

HAPPY DAYS

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DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get that great pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day, and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us; but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood, little by little. Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes, ask again. He will give all that we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little-by-little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."

A little gain in patience to-day, a little

more trust to-morrow—that's the way a Christian life grows.

NUMBER ONE.

"He is a number one boy," said grand-

"But what a pity it is that he is blind!"

"Blind?" exclaimed grandmother; and the number one boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John, what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the number one boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all afternoon, never seeing you nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then, when your glasses were misaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he was so busy reading," apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run errands," said "Number One."

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on round him? I am glad to see you fond of

books; but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."



MORNING PRAYER.

mother, proudly. "A great boy for his book; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John.