

HAPPY DAYS

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NO LEGS.

When little Rob went out of kilts,
So proud was he, he walked on stilts,
For several afternoons,
To show his pantaloons.

Most grandly stalked he up and down,
Till nut-brown Meg in Green'way gown,
(His little sweetheart true)
Wished she might walk on them too.

that the mother hen lets the little girl handle her chick. She must know that she is kind and gentle.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Two girls were going to a neighbouring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell.

One of them was murmuring and fret-

“Oh,” said the other, “it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant, which I put on top of my load, and it makes it so light that I can hardly feel it.”

“Indeed! That must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?”

“It grows wherever you plant it, and



LITTLE CHICKS.

At last, “I give 'on half my bur;
If 'on will let me join 'on fun.”
Said Rob, “But 'ittle Meg,
'Ou hasn't any legs.”

LITTLE CHICKS.

What dear, downy little things the young chickens are. No wonder the children are in love with them. It is a wonder

ting all the way, and complaining of the weight of her basket.

The other went along smiling and singing, and seemed to be happy all the way.

At last the first got out of patience with her companion, and said: “How can you be so merry and joyful? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and I know that you are not a bit stronger than I am. I don't understand it.”

give it a chance to take root; and there's no telling the relief it gives. Its name is 'love'—the love of Jesus. Jesus loved me so much that he died to save my soul. This makes me love him. Whatever I do, whether it be carrying this basket or anything else, I think to myself, 'I am doing this for Jesus, to show that I love him;' and this makes everything easy and pleasant.”