

tween them, where the uncovered earth showed. The ground-hog just made for one of these places, and in a very brief space of time he had dug out a burrow for himself and slid down into it.

Grandpa's father laughed at the idea of having a ground-hog in the family, but grandpa and his brothers and sisters were delighted.

The ground-hog was a little shy at first, but he soon became accustomed to them and became their greatest pet. They succeeded in teaching him some tricks, but not many. He seemed to like best just being with the children in the cabin. He had a great aversion to strangers, and as soon as any one not a member of the family appeared in the cabin, the ground-hog made a dive for his burrow between the puncheons, and there he stayed until the unwelcome visitor was gone, and no amount of threatening or coaxing could induce him to come out.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1902.

### WAS HE RIGHT ?

Once a lady asked a little boy who made him. He answered: "God made me so big, and I grew the rest." As he said this, he measured with his hands as long as he was when he was a wee baby.

How many of our little ones think he spoke truly? Do you think he would ever have grown at all if God had not made him grow? No, no, dear children. It is God who makes you grow, and who even keeps you alive. You could not grow, or do anything else of yourself, without him. Ought you not to be very thankful to him every day you live?

I once heard of a little boy who planted

himself to grow. That is the way God makes flowers and trees to grow; but he has a better way for boys and girls. They can grow as they go about. Did you ever stop to think that God has made everything just the best way that it could be made?

### A HOME SAVED.

A mother was working hard to feed and clothe her two little children and pay for their home. The man who owned the house sent a lawyer to turn them out, for they had not paid enough to suit him. The lawyer stood outside the door and heard the mother reading God's promises, and telling Fred and Mary how God had promised a home to all who love him. "Then, mamma," said Fred, "if the Lord has promised a home to all who love him, couldn't he let us keep our house?" "Yes, my dear; I am sure he could if he thought best." "Then let us ask him, mamma." They all knelt while the mother told God all their trouble, and the children said, "Amen." When the lawyer heard all this he went and told the owner of the house that he could not turn out this good mother and her children, for they had God's promise to take care of them. The owner let them stay until they could pay for the house. So, we see, God heard their prayer and answered it.—*Olive Plants.*

### WHAT RUTH HAD.

O there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, that she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much? She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Niva chatted this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Niva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace which is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Niva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is very sorry about it. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things; but you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you go out into the world no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in Algebra and Latin. If you have done

your best, it is wrought into you, whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: Every one who meets you will know, without putting you through an examination, whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practicable to quote Greek, or discuss psychology, or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."—*Union Signal.*

### THAT REGULAR BOY.

He was not at all particular  
To keep the perpendicular,  
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.

He stood upon his head awhile,  
And, when he went to bed awhile,  
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;  
The lookers-on thought ill of it;  
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom,  
And did some neat trapezing,  
Which was wonderfully pleasing,  
On every peg in grandpa's harness-room.

From absolute inanity,  
The cat approached insanity,  
To see him slide the banisters so rash;  
But once on that mahogany,  
While trying to toboggan, he  
Upset his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster  
He has gone about in plaster,  
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;  
But the kind the doctor uses,  
When the bumps and cuts and bruises  
Overcome a little regular live boy!

### CHARLIE'S GOOD IDEA.

"O, Charlie dear, don't make such a noise with your drum!"

"Why not, Kitty? I'm a soldier home from the war!" and six-year-old Charlie strutted up and down the nursery, beating his drum harder than ever.

Kitty tried to go on reading her pretty story-book, but in vain. "You forget mamma has a headache," she said, looking rather cross.

"O yes, so I did," said Charlie; "I won't do it any more," and he became as quiet as a mouse. "Can't we have a game of soldiers, Kitty?" he asked at last.

"No, it's too noisy."

"The game I mean isn't noisy. I could be a soldier in the hospital, and you the nurse reading to me," said Charlie.

Kitty laughed; yet she agreed, and she found that in pleasing her little brother she was happier than when reading her pretty story to herself.—*Our Little Dots.*