

# Happy Days

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## SO SAFE.

IT was a little meeting for prayer; very informal and social, and all were giving some reason why it was good to be the children of God.

"What reason were you thinking of, Willie," asked the leader.

"The others have given excellent reasons," Willie answered, "but I was thinking how safe God's children are. Nothing can really hurt them. They need fear nothing."

"Do you feel so? Do you really feel it?" said John.

"Yes, I trust so. Death used to look like a horrible event. Now I do not fear it. It is good to have the fear of death taken from us."

"Why do you feel thus?"

"Jesus has promised to take care of us always. Why, then, should we fear?"

One who sat by Willie looked up wonderingly, almost longingly, into his face. He uttered no words, but the look said: "I wish I could say and feel that."

"Are you, too, one of Christ's little ones?" asked the leader (for he was a stranger, only with us for a day.)



OUR MABEL.

He shook his head sadly, and answered: "I am not."

"Ah, how we wish," exclaimed Willie, "we could make you feel how sweet and safe it is."

He went out from us. As we met for

prayer the next Sabbath, Willie told us how near death the stranger had been since we saw him. A terrible accident had happened on the train as he was homeward bound. Many were killed, many seriously injured, he among the latter.

"Ah," said one, "he has doubtless thought many times of last Sabbath's talk, and wished that he was safe in Christ's love."

We are never safe away from him.

## AMONG THE PICTURES.

LeRoy's papa paints beautiful pictures. LeRoy's mamma does not often allow him to come into papa's studio, for fear he will be in papa's way, or get into some mischief. To-day LeRoy's mamma has a sick headache, and LeRoy had no one to play with. Papa said "I think LeRoy will be a good boy. I will take him with me if he will

promise not to touch the pictures." LeRoy promised; and, though he looked at them all, he did not touch any of them.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.