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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1886

MY BABY.

WE'VE in our home a baby boy
With eyes as black as jet,
Who fills the house with mirth and joy
And is his grandma's pet.

He is a very happy child,
And coos and laughs all day,
His little rattle pounds and shakes
In every noisy way.

He pulls his grandma's hair awry
And scratches grandpa's nose,
But that which he loves best of all
Is playing with his toes.

His grandmamma will surely spoil
This baby boy of mine,
For she will laugh and play with him
An hour at a time.

Then when I take the little rogue
And quietly sit down,
There comes across his pretty brow
A naughty little frown,

And tears will gather in his eyes
And steal adown his cheeks,
And he will cry so hard you'd think
He wouldn't stop for weeks.

Of all the babies grandma's seen
She thinks this one the brightest;
But, then, folks say that every sheep
Thinks its own lamb the whitest!

ONCE when a certain little girl went to a baker's shop to buy bread, the baker looked at the money and said: "See here, child, this isn't enough; bread's higher." "When did it rise?" asked the little customer. "To-day." "Then," replied the girl, "I'll take some of yesterday's bread."



THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

LITTLE Maud Merton's mother was taken ill, so she had to ask Maud to try to prepare dinner for her father and brothers.

"Oh, yes, mamma, I can do it firstrate," said Maud, and she rolled up her sleeves and tied on an apron and set to work. She got the eggs and butter and flour, and I don't know what else, and in a short time had quite a nice dinner ready. Not only did she relieve the mind of her sick mamma of a great care, but she greatly pleased her papa to find what a kind, helpful daughter he had, but she also learned how to do what she will find to be very useful in after years.

Girls, always be glad to help your mother, you will also learn to help yourselves too, and to be useful to all around you. Nothing is so pitiful as to see girls grow up without knowing how to do a thing about the house.

"I WISH I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always seems pleased to mind, and I don't." What a lesson these few plain words of the child convey! Little one, do you mind mamma, or papa, or the teacher, as well as your pet minds you?

SHE WOULD NOT AT FIRST, BUT AFTERWARDS CAME.

A LITTLE girl was at the meeting on Monday, at which time a lady spoke to her, and asked her to come to Jesus. But she did not like to do it, and she would please herself.

The next day she went to the meeting, and no one spoke to her—she did not like that; she felt as if she had been left out and forgotten. She felt unhappy. She went again, and still no one came to speak to her. She thought she could get people to speak to her without troubling herself. But, to her surprise, everybody seemed to pass her by.

She felt forsaken. She heard a lady saying to another little girl just like herself: "Give your heart to Jesus, and he will love you!" She felt so lonely, she wished the lady would say that to her; and the lady turned to her at that moment, and said: "Will you give your heart to Jesus?"

And she answered at once: "I will, for I want to;" and that was Friday. "It was pride that was in my heart," she said, "and it took a whole week to get it out."