

HAPPY DAYS

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MY PUSSY.

I have been an invalid many years, most of the time confined to my bed. And sometimes I was obliged to be alone,

sister said, "How would you like a kitten to keep you company?"

"Very much," I said. So next time sister came down from the country to see me she handed me a little paper bag, and when I opened it I saw just the prettiest kitten; and when it snuggled up to me and went to sleep on my arm, I was very much pleased.

Sister said, "Kitty behaved very well on the cars; she never said one word. Every one thought it a very nice cat."

I found her very well behaved, and good company she was; for as I could not go downstairs, she never did, and often she would play such funny tricks she would make me laugh even when I was in great pain and hardly able to hold up my head.

I tied a little bell around her neck with a ribbon, because she had one naughty trick; she would not come when she was called, just like some naughty children. After a while she began to get sick, and as I had often heard

my father say cats grew sick if they had ribbons tied around their necks, I took off the bell and kept it on a table by me.

Then when I wanted pussy I would ring the bell, and I wish you could have

seen her come, running and jumping, mewling and looking up in my face as much as to say, "Well, what do you want now?"

laugh and say, "What a funny cat!" One day the cat had been absent from the room for a long time, and where do you think he found her? She was tucked

away as nicely as she could be in an old winter shoe in the closet. How Harry did laugh, and his laughing waked her. He brought the shoe with kitty in it for me to see. I was very sick that day, but I really think that very funny sight made me feel better than I had for some time.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Did you know, dear children, that the story about "Mary's lamb, whose fleece was white as snow," was a really true one? It is. The little girl is an old lady now, but she loves to tell about the little lamb that she petted when she was little. It is quite true that it learned to love her because she loved it and was kind to it. If we want people to love us, we must love them. If we are cross, and say ugly things, and think only about our own happiness, people will not love us, and we cannot be very happy, even when we try most to be. Even a cat, or a dog, knows when we are kind to it, and I



MY PUSSY.

Sometimes my little nephew would come to see me, and he would say, "Aunt Mary, please ring that bell; I want to see pussy come."

She always came; then how he would

have seen a dog that would snap at a cross person, play gently and kindly with one who was kind to it. If our hearts are right toward God, we shall love every one of the creatures he has made.