

HAPPY DAYS

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A POUTING GIRL.

My mother says a girl she knows
Whose face with love and kindness glows,
Who carries sunshine where she goes—
A darling little human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,
Who frets at all she has to do;
With sulky face she scowls
at you,
While anger clouds her eyes
of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain
to see,
From mother's laughing
face, that she
Means one of those two
girls for me—
Now which, I wonder, can
it be?

WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL?

I said to Etta, who is
my eldest daughter, "Etta,
dear, I want you to help
me sew an hour before you
go out to trundle your hoop
this afternoon."

"I don't want to. I
want to join Fanny and
Jennie and Nelly. We are
going to have a nice time,"
my child replied.

"No, you must sew an
hour first," I said firmly.

Then with much frown-
ing and pouting my child
drew her hoop into a cor-
ner, and taking her needle
and her work, sewed in
silence for an hour. Was

that a nice way, think you, for Etta to treat
her mother who had done so much for
her? I hope, my dear children, you
promptly and cheerfully do what mother
asks, for you can never repay the debt of
love you owe.

A LITTLE RED GLOVE.

The twins were almost ready for church,
they had on their white pique dresses,

starched as stiff as anything, and their red
sashes; white pique bonnets with red
ribbon strings and red slippers. I don't
see what else little girls could expect to
wear to church!

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute
pair of little red gloves from Richmond,
and this was the first chance they had had

But one little red glove was gone! It
was not in the bureau drawer, and it was
not in mother's glove-box, and it wasn't
anywhere.

"Look in the slop-bowl, mamma," sug-
gested Rosy, the tears trembling on her
brown lashes. Rosy had had several sad
experiences of finding things in the sicp-
bowl that ought not to have
been there. But the red
glove was not in the slop-
bowl.

Posy had hers on and
buttoned tightly across her
fat wrists, and she thought
they were the prettiest
things in the world.

The church bell began to
ring, but no glove could be
found. Poor Rosy! The
tears rolled down her
cheeks, keeping time to
the ding-dong of the
bell. But what was
Posy doing!

With a very sober face
Posy was tugging at her
pretty gloves until at last
they came off, turned inside
out.

"There," she cried,
"now we won't either of us
wear them. Come on,
Rosy."

Away flew the clouds
from Rosy's face, and away
twinkled the little feet over
the fields to church. The
day was warm, the sermon
long, and our little maids
took a sound nap in the mid-
dle of it, but the best sermon
of all to me was the sight
of Posy's chubby bare
hands, prettier than all the
gloves in Paris, because they were holding
fast to the Golden Rule.

"Well," said little Frances indig-
nantly, after a long search for her
school-book strap, "I've hunted every
single place where it could possibly be.
Now I'm going to hunt where it can't
possibly be, and I suppose I shall find it."
This she proceeded to do with great
success.



NAUGHTY ETTA.

to wear them. They were fairly on their
tiptoes, they were so eager to get their ten
fat fingers into them.

"Here, Rose, honey," said their old
colored nurse, "you jes' run your fin-
gers into dese while I looks for Posy's."

"But these are mine, Mammy," cried
Posy. "See, they are marked on the in-
side, 'Posy.'"

"All right, den, chile, I ain't carin' who
dey 'ings to, jest so I finds t'odder one."