

HAPPY DAYS

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THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS.

It is often quite touching to see what young children are sent from the Old Country to Canada to meet friends who have come out before them. In the picture a little boy and girl seem to be traveling alone across the wide sea. But God always raises up friends and provides a way for them. Every one is anxious to help them, and though often lonely they are never forsaken. What a joyous greeting when they meet their friends again!

LITTLE LESSON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Little Mabel Owens was sick. And what was still worse, she had been sick for some time, and was likely to die in that same condition for many days to come, which was the saddest of all, Mabel thought.

The trouble came about in the autumn when Mabel went chestnut hunting, and fell from that tall tree that looked so very easy to climb and wasn't easy at all. Just as the daring adventurer reached out for a still higher branch, something snapped, and before she knew what was happening, she struck the ground with an awful bump, and ever since her knee had been done up in a plaster case, and the little girl had to lie in bed, with nothing to do but amuse herself with her eyes and fingers the best she could. Then, too, Mabel's mother was poor, and obliged to work to help in caring for the little ones, so the invalid couldn't have refreshing drinks and dainty food to help her on to recovery, and many times her throat grew parched, and her head feverish, and oh, how she did long for some good things, ice-cream, and lemonade, and just then her eyes rested on some artificial peaches ornamenting a white straw ball basket. "Oh! how I would like some peaches!"

Mabel had asked her mother to hang the basket in her room, for she thought those peaches just the prettiest she had ever seen. But now, the sight of them only acted as a torment, for the longer she looked at them the more she wanted some real peaches, and those she knew she couldn't have, for they were too poor to buy fruit at that season.

Still, the longing was there, and turn

Following that resolve, she held her eyes shut with her fingers, and said out loud: "O Lord, please make me not to want those peaches, even when my throat is very dry, and please don't let me forget that I prayed to you not to want them," which was a very queer prayer indeed; at least, so thought the doctor, as he stood in the door and heard the words.

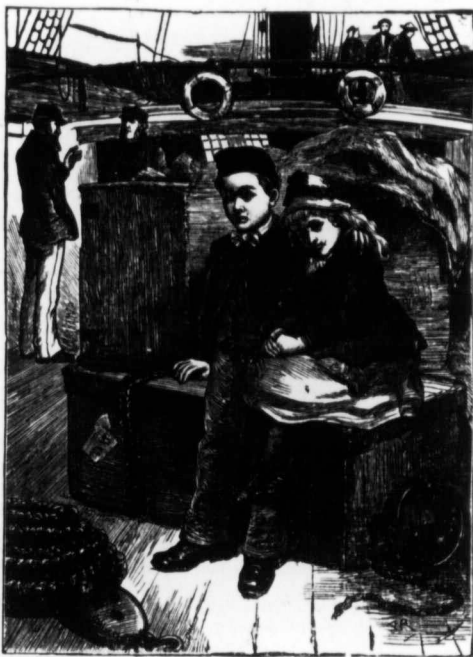
But, being a wise doctor, he didn't let the little girl know he had overheard her appeal, for he saw she was too feverish and excited then for much talk, so he just drew his own conclusions, and decided that his patient needed something besides medicine.

After some cheerful talk and a few jokes, the doctor left, inwardly talking to himself as he drove off:

"'Peaches,' she said. She wants peaches. Hum! rather expensive desire, that! Well, I suppose she ought to have them. The Lord wouldn't put it in my heart to send them to her if he didn't want her to have them;" so, driving straight to a fruit store, a basket of the longed-for fruit was purchased, and sent on its way to give happiness to one little soul, while up above one more unselfish act was recorded for that good old doctor.

At first Mabel couldn't believe her eyes when the pretty little basket of real peaches was placed on the bed beside her. And it was not until one was peeled, and her hot throat felt the cooling fruit "just sliding down," as she expressed it, that the fact was realized—she actually had what she longed for—peaches.

"And to think, mother," she said, "I prayed the Lord not to let me want them, because I thought I couldn't get them, and here they come, just as though he sent them. Wasn't it very good of him, mother!"



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her eyes where she would, she only saw great yellow peaches, and finally, a lump seemed to rise up in her throat, and two big, salt tears splashed down on the pillow. And just then a happy thought came to her.

"There," she said, "I'm ashamed of you, Mabel Owens! I'll shut my eyes real tight, and just pray to the Lord to make me not want those peaches."