

Happy Days

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DIGGING ROOTS.

WHAT do you think these people are doing? I think they are digging roots of flowers or ferns, and each one is doing some part of the work so that when they grow up each can say "I helped." So one is digging and another is cutting the slips, and so on, each one taking a part. I hope the flowers will grow after having gone to so much trouble.

BE THANKFUL.

"I DON'T want any supper," said Kate. "Nothing else but bread-and-milk and cake—just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a little walk?" asked mamma, not noticing Kate's remark.

"Yes, mamma." She was pleased so long as their walk led through pleasant streets; but when they came to narrow, dirty ones, where

the houses were old and poor, she wanted to go home. "Please, mamma, don't go any farther."

"We will go into the corner house," said mamma.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on the door steps. Kate felt afraid, and held tight hold of her mother's hand, but on they went up the tottering steps to the garret. So hot and close it was that they could scarcely breathe. On a straw bed

near the window lay a young girl asleep, so pale and thin and still, she looked as if she were dead. Hearing footsteps she opened her eyes. Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the girl a drink of milk, and placed the bread and cake beside her.

Kate's eyes filled with tears as she saw the girl eat her supper.

plaining and faultfinding. If we have a home and food to eat, let us thank God, for many wander the streets homeless and hungry.

GOD'S CARE.

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. Half an hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the door of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little the voice again cried:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.



DIGGING ROOTS.

Her poor mother had been away all day working, and now came home wishing she had something nice to bring her sick child. When she found her so well cared for, she could not thank mamma enough.

The supper seemed a feast to them. "If we can keep a roof over our heads," said she, "and get a crust to eat, we are thankful."

Kate never forgot these words. Let us all learn the same lesson, and cease com-

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs, to the right hand of God, to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, he speaks to us from the word, as the mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee." Jehovah Jireh—"the Lord will provide."