

HAPPY DAYS

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NINA TREW.

No better girl than Nina Trew lived at Wenton. She was the comfort of her mother's life. People said they could not tell how Widow Trew would have got over the loss of her husband and kept the little business going, if it had not been for her only child, Nina.

Joseph Trew had been a worthy, hard-working man, but death overtook him early; and he left his widow with a hard battle to fight and one child to provide for. She managed fairly well until Nina was about ten years old, when Mrs. Trew's health failed. But her little daughter was a good mother's help. She kept the house clean; served the customers in the village shop; went to the market town once a week, made her purchases, and was as staid as a woman, and a great deal wiser than some. Her journeys to the town were always made in their cart. They kept a donkey. He might have taken a prize for his good looks and good condition. He was a great favourite with Nina, and in a donkey's way he showed his friendship for her. All the neighbours had a good word for Nina; and

some of the boys who liked the donkey immensely and Nina a little, were quite delighted because they were allowed to ride about with him and to groom him. Old Mr. Gladheart, when he saw Nina in the cart one day, said to his wife: "Depend upon it, my dear, we shall see that girl in heaven in fifty or sixty years from now;

for so good a girl, so loving to her mother, attentive to duty, and kind to animals, must go there."

CONQUERED BY A SONG.

Leaning over a fence one day, a little fellow was seen amusing himself in the

and to mark down anything that might attract my attention; and now I give you what I noted down. The youth was amusing himself in the grass, watching the birds, but he did not see me. At length a fine blackbird perched himself on a low bough of an apple-tree, but whether he saw

the boy or not I cannot tell. I fancy the bird did not see him. It was, however, very clear that the boy saw the bird, for he was only a few yards off, and he very quietly picked up a stone and prepared, with his best aim, to strike him off the bough and kill him on the spot. At the very moment the stone was about to leave the fingers that held it the bird's throat swelled, and one of the finest of nature's songs began that ever delighted the human ear. I stood perfectly still to see the effect, and was delighted to find the bird's song had conquered the boy's cruelty. The music caught the boy's ear, he stayed his hand, and by the time the song was over the boy's arm had dropped, and the stone had fallen to the ground. The bird had charmed his would-be murderer, saved his life by his song, and had now

taken wing to give delight to other ears. The boy looked a little troubled, and I thought I would try and find out the cause of the cloud on the young countenance, and asked, "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." He thought a moment, and with a look of mingled shame

The Road to Slumberland.

What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low:
He goes through the dreamy land of Nod,
To music of lullaby,
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
Under the evening sky.



Some baby words that are drowsily lisp'd,
In the tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear.



As a little night gown ever so white,
A face washed sweet and fair;
Another brushing the tangles out
From the sunny golden hair,
Two little tired tiny feet
From the shoe and the stocking free,
Two little palms together clasped
At the loving mother's knee.



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orchard. Pear-trees, apple-trees, and trees of other fruits were growing, and among the trees were birds of various kinds, some full of frolic and some full of song. It was really delightful to hear and see all that was going on in the orchard, and to enjoy the delight of it a little more I went towards the trees to listen and to watch,