

# Happy Days

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## OUT OF THE GUT- TER.

RAGGED, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide-open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down the begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to leer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stop and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removes one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him at the ragged school.



THE TEACHER AND HER PUPIL.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so bad!"

She has him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

mentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?" "Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral."

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engines have not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "Oh, she lives here!" Then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about till he finds what he sought. She has fainted—is dying perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away saying, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

Oh friends the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

A LADY walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly. "Why my boy," said she to the young tor-