

HAPPY DAYS

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JESUS' LOVE TO CHILDREN.

When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

HOW GEORGE GREW.

"I mean to grow real fast when you're gone," said George when his Uncle John was about to sail for India, "so please bring me home a little heathen boy. Guess I'll be big enough to take care of him. Tell 'em he'll soon get used to the snow over here and have some jolly slides. I'll give 'em some of my playthings. And tell 'em that he shall go to school with me, and learn to be good."

But when Uncle John came back he was all alone.

"Where's my little heathen boy?" asked George. "Didn't you try to get him?"

"Yes; I wanted to bring home a very bright little fellow. He was helping about loading my ship. And the man he was working under was very cruel and used to beat him. When I told him about you, and that he could go home with me,

he repented, 'because I have a little sister here, and she would miss me all the time. I must stay and help her all that I can.' And then he rubbed his eyes with both his brown hands so as to get all the tears out of them and looked very brave."

"Why, Uncle John, is that the way little heathen boys feel—liking their sisters so that they can't leave them when they have such a nice chance, and when they get beaten so hard over there? I kind of thought they were like little trees that you take up and put down in the garden without it seeming to hurt them the least bit."

"I thought that way a little until I came to get over there," said Uncle John. "Now I always take along all the nicethings for them that I can."

George looked at his old skates for a little while, and then he asked: "Does it hurt real hard to get used to the heat over there? Is it worse than cold?"

"Oh, no, my boy."

"Well, then, just as soon as I get big enough I'm going over there to help the little heathen boys and girls all that I can. I'd go if 'twas all the time as the First of July. And I'm not going to buy any new skates this winter—nor have a new overcoat. The money for all them shall go right off to India. Don't you think that will help me to grow a piece of an inch, Uncle John?"

"Indeed you do look taller," uncle laughed. "And I'm sure your heart has grown much larger, which is the best thing of all."

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.



his eyes just sparkled. Then in a few moments he looked quite sad. "I cannot go," he said, shaking his head.

"Hope he wasn't scared of the snow, Uncle John."

"He didn't say anything about it, for his whole heart seemed to be full of something else. 'I cannot go home with you,

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scornful, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive. *