

HAPPY DAYS

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FOXIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TRUE STORY.

Foxie was a very bright little collie that could do many things which not every dog can do. He lived in a village where there was no mail delivery, and was always sent to the postoffice for the letters, which he carried home in his mouth, never dropping a single one.

He could take an order to the grocer's and carry home the basket of groceries quite as well as the grocer's boy, and much more quickly, for he never stopped on the way to play marbles, or to sit down on a doorstep to rest, as he had seen the grocer's boy do.

He had been well trained, and was never allowed to run out on the street alone, to play with bad dogs, that were surly or ill-mannered or dishonest, but like all dogs—and most children, too—Foxie loved the street, and when Harry, his young master, was ready for a walk he would run to the hat-rack, bring Harry's hat, wag his tail, and smile in dog fashion, saying as plainly as a dog could speak: "Please let me go, too;" and he always went.

At noon he would scamper through the house ringing the dinner-bell, and when evening came Harry would say: "Now, Foxie it is time to say your prayers and go to bed." Then he would jump upon a chair, put his forepaws on the back of it, rest his head on his paws, close his eyes, and remain quite still for a whole minute, then jump down, and bark for some one to open the door, that he might go to bed.

It was Christmas Eve in Foxie's home. The turkey

was dressed, and the plum pudding made; the Christmas tree was glittering with ornaments, and loaded with gifts. Foxie had made many trips to the grocery that day; his mistress had patted his head, and

called him "good little dog," and now with a clear conscience he was enjoying his well-earned rest before the grate fire in the back parlor. He was too excited to sleep soundly, for sometimes he thought he heard queer sounds up the chimney, and again strange noises outside which he did not understand; so he only dozed with one eye open, as dogs often do, and wondered whether those queer, crackling noises were made only by the wind.

Suddenly his open eye beheld a dazzling glare reflected upon the wall. He opened his other eye, and raised his head. A flood of light was streaming in the back parlor window. He jumped up in wild alarm, and placing his paws on the window-sill he looked out. His little body trembled all over with fear at what he saw, for the back part of the neighboring house was in a furious blaze, the air was filled with smoke and sparks, and already cinders were falling into the yard and on the roof of his own home.

Foxie had often gone to fires with Harry, and had seen houses burned down. He understood the danger, and he knew that all the family were asleep! He alone was awake. What should he do? He was quivering with fright, but he did not bark, nor howl, nor try to escape. He never thought of himself, but only how he could save the family upstairs. He flew up three steps at a time, and rushing from room to room, to each member of the family, he pulled the bedclothes from them with his teeth. Finding his mistress hard to rouse, he tugged at her night-



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.