

Happy Days

WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL.

I SAID to Etta, who is my eldest daughter, "Etta, dear, I want you to help me sew an hour before you go out to trundle your hoop this afternoon."

"I don't want to. I want to join Fanny and Jennie and Nelly. We are going to have a nice time," my child replied.

"No, you must sew an hour first," I said firmly.

Then with much frowning and pouting my child threw her hoop into a corner, and taking her needle and her work, sewed in silence for an hour. Was that a nice way, think you, for Etta to treat her mother who had done so much for her? I hope, my dear children, you promptly and cheerfully do what mother asks, for you can never repay the debt of love you owe.

DANGER.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked my ears and listened. Presently an elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll trouble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking and the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a

beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "O that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you." "But," said the rose, "look at his brown-and-

fully, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me"

One sin indulged has ruined many.

NOTHING FINISHED.

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—", but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot, but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other partly finished, was marked, "To my dear—".

I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels in that work-box, I found not a single thing complete, and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great thing we



NAUGHTY ETTA.

crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only time enough to weep over her