

# Happy Days

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## "MAMMA'S LITTLE COMFORT."

I KNOW a little girlie  
 With loving eyes so blue,  
 And lips just made for smiling,  
 And heart that's kind and true.  
 She wears no dainty dresses,  
 No jewels does she own  
 But the greatest of all treasures  
 Is her little self alone.  
 Her name is "Mother's  
 Comfort,"  
 For all the live-long day  
 Her busy little fingers  
 Help mother's cares away,  
 The sunshine loves to glisten  
 And hide in her soft hair,  
 And dimples chase each other  
 About her cheek so fair.  
 Oh, 'this darling little girlie,  
 With the diamonds in her eyes,  
 Makes in mother's heart a  
 sunshine  
 Brighter far than floods  
 the skies.  
 But the name that suits her  
 better,  
 And makes her glad eyes  
 shine,  
 Is the name of "Mother's  
 Comfort"—  
 This little treasure mine.



MAMMA'S LITTLE COMFORT.

ISAID to a little girl "What a large forehead you have got! It is just like your father's. You could drive a pony-carriage round it." Her little brother said: "Yes, mamma, but on papa's you can see the marks of the wheels,"

## THE RUNAWAY.

It was a warm, bright morning in May, Mr. Raymond invited his little friends, Ray and Roy Leslie, to ride with him in the park.

They were manly boys, seven and eight years old. They had a very pleasant ride and were about leaving the park, when Ray cried out, "How I wish I could take some dandelions to baby Lulu!"

It was not easy for Mr. Raymond to refuse his namesake any request, and without a moment's thought he said, handing the reins to the little boy, "I'll get some," and sprang from the carriage.

Now, what do you think that naughty horse, Felix, did? He just pricked up his ears and started off on a quick trot. Mr. Raymond's back was turned, and he did not know what had happened. Faster and faster went Felix, and two pairs of little hands grasped the reins, but not a word did the boys speak. People looked in wonder to see such small boys driving so spirited a horse. Around a monument went the carriage in fine style, and then Felix saw the open avenue before him, and sped away hoping to have a fine run.

By this time men were running toward the horse, but the men didn't stop him. It was the brave little boys who did it. They just guided him on the green grass,

right in front of some men who seized him by the head, and all was over when the policeman came running up. And all the time those little boys had not spoken a