

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899.

[No. 9.]

## IN THE NURSERY.

Dolly is having a bath, but we hope her little nurses will not make it too thorough to be healthy for a person of her peculiar constitution. It is pleasant, indeed, to peep in upon a scene like this, where little ones play so nicely together. Sometimes a nursery is more like a battle-ground than the very dove-cote it ought to be. It is painful, indeed, to see the fierce conflicts and ugly disputes children will often engage in. Savages of the same capacity could scarcely be more vindictive and violent than we sometimes find the little ones of cultivated — yes, Christian — homes. Why this is so seems at first glance difficult of explanation, for, surely, of all the sweet and gentle things of earth, a little child should rank the foremost. To try to solve the riddle would not benefit; the study for you, young readers, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.



IN THE NURSERY.

### HOW BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

Baby Fay was eighteen months old. She did not walk or even stand alone. She seemed to think her little pink feet were two pretty playthings. She cooed over them and patted her cunning blue boots. She did not even try to use them.

She did not seem to know why feet were given to her.

"I am afraid her feet are too small," sighed grandma.

"Will she be a cripple, mamma?" asked sister Lou, sadly.

"Oh, no; she will walk when her limbs are strong," answered mamma, hopefully.

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said, "Poor little Willie lies here. We are too poor to buy a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.

Old Rover, the house-dog, came into the nursery. He often came into the nursery, and was always welcome there.

He walked up to Baby Fay, and looked into her face with his big brown eyes. He seemed to say, "It's too bad this dear baby cannot walk. I will try to teach her."

He touched her soft cheek with his cold nose. Baby crowed and clutched his long hair with her fat fingers. She pulled herself up on to both tiny feet. How proud and pleased she was.

Then Rover took a step forward. Baby stepped too, clasping his neck with both little arms. Rover now took four steps, and baby toddled along beside him. Then Rover thought the baby must be tired. He lay down slowly so that she should not fall. After this, Rover gave baby a walking lesson every morning.

She soon learned to walk alone. Do you not think Rover was a kind, thoughtful dog?