

Happy Days

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BAD COMPANY.

ONE day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six beautiful, rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him.

"You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said his father; and Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room.

Just as he was putting them aside his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apples will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said the father; and with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell throughout the room.

"O father!" cried he, "did I not tell



MISCHIEVOUS KITTEN.

you the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet you do not listen to me. See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert remembers the lesson, and when bad boys ask him to join them, he thinks of the rotten apples and keeps away from them.

A TRUE STORY.

WILLIE and Harry and Crusoe were three great friends, though Willie and Harry were boys, and Crusoe was only a dog, but that made little difference, for he was just as good a playfellow, and often seemed to have so much good sense. He certainly was better tempered than either of the boys, and as to quarrelling or fighting, he seemed quite above such behaviour.

One day Crusoe lay in the sun taking a nap, when all of a sudden he heard loud, angry words, then a sharp blow, and starting up quickly what did he see? Willie and Harry in a regular fist-cuff fight. No wonder the sensible dog was shocked and indignant, and what do you think he did? He sprang right in between them, then

separating them, bit each of them sharply!

He evidently thought both deserved punishment, and he did not stop to ask which struck first.

The mother of the boys told me this, who beheld the scene from the window.

CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord.