

Our Boys and Girls

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A hermit there was,
And he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy
They said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it,
I went to his cell,
And when I got there
The old hermit said, "Well,
Young man, by your looks,
You want something I see,
Now, tell me the business
That brings you to me?"

The way to be happy
They say you have got,
And as I want to learn it,
I've come to your grot.
Now I beg and entreat,
If you have such a plan,
That you will write it down
As plain as you can."
Upon which the old hermit
Went to his pen,
And brought me this note
When he came back again.

'Tis being and doing
And having, that make
All the pleasures and pains
Of which beings partake.
To be what God pleases,
To do a man's best,
And to have a good heart,
Is the way to be blest.

—Peter Parley.

THE BIRDS MADE FUN OF LAURA.

By Mrs. Junius M. Batte.

"Laura," called Mrs. Dodds, "don't you think it is time you were getting ready for school?"

"Mamma, you are always telling me to get ready, you never do tell brother, and there he sits in the corner."

"Yes, my dear; but, if you will look at your brother, you will see he is quite ready and only waiting for you."

It was every day that Mrs. Dodds had to call Laura to get ready for school, comb her hair and wash her face and hands for supper. She was never ready for any task or pleasure. Her brother Robly was on time for every act.

Laura's books were always torn, her tablet and pencil could never be found. Mrs. Dodds almost dreaded for the morning to come. It was such an undertaking to get Laura out of bed without punishing her. But Mrs. Dodds preferred to use gentle means at first. Her daughter had only taken to these very bad habits within the last two years, since attending the school on A Street. This change was a great sorrow to her father and mother. The sweet, loving manner of her early childhood was becoming very insolent. A false pride possessed her. Laura was old enough to be of great service and pleasure at home. She was twelve years old in June.

No one had a more delightful birthday than Laura. Uncle John sent her a beautiful ring. There came from Aunt Laura a dear little gold bracelet, marked, "From Auntie." Grandma and grandpa sent the pet rabbits she had so longed for. Mamma and papa gave her a new roller-top desk for her room. Brother Robly, though two years younger, saved all his money to buy sister a nice little work box, containing a pretty thimble, needles, thread, scissors and some other little things. With all these beautiful things Laura showed herself very ugly. She no longer allowed the gentle caresses of her

brother, and found no pleasure in his games as formerly. She seemed to have reached the point that her only thought was that of herself.

Her father and mother pondered over it, as to what they should do. They knew if their daughter was allowed to continue in her ugly ways that all her real life's pleasure and that of the home would be destroyed.

The Little Gleaners' Band that she at one time loved so much had now become a drag. It was too much trouble to dress for Sabbath school; the Bible class that met on Friday was a bore. In fact, there was nothing fashioned in life to suit her. She complained that it was strange she should wash dishes, clean up her room, get up early and feed the chickens; for she knew other girls who did not do such things.

Mrs. Dodds heard Laura telling this to the little hired girl. A thought came into her mind that Laura should be allowed to do just as she pleased for one week; perhaps the tide would turn.

Mrs. Dodds called her daughter to her side and told her that she noticed her duties seemed irksome, so she had decided that she should have a whole week to do as she pleased, and no one should disturb her.

"O mamma, you don't mean it?" spoke Laura in a very gleeful way.

"Yes, my dear, do as you please for one week, beginning to-morrow morning."

Laura could now only see her own self-pleasure, but let us see before the week closed how much fun Laura had.

No one called her for breakfast. She slept on late in the day; came down, ran to the kitchen and asked Caroline about her breakfast. She knew nothing about it, and Robly and mamma had gone out for a drive. It was not long before dinner. She came in pouting and whining. No one noticed her, for she was to do as she pleased.

The day dragged; she went to bed very early, but came to breakfast next morning a little earlier than the day before, just as her father was leaving the table, as his business required of him prompt hours.

She ate in silence, but could hear Robly in the next room talking as if planning for some pleasure. She also heard him say, "If Uncle John does come it will be just fine." Laura knew what it meant to have a visit from uncle. He always brought such nice things and told such funny stories.

She could stand her feelings no longer. Out to the orchard she ran and sat under a large apple tree. It was filled with birds. They sang so loud Laura thought them very rude. They sounded as if they were making fun of her. She thought they were singing, "Doing to please yourself; doing to please yourself." At their great burst of song a fresh flood of tears came to her eyes.

Just then she heard a little lamb crying for its mother, "Ma, ma," and the mother replied, "Bah, bah."

Laura sprang to her feet. "Here I am crying and my mamma don't notice me. She rushed to the house, calling her mother, as loud as she could.

"Yes, dear," responded her mother.

Laura threw her arms around her mother's neck and burst into another flood of tears. Between her sobs and tears she told her mother

she did not want to do as she pleased any longer.

Mrs. Dodds took the little broken-hearted girl into her lap and told her why she thought it best to let her do as she pleased for a week, Laura at once understood.

Then she told her secret and why she acted so ugly. She said the girls made fun of her for getting up so early and told her it was not nice to be on time. It was not fashionable, and it was a great deal nicer to lie around and not go to church on Sunday.

Her mother told her how wicked it was not to love God, and not to honor her father and mother, and try to make others happy.

Laura said she was sorry she had acted so badly, but would try to be a good girl, and make others happy.

Just as her mother was giving her one of her loving kisses, Carlo began to bark, and somebody called, "Hello! are the folks at home?"

"Oh! it is Uncle John." They all ran to meet him, it had been two years since he had paid them a visit. Oh! it was such a happy day.

Uncle John could only stay until the next morning. Everything was done to make him have a nice visit, and as usual, he brought nice gifts to all.

When he left he told his sister that she had two of the finest children he had ever seen.

When he kissed Laura good-bye, he whispered, "My little girl, you must always keep those sweet, gentle manners, for you will make many happy."

I am sure Laura never forgot what Uncle John told her.

Selma-Summerfield College, Summerfield, Ala.

Children's Letters

WHO HID THE SPIES?

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy nine yaers old. I am in the second reader at school and in the New World Speller. My teacher's name is Miss Surber. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. This is my second letter to you, and I am afraid it is getting a little too long. I want to ask a question: Who hid the spies that Joshua sent into the promised land?

Your friend,

Staunton, Va.

Hope Smoot.

SHINY BROWN SEED.

Dear Presbyterian: I am one of your new friends, just seven years old. I am in the first grade at school. My teacher is Miss Maxwell. I have two brothers older than I. I am the youngest child. I know the piece of poetry I am to say at Easter. It is called "Shiny Brown Seed." I will ask a question: "Who was Jair; how many sons did he have; what did they ride on, and how many cities did they have?"

Your little friend,

Staunton, Va.

Charles Smoot.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday when I can at Raymont. Miss Nettie Brown is my teacher. Our school is out. Miss Lelia Blue was my teacher, and I like her fine. I am in the Fourth Reader, and spelling, and arithmetic. I have two brothers and one sister. This is my first letter. I hope you will print it.

Your friend,

Fayetteville, N. C.

Ruth McGill.

Every man needs Christ. Christ is able to every man's needs. I owe to every man what Christ is to me.