

HAPPY DAYS



IN THE MEADOW.

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FANNIE CHAMBERS loves to go out on the grass. Sometimes she lies down on the velvety lawn. Then she listens to the songs of the birds, the droning hum of the bumble-bees, and the chirping of the crickets. Fannie loves to think of God who made all these beautiful creatures.

WHAT AILS HIM?

"WHAT ails that man, Papa?" said James Morton, as he saw a man who had fallen upon a door-step. "The man has been drinking, and is now quite drunk," answered Mr. Morton. "He has long been a drinking man," continued Mr. Morton. "Long ago he began by taking a glass of

beer once in a while. Afterward he took stronger drink, and now he is drunk nearly every day. He was once a nice, respectable man, but now he is a wretched drunkard. I hope my son will never taste any kind of strong drink. It does no one any good, but makes many people poor and wretched."