

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

No. 21.

UNCLE DAN'S LESSON.

Little Jack has been trying to make a boat out of a piece of wood, and has brought it to Uncle Dan for his inspection. Uncle Dan, as the children call him, though he is not their uncle, is a kind-hearted, pleasant-faced, jolly old sailor, who lives in a strange-looking little house. He is sitting in the doorway of the house. Look at it and see if you can guess what it is, or was. It is nothing more than the hull of an old vessel which was washed ashore during a terrible storm. You see it has a thatched roof, and is fixed up quite snugly. It is exceedingly cosy inside, I assure you, and the old man would not part with a old ship for the best house in town. Jack is about to return to school. Uncle Dan takes a look at the little boat and shakes his gray head. It is no one fault, only one, and a little one, that, but as the old sailor points it out to the boy and tells him that, although it is a very small fault, it is enough to make the little boat unseaworthy, he also points him to a higher lesson, for the old man is a Christian, in his own words: "Remember, Jack, my boy, it isn't always the big things that do the most harm. It is the little sins, the lit-



UNCLE DAN'S LESSON.

tle faults that are allowed to go unchecked, that grow and spoil a character and a life."

MISS MARY'S SECRET.

Miss Mary's kindergarten is the sunniest spot I have seen for many a day. It's not only the sun that pours through

the southern windows that makes it so, but also the sunshine that glows in the faces of the two dozen little children who play and work there.

These children are not rich. If it were not California, I fear many would not have warm enough clothes. They are not beautiful. But they are happy children. It is Miss Mary's wonderful secret. She found it out through much trouble herself, but she tries to have her children learn it easily.

The first thing you notice is that each one thinks of others first. When Miss Mary asks, "Who will be the little bird in this game?" no one cries "I." But each thinks of the child that has had the least that day. Perhaps little Polly Mann has not had one pretty thing to do. Then they all cry "Polly!" So no one is left out, and no one is trying for himself.

When lunch-time comes, and the little ones spread out

their stores, they are glad to share with those who have little or none.

Polly's father is a baker, and he always gives her extra rolls. She hands them to Miss Mary, saying, "Will some one have these?" She would be very sorry if no one did.