

HAPPY DAYS

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NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Not to be caught with chaff! No, indeed. Our friend, the horse, knows better, for this is not the first time he has been caught for a long day's work by a few handfuls of oats. He knows well enough that the boy, with his coaxing voice and manner is only saying, "Come along, now, I have to drive Daddy to the town, and you must draw the carriage;" and he thinks to himself as he keeps at a safe distance, "Ah! you'll have to catch me first."

A LITTLE WET.

There was a little boy of the name of Casper who, on his way to school, used to cross a bridge. It was not a very long bridge nor a very wide one. A large boy could have jumped across it easily, from one end to the other.

But the day was fine, and the summer air blew sweetly; and Casper saw some bright flowers by the water's edge. The water was not the water of a large river, but of a little brook, not very deep, but deep enough to cover a little boy lying down.

Casper thought he would climb down the stones upon which the bridge rested, and get some flowers to take with him to school and give to the mistress. But his foot slipped, and he fell into the water.

Though a small boy, not five years old, he did not scream. "That was bad luck!"



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he said to himself, getting up and stepping on the dry land. The water dripped from his clothes and hat, but he did not fret. Running home he told his mother what had happened. She did not scold him, for she knew it was an accident, and she was glad her little boy had wanted the flowers

was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know it if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away. He would know," replied Lily.

to give to the school-mistress, so, having put dry clothes on him, she cut a beautiful rose from her bush in the garden and sent him to school with it.

The mistress was pleased to get the rose and on hearing his story, excused him for being late.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A little boy some years ago, whom we will call Charley, while playing one day near an open hatchway accidentally fell in, and but for a basket of shavings, which fortunately stood beneath, would probably have been killed. The family were quite impressed by his providential escape, and frequent allusions were made to it during the day. At night, after Charley had been put to bed and left to himself, his little voice was heard in prayer. In tones full of faith and love the little fellow poured out his heart-felt petition "O God! please keep that cellar door shut, but if you can't do that, won't you always keep a basket of shavings there?"

Annie and Lily were going home from school together one afternoon, and Annie

to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know it if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away. He would know," replied Lily.