

Happy Days

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CHICKADEE.

BY HENRY R. DORR.

ALL the earth is wrapped
is snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds
blow,
Through the valley down
below
Whirls the blast
All the mountain brooks are
still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny, murmuring
rill

Is frozen fast.

Come with me
(To the tree)

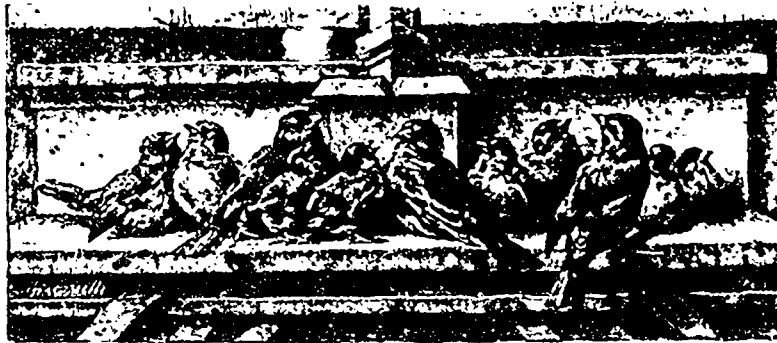
Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me

To the tree

Where the birds of summer sang!
There's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;
And his cheery little voice
Makes my happy heart rejoice,
While he calls the live-long day—
Calls to me—
"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"



Then he hops from bough to twig,
Tapping on each tiny sprig,
Calling happily to me,
"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,
"Chickadee!"

ROBBIE AND THE SNOWBALL

ROBBIE had seen his big brother James make a great, large snowball by rolling it along on the ground. Yesterday a deep snow fell, and this morning it was just soft enough to make balls. Robbie went out and looked at the snow. He said, "Now, I will make a ball like that which brother James made." So he went to work at once, and soon had a great big ball. He laughed and said his ball was as big as brother James's. Just then something happened. I cannot say just what it was, but our picture shows what came of it.

LOOK OUT!—ICE IS THIN!

"THIN ice! Where?" asked Charlie Cautious. Standing on the crystal shore of the pond, Farmer Faithful points out a strip of blackish ice.

"It is smooth! Half inclined to try it," says Rick Reckless.

"Don't! Smooth, but shaky! Fair, but false!" cried Farmer Faithful. "Water runs fast and freezes with difficulty."

"But I can go here," cried Charlie, jumping upon and running along a very solid stretch of ice near the shore. "You may pound all day with a sledge-hammer

and cut away with an axe, I was going to say, and you can't get through."

"Yes, you can trust that, it is like a good character, boys. But that other—"

The farmer's homily is cut short by an outcry from the strip of black ice:

'Help-p p' Help p p'

Farmer Faithful seizes a fence rail. He rushes out upon the ice. Towards the hole in the ice he thrusts his

rail as if a fishing-rod, and he catches on the end of his rod a very wet and dripping fish, Rick Reckless.

"Never-r will I go near-r that-t ice again-n-n!" exclaims the chattering, shivering Rick.

"I hope you won't," says the farmer. "That is like a bad character, treacherous and tricky. You come here on the solid ice. You can trust this. It is like a good man that folks run to in trouble. Two kinds of character. Don't forget it!"

Will they remember?

There is a black ice kind fair but thin, deceptive and dangerous. How all sensible people run from it! How they run to a good man and woman! How they compliment the strength, the solidity of good character by resting the heavy weight of their necessities upon it!

People make a winter roadway along the solid river-ice. It is a good thing to be trusted. It is a compliment when people count your word as good as your note. Be the boy or girl that always

