

HAPPY DAYS

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THE CAMEL.

The camel is a native of Arabia. He is a very homely creature, but is of great value to his master. In Turkey, Persia, and Egypt, commerce is carried on by the use of this wonderful animal. He is very submissive; will kneel down to be loaded and unloaded; and when too heavy a load is placed upon him, and he has carried it until he is weary, will make a piteous cry, without making the least resistance.

Camels sometimes carry a load of three or four hundred pounds. When he is loaded he will go easily twenty-five miles a day; but when he has only a man on his back he has been known to travel over one hundred miles in a single day.

To the Laplander, the reindeer is a most valued possession; and what the reindeer is to his Arctic master, the camel is to his Arabian master. Its milk is rich and nutritious; and when it is young, its flesh makes excellent food. Its hair, or fleece, falls off in the spring. From it is manufactured cloth, from which almost every article necessary for clothing or bedding is made. Cloth is made so coarse and heavy that it is used for the covering of tents.

God has fitted this animal for the countries in which he has placed him, and has adapted him to the service of those where he lives.

Camels will go a long time without water. Sometimes their journeys are long, and the weather excessively warm, yet they will endure the fatigue and thirst for a long time without complaint. Horses and mules could not carry the burdens, or

endure the want of water, as the camel does.

His feet are not adapted to rough, stony roads; but they are exactly fitted for the soil on which he is to travel. His broad hoofs are for travelling on the dry and parched sands of the Arabian deserts.

It has been found difficult to take either

NOT QUITE A QUARREL.

The grown folks didn't care for music, so they left the little folks to themselves. Robbie Chandler visited Hazel Adams every day when Hazel didn't visit him. They were neighbours and great friends. Robbie was a real gentleman, though he forgot to remove his cap that morning. It was because of the flute.

"Where did you get it?" said Hazel, with wonder in her brown eyes.

"Uncle Rob comed last night, and gived it to me, and he teached me how to play. I can 'mos' play a tune See?"

Robbie set his feet on the chair puffed out his cheeks, and blew hard. Sure enough. Hazel hadn't words for her delight. It was just then that the stupid older people ran away.

"Could I do it? May I try it?" Hazel asked timidly.

"Y-o-o. Your fingers won't go right the first time."

It seemed a doubtful thing to give his dear flute into other hands, but Robbie did it like a little man. Then, oh! some way it had dropped, and some way Hazel had stepped on it; and it lay a poor flattened flute, with the music crushed out of it.

"O dear!" screamed Robbie; "you've broken my flute—you—you!"

The two mammae, who were great friends also, rushed to the door, but halted. They saw this picture: Hazel, crying, cowering before Robbie, whose eyes flashed, whose fist was clenched to strike.

"Stop!" the mammae whispered; for as they looked they saw Robbie controlling himself by an effort which shook his



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the camel or the reindeer to other countries than those to which they belong, and have them do well. Almost all attempts have been failures. Camels live to be forty or fifty years of age.

Do right, and fear not.