

Happy Days

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MAKING A CALL.

THESE little would-be "big folks," as the picture itself so prettily suggests, are imitating their mamma in the interesting role of making a social visit. They have doubtless had a pleasant "little chat" (which too often, however, in the instance of the elders, is anything but "pleasant" in some of its qualities), and now they have come to the exciting finale of leave-taking. The excellences of the respective babies having been duly discussed, the little make-believe mothers are making their affecting adieux to the "sweet creatures" in orthodox fashion. To be sure, the baby dolls are just as good as they are represented to be, but is this always so of the live little ones, past babyhood, too, that real mothers often boast about? Certainly boys and girls ought not to see themselves outdone in good behaviour by only pretended children, but should always try to behave properly.



MAKING A CALL.

STOPPING TO S'POSE.

UP the hill plodded old Sorrel drawing the cart with Guy, Bell, and Sammy, over the rough, muddy road.

He seemed to think it was hard pulling

"Get up there!" shouted Guy, impatiently. "Get up there I say! I wish I had a whip! Wait until we get a little nearer to those trees, and I'll break off a switch. Then we'll see if you can't go a little faster!"

Bell laughed, but little Sammy looked up with a grave face.

"I guess you'd better stop and s'pose first!"

"Stop and--what?" asked Guy.

"S'pose. I mean, s'pose you were a horse; how would you like to be whipped 'cause you couldn't go any faster when the roads were bad?"

Guy looked up at faithful old Sorrel for a minute, and said nothing more about a whip. We should not find it so easy to do unkind things if we stopped to s'pose how we wish to be treated ourselves.