

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1904

No. 26

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

You would have thought little Sara McKay would be as doleful as anything in her new home; she had been used to a whole houseful of brothers and sisters, and merry days all the year round. But the father and mother died within three weeks of each other, and homes had to be found for the children here and there, wherever there was anybody to take them.

Sara had been sent to Longwood, to live with Miss Juliet Saunders, an old maid, and Mr. Edward, her old bachelor brother; grim, quiet people; kind, if you please, but dreadfully set in their ways. And to make it sadder, the poor girl had travelled all Christmas Day and only got to her new home at nine o'clock at night.

Perhaps you think she cried herself to sleep, and waked up with red eyes and a headache! That's what Miss Juliet thought she would do, and the old lady was quite nervous about what she would do to entertain her.

But Sara was born thinking of other people, her dear mother used to say; and so, instead of pitying her lonely little self, she had not been in the plain, old-fash-



ioned house ten minutes, before she began to feel sorry for those old cousins.

"I don't 'spect they have any nice times at all," she said to herself, when Miss Juliet had awkwardly tucked her into the little cot by the big bed, and her brain went to work busily to find out what she could do to please them.

"Kiss me good-night when you come to

bed, Aunt Judy," she called out cheerfully, and the old maid felt a little glow of pleasure at the request and at the endearing title.

Early as Miss Juliet awoke, she found Sara's dark brown eyes wide open. "You haven't got any greens in your room, auntie," she said; "mav'n't I go over to those pretty woods and get some?"

"You'll get your feet wet, child, and catch your death o' cold."

"Oh, no'n, I won't, 'cause I've got some nice rubber boots in my trunk; mamma liked me to play in the snow."

Now Miss Juliet had never hung a green wreath on her walls in her life; she couldn't abide them; but anything would be better than letting this little orphan mope and pine; so she started her out after breakfast, and Sara came back with a bright face and a load of green things.

"Rat tat tat," sounded on old Mr. Saunders' study door. "Come in," he said, surprised. "Uncle Ed," said the little visitor fearlessly, "please come and tuck up my wreaths in the dining room, 'cause I can't reach, you know."

"Why, I should think not," said the old man, his face lighting up with a smile; "you haven't even reached five years!"