

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1904.

No. 11.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

The world undergoes a good many changes in the space of a generation, and a son loves to listen to the tales his father can tell him of what was done in the days of his youth, when things were so different. Here, in the sunny courtyard of an old French chateau, with his grandchildren around him, the old grandfather, who has seen so much of the world's ways, tells them a story of the past that happened to him long ago. Already the outline of it is beginning to fade in his memory. One day the handsome little fellow, who seems to be listening so attentively, will himself be the owner of those grey old walls and of the many wide acres which stretch away outside, and then in his turn he will tell to his sons and grandsons stories of the far-distant past, when his old grandfather was alive. And he will point out the very spot to his wondering little ones, where the old gentleman used to sit and relate his long tales that were so fascinating. So the world goes on from one generation to another, and, although we may think that things change very much, yet they remain



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much the same as they always were, while in reality it is we ourselves who change.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

DON AND LADY.

Don and Lady were two little canaries who lived in the same cage, and were as happy as two little prisoners could be. Every day while the windows were closed the cage door was opened, and the birdies were allowed to come out and hop round the room or fly about as they liked.

One day a visitor, not knowing little Don was anywhere near, accidentally rocked on his foot. He was always lame afterwards, though he did not seem to suffer. His great distress was that he could no longer hop in and out of the bath tub. When Lady got in he would go off in a corner and tuck his head down among his feathers, and flutter his wings with a plaintive sound like a grumbling child.

This disturbed Lady greatly. She could not half enjoy her own bath. She would hop out, hover about him, chirping cheerily, and then hop again into the water, looking back with a coaxing little sound, as if she thought he

had forgotten how and only needed to be encouraged to try again.

At last one day the little mistress, who had been quite as much distressed over