

Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

[No. 25.]

ONLY A FLOWER TO GIVE.

"MOTHER," said little Phoebe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to Aunt Molly?" Phoebe's mother was poor, and her cupboard was empty that morning.

"I wish I had, Phoebe," said she. "Can you think of anything?"

Phoebe thought a moment, and then said. "I've only a flower. I will take her a sweet pea."

Now Phoebe had sweet pea which she had planted under the window, and as it grew and flowered both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phoebe picked a fine blossom, and ran down the lane to poor Aunt Molly's cottage. This was a poor old sick woman who for a whole year had lain on her bed, suffering great pain.

In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly, and noticed the sweet pea in a cracked tumbler near the poor woman's bed.

"That's a pretty posy," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile, "was brought to me this morning by a little girl, who said that it was all she had to bring. I am

sure it is worth a great deal to know that I'm thought of, and as I look at it it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have. If this flower is not beneath his making and his care, he won't overlook a poor creature like me."

Tears came into the lady's eyes; and

what did she think? She thought: "If you have only a flower to give, give that; and remember, too, the Saviour's words, that even a cup of cold water given in a Christian spirit shall not lose its reward."

It is worth a great deal to the poor, the

less than one hundred yards away when the engineer recognized her predicament. He did his best to stop the train, but that was seen to be impossible. When the train was fifty yards away, the little girl went

down on her knees in the middle of the track. The engineer and spectators—the latter of whom were too far away to render assistance—thought that she realized her fate, and was praying. She probably was, but not in anticipation of death; for as the train approached within ten feet of her, she sprang up, and stopped from the track uninjured. She had knelt, unbuttoned her shoe, slipped her foot out, and left the shoe sticking in the frog. Rare presence of mind, indeed

A RECKLESS CUSTOMER.

THE New York Tribune tells a story of a boy who did not mean to be heartless, but spoke with out weighing his words.

He had lived all his short life in a city, but recently went to visit at a "real farm." He was in ecstasies. Every animal on the

place delighted to him, but he fell particularly in love with a Jersey calf.

"I'd like to buy it," he said to the owner. "But what would you give in exchange?" he was asked.

"My baby sister," answered the boy with the utmost gravity. "We have a new baby at our house almost every year, and I've never had a calf!"



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

aged, and the sick to know that they are thought of.—*Child's World.*

A LITTLE girl at Bucyrus, Ohio, was crossing a railroad track the other day, when her foot caught in a switch frog, and she was held fast. A heavy freight train was thundering down toward her, and was