

HAPPY DAYS

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SANTA AND HIS REINDEER.

BY MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

Come, little people, and listen here,
While I tell you of Santa and his reindeer;
How he comes flying down to the snowy
ground,
In the dead of night when there's not a
sound;
And in great big books, on his library
shelf,
There's the names of boys and girls like
yourself.
But for each bad deed that is done,
From his list of presents he strikes off one,
So look out for the things that you do and
say
If you want a merry Christmas Day.

SENTRY HUT, BORNEO.

Different people have different kinds of houses to live in, but it seems to me the people who live on the island of Borneo have the funniest houses of all. They are made out of bamboo and raised on poles a considerable height above the ground, something like our bird-houses, only, of course, *la. or.* Here is a picture of a sentry hut, and the sentry is outside watching. Do you notice the ladders by which he goes up and comes down from his home, and the funny little door in the corner of the hut for him to pass in and out. How strange we would think it to have our houses so high up, and yet how glad we would be if there were dangerous animals around as there are over there.

THE PARKS' THANKSGIVING.

"Jack Frost's been about here," said Davy; "just look at the burrs! He gives 'em a pinch and down they have to come."
"And oh! see the chestnuts," said Roger. "Father likes them, and he is coming down to dinner on Thanksgiving Day. I say, let's get some for him!"
"Agreed," said Davy.

Thanksgiving was indeed a happy day to the Park family, for the father who had been ill for a long time was able to take his place again at the table.

The chestnuts which Jack and Davy had gathered and boiled were placed in the centre of a pretty basket which was first partly filled with grapes, some of the rich purple clusters hanging over the side.

This made a pretty ornament for the table and their father was much pleased with the attention from his boys. It pays, children, to remember the things that father or mother likes and try to get them.

"Who knows why we have a Thanksgiving Day?" asked Mr. Park as they were eating the nuts.

"'Cause you are well again, papa," said shy little Josie, in a soft voice.

"Yes, my dear; we all have a special reason to be thankful to-day," said Mr. Park, "and we do bless God for his mercies of healing. But I want you to know something of the history of the day."

"Please tell us about it, papa," said Davy.

"The first Thanksgiving was kept by the Puritans amid much want and sorrow. Many of the little company, who came across the ocean to this land in order to find freedom to worship God, had died. Of those who were left a large number were sick. The men were obliged to fight the Indians as well as to work in the fields, while their wives and little children suffered for want of the comforts to which they had been accustomed in their homes beyond the sea. But in spite of all these hardships those noble Christian men appointed a day of thanksgiving to God for the crops which he had permitted them to gather.

"And so every year we follow their example; and when the grain which was planted in the springtime and has grown during the summer has ripened, and been taken into the storehouse in autumn, we set apart a day in which to acknowledge the hand of God in all our blessings.

"It is because he has not withheld the early and the latter rain, as well as sun and heat, that the grapes, half hidden by their leaves, have grown first red and then a beautiful purple, a colour like the robes of kings. The sun has sent his bright rays also down into the apple trees, and their fruit is rosy red, while low down on the ground the lusty pumpkin has become more yellow than even the rays of the sun.

"While we crown our feast with fruit and good things let there not fail in our hearts a truly thankful spirit."



SENTRY HUT, BORNEO.

TWO LITTLE STORIES SIDE BY SIDE.

One day the water, boiling in the kettle, decided it would take a sail. So some of it came out through the spout, and sailed away and away, off through the balmy air, in its white dress of vapour, away, away to Cloudland. There it stayed for a while, when it decided to change its dress and come back again. Then everybody said, "It is raining." But it was only the little