

# Happy Days

## THE BOOK IN THE FIELD.

SOME careless reader has left this book in the field. It must have been left there a long time ago, before the flowers had begun to send their tiny sprouts out of the ground. Now that they are in bloom we find it beautifully decorated. See, how prettily the vines have grown between the pages and the lovely blossoms peep out at the edges! The butterflies light upon its cover and a saucy bug trots gaily over its pages, utterly careless of the solemn and profound truths they may contain. A busy ant hurries past, not having time to stop for a moment to see what this strange object in the field is.

Though the book makes a very pretty picture as it lies there on the ground surrounded by the wild flowers, it is not serving the purpose for which it was made. It makes us think of some people we occasionally meet, who are always beautifully dressed, and we admire their appearance very much, for they make a pretty picture, but who are living comparatively useless lives and are not doing the work which they were intended to do in the world.

## THE PICNIC.

"O MAMMA, may we go?"

"Do say yes, mamma!"

"We'll be so good; see if we aren't."

Mamma lifted her hands, and said, "Did I ever see such children! How can I say 'yes,' when I don't know what you want to do? Try to be quiet a minute, and let Bertha tell me what all this excitement is about. And turn Frisk out of doors; he is as noisy as the rest of you."

Poor Frisk looked very unhappy over his banishment, but really one couldn't hear one's self think with such yelping and barking going on.

Bertha began, after shaking her finger at her impatient brother and sister to keep them quiet.

"It is to a river picnic we want to go, to-morrow afternoon. Mrs. Barry asked us. Ethel and Janie and Paul are going, of

boats to stop and take them in one of them. Donald could not help shouting to his friend Paul as soon as he caught a glimpse of the boat.

What a jolly time they had, and how good everything tasted! How they rolled on the green grass, and swung in the long grape-vine swings, and played tag! And then the ride home in the twilight! Some of them thought that the pleasantest of all. For pretty Miss Gray and Ned Russell sang college songs and played on the banjo and the mandolin, and the oars kept time with their long sweeps, while the stars peeped out one by one.

That was an afternoon long remembered by all as a day of perfect delight.



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course, and their big brother Ned, to row, and Mildred and Nellie and Frank Russell. Mrs. Barry and pretty Miss Grey are going too, and Mr. Russell is to row our boat, you see it'll be perfectly safe. So please say yes, mamma dear."

Mamma did say yes; and early the next afternoon the three children and Frisk were at the boat landing waiting for the three

this was the way she did it

"Papa, I can read every word in this book. Sister Margie taught me"

Papa was so pleased that he bought her a fine new book the very next day.

## THE PICTURE BOOK.

EDITH LAWRENCE loved to look at pictures. Long before she was old enough to read, she would take her pretty books and make up little stories about the pictures.

Sister Margie was a young lady, but she was very fond of her little sister. Almost every evening, before bed-time, she would take Edith on her lap and read to her. After a while she would show Edith a word, cat, and ask Edith to find it again; and when she could do it every time, she gave her dog, and man, and boy, and girl, and in this way she not only had many very pleasant evenings, but it was not so very long until she was able to surprise her papa. And

OLD-TIME religion does not have much to do with dime novels.