

Happy Days

PLAYING AT BEING GRANDMAMMA.

LITTLE children are always fond of imitating the ways of older people and playing at being older than they really are. This little person has discovered her grandmother's spectacles lying on the chair and thinks she will have a great game all to herself. So she sits in Granny's chair and holding the glasses in one hand she gives the empty room the benefit of her weighty opinion on some subject she has probably heard her grandmother talk about. If little children would copy older people only in things that are good, it would be very nice, but we fear that many little boys and girls find a great deal of fun sometimes in copying the very questionable habits of their older friends.

PERSEVERANCE.

A LITTLE girl being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright; yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was, and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little tumbled off.

Next it she wondered what made the ant do as it had done. Something said it was perseverance, and the birds seemed to sing over and over again, "Perseverance," until she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterwards, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant, and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.



PLAYING AT BEING GRANDMAMMA.

MAMMA KNEW BEST.

FREDDIE had a little bird that Aunt Elsie gave him. It was yellow and white, with round black eyes, and a cunning little bill that it ate with. Freddie liked to talk to it. The bird could not talk, but it could sing, and it used to turn its little head and look at him, first out of one eye, then out of the other, and then begin to sing as hard as it could. Freddie thought it was trying to talk to him. There was a pretty cage for it to live in, and sometimes mamma opened the door of the cage and let the bird out to fly and hop around the floor a little while.

One day Freddie climbed into a chair and then upon the table. Then he was close to where birdie's cage hung. His mamma came into the room and caught him. She lifted him down to the floor, and told him he must not get up by the cage unless she said he might. Then she went away again.

This set the little girl to thinking, and