

HAPPY DAYS

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FLOWER MISSION.

Perhaps you children who can see plenty of flowers don't know how glad some lonely hearts are to get even one of the beautiful little things. It is to help to send them to the poor, sick and shut-in people that the Flower Missions have been started. Flowers are God's smiles, they say, and what would the world be without them? Oh, children, don't be weary of God's smiles, if you have any; and don't be chary of your own. You will know how a smile has power to let a sad, weary, and often a stained heart shine into the sunshine. This boy in the picture comes every Thursday afternoon, after school, to help his sister and the other young ladies to give away the flowers in the little bunches; then when they are ready to show a basketful to the hospital, they have no idea how glad the sick people are to see him.

TWO FACES.

I know a little girl who has two faces.



FLOWER MISSIONS.

When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. For

she expects that the ladies who call on her mother will say, "What a little darling" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, and perhaps give her some sweets.

And the ladies who praise her think she is very lady-like too, for she always says, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she ought, and says, "Thank you" so sweetly when anything is given to her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. If she cannot have what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes, then she will pout and scream; and no one would ever think of kissing her; and no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaves so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress; the other she wears when she is

alone with her mother. I know another little girl who has only one face, and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The