

other's hands, and are dancing round at their utmost speed. By-and-by they will play at "Hunt the hare," or "Puss in the corner;" or, when weary of violent exercise, will sit in the shadow of the old trees, while one of them tells some pleasant tale, or reads aloud from some interesting book. And, at last, as the sun goes down, they will return to the house, and, after tea, prepare their lessons for the morrow. What happy children! Happy, because they do their duty, and only give up to play a proper portion of their time. Happy, because in their play they preserve a loving and gentle spirit, and endeavour by mutual forbearance to promote mutual enjoyment. Selfishness is the dark cloud which too often obscures the bright days of childhood. As we grow older, we learn to yield; we are forced by rude experience to help each other; to practise endurance and self-denial. And often, from having indulged in selfish habits all our early years, the task is very difficult to overcome them.