

HAPPY DAYS

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"THE FIRST COMPOSITION."

Oh, dear! What a task it is! Don't you all remember a similar task, dear readers? Of course you do, and smile now to look back and think what a heavy undertaking it seemed. This is the way with every labour presented to us and every acquirement attained. It seems hard and well-nigh impossible when we look at it in the prospective, but just the contrary when the end is gained. Remember this, little friends, in pursuing your school tasks. When a lesson seems very difficult to you, or an essay hard to write, look back upon your first letter and consider how easy a little effort and practice will soon make any work.

White Feather Blue Eyes is a rag doll from head to foot. Her face is stained with the juice of some berry until it is brown as any little Indian girl's. Her cheeks are the color of brick-dust, and in each of her black ears is a wire, on which

white feathers, nearly the length of the doll. These are tipped with red.

The doll has no underclothes, but a doeskin dress, covered nearly all over with beads. The front of this dress has a beaded canoe and a tomahawk embroidered in the beads. The back has a very good Indian papoose, or baby, in its bark cradle.

A piece of red blanket, fringed with beads, and a pair of moccasins completes White Feather Blue Eyes' striking costume. The Indian doll is coveted by all the little girls in Hilda's neighbourhood; but she can not be borrowed, begged nor bought.

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DO YOU PRAY FOR THEM?

"How is it that you and the girl across the aisle are such friends now? She seemed such a disagreeable girl. I thought you disliked her?"

"Well," replied the sister, "I was scolding about her one day to mamma, of course expecting her to sympathize with me. All she said was, 'I think you had better pray for her.' I was very much ashamed; for, though I had kept everything smooth on the outside, being polite to her, you know, and lending her my things, and keeping my side of the aisle clean, I was constantly in such a state of inward irritation that I had never

even thought of doing so. So I tried it, and I assure you that it has made things different. In the first place, I am different myself. You cannot honestly pray for any one and dislike them at the same time. It seems so—well, so sneaking, to



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A QUEER DOLL.

BY E. S. THOMPSON.

Hilda Dill has dolls and dolls; but the one that occupies the place of honour is "White Feather Blue Eyes," which came to her as a birthday present all the way from a United States fort in Arizona. Hilda's uncle is a cavalry officer out there; and not long since, an Indian woman came to the fort with hornspoons, reed-covered bottles, beaded moccasins, and dolls, of which one was White Feather Blue Eyes.

A good many wanted that doll; but Col. Tom offered the most money (five silver dollars), and Mountain Bird (that was the Indian woman's name) sold it to him. "Her clothing was so soiled and greasy, and she looked so fierce and wild that she ought to have been called 'Carrion Crow,'" wrote Uncle Tom.

is fastened a large bead for an earring. Her blue eyes are large, blue glass beads. Her hands are black, with a red ring painted around each finger. In a band of doeskin which is fastened tightly around White Feather Blue Eyes' head are five