

Happy Days

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THE SICK CHILD.

POOR little Carrie
 ck. She came
 e from school
 ay with a dread-
 headache, and
 mother does not
 w exactly what
 e matter. She
 fixed up a bed
 her on two
 es in the kit-
 for they are a
 or poor family
 perhaps Carrie's
 bedroom is
 and cold. A
 lady has called
 is telling Mrs.
 en what to do
 he little sick
 until the doctor
 Look at
 ie there; how
 he looks! We
 like to do
 hing for Carrie
 only knew
 to do. We
 she will be
 soon, and we
 surely she
 with so many
 doing all
 an for her.



THE SICK CHILD.

then, obeying the promptings of his baser part he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an ace of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes.

Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished its merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman, who had been watching the lad, then came to him and asked him "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up, with a face of half shame and half sorrow, as he answered,

The boy was playing in the garden, couldn't, 'cos he sung so." when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand.

The boy looked at it for a moment, and saved the bird.

And civil words may sometimes save you from damage, just as its sweet song

WITLESSNESS

Even a civil an- will save you rudeness and

Even rough men are softened by sweet, gentle words of a child, just as we have read that a little boy was saved by the notes of a bird.