

Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1887.

[No 14.]

WHAT MARY GAVE

WHEN the collection is taken up in church, boys and girls put in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have not as much to spend for pleasure as they had before. I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken. She gave an hour of patient care to her sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of advice to the little three-year-old brother who wanted to play fishing. She gave Helen, the maid, the precious hour to go and visit her sick mother at home; for Helen was a widow, and left her child

with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the pleasant face. She

wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story from her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day; and yet she had not a penny in the world. She was good; and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.



MOTHER'S KISS.

GOOD-NIGHT, good night! the silver tone is ringing,
Like a sweet bell that chimes at eventide;
And round my neck the childish arms are clinging,
With the soft clasp that none can turn aside.

Watch her to-night for me, thou dear Redeemer;
Give her thine own best gift of sweet repose;
Let angel-guards surround the little dreamer,
With folded wings, and eyes that never close.

Thy blessing maketh rich, nor addeth sorrow:
Thy love can turn life's darkness into day.
Be with my child when she shall wake to-morrow,
And keep her feet from every evil way.

Then, when the last grey shadows have descended
Over the lonely valley still and deep,
Let angels whisper, "Lo! the toil is ended;
Good-night; he giveth his beloved sleep."