

## DOLLY'S POCKET.

My dolly is so happy,  
Her eyes are very bright,  
And when there's no one looking  
She laughs with all her might.

She's perfectly ridic'us,  
I'm sure you'd never guess,  
It's 'cause I put a pocket  
In her pretty gingham dress.

But I've told her that a pocket  
Isn't made for peanut shells,  
And she mustn't get it sticky  
With dates and caramels.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

## A TRUTHFUL HERO.

MASTER WALTERS had been much annoyed by someone of his scholars whistling in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day when the room was unusually quiet a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Everyone asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief maker and liar. He was called up, and though with a somewhat stubborn look he denied it again and again, and was commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant a slender little fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him; I whistled I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, I rubbed it out by mistake and spoiled it all and before I thought, whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there

and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may cane me, sir, as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was very much affected. "Charles," said he looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who made such a conquest over his natural timidity: "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle; you have been a truthful hero."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him with admiration, for the smallest scholars could appreciate the moral courage of such an action. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.

## "I'LL HOLD IT FAST."

"ALEXIS, let me hold your balloon a little," said Lucy coaxingly to her brother. "I'm afraid you'll let go of the string, and it'll fly away. I would not like to lose it for the world, as it is a present from Uncle John," replied Alexis.

"No, I won't. I'll hold it fast. Please do, Alexis, just a little while," pleaded Lucy. Alexis, being a kind boy, yielded to the entreaties of his sister. After Lucy had held the string for a few moments, the balloon vainly trying to escape, her brother requested the return of it to him.

"Only a little longer," coaxed Lucy, allowing the string to slip through her hand so as to permit the balloon to reach the highest altitude. Unluckily the end of the string came sooner than Lucy expected, and away sailed the balloon in spite of Lucy's cries and Alexis's consternation.

Toward evening Alexis met Uncle John, who asked him what he had done with the balloon. With trembling voice Alexis recounted the mishap, accusing himself at the same time for having yielded to his sister's entreaties.

"I am sorry, my boy, that you lost the balloon, but glad that you gratified your sister by allowing her to hold the string. But go now and call Lucy."

Alexis did as requested, and soon Lucy appeared with her hands over her eyes slowly approaching her uncle; for she expected to be reprimanded for her carelessness. However, a few kind words from Uncle John soon reassured her, and she quickly went up to him, threw her arms around his neck, and said, "I couldn't help it, uncle."

"Now, Lucy and Alexis," said Uncle John, "I want to tell you that there are many things that are of great value to us, that are always tugging to get away from us. The balloon was of little worth and can be easily replaced, but not so with other things. There are things in the world that are called opportunities. These are always on the wing, and unless we are vigilant we cannot secure any of them.

Let me name to you a few of them especially important to young people. There are, for instance, the opportunities of obtaining an education, of forming correct habits, of building a good character, and others. These are very swift-winged, and unless we lay hold on them with a firm grip, as they come along, they fly away just as your balloon did, never to return, and we are lacking some of the most important things belonging to this life."

## TOM'S BATTLE.

"THERE isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, one Sunday afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time that I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down; say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

The next day everything went smoothly until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser; but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. Tom shut his eyes tightly together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom, that night; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but every victory makes you stronger, and him weaker, and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

A LITTLE boy, about six years old, after sitting like the rest in a Quaker meeting, got up on the seat, and folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a clear, sweet voice, just loud enough to be heard by all, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and gooder, till there is no bad left."