



HAPPY CHILDREN.

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WHAT a happy group of little children sitting on the sea-shore. Mary, who is the eldest, is reading pretty stories to them about fairies who live under the water, and bye-and-bye when it is not quite so hot papa is going to take them for a nice row on the beautiful rippling water which is dancing in the sunlight and looks, "the children fancy," like the fairies Mary has been reading to them about.

A NOBLE BOY.

WELL! I saw a boy do something the other day that made me feel happy for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it is.

As I was walking along the street of a large city, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slow, feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And its very high, too; I wonder if some one won't tell him and start him in the right direction."

Just then a boy about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the man's arm, and said, "Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and better, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving towards every one for many days afterwards.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act or to make any one else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and do good, is to be happy.

If any of you boys and girls who may chance to read this little account doubt that it makes one happy to do a kind deed, suppose you try it for yourselves. I am sure you will prove it true, and that you will be so well pleased with that method that you will keep on at it.

NELLIE'S REASON.

THE wind blew softly down from the hill, across the lake, and through the vines climbing about the porch. It rustled the paper little Nell held until the sound made Aunt Mary look up.

"What are you reading, Nellie?" she asked. For Nellie did not read well enough yet to care much about reading to herself.

"My Sunday-school paper," answered Nellie. "I like better to have you read the stories to me, auntie, but, you see,

Georgie Flynn likes stories too, and he hasn't any Aunt Mary. When I go and sit under the tree by the garden fence, he comes and sits down by the great tree on the other side of the fence, and I am trying to read this over so that I can do it well enough to read out loud to him. It's most all the Sunday he has."

Was that not a good reason for trying to learn to read well? She was doing in her home just what the missionaries are doing across the sea learning for the sake of helping others. Any girl or boy can do that.

WHO IS THE SINNER?

NOT long ago a Sunday-school teacher got together a class of boys from the street—bootblacks, m-w-boys, etc.—such as are found only in large cities. One of the first questions

he asked was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the reply came from one of the brightest of the lads, who pointed to a boy at the other end of the class and said, "Yes, sir, that fellow down there."

NEVER HUNCH WHEN OTHERS CROWD.

ONE very warm afternoon in July, I visited a school in Boston. There were about sixty children, from four to eight years old. The schoolroom was small, and the children looked much oppressed by the heat, especially the youngest.

I stood before them and asked, "Children, can you tell me what peace-children will do?"

One said, "Love your enemies;" another, "Forgive your enemies;" another, "When others strike one cheek, turn the other;" another, "Overcome evil with good."

All these were good answers. At length a little girl in the middle of a seat directly before me, looking very uncomfortable,—she was so crowded that she could not move her elbows,—looked up, and in a plaintive tone said, "Peace-children don't hunch when others crowd."

The little crowded suffering child gave the best definition of "peace" I ever heard. "Never hunch when others crowd." She drew it directly from her own personal experience, and said what she felt. There the little girl was crowded up; her arms squeezed down to her sides, she could hardly move or breathe; yet there was no anger, no quarreling, simply because she did not "hunch."