

# HAPPY DAYS

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## TOM THE STABLE BOY.

Tom Hawkins was the son of a widow, and had to work hard to take care of himself and to help his mother. He had charge of the stable of a gentleman who lived not far from Tom's house. Tom took good care of horses, harness, carriages, and everything about the stable. The horses knew his foot-step as soon as they heard him coming, and always pricked up their ears and neighed. They knew he was their friend, and they were always glad to have him come where they were.

Tom was fond of reading, and whenever he had a few spare moments from his work he would sit down and read. He would sit on a bunch of hay or on a water-pail, turned upside down, as you see him sitting in the picture.

Thus he improved his time, and I am glad to say that he soon learned many useful things, so that he was able to do better for himself and for his mother.

## THE RAINDROP.

"I am afraid to fall," said little Pearl with a shiver.

"Tut, tut," said Nurse Cloud; "you need not be afraid. It is nice down there."

"Were you ever there?" asked Pearl.

"I suppose so, but I do not remember."

"I would much rather stay up here," said Pearl. "I don't see why all my brothers and cousins should be in such a hurry to go down. Will I be able to find

you when I get back?" Just then a heavy peal of thunder drowned Nurse Cloud's answer.

"O dear, that dreadful thunder! It nearly shook me off," said Pearl.

after; faster and faster, until beneath her appear the towers of a large castle. Just then a head appears at an open window in the castle, and a pair of blue eyes look up to the sky to see if the storm is nearly

over. Down comes Pearl plump into the open eye of the princess, and the little lady laughs as Pearl tumbles out and falls into a sweet tuberosc that grows beneath the open window. This is a lovely bed for a tired little traveller to rest in; but Pearl is homesick, and wants to go back. The raindrops have ceased falling, the sun shines out, and soon Pearl feels herself becoming lighter and lighter; then she mounts up in the air, and soon finds herself in her old home—the clouds.—*Sunshine.*

## NIGHT THOUGHTS.

When I go to bed, mamma, I don't know what to think about," said little Helen; "I see things in the dark, and think about such scary things that it keeps me awake."

"If you should see a flock of black, croaking ravens and a flock of pure white, cooing doves coming toward you, which would you hold out your hands to?" asked mamma.

"To the doves, of course," was the quick answer.

"I think that you would. You might not be able to keep the ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this, with the thoughts that are like flying birds



TOM THE STABLE BOY.

"Now is your turn to go," said nurse. "Good-bye; don't be scared."

Down, down, went poor Pearl, with hundreds of other little drops chasing

ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this, with the thoughts that are like flying birds