



OUR PET IN A PET.

THIS little girl is evidently out of humour. She won't take her breakfast, and looks very sulky about it. It is very foolish and very wrong. I hope none of our HAPPY DAY readers ever do that sort of thing.

"THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A LITTLE boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," said he. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers." What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

A LITTLE HERO.

CAN a boy be a hero? Of course he can if he has courage and opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation and suffer rather than do wrong, is a true hero. A drummer boy who had become a great favourite with his officers was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. The boy declined, saying, "I am a temperance boy, and do not touch strong drink." "But you must take some now," said the captain; "you have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse; I insist upon it." But the boy stood firm. The captain then turned to the major and said, "Our little drummer is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier." "How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey orders?" "Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier

faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, for I know it would do me harm." "Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink; and you know it is death to disobey orders." The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard, and when I entered the army I promised my mother I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders,

but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my pledge." Was not that a hero? He had learned when to say "No."

The officers could not help admiring the courage of the boy, and ever afterward treated with great kindness.—*Selected.*

TOM'S STORY.

TOM, the gardener, was very good-natured. He was always glad to have Floyd and Nelly near by when he was at work. They never "bothered" him, he said.

Tom had a great many good stories to tell. He could talk and work too. Not every one can do that, you know.

Now do you want to hear one of Tom's stories?

"So you like that little blue flower, do you?" he said. "It 'minds me of a little girl in old Scotland. Her eyes were like the blue wee flower, and her sweet voice was like a soft bird song."

"Tell us about her," cried both children, and they trotted after him as he gathered up the dry grass with his rake.

"Margie was my sister's bonnie maid. She was all the bairn they ever had, and they loved her as the flowers love sunshine. She was a bit o' sunshine herself. She loved everybody, and never was so happy as when she could brighten somebody up a bit.

"The blue flower 'minds me of a day when she took both hands full of bonnie blue flowers to a wicked old woman who lived in a cottage at the end of the lane. She lived all alone, and she looked like there was no love in her heart. She shook a stick, and looked black if she saw a bairn, and so they all feared her. But Margie did not fear. When she saw the dark old face first, her little heart was full of pity. The next day she went to the garden and came back with her pretty hands full of flowers.

"What is it, bairnie?" said the mother. "Let me take the pretty posies to Grannie down the lane," said Margie.

"The mother was a bit feared, but brave little bairn begged to go, and said yes.

"So down the lane went Margie. Grannie sat in the cottage door. She looked so cross and she muttered when she saw the bairn coming. But she never stopped her. Up she went with the flowers in her basket and the love in her eyes.

"See, Grannie, the pretty blue flowers. You want them, don't you? I brought them to you."

"Grannie growled out, 'What for?'" "I thought you would like to have a little girl pick flowers for you, 'cause I have no little girl of your own, you know."

"Then Grannie choked a little, and little tears came up in her dry old eyes. Something in her hard old heart broke, and a little stream of love began to flow.

"This was the bairn's little bit o' love for the Lord o' love. Grannie never stuck her stick again at a child. Before she died she grew gentle to everybody, and she went to the kirk and learned to pray."

This was Tom's story, and it shows what the Bible means when it says, "I will casteth out fear."

LOOK UP, MY BOY.

THERE is hope in the world for you and there is joy in a thousand things that are yours. There is fruit to gather from every tree.
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life. With temper and sorrow the world is rife. But no strength cometh without the strife.
Look up, my boy, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill. There is work to do with an iron will; The river comes from the tiny rill.
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, the way is long. But a purpose in life will make you strong. Keep ever on your lips a cheerful song.
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right; And have the courage, as in God's sight. To do what your hands find with your might.
Look up, my boy, look up!

—*Good Ch.*

WE should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.