

HAPPY DAYS

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[No. 1.]

IT STINGS.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror; and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking.

"It stings, it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms and was sucking nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn, and when the pain was gone, she said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: Many pretty things have sharp stings. It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay, but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother. Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she said "No," got another pear, and felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says: "The sting of death is sin."

to him in increasing his usefulness to his fellowmen. A docile spirit learns, where the arrogant only despises.

Better and better every stitch must be
The last a little stronger than the
rest;
Good Master, help my eyes, that they may
see
To do my best.



If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting go to Jesus with it, and he will cure it. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.

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ALL MAY LEARN.

A little girl went to the study of a great philosopher for fire. But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took some cold ashes in her hand, and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his books, exclaiming: "With all my learning, I should never have thought of so simple an expedient."

And thus it is ever. There are none so ignorant or inexperienced but we may in spite of all this learn lessons of practical usefulness from them. The really wise person is ever ready to add to his stock of knowledge, no matter what the source is whence he gets it, only so that it will prove helpful