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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1905.

HELPING GOD ANSWER PRAYER.

Though scarcely more than a baby, Bluebelle's "Little Brother" had been taught "Now I lay me," and "God bless father and mother and sister Bluebelle," and, in addition, to ask God for anything he wanted very badly.

Though a model older sister in many respects, Bluebelle dearly loved to have the best of the bargain, not only half, but the whole of the time, and when there were toys and good things to be divided she had a way of acting, if not speaking, that plainly said: "I'll give you half, 'Little Brother,' but, since I am the older I will keep the bigger half."

She was very fond of "Little Brother," but when her small friends came to play with her, she did not want to take care of him, and sometimes she was cross, and pinched or slapped him when he followed them about.

One night, after "Little Brother's" "God bless sister Bluebelle," he lisped, "and please don't let her pinch 'Little Brother' any more, and make her quit giving him the knotty apples and the teeny bits of candy."

"I didn't," began Bluebelle in confusion, but mother interrupted her by say-

ing, in a low, soothing voice, "That is a prayer sister Bluebelle ought to help God answer."

"Help God?" Bluebelle exclaimed, wonderingly.

"Yes," said mother, and then, after tucking "Little Brother" up in his little white crib, mother had a long talk with the small selfish sister, in which she explained how she might help God answer "Little Brother's" prayer.

Bluebelle was a careful, trusty little girl, and mother often sent her on errands out in the village. She had pretty manners, and people often treated her to some dainty when she was out. One morning, shortly after mother's talk, Bluebelle came back from the grocery the happy possessor of a big, rosy-cheeked apple. Apples were very scarce that season, and this one looked very tempting. After showing it to mother, she called "Little Brother."

"Do you want a knife to cut it?" asked mother, hoping to help her to victory.

But Bluebelle shook her head, and when "Little Brother" came at her call she put the big apple, uncut, into his baby hands.

"Just half of it, dear," said mother.

"No; all," insisted Bluebelle. "Don't you 'member his prayer? I'm helping to answer it, mother, just like you said."

BAE'S FIRST PARTY.

She was everybody's "dear little Bab." "We must begin to call her Barbara," mother said, but they didn't.

Little Bab was going to her first party, and as they entered the parlor, mother and sister Lucy watched to see how she'd act. They thought the slight shyness only made her prettier.

It was a children's party, of course, and you know the mothers always go with the small tots.

Perhaps you know, too, that when the children are seated at table, the littlest ones in high chairs, and some perched on books, the mothers stand behind to help wait upon them. At least that was the way at children's parties where I have been.

So as Lucy was old enough to care for herself, the pretty young mother stood behind Bab. All went well until the little lady missed her mother's face, and began to cry.

"Why, Bab, darling, here I am," whispered her mother from behind her chair, and loving arms drew her near, till her sobs were hushed, and her eyes flashed rainbows.

"Wasn't it too bad she cried?" said sister Lucy, on the way home. "Not one other cried." Lucy's pride was hurt, for she thought that Bab had not quite behaved herself.

She didn't know that in a corner of the dining-room a woman stood, who was a

guest of the family. This one had no dear child there—no baby had ever said "mother" to her. Her life was lonely, and she felt it then. But when Bab cried, and turned to her mother, some one whispered softly to this lonely woman, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." She knew that a Friend was near.

So it was not quite "too bad" that dear little Bab cried.

WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbor of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey, and while he was away some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was!—that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball. But Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came home—it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out—Snowball ran to him at once, and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and to make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him downstairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say, "This pappy has gotten in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh! And how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy—and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house!

Have you quarrelled in angry haste?

Kiss and agree.

Of remorse had bitter taste?

Kiss and agree.

Angels will look down and smile,

Kiss and agree.

If you're reconciled, the while

Kiss and agree.