

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1906.

No. 24

## A TRAINING IN KINDNESS.

By Minnie Abernethy.

One day we were sitting on the front piazza and heard a terrible noise, as if some one were trying to pound a hole in the ground, in the back yard. After awhile Burwell, a little lad of three summers, ran around the house, with his large brown eyes opened nearly as large as new moons. "I dess I killed 'im, mamma; I dess I did. He tried to run off, but I mashed him flat wis your new broom, mamma."

"Killed what, dear?" asked mamma, seeing he was much excited over what he had killed.

"Don't know—dess know I killed 'im. Spec's 'twas de Bad Man, though, 'cause he had big eyes."

"No, no!" said mamma, "you can't kill the Bad Man, for he is a spirit, and you can't kill spirits, darling; but who told you that the Bad Man had big eyes?"

"Jane" (the nurse), said Burwell.

"Well, Jane has never seen the Bad Man, and she don't know whether his eyes are big or not; but come on and show mamma what you killed, and maybe she'll know what it is."

"All yite," and off they went hand in hand to the back yard, and Burwell pointed a little fat finger to a poor toad he had literally mashed into the ground. "Dare it are, mamma, and I'se your brave 'tittle man not to run off from 'im, ain't I, mamma?" looking up into her face.

"Why, it's a poor old toad. No, darling, you were not brave to kill it, for you know God made it, and it wanted to live just as badly as you do; besides, it would not have hurt anything by living, and it was very wrong to kill it. Mamma doesn't want her little boy to ever do that again; it is very cruel indeed."

"Well, I 'member, mamma, and not do it again."

"If you don't beat all I ever heard, lecturing that poor little fellow that way, and just for killing a toad, and

the child was so sure of you thanking him, too. I was in the back porch and heard it all. Why did you not encourage him for not running away and screaming, as many a child his age would have done?" said my aunt, coming out on the front porch after mamma had returned and sent Burwell out to play.

"Well," said mamma, "there are so many little boys who love to torture

why boys are so cruel to little things, and you have put it in a new light."

## HARRY'S MISTAKE.

"Now, all lister," said Cora, "and I will tell you a story. Once, when Jesus was here—"

"He wasn't ever here, in this city," interrupted Harry.

"No, but I mean here on earth. He was in a city named Capernaum; crowds of people went to see him. There was a sick man who couldn't walk a step, and some people carried him on a bed to where Jesus was, but there was such a crowd round the door that they couldn't get in, so they took the roof off the house and let that man on his bed right down before Jesus!"

"Ho!" said Harry, "what a story that is! Who ever heard of taking the roof off a house to let a sick man in? They couldn't do it."

"Harry," said Nannie, in what Harry called her "grown-up tone," "that is a truly story; it is in the Bible."

"I don't care if it is," said Harry, "it can't be true. Don't you know enough to know that it would spoil a house to take the roof off, and take lots of time besides? Why, it took most all day to tear the roof off of our barn!"

"I'll ask Aunt Helen," said Nannie.

Just then Aunt Helen came in from the next room. "I heard the talk," she said; "Harry, please read the story to us from your Bible, and tell us how you explain

"I can't explain it," said Harry; "I don't know what it means, but of course I know that they didn't take the roof off while that sick man waited."

"You are sure of that?"

"Why, yes, I am; because I know it couldn't be done."

"Couldn't it? What if I should tell you that in those days houses were built so that it took only a very little time to uncover the roof and let down whatever they wished, and that it was



FEEDING A YOUNG DEER.

This picture shows the three children of L. Jodouin, merchant, Mattawa, feeding a three-weeks-old deer, which has so far thriven remarkably well. The children are Albanie, Willie and Arthur, and they are very much attached to their pet.

anything that happens to be weaker than themselves, and I believe many learn it in just that way. If I had praised him this time, he, maybe, would have killed the next one he came across, and called me to praise him again; then, if I had told him it was wrong, he would have thought I told him a story, and you know when a child's confidence in you is once shaken it is hard to restore."

"Well, well, I believe you are more than half right. I've often wondered