

# HAPPY DAYS

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## WINTER IN ENGLAND.

What a lovely winter scene this is, to be sure, with the quaint old cottage with its thatched roof in front, and the tower of the village church in the background. There comes the cart on its rounds from one village to another, for in these distant villages of the Old Country it is not worth while for the railway companies to build stations where there is so little traffic done. The consequence is that some one drives a cart for a long distance through the country, taking in all the villages it can on the way, and thus parcels and packages are conveyed to their destination. At the gate of the cottage we can see the little daughter of the house eagerly looking out for the carrier's cart, and probably she is expecting some nice Christmas present from kind friends in the town.



WINTER IN ENGLAND.

### HE ASKED JESUS.

BY PANSY.

Deane's mother was very ill; the doctor said she could not live through the night. Deane was to go to a neighbour's for the night. When he went to bid his mother good-bye, she kissed him many times and told him she was going to heaven that night. Deane was very grave. The children in the home where he went tried to amuse him, but he did not want to play. He kept close beside their mother. When

she was getting him ready for bed he said "Auntie Holman, I don't want mamma to go to heaven yet; papa and I need her. Won't Jesus let her stay?"

"Jesus knows best about it, dear."

"Yes, but he sometimes does things when we ask him. Couldn't I ask him to let us keep mamma?"

Mrs. Holman tried not to cry as she told him that he might ask Jesus anything.

The house grew still, all the children were asleep except Deane. He lay with his face turned to the wall, and so still

hold it in his little fat hands, then he put it down on the ground and kept rolling it around in the snow until it grew larger. It did not grow very fast, but every time he rolled it over a little more snow stuck to it. So he kept on without stopping, until soon the snowball was so very large that Freddy had to push hard to move it.

Kind words seem like very small things, but they can make a great deal of happiness, just as the little snowflakes made the big snowball.

that Mrs. Holman hoped he too had dropped asleep, but when she softly spoke his name he always turned toward her with wide-open eyes and said "Auntie I'm talking to Jesus about mamma"

Just as the clock was striking twelve, Deane turned suddenly, his face full of smiles, and said

"Jesus will do it, Auntie Holman! He says he will!" In three minutes more Deane was asleep

At daylight Mrs. Holman went to hear from the sick mother. She met the doctor at the door

"There has been a wonderful change here," he said smiling. "It took place about midnight. I did not expect to find her here this morning, but now I believe that she will get well." And she did.

### A SNOWBALL

When Freddy first began to make his snowball, it was so small that he could