

# HAPPY DAYS

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## LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Little All-Aloney's feet

Pitter-patter in the hall,

And his mother runs to meet

And to kiss her toddling sweet.

Ere perchance he fall.

He is, oh, so weak and small!

Yet what danger shall he fear

When his mother hovereth near

And he hears her cheering call:

"All-Aloney!"

Little All-Aloney's face

It is all aglow with glee,

As around that romping place

At a terrifying pace

Lungeth, plungeth he!

And that hero seems to be

All unconscious of our cheers—

Only one dear voice he hears

Calling reassuringly:

"All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,

Though his feet they seem so small

That you cannot help forbode

Some disastrous episode

In that noisy hall;

Neither threatening bump nor fall

Little All-Aloney fears,

But with sweet bravado steers



LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

Whither comes that cheery call:  
"All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come  
When he shares of sorrow's store

he knew it was using his sister's words,  
saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's  
God's creature!"

Every living creature is one of God's  
creatures.

When his feet are  
chill and numb,  
When his cross is  
burdensome,  
And his heart is  
sore;

Would that he could  
hear once more  
The gentle voice he  
used to hear—  
Divine with mother  
love and cheer—  
Calling from yonder  
spirit shore:  
"All-Aloney!"

## GOD'S KITTENS.

One day a boy was  
tormenting a kitten.  
His little sister, with  
her eyes full of tears,  
said to him: "O  
Philip! Don't do  
that; it is God's  
kitten."

That word of the  
little girl was not  
lost; it was set on  
wheels. Philip left  
off tormenting the  
kitten, but he could  
not help thinking  
about what his sister  
had said. "God's  
kitten, God's creature,  
for he made it," he  
said to himself: "I  
never thought of that  
before."

The next day, on  
his way to school, he  
saw one of his com-  
panions beating un-  
mercifully a poor,  
half-starved looking  
dog. Philip ran up  
to him, and before