

Erie's companion happily believed in his own dear mother's ways, and in going with her to the house of God. His Sundays, during his holidays, were his very happiest days, and though he loved Erie very much, he loved his mother still more. The boys were true friends, and when Erie invited him he did not argue the matter, but used to say: "Any day for boating but Sunday."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1906.

### FOOLHARDINESS.

Several lads were one day amusing themselves by walking on the top rail of a bridge which crossed a swift-flowing stream. At first they only ventured on that portion of the bridge which was built above the river's bank. Presently one of them challenged the others to walk its entire length.

"You dare not do it yourself, Mr. Tom!" cried several voices.

"Don't I! I'll show you that I dare to do what all you fellows are afraid to attempt!" responded Tom.

After this foolish speech the lad sprang upon the railing and proceeded to walk along the narrow rail. But when he was half-way across, he looked down on the rushing water, became dizzy, toppled over, and fell with a great splash into the stream. His companions stood terror-stricken, expecting that he would surely be drowned. Fortunately, however, two men in a boat were crossing the river at a point just below, where its movement was less rapid, and they, after much effort, caught poor Tom, and lifted him out of the water half-dead. Talking of Tom's mishap, shortly after, one of the lads exclaimed:

"What a courageous fellow Tom is!"

Does my reader see any real courage in Tom's conduct? If he does, I do not. He was daring, he was rash, he was foolhardy; but he was not courageous, for courage is a thoughtful virtue, which only confronts danger because of some good it seeks to accomplish. But Tom's silly vanity, his vain desire to be thought brave, moved him to risk his life for no fellows, Butler, an old poet, says truly good reason. Of all such rash young enough:



"WOT LOTS OF WASSIN DOSE CHILWEN DO MAKE."

"If any yet be so foolhardy  
To expose themselves to vain jeopardy.  
If they come off wounded and lame,  
No honor's got by such a maim."

### TED AND THE GARDENER.

"I s'pose," said Ted, sitting down easily on the wheelbarrow, and resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. "I s'pose you see a good many nice things outdoors first and last."

The gardener was mending his hoe, "Yes, I s'pose I do." "I never get tired of watching honey bees, for one thing."

"O, tell me about them," said Ted, who was always hungry for stories; "I've never been very near ours, 'cause me ma's afraid I'll get stung."

"Wall, you might, till you get acquainted with 'em like. I was noticing of 'em not long since with a strange bee. They pestered it to get its honey. You see, they didn't want to kill it, 'cause then they couldn't get it; but they hectored it till it dropped its load out of its pockets and flew off."

"Pockets? What kind, like mine?" said Ted, putting his hands in them.

"No, not quite; but hairy places on their sides. Their hairs hold the honey-comb in, you see."

"O, yes, but do go on, please," said Ted.

"Wall, they get a load, and put it into their pockets, first one side and then the other, till they're full. It's funny to

see them run up a stalk of timothy and get dusty all over from it. They dust themselves off with their feet, and put the dust into their pockets. When they are loaded they take a bee line for home."

"Oh, what is that?" said Ted.

"Straight as they can go. If you move the hive a little ways, they'll bump up ag'in it, and they fly off and try it ag'in till they hit the opening."

"Oh, go on," said Ted, who was afraid the hoe would be finished before the bee story.

"They air out the hive hot days by gittin' round the open

places and then fluttering their wings like all possessed. I put a piece of paper in the top of the hive one day, and it blew round as if it was in a little whirlwind."

"Oh, isn't it funny!" said Ted (he meant queer). "I mean to get acquainted with 'em myself. I do think outdoors is a great deal more interesting than school," he added, with a sigh.

"Wall, you see, folks that can't go to school have to use their eyes; but it's nice when you can do both."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Ted, doubtfully.

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