

Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

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[No. 9.

WILFUL BESSIE'S OWN WAY.

It was such an easy, smooth path to the little island that the six-year-old Bessie thought she could go there without nurse or papa or mamma. The last time she was at the island she had built a doll-house of pebbles, and she wished very much to take her doll Annita to see the new house.

Bessie knew quite well that mamma and papa did not wish her to go away from auntie's house, where they were visiting, without some one to take care of her; but the island seemed such a pretty play-place, and it was a bit of adventure to go there alone with Nita, so the little girl started one bright morning quite independent of anybody.

The island was really a peninsula running out into the sea, connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. But at high tide the little neck was covered with deep water, and the peninsula became an island. Bessie trotted along in the sunshine talking to Nita. She was quite happy,

although she was doing wrong. When she reached the beach bright little waves came splashing up to meet her, and a tiny boat with a sail like the wing of a white butterfly was dancing on the blue water a little way out at sea. The isthmus was perfectly dry and paved with pebbles and shells. Bessie hurried to the middle of the island and found her play-house in good order. It suited Nita very well, but might be made

still better. So Bessie brought pebbles and built a kitchen to roast "saucers" and snails in, she told Nita, for her doll dinner. By-and-by Bessie grew tired and dropped to sleep, lulled by the soft splash of the water.

Then the sea crept up to the isthmus, up to it and over it. Was the sea to blame?

and mamma know what is best for you. Danger and trouble always come with disobeying."

HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a

grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Read the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. ST. LUKE x. 30-37.

No. The sea was obeying its Maker. At last Bessie awoke and thought she would go home to dinner. Alas! she was a prisoner, with great roaring waves all around her. You can imagine how dreadful her fright must have been. After awhile her papa came for her in a boat. When he took the sobbing little one in his arms he said: "I hope you will remember this lesson all your life, my darling. Your papa

up-stairs, or in the yard. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

Good sense is like truth—the same now that it was when the first man walked on the face of the earth.