

HAPPY CHILDREN.

No one could say the little girls in the picture are "spoiled," could they? They don't look a bit like it. How much better to be called a happy child than a spoiled one. For, do you know, a spoiled little girl or boy is really never a happy one. Because, although they do get things their own way, they are sure not to be satisfied even then. Real happiness never comes when one has done wrong.



HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be his.