

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 3.

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."

MARGUERITE'S BIRTHDAY.

It was a lovely April day and Marguerite's ninth birthday.

Baby Caroline was happy because Marguerite was. She had lately had her birthday, and oh so many presents! She trot-

caught up one of the little battledores, while Marguerite looked amazed.

"No, no," papa said, bending down and drawing the little one to him. "That is sister's present."

"But Carline wants one."

"Caroline has had her birthday, and this is Marguerite's."

The big brown eyes opened wide and a thoughtful look came over the merry face. Suddenly a thought flashed into the little brain: "Carline begin and have her birthday all over again."

A hearty laugh greeted the little one. But papa explained, and the little darling decided to wait until next year for a battledore and shuttlecock.

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 our lambs are safe in the field,
Under the evening sky.



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



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



ted around looking at sister's presents till papa came in from the hall with a long, flat box. What do you suppose was in it?

"Mademoiselle Marguerite Gascoigne," papa read.

Marguerite bounded out of the big arm-chair with a delighted smile, opened the box, and there lay a beautiful set of battledore and shuttlecock!

"Oh! one for Carline," baby said and

Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her to work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

A LITTLE GIRL'S RELIGION.

Religion helps the children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at.