

HAPPY DAYS

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TOBOGGANING.

ONE of the healthiest and most invigorating of winter sports, made possible by the splendid climate of our country, is tobogganing. We are all so familiar with it that it needs no description.

The sensation of rushing downwards at such a headlong pace is like that of falling through the air, if any of you have ever experienced that not very enviable feeling. Tobogganing is a very fascinating sport, and young and old are alike equally fond of it. The exercise is an extremely healthy one, and the trudging up hill again is sufficient to keep everyone warm and comfortable.

LITTLE "SCOTCHIE."

His real name was Jamie MacBride, but everybody called him "Scotchie," more on account of his staunch, upright principles than because he had first opened his eyes among the highlands of bonny Scotland. His father had been a shepherd in the fatherland, and when he emigrated to America, he invested most of his hard-earned savings in sheep with which to stock the little farm upon which he settled.

Jamie soon became very much attached to the sheep and took great delight in helping to herd them when they were turned out into the woods to graze, as was frequently done in the spring when the pasture was short.

One bright afternoon when his father was setting out some young fruit trees in the lot adjoining the sheep pasture, he was called away, and as he expected to be back soon, he put the shepherd's crook in Jamie's hand and left him to guard the gap. When he reached the house, he found

he would be obliged to go to the village, and as it was several miles distant, he hurried off, forgetting all about the little sentinel at the gap.

At first Jamie felt very proud stepping back and forth with the big crook in his hand, but after awhile he got tired and hungry, and wished very hard for his father's return. An hour or two after he

was left alone, some of his boy friends came along and wanted him to go fishing with them.

"I can't," said "Scotchie." "Father left me to watch the gap, and I must stay here till he comes back."

"You can put up the bars so the sheep can't get into the orchard," argued the boys, but "Scotchie"

was firm, and the boys went away muttering something about the stubborn Scotchmen.

The evening passed slowly away, and at last the sun went out of sight behind the western hills, and still his father did not come. Jamie was a good deal of a coward in the darkness, but he would not disobey his father, and so he kept up his pace back and forth across the opening, until a full hour after sunset, when he was relieved of his vigil by the appearance of his father.

"I forgot you, Jamie-boy, and mother thought you were with me," his father explained, as he clasped him in his arms. "But you are our brave Jamie now, and we love you better than ever because we know you can be trusted always to do what you know to be right. You are a real little hero, my dear boy."

"I never thought of being a hero," said Jamie, "I just did what you told me."

"That's the way heroes are made," returned his father, "and they do not know when they become heroes, either."

A LITTLE Scotch girl being examined at school, was asked: "What does patience mean?" Her answer was: "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."



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