

# HAPPY DAYS

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## SPURGEON AND THE BOY.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

We went into the cool, sweet chamber, and there lay the boy. He was very much excited when he saw Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat by his side, and I cannot describe the scene. Holding the boy's hand in his, he said: "Well, my dear, you have some precious promises in sight all around the room. Now, dear, you are going to die. You are very tired of lying here, and soon you will be free from all pain, and you will rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?"

"He coughed very much."

"Ah, my dear boy, it seems very hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough all night. Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes."

"Jesus loves you. He bought you with his precious blood, and he knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play; but soon Jesus will take you home, and then he will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad." Then laying his hand on the boy, without the formality of kneeling, he said: "O Jesus, Master,



THE NEWSBOY.

this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find thine. Touch him, dear Saviour, with thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river, that his feet be not chilled by the water of

death; take him home in thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes. Show him thyself as he lies here, and let him see thee and know thee more and more as his loving Saviour." After a moment's pause, he said: "Now, dear, is there anything you would like? Should you like a little canary in a cage to hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, see that he has a canary to-morrow morning. Good bye, my dear. You will see the Saviour, perhaps, before I shall."

I had seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power sixty-five hundred persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man, universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will.

There is a lazy little bird called the cuckoo, that never will build a nest for itself, but lays its eggs in some other bird's home for the other birds to take care of. We think some people are a good deal like the cuckoo.