

# HAPPY DAYS

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## THE YEAR'S CROWN.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Nannie read the words carefully, hesitating over the word "crownest."

"What can it mean?" "How could you crown a year?"

"I wouldn't crown it with goodness, anyhow," said Harry, kicking his heels against the chair, and looking very cross.

"Mean old year, I'm glad it's 'most gone!"

"I can think of ever so many nice things that we have had this year," said Nannie.

"I can think of lots of ugly ones," said Harry.

"Try it," said grandmother. "Get four blocks, Nannie, and build two towers. Put up a block for every nice thing that we can think of that has come to us this year, and have another pile for every bad one, and the tower that is the highest we will crown with that wreath of holly."

Nannie ran for her blocks. "I'll put one down for mother's getting well," said Nannie, "and another for Uncle Steven's new baby, and one for grandmother's picture of Jesus, and one for my new doll-arrange, and — O grandmother, there are so many!"

"I think it's Harry's turn," said grandmother.

"Well," said Harry, who still looked cross, "put down a big one for this old sore throat that has spoiled all my fun."

"Shall I, grandmother?" asked Nannie. "Because, if he hadn't played in the wet, his throat wouldn't have been sore, other things."

After a little talk, they agreed to leave out the bad things that they had brought themselves by being careless or naughty.



NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the sky:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"I don't care," said Harry: "there are plenty of others. Put one for the tree that blew down, and smashed the window in my tool-house."

"Oh, no!" said Nannie, "I must put one on the other tower for that. Father said if the tree had fallen the other way, it would have killed all the chickens."

"If you turn the bad things into good

ones," said Harry, "of course you'll get the biggest tower. My sprained ankle was bad."

"Oh, Harry!" said grandmother. "The block for that ought to be crowned."

So Harry found only two bad things, while the other tower was crowned with the holly wreath.

## THE BIRTHDAY GIFT THAT WENT ANOTHER WAY.

It was New Year's Day and Ella's birthday, too.

"Hi, there, Ella! The first snowstorm—and it's on your birthday. Wrap up, and I'll give you the ride of your life." Van was covered with dust and cobwebs, as the result of a ransack through the stable loft, after the sled that had been stored away months before.

"O, how dear of you! And you really will?"

"Try me!"

"Me wants birthday rides, too!" Small Dannie scrambled up from among his blocks. "Van give Dannie birthday rides—heaps!" The small head nodded in sweet certainty.

"Yes, when your birthday comes. This one is Ella's. Be a good boy now! Don't bother!"

"Me likes to bozzer! Mamma, make Dannie ready! Van give Dannie birthday rides."

"No, no; not now, mother!" pleaded

Van. "We'll have to be too careful, if he goes. Ella likes a rough-and-tumble. That's why I want to take her—one reason why."

Dannie's lip came out and his fists sought the screwed-up eyes, as a loud wail smote the air.

"O, I can't do anything to make little brother cry—not on New Year's Day. I