

Happy Days

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THE PET DOG.

This young girl is very proud of her dog, I dare say, but don't you think it would be a good deal better to let it walk instead of hugging it in her arms on a hot day?

WHAT A LITTLE SEED DID.

THE Bible teaches us that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." And we are also taught that God does not love a proud or haughty spirit.

Once upon a time there was a German countess who was wealthy and proud, and, we are sorry to add, an infidel. That is, she did not believe in a heavenly Father, or the resurrection of the body, or the blessed place of peace and joy hereafter. So when she died she left these directions that her grave should be covered with a solid granite slab, and around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole should be fastened together by strong iron clamps. On the stone these words were to be cut "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened."

Here, you see, she defied the Almighty, and showed disbelief in all that is told us in Revelation and other parts of the Bible as to the resurrection of the body and eternal life. But through the almighty power of God, just see what a tiny seed, or, rather, a little acorn, was permitted to do.

It was lodged between the heavy covering to the grave, sprouted there, and sent forth its shoots that crowded its way to the surface



THE PET DOG.

through between two of the slabs and grew there, slowly but surely, until it became thicker and stronger, when this little weak plant, watched over by nature—in other words, the Creator of all things—burst the clamps asunder and lifted the immense blocks of stone.

As it grew and grew the whole structure grew long, became a confused mass of rocks,

among which, it is said, "In verdure and beauty grew the great oak that had caused the destruction," leaving neither name nor record to the countess who had purchased her grave for all eternity.

She had exalted herself only to be abased, while a little acorn became a mighty tree to spread its branches in splendor above her mortal remains. There, too, no doubt, birds collected to lift up their voices in praise to their Creator. For we love to think of the birdies doing so night and morning, when they sing so loudly and joyously.

"HATE EVIL."

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to the boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boys' worst enemy. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. There is nothing too mean for him to do, that he may win them.

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them. Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers, "You might have known better."

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is, ought to hate him. It's his duty. He cannot afford not to hate this enemy of all good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys, but be sure and use the Lord's weapons.