

# HAPPY DAYS

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## A COLD MORNING.

This little girl is very full of pity for the little stone statue. Her wee doggie is shivering with the cold, although he has a warm blanket on. So she thinks the naked little boy must be cold too. So he is, I am very sure. But when he does not feel it. And though she takes off her own warm cloak and puts it on him, he is none the better for it. Bless her little heart, I hope she will always be as full of pity, and when she grows a little older she may find many shivering children whom she may make glad by her loving heart and helpful hands.

## TWO BRAVE BOYS

Ben Wilder came running home one day and called his brother Rob.

"Rob, I have found out how we can earn the money to buy our bicycle!"

"Good!" exclaimed Rob. "How can we?"

"There's a man up at Frost's store who says he'll pay us ten cents for every quart of berries we'll pick; and you know the pastures are full of blackberries."

"Hurrah!" cried Rob, throwing up his hat. "We'll do it."

"Yes. Come up to Frost's with me, and we'll settle where to deliver them."

Away the two went, and were soon deep in the trade with the man from the city. The arrangements were made, and the boys turned away to begin their picking. Ben stopped for a

last question: "What'll you do with all those berries?"

"Make wine of them—wines and other liquors. I belong to a liquor firm."

"Rob," said Ben, "we can't do it. We don't want to help to make drunkards. Let's go back and tell him we can't work for him."

They went back and told the man that they could not sell their berries for that purpose. He was very angry and called them names, but the boys stood firm. They have not yet saved enough money to buy their bicycle, but they have never regretted their decision.—*Juvenile Templar.*

## SHE WAS INNOCENT.

Poor little Lillian was the innocent cause of much trouble and worry in her home one day.

It was not caused by naughtiness, for a more sweet tempered, unselfish or loving little girl could not be found. She usually made sunshine in the home and souls of the inmates, instead of making trouble.

It was a very warm day, and after her mamma dressed her up sweet and clean, she said, "Now, dear, soon as I finish a little work we will go out for a walk."

When Mrs. Harris was ready, Lillian was not to be found. She went all through the house calling, but her darling was not to be found. Mr. Harris came to help in the search; then brother

Joe came in from school and was very much excited when he heard his dear little sister could not be found.

Just as Mr. Harris and Joe were start-



A COLD MORNING.

"H'm—yes, sir. We just wanted to know." The boys walked away, but they looked at each other soberly, and soon stopped.