

HAPPY DAYS

SPRING FLOWERS.

Of all the flowers that bloom here there are none sweeter or more beautiful than the first modest little blossoms that come with the early spring. Boys and girls always seem to know just where they are going to creep through the ground by some peculiar instinct. These little flowers are very shy, however, and have a habit of hiding beneath a number of moist, dead leaves of the last fall, or of growing with drooping heads beneath a large protecting green leaf to make the search for them more interesting. The children in our picture have had a very successful hunt and are coming home with a large number of bright dandelions and with the very fine breath. In our Canadian woods there to be found many pretty kinds of spring flowers—the little white bells of the "Lamb's Slipper," blue and pinkish white violets, known as the "Dog's Tooth Violet," the fragrant purple violets, the marsh marigold and lovely three-leaved trillium. Each of these flowers is given a number of names by our boys and girls, who have



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a happy way of christening these objects of their love to suit themselves.

The man who pities himself never gets much sympathy from others.

ROOM FOR ALL.

"Mother," said Fred, "I can't love God and you both, so I'll choose you. The Bible says that I must love God with all my heart, and there is but one 'all' to it; so if I love God with all, there'll not be one bit left for you."

Fred's mother told him to fill a large pan with potatoes.

"Here," said he, piling on the last one, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered mother, as she took a bag of beans and shook them into the crevices between the potatoes. "Not full yet," she said, and dropped two shovelfuls of sand into the pan. "Not full yet," and she took a cup and poured several quarts of water into the pan. "Now," she said, "you see how a thing can be full and hold more—of something else. Your heart may be full of love for God and yet, have plenty of room left for father and me, for sister, for books, and for whatsoever else God wishes you to love."—Selected.

What you do, do cheerfully.