

# HAPPY DAYS

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## A PICTURE WANTING WORDS.

We wonder what the real interpretation of this interesting picture is. Is it that the little fellow standing there with his feathered hat in his hand has not been able to say his lesson properly and is going to be punished for a long course of laziness, when his brother interposes and offers to bear it for him? or is it that the boy has been accused of doing something which in reality he did not do, but to save his brother, the real culprit is going to bear the punishment? This may be so. Anyhow, the little boy is actively trying to save his brother.

No boy who has any notions at all of courage and manhood in him, should be afraid to bear his own punishment, and we are sure this little fellow would not stand by and see his brother whipped for his own crime. At the same time there is something very noble about the little man who was willing to bear the undeserved punishment of his younger brother. Does not this remind us of the wonderful love and brotherhood of Christ, who bore the sins and punishment, not of one only, but of the whole world?

## BLACK PETER.

The people with whom I was staying had a tame crow with a history worth recording. About a year ago the boys got possession of the bird soon after it had left the nest. It was so cunning that they enjoyed playing tricks on it. These were harmless, but the crow resented the indignities, and cut their acquaintance, and betook itself to the boys' father, who is noted for his kindness to all creatures. His new master called his black pet Peter,

a name that the recipient readily recognized, and always answered to, unless called when he was angry. Peter followed his master about the farm, to the woods, and to the neighbours. For sometimes he made excursions about the neighbourhood

winter, and been exceedingly deep, but in March it went off suddenly with a heavy rain. Soon after the ground became bare, the master, who was at work in the orchard, saw at a little distance a poor, tired, bedraggled crow walking and hob-

bling along towards him. A second glance showed it to be Peter, the prodigal. Instantly he had the poor creature on his arm, caressing him as tenderly as though he was a returning truant boy. Peter was beside himself with joy at the meeting, and tried his best to express his affection to his friend. It seemed too bad that he was not fully able to tell his adventures and the cause of his absence; but these, through other sources, were learned afterwards. During that December snow-storm Peter was blown to the ground, several miles from his home. A toy caught him, and not knowing to whom he belonged, clipped short his wings to prevent his flying off. The homesick bird could not walk through the deep snow, neither could he fly; so he waited patiently through the winter, till the ground was bare, and then started afoot on his journey. How he found his unknown way so many miles through fields and woods and across roads will remain a mystery. Although again able to fly, he will not venture off the premises, but attaches himself more closely than ever to his old friend.



A PICTURE WANTING WORDS.

alone, generally returning before dark. Last winter he got caught out in a big snow-storm, and did not as usual, return at night. As days went by and no news from Peter, the family concluded he was either dead or gone off with other crows. The snow had lain on the ground all

A little boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."