

Happy Days

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PROCESSION.

SUCH a gay, innocent, thoroughly happy procession as this, one seldom sees. Instead of banners, field flowers, sweet and fresh; instead of martial music, the sound of their own glad voices, which is the sweetest sound on earth. Who would not wish to be one of them, as, so care-free and free, they come trooping down the hill?

THE FAITHFUL POSTMAN.

ONE autumn, when chilly days first came on, Baby Winifred awakened with a hoarse cry. The mother's heart was filled with fear. The dreaded croup had come, and she was alone; there was no one to send for the doctor. Just then Sally, the cat, came up the side-path from the barn. The mother remembered that Sally had been trained to carry notes to the store—grandpa's store at the foot of the



A PROCESSION.

lane. She had never been known to fail in carrying them safely. Calling old pass, she hastily wrote on a piece of paper: "Send the doctor at once; baby has croup." She tied it about the soft, plump neck, and said: "Run, Sally, as fast as ever you can! Run on the fence; hurry, and give it to grandpa." Off went Sally as fast as she could go, and the doctor was in the house in ten minutes.

"I was on the street," he said at the door, "when old Sally came running on the fence as fast as her four feet would carry her. I feared there was trouble, and waited till she could reach us. I think she has never forgotten how I took fish-bones out of her throat with pincers: she always seems so glad to see me."

The next day Sally had a new collar; on it was engraved, "From baby to his faithful postman."