

HAPPY DAYS

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CURIOSITY.

What can there be so interesting on the other side of this wall? Probably nothing of importance, but this little maid has heard voices, or something of the sort, and is eager to know what is the matter. So she has brought a basket and climbed up on it to look over, and we hope her curiosity is satisfied and her trouble made worth while by seeing something really interesting or exciting.

SWEET VIOLETS.

The day was cold and bright, and Amy and Bess, dressed in their new warm coats and hats, were walking briskly along the street, talking so busily that they did not pay the least attention to the passers-by, until a voice close to Amy's ear called out:

"Violets, sweet violets, ten cents a bunch. Please buy my violets."

"No, go away; we don't want any," Amy said.

Bess looked back as Amy hurried her on, slipped her arm out of Amy's and stood still.

"Bess, what are you stopping for?" asked Amy, impatiently.

"Little girl, come here, I will buy some violets," Bess called out.

"Why are you crying?" she continued.

"I can't sell my violets," the child answered. "See? my basket is full. I thought I could sell so many, it is so bright to-day, but maybe I don't



CURIOSITY.

know how, and I'm so cold."

"I'll take a bunch too" said Amy. "I didn't mean to speak so cross. I was only in a hurry, you see. Say, little girl, do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No! I - I haven't nice clothes to wear, and I'd be ashamed. Mother is sick. She mends me up as well as she can, but she can't work now."

"Well," Amy said, "our school is just the place to come to, for we help sick mothers dress their little girls, and we tell their children about Jesus."

Bess and Amy told the little girl where to come the next Sunday, and promised to meet her there, and the child said she would come gladly.

As Amy and Bess went on, Amy said, "We can't buy our candy now."

"No!" said Bess, "but we can give our violets to lame Susie and to the old nurse."

They gave away their violets, and then there were five happy people that afternoon.

! Anna Jane has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in in the next room she thinks they are saying something she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice