

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1902.

No. 8.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years was passing the old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning to her from behind a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after that, she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner each time a book to read, from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of those she has helped, six hundred are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives.

Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her merciful work with interest. And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.



THE FIRST STEP.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Jezebel was not only the daughter of a king, but she was also the wife and mother of a king. Yet she was a bad woman.

She had a good name, but her character

was unlike her name. We have known girls named "Grace" who have not been at all gracious, and others named "Mercy" have been harsh and unjust, and others named "Charity" have been often unkind. A good name does not make a good boy or girl.

Jezebel died a horrible death. Jehu wished her body to be buried decently, and the reason he gave was that "she was a king's daughter."

King's children may be either good or bad. You are all King's sons and daughters—sons and daughters of King Jesus. And yet I fear many of you are not good. You may have good names, but you may not have good habits. Billy Gray called himself "The King's son"; so may you. Billy Gray lived the life of a "King's son," and so may every boy.

King's children have a beautiful home. Heaven is the beautiful home for King's children. A little girl was one night gazing at the sky when all the stars were shining brightly, and on being asked what she was thinking about, replied: "Oh, mamma, I was thinking, if the outside of Heaven is so beautiful, how very

beautiful it must be inside." Quite right, little one, only the inside is far more beautiful than the outside can suggest to us.

How should a King's sons and daughters live? You must learn to be generous. Children always think that kings