

Happy Days

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FIELD MICE.

WHAT cunning little bright-eyed fellows these are. How wide awake they look. What a curious nest they have made. On one such "wee timorous, cowering beastie" Robbie Burns wrote one of his sweetest songs which, when you grow older, I hope you will all read.

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

POOR grandma was sick and lonely and poor, and this morning she seemed very sad. She had dropped the spoon with which she was stirring her bread, and sat down in the chair as though she could not do another thing. "I'm a poor comfortless creature," she murmured.

Freddie caught the words. He was used to grandma's ways, and felt sorry for her; but what can a little boy do in such a case? Freddie was an orphan; both his parents had died in one year, and then he came to be grandma's little boy. He was a good, affectionate child, and she often called him her little comforter. And she told him about the

Holy Comforter whom Jesus sends to his sorrowing children, and who always brings peace to the troubled spirit.

So this morning, when grandma sat down with such a heavy sigh and those sad words, he went to her side, and, looking up so



FIELD MICE.

sweetly in her face, said, "Dear grandma, yesterday you had two comforters—the great one and the little one: where have they gone?" and a pleasant little laugh followed the words.

"You are here, my darling. Thank God for that!"

"Yes, I'm here; and the other great, good Comforter you told me about, doesn't he abide grandma? and you said that meant 'to stay all the time' didn't you?" and then Freddie repeated the verse he had learned from grandma's Bible only yesterday "And he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."

"Freddie, I forgot," said grandma. "Thank you, dear child, for putting me in mind. You are right, I am not comfortless any longer, and the sadness seemed to go out of her voice, and she smiled again.

Little children, do you know how much you can help your parents and friends when they are in trouble? Be obedient and gentle, kind and cheerful, and when they are sad say a bright, sweet, loving word. You can do them a great deal of good. Try to be little comforters, all of you.—Aunt Emma

IT IS A PITY.

A LITTLE boy was riding along with his father, and there was an empty seat behind them. Presently they overtook a tired-looking man, walking. "Father," said the boy, "it is a pity to have an empty seat while somebody needs it." So the father asked the tired man to ride. It is a pity, children, to keep things you cannot use when somebody else needs them.