

# Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

[No. 1.

## RUNNING AWAY FROM GOD.

MOTHER had told them not to touch it; that was the worst of it. The pretty Franklin stove had been taken down and carried out, and mother quickly stuffed a newspaper in the round hole left by the stove-pipe.

"It's so very windy to-day, she said to the men, "that I am afraid to take the screen down; but you needn't come back; Jane can take up the soot when the wind falls."

As mother left the room she turned and said to Jessie and Polly, standing on each side of the mantel-piece, "Don't touch that newspaper."

She was so used to their doing what she told them that she didn't think of it again; but an ugly little spirit of disobedience crept into their hearts, and they hardly waited for mother to be up-stairs before they pulled out the paper, to peep into the dark hole and see why mother was afraid to take down the screen.

And in tugging at the paper, down came the screen itself, and then what a lot of mischief Mr. Wind was up to! He caught the piles of soft, black soot lying in the hearth and sprinkled it over everything—the pretty crimson and gray carpet, the damask chairs, the books and bric-a-brac, and over the cleanly-dressed little girls themselves. Oh, what a mess.

"Let's run away, Polly," said Jessie. So they caught up their caps from the hall



THE SNOW-BALL.

sofa and away they trotted, through the back yard and the garden, and the loose palings in the garden fence, and out into the fields.

But by the time mother had discovered the mischief, and was beginning to look about anxiously for the culprits, she spied them coming laggingly back through the

broken fence and the garden and the back yard. They looked so forlorn that mother did not punish them; she thought they had punished themselves.

"But why did you turn back so soon if you wanted to run away?" she asked.

"Oh, we remembered it wasn't any good to run," said Jessie, "cause we couldn't run away from God, you know He's just everywhere."

"And when you are good children, said mother," you'll love to think that God is everywhere, and that you can't get away from him."

## GOOD CLIMBERS.

Do you know the pictures of Alpine climbers? Have you seen them mounting the narrow and dangerous passes, bound together by having the same rope passed about the waist of each? If one falls, it endangers the safety of all, but the steady step of the foremost, or the hindmost, may save the lives of the rest. Just such climbers are ye all young life-travelers. The rope is your common humanity. Fear to slip, for you may pull others down into your

evil case, "but strengthen your steps" in the right path, for you cannot stand nor fall to yourself alone. At the mountain top you will find the morning land—no more fear, no more falling; and one of the sweetest joys will be to know that by your good climbing you have helped others up.