

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 2

A DOLL WITHOUT A NOSE.

Three little sisters, Greta, Beth and May, slept in the great square bedroom. Three little stockings hung bulging with nice things from the mantel-drape. The room was bright with the light of the grate-fire. One little sister awakened as the clock struck twelve. It was Greta. She slipped out of bed and over to the fireplace.

"Hist! Beth! May! Wake up! Santa Claus' been here already and filled all the stockings! Here is mine on this side. It's got a doll on top! They've all got dolls!"

The other two little heads were up and awake.

But the next instant there was a cry of dismay. Greta had dropped her stocking. The doll struck face downward on the iron fender.

Beth slipped out of bed to examine the break.

"Don't cry, Greta. The doll's all there, but its nose's knocked off. It's my stocking, Greta. Santa Claus must have got the stockings mixed when he put 'em back. I don't mind her being without a nose so much."

Little Beth bravely swallowed the lump in her throat. She would keep the doll without a nose and not reproach Greta with having broken it. This little sacrifice would be her Christmas gift to Jesus. And the dear Saviour looking down into that room saw in her the Christmas spirit of love that he had come to bring to men. And you will not wonder that on the morrow people thought Beth the dearest little girl in the world.

To have sweet sleep let the conscience be pure.



A DOLL WITHOUT A NOSE.

A DOMINION DAY TEMPTATION.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish-market.

"Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White, one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe. And forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and

crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe the day before Dominion Day.

A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The Deacon was out; but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared, saying: "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do. How much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused, saying to himself: "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the Deacon that it cost fifteen cents, he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The Deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal. He could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped on the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him; but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the Deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." You have my forgiveness, Joe. Now go home and confess to the Lord; but remember that you must forsake as well as confess."