

HAPPY DAYS

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IN THE NURSERY.

DOLLY is having a bath, but we hope her little nurse will not make it too thorough to be healthy for a person of her peculiar constitution. It is pleasant, indeed, to peep in upon a scene like this, where little ones play so nicely together. Sometimes a nursery is more like a battle ground than the very dove-cote it ought to be. It is painful, indeed, to see the fierce conflicts and ugly disputes children will often engage in. Savages of the same capacity could scarcely be more vindictive and violent than we sometimes find the little ones of cultivated—yes, Christian, homes. Why this is so, seems at first glance difficult of explanation, for surely, of all the sweet and gentle things of earth, a little child should rank the foremost. To try to solve the riddle would not benefit; the study for you, young reader, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.



DOLLY'S BATH.

LITTLE SUSIE, coming home from her first attendance at church, was met with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie, how did that happen?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.

FOLLOW after holiness, it will well repay you for the pursuit; without it no man shall see the Lord.

ONE pure life will do more toward the conversion of the world than any number of volumes on "Evidences on Christianity."

A LITTLE girl who believed that Jesus loved her, and who was trying to love him, felt so happy that she said to her mother, "It seems as if there is a sun shining in my heart." So there was—the blessed Sun of righteousness.

BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry," said little Annie one day after working a long time over her slate, won't you tell me what this means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry, "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"O dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said, "we're all going to Mr. Jones' woods for flowers. You've got time to go along, have you?"

"All right! Of course I have time," cried Harry, springing up and flinging his book aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and with in five minutes this little boy, who had so much to do, was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?