

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

No. 3.

HER ANGEL.

Margery cowered and crouched in the door of the beautiful porch,
There were beautiful people in there, and they all "belonged to the church,"
But Margery waited without; she did not "belong" anywhere
Except in the dear Lord's bosom, who taketh the children there.
And through the open doorway came floating a lovely sound;
She shut her eyes and imagined how the angels stood around
With their harps like St. Cecilia's in the picture on the wall—
Ah, Margery did not doubt that so looked the singers all.
"Suffer the little children!" sang a heavenly voice somewhere,
Or the soul of a voice that was winging away in the upper air;
"Let the children come to me!" sang the "angel" in her place.
And Margery, listening, stood with upturned eyes and face.
"Let them come! let them come to me!" And up the aisle she sped
With eyes that sought for the Voice, to follow where it led.
She did not say to herself: "I'm coming! Wait for me!"
But it shone in her face, and it leaped in her eyes, dear Margery!
Up the stair to the singer she ran—she touched the hem of her dress.
But the choir were bending their heads, the preacher had risen to bless
The reverent throng, and—alas, bewildered Margery,
The voice has ceased, and the singers have turned their eyes on thee.
Thy look with surprise at her feet, and again at her ragged gown,

And one by one they pass with a careless nod or a frown;
But the sweetest face bent near, and—"I came," said Margery.
"For I thought 'twas an angel sang. 'Let the children come to me.'"
With a tender sigh the singer took the child on her knee;



HER ANGEL.

"I sang the words for the dear Lord Christ, my Margery,
And so, for the dear Lord Christ, I take thee home with me!"
—"It was an angel sang!" sobs little Margery.

When you are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself if you have not done the same many times.

ANOTHER MIRACLE.

The boys were studying their Bible verse, and little Elizabeth was listening. Over and over she heard the words: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

There were many hard words in the verse, Elizabeth thought. By and by she asked a question: "What is a miracle?"
The boys did not answer, but after a minute Aunt Helen said: "It is something that only God can do."

This interested Elizabeth: she tried to think of things that only God could do.

"He can make it snow," she said, watching the flakes chase each other down from the sky.

Mr. Murphy was in town and there were big temperance meetings in the daytime as well as the evening. Elizabeth went to one with her mother. Coming home in the street-car she heard some men talking about her father.

"It would be a miracle if that man should give up drinking," one of them said. She knew he meant her father, because he had spoken his name but a minute before. It gave Elizabeth a new thought. Father ought to give up drinking; it made him cross sometimes, and it made mother cry. God was the one who did miracles, and when you wanted any thing of God you must ask him. Elizabeth resolved to ask God "to do a miracle"

to her father. Her prayer that night made mother cry again, though Elizabeth did not know it. The next day she was very happy. When father went into the library after dinner, she followed him and climbed onto his lap to tell her secret.

"Father," she whispered, "there is going to be another miracle! I asked God to do it; he is the one who can, you know."

"This is very interesting," said father;