

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

No. 25.

THE SECRET.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

Annie has a secret to tell. To whom she shall tell it is a question which it does not take long to decide. It must not be to brother Tom, for he would tell it to the other boys. It must not be to Jane, the servant, for she would tell it to somebody else. It must not be to mamma, for the secret concerns mamma. But there is dear grandma, the unchanging friend of childhood. Annie and grandma are the closest of friends. They understand each other perfectly. To grandma Annie brings her grievances; to her she confides her purposes. They are the most faithful of companions. And now she has formed a purpose, which she wants to carry out. She has thought it all over by day, and dreamed over it at night. But now she can keep it to herself no longer, and so to grandma she must come to confide it to her. Grandma pauses in her knitting to hear the precious revelation. She does not observe that her ball has dropped from her lap, and that kitty is making a plaything of it on the floor. She is fully absorbed in the unfolding her dear grandchild is about to make, and she will help her with her wise counsel and experience to carry her pleasant purpose into execution. Mamma shall not know a breath of it just now; but how surprised she will be when the nice little plan has been fully worked out.

And what do you think the wonderful secret is? I am sure I cannot tell. Annie has not told it to me. And she is whispering it so very softly into grandma's ear that I fear none of us shall be able to hear

dreds of our little HAPPY DAYS readers are planning just such a surprise, and they can't do better than tell the secret to grandma, and ask her advice about it; that is, of course, if they are fortunate enough to have a grandma living with them.



THE CHRISTMAS SECRET.

it. And grandma will be true to her trust, for she will not betray the confidence of her dear child. We think it is about a Christmas gift Annie is preparing as a surprise for mamma. We hope that hun-

that as given him he would make balls for babies.

"It is not Jesus who sends me this pain," he once explained to the friend who pens this brief memory of him; "he

"MOUSIE."

A poor lad died a few weeks ago in a narrow and crowded street of central London after four years of terrible suffering from hip disease. His sweet and uncomplaining nature endeared him in a particular way to the friends who visited him.

"Mousie" got his pet name from the doctors at a big hospital, who were so struck by his gentleness and by the quiet courage with which he endured his painful operations. He had been originally knocked down by a cab, and his feeble constitution never recovered from the accident.

Once, to his great delight, he was well enough to attend a meeting of the Ministering Children's League, of which he was a member. He was supported on a table, and helped to make a cushion for a sick old woman. But he was soon obliged to keep to his room and his couch altogether. Even then "Mousie" was often thinking of others. "Can't I do a toy for some poor child who has none?" he would say, and with the wool