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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

### A LITTLE TALK ABOUT JESUS.

BY M. L. CADY.

Supper is over, and while mamma is clearing away the tea-things, Mamma draws a stool up in front of the fire to let Robbie warm his feet before he is undressed and carried away to bed. Robbie is not inclined to sit still, however. The bricks in front of the fire-place are nice and warm, and he says he likes to "stand on them barefooted." So, to keep him quiet, Mamma talks to him about another little child, who was once born into the world. Robbie's brown eyes open wide with wonder, when Mamma tells him how Herod the king searched for the little child, and finally killed all the babies for the sake of putting Jesus to death.

Robbie is very quiet now and listens with a great deal of interest, as he hears how this little child became a man who healed all the sick folks who came to him, gave sight to the blind, and even caused dead persons to live again. He cannot understand why the people were so wicked as to kill one who was so good to them; and he looks very indignant as he talks about it. He wishes he could have seen Jesus and been blessed like the little children whom Christ held in his arms when he was on earth.

Perhaps some of the children who read HAPPY DAYS may have wished the same. The writer remembers having done so when she was a little girl.

But Christ's invitations to the children were not alone to the little ones who lived at the same time that he did, but to all the children who will love him and obey him. When he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," he intended that the children of all coming ages should have his blessing, as well as the little ones he held in his loving arms. He asks lovingly for the heart of every child to-day, and wants you to give yourself to him. He has a work for each one of you, which no grown person can do. It is a beautiful thought and full of comfort to us, that we can go to Jesus in prayer and faith, just as truly as those did who lived in Christ's time.

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above.

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there;  
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

### A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents look so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cents into her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for home missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this home missions day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go, too." And she went to get it, with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?"

"Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to home missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me thinking.

1. We should deal honestly with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all you want."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.

3. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

4. Let us give until we feel it.

### TAKING FATHER'S WORD.

There was once a great preacher by the name of Monod. In one of his sermons he told a story about two little girls who were watching the sunset. The older one told her sister to notice what a long way the sun had travelled since morning. The little one reminded her that her father had told them that morning that the sun did not move.

"Yes," said the older sister, "but I don't believe it. I saw the sun rise over there this very morning; and now it is away over here. How can a thing go all that distance without moving? If we didn't move, we should be always where we are now, up on this hill."

"But," said the little one, "you know father said it was the earth that moved."

"I know it," said the other, "but I don't believe that either. I am standing on the earth now, and so are you. How can you pretend to think it moves when you see it does not stir?"

Said the great preacher: "These simple ones might divide mankind between them, and carry the banner of their parties through the world. There never has been and there never will be any other division but they that take, and they that will not take, their Father's word."

What Father do you think he meant?

### AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

One day a group of children were playing out of doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school bell rung. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one, "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented; but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."