

HAPPY DAYS

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MAY FLOWERS.

May Day is a very glad time for the children. April showers bring May flowers, says the proverb. And very delightful it is to see the lovely blossoms once more appearing. An old and pleasant song runs thus:

As if on living creatures
Whene'er my eyes do fall
On bluebells and on daisies,
I say "God bless you all."

The lady in the picture seems to love the flowers and welcome their return as much as any of the children.

LITTLE MURIEL'S PRAYER.

BY M. A. HAMILTON.

Little Muriel lives in Prince Edward Island. She is a tiny girl, only six years old. If you were to go and visit her in summer, she would take you down to the beautiful sandy beach near her home, and play with you for hours, having what she used to call a "pic-a-nic." Perhaps when the tide came in her mother would take you for a bath in the river, or her father might give you a sail in his pretty yacht. If you could take a peep at her on a cold winter morning, you would see her mother dressing her warmly and her father putting her in the sleigh with her sister Gladys and her brothers Ion and Cecil, and wrapping the buffalo robes around them, for they are two miles from school. The sleigh-bells jingle, and off goes "Old Nell," driven by the children's auntie.

But I must tell you a story about something that little Muriel did before she was five years old. An accident having happened to her doll, she wanted another very much indeed, so she just prayed

to God for one. She asked him every day to please give his little girl a doll, and she felt sure that he would do so. Well, she has a grandmother living in Nova Scotia, and one day an Indian woman came to her door with baskets and the loveliest doll's cradle for sale. Something seemed to say to her, "Buy that cradle for little Muriel in Prince Edward Island." She bought it, and then she went to a store and got three dolls, one large and two small ones. She dressed the large one in white and the two small ones in pink. She then placed them all in the cradle, and put the cradle in a box, and sent it off to her little granddaughter for a birthday present. How happy Muriel was! She fairly danced for joy, and then what do you think she did? Why she knelt right down and thanked her Heavenly Father for getting it into her good, kind grandmother's mind to send her the birthday dolls.

THE QUARREL.

"See my new bonnet, Lelia!" Nettie Carrol said to her friend one day. "Mamma got it so I wouldn't tan and get freckles. I think they are awfully ugly. You have freckles, haven't you, Lelia?"

"Yes; but I don't care if I have a brown complexion," said Lelia, good-naturedly. "Papa says it is always fashionable to have a brown face."

Lelia was a sweet-tempered little girl, but sometimes she would say cutting things, and when she saw that Nettie felt hurt, she repented, and said, "Come, let's kiss and make up, my darling," and when Nettie saw the roguish face close to hers the quarrel was soon settled.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."



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