

Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1889

[No. 6.

GENIE BENDER.

GENIE was not quite three years old. One day little Hazel Graves came to play with her. Mamma and Baby were in the next room. Baby had just had his bath, and the tub of water was still standing.

"Et's pay wis se was-ser," said Genie.

"Mamma 'low it?" asked Hazel. She knew her own mamma never allowed her to play with water.

"Sut 'e door an' s'e tan't hear," said Genie.

Genie was a very little girl, but, you see, she knew enough to be naughty. This showed she had a naughty little heart. She needs a new clean heart.

But mamma heard the door go slam-bang, and jumped up quickly so see what mischief the little girl was doing now.

"Genie must never play with the water—never, never," said mamma, slowly and plainly, "unless she comes and asks mamma first. Genie, do you hear?"

Genie said "Yes'm," easy. She knew very well what mamma meant.

The next day, the very next, Genie was again in the room where the tub was standing. This time she was playing with her two little dogs.

"I'll give 'em a baff," she said to herself;



WILL THE PARROT TELL!

and down she sat with Marco in her arms, and took the wet sponge. But as soon as she touched his head he began to whine and cry, for little dogs do not like water. Mamma heard, and came in again.

"Genie, Genie, what did I tell you yesterday?"

Genie hung down her head and didn't speak. She knew very well she had done wrong.

What do you think happened, then? Mamma put the baby down and lifted Genie up into her high chair, and the naughty little hands were tied together with a piece of red ribbon, which she kept on purpose. She had often tied the little mischievous hands.

Poor little Genie! Her tears fell fast, and we hoped she learned that she must mind mamma.

A STRANGE MIRROR

THE old city of Rouen, in France, has a pretty sight which is worth describing to your crowd of young folk. The little men and maids are fond of looking-glasses, I know; but I doubt if they all have heard of the queer one of which I shall now tell them. Near the west door of the church of St. Ouen, in the city of Rouen, is a marble basin filled with water. It is so placed that the water acts as a mirror, and in

the face of it one sees all the inside of the church. Look down into the water, and you see pillars and the ceiling and pictures and statuary, and nearly all the interior ornamentation of the building. The stately basin seems to take pride in holding its beautiful picture of the church. I wish you and all your readers could see it.