

THE MOON AND ITS "SHINE."

"Will you pull back the curtains, mamma?" he said:

"There's a beautiful moon to-night,
And I want to lie right here in my bed
And watch it, so yellow and bright."

So I tried to arrange the curtains and bed
For the dear little laddie of mine.

"Can you see it now?" "No," he cheerfully
said,

"But I can see its beautiful shine."

Dear baby! his innocent answer I prize,
It is full of a meaning Divine;
When the bright things we wish drift away
from our eyes,
May not we, too, rejoice in their "shine."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1857.

HEARING THE SERMON.

A LITTLE girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age—quite a little girl. But she listened to the minister. She knew that he would tell her good things, and she wanted to learn. Once, when she reached home from church, she said, "Mother, I can tell you a little of Mr. H's sermon. He said, 'Touch not the unclean thing.'"

Wishing to know whether her little daughter understood the meaning of these words, the mother said, "Then, if Mr. H. said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled and answered, "Oh, mother, I know very well what he meant. There were some things that made a Jew unclean if touched by him, but this is not what is meant in this place."

"What did he mean?" asked the mother.

"He meant sin," said the child, "and it is all the same as if Mr. H. had said 'you



EFFIE'S LAMB.

must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do any things that are bad or wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing, mother."

EFFIE'S LAMB.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

EFFIE's father kept a small flock of sheep. One spring, a ewe, which had been raised as a pet, had a beautiful lamb, that, like herself, became very tame. It would permit the children to feed it from their hands, caress it and play with it in various ways. Little Effie was so fond of it that her father and mother called it Effie's lamb.

One day the child's father, seeing her at play with her pet, said:

"Effie, dear, why is it the lamb does not run away from you? Why isn't it afraid of you?"

"It loves me," lisped Effie.

"But why does it love you, my child?"

Effie opened her blue eyes very wide, smiled, and after a moment or two of thought, replied:

"Because I love it, pa."

"That's it," rejoined her father, lifting her into his arms, and pressing her fondly to his heart. "You love the lamb and that makes the lamb love you. Its love for you takes away its fear, and so it will run to you, play with you, and follow you

like a frolicsome kitten. Now repeat your little text about lambs!"

"Feed my lambs," said Effie.

"Who said that?"

"Jesus."

"Yes, Jesus, who called himself the 'Good Shepherd.' But who are his lambs?"

"Little children, pa."

"Yes, little children are Christ's lambs because like lambs they are weak, helpless, timid, and need a shepherd's care. But do you suppose Jesus loves little children—his lambs?"

"Oh yes, pa, I'm sure he does! Why he died for them."

"Yes, dear, he did. The Good Shepherd laid down his life for his sheep and lambs—for grown-up people and for children. That proves his great love for them. But what should his lambs do?"

"Love him, pa."

"Yes, my child, they should love him and then they will not be afraid of him, only afraid to offend him. They will obey him, and when they die will go singing joyfully to his safe and beautiful fold in the glorious world."

Thus did Effie's father try to make Effie's lamb a lesson book about Jesus. I think he was a good, sensible father, and that Effie was a sweet, obedient scholar. I hope you will be like her, and become one of Jesus' lambs by loving him and keeping his words. Will you?