

HAPPY DAYS

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A KING'S VISIT.

There was a whole long hour to wait before Aunt Nan could possibly come driving up from Union Station. The house was all in order for her visit; Jenny and little Nan had on their Sunday dresses, and began to get very restless. They had never seen Aunt Nan, who lived in a great city, and who, they thought, must be very fine indeed.

"I 'spect Aunt Nan will think we live in a mighty little house," suggested her namesake, who was sitting on Jenny's knee and gazing down the busy street.

"I wish I had a dress with silver buttons, like the picture of Aunt Nan's little girl," said Jenny, taking a rather gloomy view of her plain blue merino.

There was a restless silence for ten minutes, and Jenny began again in the same tone:

"Won't Aunt Nan feel queer not to have any waiter at tea? Mamma said there was a fine man in a black coat waiting on her table."

"Lassies!" said mamma, suddenly, and both little girls started and turned away from the window; they had not known that mamma was in the room at all. "We don't know," said mamma, "just what Aunt Nan is going to think or say or ask of us; but we are going to have a visit some day from a King."

"A king, mamma!" they cried; "is a king coming? What is his name? and when is he coming?"

"I will answer your last question," said mamma, "and see if you can't answer the first one yourself. We don't know when our King is coming, but he

our lips; if we do unto others as we would have them do unto us; if we have pure hearts and right thoughts."

"It is Jesus, isn't it mamma?" asked Jenny.

"It is Jesus, my darling—the Lord of heaven and earth; he has promised to come back, and he surely will come, and his coming will make all his children happy."

The two little girls forgot then about their little house and old clothes and plain fare; they even forgot how long the hour would be in trying to stretch their little minds to take in the thought of the coming of the Lord Jesus.

A LITTLE LESSON.

"O Miss May, I think Florence is a horrid little girl."

"But do you love her?"

"Love her? But how can I when she is so horrid?"

"But Jesus loves her."

"But Jesus loves everybody."

"And we try to do as Jesus does, and as he wants us to do, don't we?"

The little girl looked away at a



WAITING FOR AUNTIE.

house across the street. "Let me tell you something," said Miss May earnestly: "If you begin with loving people, you will never know whether they are horrid or not. Will you try to think of that when the 'can't bear' feeling comes?"

"I'll try."