

Happy Days

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SHAN'T FALL.

BESSIE was a little girl whose parents had to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door," as some people say. That is, work as hard as they might, there were times when they were in want of nourishing food. But she always contrived to get something nice for her darling Bessie and her faithful dog Trusty.

Perhaps you wonder why they kept a dog if they were so poor. I have heard it said that when people are poor, they keep one dog; when they are rich, they keep many. I don't know anything about that, but I will tell you how Bessie's father and mother managed to keep Trusty.

When Bessie was a wee girl, her father, on his way home one day, saw some cruel boys trying to drown a little pup. Being tender-hearted, he had to give a sixpence, but at last he had in his pocket to them if they would give him the dog. An exchange was quickly made, and soon baby Bessie was rejoicing over her new-found treasure.

They were soon firm friends, and from that time her mother could go about her work with a feeling that baby was safe, for Trusty would look after her faster than his little mistress, and by



TRAINING A CHILD.

the time she was able to trot about, she was large enough and strong enough to take good care of her.

There was a creek near Bessie's home over

which a plank had been laid for a bridge, and Bessie never crossed this plank but Trusty would take hold of her dress, as much as to say, "You shan't fall, Bessie; I will hold you fast." One day, somehow, Bessie came to the creek without her faithful guide. When she was in the middle of the plank she missed her footing and fell into the stream. She would certainly have been drowned had not Trusty, who came up at this instant, plunged into the water, took hold of her dress and pulled her safely out.

Do you wonder that her parents did not wish to part with such a faithful creature, and often denied themselves to save something nice for him?

Was not her father rewarded for his kindness towards a poor, dumb creature?

NOBODY TO CRY TO.

"How you must have cried!" said auntie to her niece, who was badly scalded. "O, no, there was nobody there," was the candid reply, and certainly there was much of human nature in it.

Many children do not care to cry unless some one can hear, and there are some no longer children who are fond of notice even if obliged to cry for it.