

Happy Days

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A FINE TEAM.

WHAT a fine team Master Jacky has I hope they won't run away from him. Little pug Ponto enjoys the fun as much as any.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

It was a quiet little seashore place where Ross Canter and his mother were spending the hot summer weeks. There were no great noisy hotels with bands and balls and fine dressing. The fashions kept there were mainly the fashions of fisher-folk, but Ross and his mother were very happy and comfortable.

The little boy never seemed to tire of making sand-houses and gathering shells, while with book and sewing-bag Mrs. Canter sat on the dry beach enjoying every hour of the sun and breeze.

"Don't go out of my sight, Rossy," was the only precaution needed; and Ross had been trained to obey.

"Mother, can't I go round the bend for a half hour?" he asked, one day—"just round the bend, mother. I won't go into the surf; I'll be as careful as a pussy-cat."

"Yes," said his mother with a little hesitation. "I think I may trust you round the bend."



A FINE TEAM.

"Come, Ross," cried Sam, a big, kind-hearted fisher-lad, fifteen minutes later—"git in my boat and I'll give yer a sail."

"Can't," answered Ross, looking wistfully at the boat—"mother don't 'low me."

"But she is out of sight," said the untaught lad; "she'll never know."

"Ho!" answered the little man, pulling himself up very straight, opening his eyes in an amazed stare—"Ho! but we ain't ever out of heavenly Father's sight I reckon." And that was the best sermon Fisherman Sam had ever heard. He never forgot it. In many a stormy sail, in many a tempted hour, that little piping voice came back to him: "We ain't ever out c. heavenly Father's sight, I reckon."

"HERBERT TOLD ME TO."

We know a little miss who often disobeys her mamma by leaving the yard without permission, but who always excuses herself by saying, "Herbert"—one of her little play-fellows—"told me to." It would be very easy for all children to be good if they never had a chance to do wrong, but being good really means refusing to do wrong when you

have a good chance. She ought to learn to obey when her playmate asks her to go; and we should all know that we ourselves, and no others, are to blame for the wrong we do. Others may ask us or tempt us, but they cannot make us do wrong—we choose what we shall do.