

HAPPY DAYS

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YOUNG CANADA.

These are, we think, very fair representatives of young Canada. No country in the world can have more pleasant winter weather than our fine bracing climate gives us; and no more healthful winter sports than the skating, sleighing, and tobogganing which our young folks enjoy so well.

"I CANNOT HELP IT."

Do you ever make use of this phrase, dear young folks? You will plead guilty, we fear; and we older folks are very apt to do the same.

There is our friend Ruthie; the dressing-bell rings, and she hears it; she is conscious that she ought to spring up at once; that everything will go wrong if she does not; but still she lies, with folded hands, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

Late at breakfast, hurried in preparing for school, Ruthie meets her mother's reproachful look with, "I cannot help it; I mean to get up every morning as I am called, but, before I know it, I'm asleep again—I can't help it!"

Donald is charged with an errand which he is to attend to on his way to school, and, of course, Donald means to do it; but something diverts his mind, and, as has often been the case before, he forgets all about it until too late. "There! it's too bad, but I cannot help it!" he says, and so comforts himself for this one more "sin of unfaithfulness."

Harry and Josie are in a hot dispute. Now they forget themselves entirely;



YOUNG CANADA.

Josie's vexing words are uttered without restraint, and Harry, in a passion, gives her a fierce reply, and rushes out of the room.

The brother and sister meet no more until night, and, in the meantime they feel self-reproached and uncomfortable.

"Well, I cannot help it," says Harry to himself; "Josie is so provoking, and off I go in a rage before I know it." And Josie is wishing, over and over again, that she could recall her teasing words—"But there, it is just my nature, I cannot help it!"

Most likely all our young readers are conscious of some habit of wrong-doing which they feel to be just such a "band of sin" tying them down, so that they really cannot help doing just so.

And no wonder; for these habits of evil are just like strong bands, holding us back from the service and obedience which we owe to God.

And every time we indulge the habit of wrong-doing we strengthen the band, as it were, by another thread.

And, as Josie says, "It is our nature—we cannot help it."

Four boys were playing marbles in the street. One boy said: "That isn't fair play! You cheat, and I won't play with a boy who cheats!" The boy became very angry, and said that he didn't cheat, although he did. A minute after, he cheated again, and the first boy said: "You did cheat, and my mother won't let me play with a boy who cheats. If we can't have fair play, I

won't have any." So he gathered up his share of the marbles and left the players. That is right, boys. If you can't have fair play, don't play at all. Two of the other boys stayed and played, but they kept quarrelling all the time. It is better to not play at all than to quarrel.