisley, asking her to take you to her home and take care of you, and I think

as if that would break her heart. She sobbed, and sobbed, with her arms tightly clasped round her mother's neck. "Oh, what'll I do without you, mamma, God must take me too, so 'a I can take care of you?" For this little girl, though she was still a mere baby, could dust and sweep and wait on her mother "better than the best nurse in the world," her mother said.



GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

she will. I expect her to come to-morrow, and I wanted to tell you to be sure to be very good to her, and never forget that you are God's little girl, and after a little while he will bring you to me."

Little Birdie was only five years old and she could not understand much of what her mother told her, except that she was going away, and it seemed to the little soul

near where her mother was. Often in the evening she had watched the setting sun, and as its golden glory flooded the western sky she had concluded that her mother must be behind those golden mountains. She made up her mind that as soon as she was a little larger she would walk to that lovely, bright place. Now, she thought, she must have walked a great

Mrs. Easton was soon called to the land where she had told Birdie she was going, and where she knew all was gladness and light and joy. With perfect confidence in God's goodness she left her little one to his care, with many prayers that he would keep her for himself, and that she might have her dear little one with her forever, by-and-bye.

Miss Nancy Land, Mrs. Easton's aunt, was a cross old lady, and knew nothing at all about the "queer" manners and customs of childhood, and thought Birdie a strange and troublesome problem. Often the little girl was very lonely. She longed for a long talk with her mother, and finding her aunt had nothing interesting to tell her and would not listen to her when she tried to talk, she spent most of the day wandering over the commons near her aunt's house, picking the daisies and talking to them, and chasing the gay butterflies.

One day when the snow covered the ground, and Birdie had searched for weeks for a single flower (all in vain, of course) she wandered farther than usual from her home. At length she found herself in such a beautiful place she thought she must be quite

deal farther than she thought she had, and come near to that happy place where her mother was. Her mother had said that she was to live in a great mansion, and Birdie saw a little distance away an elegant mansion just like the one her mother had described, she felt sure.

She walked up to the house and saw a beautiful bunch of flowers lying on the ground. Birdie picked them up eagerly, nodding her head wisely and saying, "Yes, this's the place, sure 'nuf, 'flowers all the year,' mamma said."

Mrs. Emory, who owned this beautiful house, situated a couple of miles from the village, was a widow who lived all alone with her servants. Her children and her husband were dead, and in her eyes the place was dreary enough. She was very fond of flowers and insisted on having the vases filled with the freshest flowers, "I don't want to be reminded of death," she would say. "Never let the flowers become at all withered."

So the flowers that Birdie had found, though scarcely at all withered, had been thrown out of the house.

Birdie was marching along the snowy path to the front door in great glee, holding the flowers in her hand, when she saw coming up to her a richly dressed lady, in a long white ermine cloak. It was Mrs. Emory, but Birdie was sure it was an angel; so looking up at her and smiling she said, "Are you God's angel? Please, take me to mamma, dear angel. I've been so drefful lonely, 'caus aunty's pretty cross, you know, and she does not love me. But I'll love everyone here. Oh, dear, I'm glad I came. God will let me stay now, won't he? I didn't forget I was his little girl."

Mrs. Emory was bewildered and stood staring at the child, wondering where she had come from and what she could mean by her questions. Birdie's sweet, bright little face, locking up so earnestly into her own, drew Mrs. Emory strangely towards the little stranger, and she picked her up in her arms and carried her into the house, while Birdie chattered gaily about seeing her mamma and God and being so happy. Then she put her arms round Mrs. Emory's neck and kissed her again and again.

Birdie was sorely disappointed to learn that it was not heaven and that she could not see her mamma, but God was taking care of his little girl and was not going to leave her with her cross, old aunt any longer, where she would have grown up like an uncared-for weed. Birdie never left the beautiful mansion she had found. With the little girl seated on her knee, Mrs. Emory drew from her her story, by degrees, and after a long visit with Miss Nancy Land, she was able to keep Birdie as her own. Birdie was very happy in her new home, and Mrs. Emory was to her little adopted daughter a loving, kind and wise mother. She never forgot that she was "God's little girl" and tried to please him by her life, and grew to be a beautiful woman whom everyone who knew her loved.

"MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS."

I AM very young and little,  
I am only just turned two,  
And I cannot learn big chapters,  
As my elder sisters do.

But I know three little verses  
That my mamma has taught to me,  
And I say them every morning  
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me."  
Is it not a pretty text?  
And "Suffer little children  
To come unto me" is the next.

But the last one is the shortest,  
It is only "God is love,"  
How kind he is in sending  
Such sweet verses from above.

He knows the chapters I can't learn,  
So I think He sent those three  
Short, easy texts on purpose  
For little ones like me.

—Early Dew

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Max. Ine. Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan Herald, weekly	2 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
20 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 38 Temperance St.,  
TORONTO.  
C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

HIS HOME BEAUTIFUL.

HARRY didn't want to come in one bit when mamma called him. He was having the finest time building a snow-house, and as he rolled and tugged and piled one ball on another, as he panted and glowed and blew clouds of fog from his red lips, he kept thinking how nice it would be to have a house of his own to live in, and he really meant to finish it and live in it.

But the rowdy had gone out without hat or great-coat, or leggings or gum-shoes, so of course mamma had to call him in; and to drive away his pouting fit, she began to tell him that he already had a beautiful house all his own. It had two windows, and two doors for visitors to enter, and one door for himself to come through; it was of beautiful shape and

color, and as he grew older, the house would be enlarged for his use. Moreover, it was furnished with four good servants, and had many other wonderful furnishings.

By this time Harry's eyes were stretched so wide that the mother could not help laughing; but she looked sober again when he asked,

"Why, mother, where in the world did I get that house?"

"God gave it to you, my little boy," said she, "it is your body, don't you see? Your blue eyes are the windows from which your mind looks out; your two ears are the doors through which your friends' words and thoughts enter; your mouth is the door through which your spirit goes forth on words for wheels, and your hands and feet are willing, obedient servants."

Harry was laughing himself now at this merry fancy.

"But God means you to take care of this Home Beautiful," continued the mother. "If you catch cold and get sick, you injure it, and God will be displeased to see you so careless of his good gift."

The little boy sat down on the floor and pulled off his wet stockings with a very thoughtful face. "I 'spect I better take care of my house," he said to himself.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE grogshop is a two-edged sword and cuts both ways at once. It is a rotating machine for the snaring of souls. It catches our young men and boys before they reach the church and Sabbath-school—while they are on their way—or else it catches them on their return, and mars or neutralizes the blessed lessons there imparted. Between the two there is the old "irrepressible conflict" over again. It is war to the knife, and knife to the hilt, and only one can win. And in this warfare we of Christ's army are outnumbered; there are twelve saloons to every church, twelve barkeepers to one minister. The church opens its doors two or three days in the week; the saloon grinds on and on with its mill of destruction all the days of every year. That we are outnumbered is not all; we are outnumbered as well. The people of the rumshops purpose in their hearts not only to mar and neutralize, but to obliterate and displace the lessons of the church and Sunday-school. They have their series of lessons, with which our International series cannot at all compare. They have studied carefully the tastes, tendencies, and preferences of boys and young men—their natural and innocent taste for variety, fondness for amusement, preference for young company—and they pander to all these in ways that take hold upon death.

THE salvation of souls is the prime object of the Sunday-school; therefore the point to be gained is to lead pupils to leave the service of Satan and enter the service of God.

## A NURSERY CYCLONE

A CYCLONE struck the nursery—  
It early blew and late,  
And all agreed that no'er before  
Were things in such a state.

The rocking-horse lost mane and tail,  
The elephant an eye;  
The paper boats, all loved to float,  
Were stranded high and dry.

And Marjorie Jane, the favourite doll,  
Her health is ruined quite,  
I hope that no'er again shall I  
See such a piteous sight.

A fractured limb, her skull crushed in,  
No hair left on her head;  
"How she escaped from death at all  
Is strange," dear grandma said.

An invalid while life shall last;  
She's lame, and bald, and blind—  
A more afflicted doll 'twould be  
Extremely hard to find.

The only one that came out whole  
Was poor old Jumping Jack;  
"He was so homely," all did say,  
"The cyclone changed its track."  
—Our Little Ones.

"WHO WAS IT THAT SQUASHED  
THE RABBIT?"

MANY years ago there lived in Westminster an interesting little girl, to whom was given, by one of her friends, a little baby rabbit. And, much as she loved a doll, she loved the beautiful little rabbit still more; because it had life, and could run about, and amuse her in many ways. She made such a pet of it, that she would fain have taken it to bed with her; but to that her father and mother could not of course consent. As she lay awake one night, thinking of the little pet downstairs, she thought there could not be much harm in fetching it, and placing it for a short time at least in her own bed; intending no doubt to return it again to its own place so early in the morning that her parents would not know what she had done. At once, therefore, as soon as the house was still, and she had reason to believe that the family were all asleep, she crept quietly downstairs; and, having found her little treasure, she hugged it to her bosom, carried it to her room, and folded it in her arms in bed; and for a time she was so delighted with its company that she could not sleep. At length, however, she was overcome, and fell into a sound sleep, and did not wake until morning. As once she remembered her little companion, and began to feel about for it; but, to her horror, it was not to be found, and in a state of great excitement, she called out several times: "Where is my rabbit?" Another sister, who had been quietly sleeping by her side, and was unconscious of what had taken place, said: "What do you mean? you must be dreaming; your rabbit is not here; but downstairs, where you left it." — further

search, however, the rabbit was found stretched on the floor, cold and dead, and almost as flat as a pancake; the fact being that the little mistress had lain upon it, and crushed it to death; and there it lay before her eyes; and no doubt filling her with intense sorrow for its loss, and it is to be hoped, with equal sorrow for having, in order to gratify herself, disobeyed her parents. And for many years afterwards it was a standing joke against her by the rest of the family: "Who squashed the rabbit?"

(This little incident should teach all young people that, while they may innocently love and pet some of the pretty creatures which God has given them; yet they are not, under any circumstances, to make their love and their self-will into a pretext for disobeying their parents and teachers. If they do so, their sin, sooner or later, is sure to find them out.)

## CHILDHOOD'S TRUST.

WHILE spending some time at a friend's house, a few years ago, a pale, delicate little girl of nearly eight years came to the house where we were stopping, bringing with her a beautiful bird—a canary. Its name was "Beauty," and its song was so melodious as to charm the whole company there assembled. As it hung in front of the house each day, the inmates would watch for its remarkable notes, which it could do with the greatest ease, beginning with the lowest and ascending to the very highest note of the scale, as correctly as the most accomplished vocalist could have done, and finally winding off with a singular sound, which was very unusual in the song of a bird of this kind. But one day its little voice was silent. The poor bird had met with a terrible accident, which rendered it probable that it would never sing again, or even live. The cage had been placed upon the sill of the window, in order that the bird might take its bath. Unfortunately, there being a high wind that morning, the door of the room had been left open, and being in a strong current, over went the cage, bird, bath-tub, and all. The tub had fallen upon the little bird's leg, and broken it badly.

Poor Beauty now lay upon the bottom of the cage, apparently in great pain, and could not stir, and its little owner sat by, sobbing as if her heart would break. What was to be done? The bird that she loved so long, and that had been so much company to her—for she had no little brother or sister to play with—would surely die. While in this despondent mood, she suddenly remembered reading in her little Bible that if two or three prayed together for the same thing, in faith, God would hear and answer too. And at Sunday-school that very week her teacher had told her that God did not forget one of the creatures he had made; that his loving care was around them all constantly, and that not even "a sparrow could fall to the ground without his notice;" and surely he must know, then, all about Beauty's fall. She went all at once to her mother,

and with tears rolling down her cheeks, but with that faith and trust which seems only given to a child, she said: "Won't you pray to God that Beauty may get well? and I'll pray to him too, and I know he will hear us."

## TOM AND NED.

TOM and Ned walked down the street together on their way to Sunday school. Tom's face was bright as the day itself, but Ned's wore a scowl.

"Father's never satisfied if I don't go to Sunday-school and church," he grumbled. "I think it's pretty hard on a fellow to keep him tied up so!"

"Why, don't you want to go?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes I don't, when it's a nice day like this, and I want to have a walk and a little fun with the boys. There's Will Lawson never goes to Sunday-school unless he's a mind to, and I don't see why my father is so particular."

"It's a pity that Will's father isn't more particular," said Tom, soberly. "You know what trouble Will got into a few Sundays ago."

"O! that was only a little sport!"

"But it's the kind of sport nobody likes to remember about a boy. And for my part I am glad that my father cares enough about me to want me to be in a safe place on Sunday."

And so the boys passed beyond hearing, dropped down into the HAPPY DAYS for our boys and girls to read and think about.

Sometimes father's and mother's desire to have you in the right place seems a little oppressive, doesn't it? Try and remember this: they know the dangers that wait for you far better than you possibly can, and it is because they care for you and love you very dearly that they try to shield you. It is not pleasant for a parent to deny a child what looks like a great pleasure to the child, and you may be sure when it is done it always gives pain to the parent's heart. Do not make the pain greater by your unwillingness to yield to your father's or mother's will in the matter! Remember, it is only love that watches over and tries to protect!

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 18.

LESSON TOPIC—God's Judgment on Sodom.—Gen. 18 22-33

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 18. 23 26.

GOLDEN TEXT—Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right.—Gen. 18. 25.

FEBRUARY 25.

LESSON TOPIC.—Trial of Abraham's Faith.—Gen. 22. 1-13.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 22. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac—Heb. 11. 17.



THE PILLAR OF SALT.—SER. LESSON FEB. 18.

### WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS GOOD FOR?

BY MRS. L. A. OBEAR.

"OH, what are little girls good for?"  
 You say, when we tease or cry.  
 "What are little girls good for?"—  
 To make women of, by-and-bye—

Women you'll all be proud of:  
 For though, no doubt, like the rest,  
 We shall prate about ribbons and laces,  
 And "bustle" and "bang" with the best.

We shall stand with temperance workers  
 At morn, at noon, and at night;  
 When the year comes in and when it goes  
 out,  
 And we never will cease from the fight,

Till the drink that spreads crime and  
 sorrow,  
 And darkness and death, through the  
 land,  
 Is beaten and banished forever.  
 You'll see how firm we shall stand!

When expected to smile and to simper  
 On a man who we know, by his breath,  
 Has drunk from the tempting wine-cup  
 The drink that's the drink of death,

You'll find then what we are good for—  
 That each of us girls, one and all,  
 Were meant for one thing—to be women—  
 To help banish King Alcohol.

### A GOOD NATURED BEAR

I FEEL as cross as a bear," said Polly,  
 just in from school.

"Then you have a good chance to make  
 the family happy," and grandma smiled.

"Your mother has a headache, the  
 baby wants to be amused, and little  
 brother is fretful. A cross bear will  
 make him cry, and then the baby  
 will cry too; and that will make your  
 mother's headache worse, and—"

"Why, grandma, what do you  
 mean?" interrupted Polly.

"Oh, I haven't finished what I want  
 to say! That is what a cross bear  
 will do, but a good-natured bear can  
 make Jamie laugh, and then perhaps  
 Jamie will make the baby laugh; and  
 if your mother hears them, perhaps  
 her head will not ache so badly; and  
 if she grows better, it will surely  
 make papa smile; and if papa smiles,  
 I shall be happy too."

"All right," said Polly; "you shall  
 see what a good-natured bear can do."

She went into the nursery and  
 capered so comically that Jamie  
 laughed with delight. Then she took  
 his hand, and they danced back and  
 forth before the baby sitting in her  
 high chair; and Jamie's laugh was  
 soon echoed by little May.

Mother heard through the closed  
 door, and said to grandma: "It is  
 better than medicine to hear those  
 dear children."

"That is what I told Polly," replied  
 grandma.

At the tea-table papa said: "It is such  
 a comfort to find mamma's headache is  
 really better." And he smiled at Polly.

"It's like a Mother Goose story," said  
 Polly. "The bear began to please the lit-  
 tle brother, the little brother began to  
 amuse the baby, the baby began to cure  
 the mother, the mother began to comfort  
 the father, the father began to cheer the  
 grandma, the grandma began—she began  
 it all!" and Polly stopped for want of  
 breath.—*Companion.*

### A NOBLE BOY.

WELL! I saw a little boy do something  
 the other day that made me feel good for  
 a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill  
 with tenderness and good feeling even  
 now, as I write about it. But let me tell  
 you what it was. As I was going down  
 the street, I saw an old man who seemed  
 to be blind, walking along without any  
 one to lead him. He went very slowly,  
 feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest  
 part of the curbstone," said I to myself.  
 "And it is very high too; I wonder if  
 some one won't tell him, and start him in  
 the right direction?"

Just then a boy about fourteen years old,  
 who was playing near the corner, left his  
 playmates, ran up to the old man, put his  
 hand through the man's arm, and said,  
 "Let me lead you across the street." By  
 this time there were three or four others  
 watching the boy. He not only helped him  
 over one crossing, but led him over another  
 to the lower side of the street. Then he ran  
 back to his play.

Now this boy thought he had only done

the man a kindness, while I know he had  
 made three other persons feel happy and  
 better, and more careful to do little kind-  
 nesses to those about them. The three or  
 four persons who had stopped to watch  
 the boy turned away with a tender smile  
 on their faces, ready to follow the noble  
 example he had set them. I know this  
 because of what I had seen, I felt more  
 gentle and forgiving towards every one for  
 many days afterwards.

Another one that was made happy was  
 the boy himself; for it is impossible for  
 to do a kind act, or to make any one else  
 happy, without being better or happier  
 ourselves. To be good, and to do good,  
 to be happy.

### HE FIRST LOVED THEE.

O LITTLE child! be still and rest.  
 He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps,  
 And in the morning wakes so blest,  
 His child to be.  
 Love every one, but love him best—  
 He first loved thee.

### MAKING MISSIONARY MONEY.

JOHN and Tim had a nice way to make  
 missionary money. What do you think  
 it was? They drove the cows to pasture  
 every morning, and then home again every  
 night.

Sometimes Tim, who was the smaller,  
 would get very tired, but John always de-  
 clared it was lots of fun.

"Besides," he would say, "we are mak-  
 ing our missionary money, and I do think  
 a boy, yes, or a girl either, who has a chance  
 to make missionary money, and then won't  
 do it is just as mean as—as dirt!" he  
 would end emphatically.

Don't you think John was right?  
 I wonder how many of my little readers  
 have a chance to drive the cows so as to  
 make their missionary money?

### A LESSON FROM AN ANT.

LITTLE Ray was learning her morning  
 verse swinging in her hammock in her  
 tent on the lawn while she ate her lunch.  
 It was, "Go to the ant, consider her ways,"  
 and she wondered how one could go to the  
 ant to learn anything. Suddenly she ex-  
 claimed, "Oh, see my crumbs walking away  
 alone!" and when she looked to see what  
 the strange sight meant she saw a tiny ant  
 slowly pushing each crumb; but one crumb,  
 larger than the rest, would only go a little  
 way and then fall back.

After the small crumbs had all disap-  
 peared in the grass the ant seemed to be  
 discouraged over the large one, and leav-  
 ing it she ran off about the yard, when she  
 met another ant, and soon the two came  
 back, and together they pushed the crumb  
 off from the floor of the tent, when it dis-  
 appeared with the two persevering little  
 workers. Ray thought she understood  
 then the meaning of her Bible verse.