

# HAPPY DAYS

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## THE PET CAT.

These little German children are a good deal like children the world over—fond of a bit of fun. The sedate old cat does not seem a bit proud of its velvet ribbon. It shuts its eyes, and won't look at itself in the glass.

## WHAT THEY DID ABOUT IT.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

"She seemed to think everybody could do something, Minna; don't you know she kept talkin' and talkin' 'bout the 'little ones,' like she 'spected them to do a heap?"

"Yes, I know, Lily," answered the eldest sister disconsolately, "but she didn't know mother was sick and father out of work, or she would have counted us out."

"She didn't talk as if anybody was counted out," insisted Lily; and then the sisters sat gazing into the fire. They had been to the Forbes Street Sunday-school as usual that Sunday afternoon, but instead of saying their verses and hymns, a lady had talked to them a whole hour about Africa, and all the little dark-skinned children there who had never heard of Jesus.

She had been living over there a long time, teaching them that Jesus died for them, and now her friends in this country had sent for her to come home and rest awhile. But the way she rested was to go about, up and down the land, trying to persuade Christians to send more teachers to Africa.

"I tell you what we'll do, Minna," said



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Lily, after a long silence: "We'll ask the lady what she thinks we can do. She must know what other little girls do who have sick mothers and fathers out of work."

So the next day Lily left Minna to take care of mother, and she tripped up to the manse to ask for Miss Hanna, the missionary. "She will sail day after to-morrow

for Africa, my dear," said the preacher's wife; then, seeing how disappointed Lily looked, she added, "But what do you want with her?"

Lily told what her errand was.

"Suppose you write to her!" said Mrs. Page; and then she gave the little girl Miss Hanna's address in Africa, and sent her back to write the letter. But the preacher's wife set about answering Lily's question right away.

"There came a small preacher to my house to-day, Mr. Page," she said when her husband came in. "and set three doors open for you and me."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Page. "What did the preacher look like?"

"She wore aingham apron and long curls," answered Mr. Page.

"And what doors did she open?"

Then the lady told him about Lily's visit.

"Yes, I see," said the preacher. You must see that poor, sick Mrs. Landor gets some attention, and I must help Jim to get some work, and we must start a mission band among the children right away."

It took the letter a long time to go to Africa, and another long time for an answer to get back, and before the pleased little girls got it out of the office the mother was well, the father had a steady situation, and Minna and Lily were working like beavers in the mission band.