

"I like this place," said Frank, as they reached the house where they were staying.

"O how I should like to see the city," said Edwin; "the trolley cars and the electric lights, and all those things!"

"Come and see us," said Frank, "and we will show them all to you."

"Yes, I will," said Edwin, "if I can."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1903.

### A TOOTH AND A SERMON.

Robbie Burton thought that he should be the happiest boy alive, if only he were rid of his one trouble. It was a very small thing that caused all the mischief; but small as it was, it was quite able, at any time, to interfere with any particularly delightful plan, and to turn what had been expected to be the brightest of days into the most forlorn and miserable that one could imagine. It had kept him wretched at home on the very Saturday afternoon, of all others, when the whole school were going to have a holiday; it had utterly spoiled for him his brother Harry's birthday party, to which both the boys had looked anxiously forward for weeks before; it had quite taken the taste out of all the delicious sweetmeats that Uncle Fred sent from the city; worst of all, as Robbie thought, it had been his miserable unwelcome companion through many long, sleepless hours, when he sat up in bed with a handkerchief knotted about his head, his night-light burning dimly. A glance at his troubled face would have told you already the source of his affliction—an aching tooth!

Yet, strange as it may seem, the single sure remedy which papa, mamma, Uncle Ben, and all his other friends urged over

and over again, was the very one of which Robbie persistently refused to avail himself.

"I can't have it out, papa—indeed I can't!" he would answer in so piteous a tone that, whether wisely or not, Mr. Burton could not bring himself to insist upon the little visit to the dentist which would so soon have put an end to the trouble.

But the day came when the pain had grown absolutely unbearable, and after some tears, many misgivings and quick throbbings of the heart, Robbie was at last seated in one of the great reclining chairs which suggest such a sad irony of comfort. His papa stood on one side, holding his hand, with a firm yet sympathetic face; the skilful dentist selected an instrument as hastily as possible, lest Robbie's good resolutions should cool by delay; there was a single instant of horrible anticipation as the cold steel settled to its hold, one dreadful, crashing wrench—and Robbie beheld with grim and triumphant satisfaction the offending bit of bone, the cause of such long anguish, held aloft in the glittering forceps.

He flew home, as if on wings, and bursting into the parlour to tell the good news of his deliverance, he saw Uncle Ben reading in an easy chair before the grate.

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Ben, clapping his hands, while his newspaper fell upon the carpet. "I was sure that my boy was something better than a coward afraid of a moment's suffering. Aren't you paid for it already, my boy?"

"Yes, indeed, uncle. I don't know how I could have been so silly."

"Silly or not, you were not alone in it. There are a great many things worse than the toothache that people—grown-up people, too—are even slower to get rid of."

"What are they?" asked Rob.  
"I'll tell you after a bit, my boy. But first, let me ask you a question: I suppose no sort of pain seems a very good thing to you, does it?"

"Why, no, uncle. Does it to anybody?"

"That depends on whether one understands what pain really means. Pain is only a warning—a danger-signal. It says something is wrong. Something must be put out of the way. If you thrust your hand into the fire, pain cries, 'Take it away!' If there is a thorn in your finger, pain says, 'Pull it out!' All this suffering of yours tacitly, 'Get rid of the tooth that is making soreness and inflammation.'

"Now there is another kind of trouble very much worse than anything that can happen to your body. It is the mischief that sin makes. Every wrong act done, every evil habit indulged in, hurts. And the hurt means, 'Get rid of the wrong; pluck it up by the roots!' It is tough work sometimes, my boy. To loosen the hold of a wicked habit is a great deal harder than tooth-pulling, but it pays a thousand times better. And nobody need

try alone. You know who it is that will help."

#### ELSIE'S ADVICE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Now, Maud Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and listen to me. I have something to say to you; something you should be glad to hear."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already sitting up very straight indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes staring right out in front of her.

"I've got some good advice to give you," Elsie went on, "for your manners. There's company manners and there's home-folks manners. Some people have very fine company manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, but just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family; which, of course, you know is very unfair, and not nice at all. Some people don't divide theirs up; they just have manners that are just the same all the time. And this is a much better way, especially if they are of a pleasant kind, my dear.

"Some people get their manners at Paris, and some people's mothers tell them to them when they are young. But my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that's full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven's a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess, or anywhere else.

"So now I'm done. And I will give you a kiss to remember it by."

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie's advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

#### WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure  
By kindly word and deed;  
As blossoms call for nature's light,  
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure  
By lips kept ever clean;  
Silence can influence shed as sure  
As speech, oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true  
By an exalted aim;  
Let one a given end pursue,  
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,  
Thus stated in my rhyme;  
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be,  
What grander, more sublime?

—Crusader.

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