

HAPPY DAYS

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SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down
the land;
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine
smiled,
The wild-flowers bloomed for the
happy child,
Birds greeted her from every
tree;
But Selfish said, "No one loves
me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-
Hand
Went journeying home across the
land;
Miss Selfish met with trouble
and loss—
The weather was bad, the folks
were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the
journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time
before."

A BRAVE MOUSE.

The other day, on my travels,
I met a field mouse that inter-
ested me. He was on his travels
also, and we met in the middle of
a mountain lake. I was casting
my fly there, when I saw a deli-
cate V-shaped figure, the point of
which reached above the middle
of the lake, while the two sides as
they diverged faded out toward
the shore.

I drew near in my boat and be-
held a little mouse swimming
vigorously for the other side.
His little legs appeared like
swiftly revolving wheels beneath
him. As I came near, he dived
under the water to escape me, but
came up again like a cork, and
just as quickly. It was laugh-
able to see him repeatedly duck
beneath the surface, and pop
back again in a twinkling.

He could not keep under water more
than a second or two. Presently I reached
him my oar, when he ran up it and into

the palm of my hand, where he sat for
some time and arranged his fur and
warmed himself. He did not show the

slightest fear. It was probably the first
time he had ever shaken hands with a
human being. He was what we call a

