

Happy Days

VOLUME II.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1887.

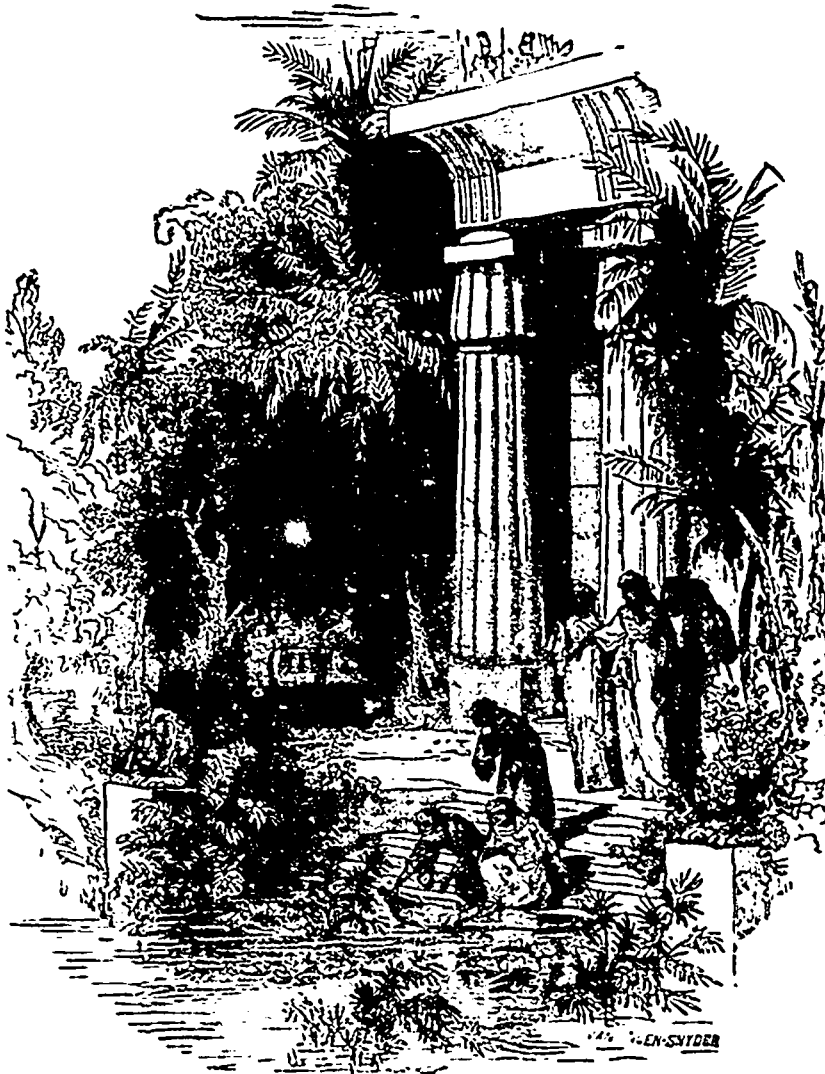
[No. 9.

FINDING OF MOSES.

We have for our lesson for May 8th one of the most beautiful Bible stories. It is about a baby boy born in a humble home and kept hidden by loving care for three months from the cruel king. His mother must have been a good woman who loved the Lord, for her name, Jochebed, means "whose glory is Jehovah." She was a loving, careful mother, and took good care of her baby and her other children. For she had a girl named Miriam who was about twelve years old when this baby was born; and then there was a boy named Aaron who was three or four years old. It must have been an anxious time in that home when the baby became too large to be hidden. The mother made a little basket, covered it with pitch, so that it was water-tight, put the baby in it, and left Miriam to watch him. When the king's daughter came to bathe in the river she found the baby. Miriam went to her and offered to bring a nurse for the child. The mother again had the joy of caring for her little boy until he grew old enough to go and live in the royal palace.

THE OVERFLOWING SPRING.

BESSIE had come down to the spring for drink. The day was hot, she was very thirsty, and the water in the house was warm and didn't satisfy her. So she called and wandered down into the meadow,



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where summer and winter the cool, fresh, sparkling water bubbled up and ran over until it was caught in a wooden spout, and through it flowed into a barrel.

"It is always here, always cold, and plenty of it," thought Bessie as she drank, and then something seemed to whisper in her heart, "From thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply."

"Where have I heard that?" Bessie said,

aloud. "Oh, now I know; we sang it in church last Sunday morning." And then it all came back to her memory. The minister had read the beautiful Psalm beginning, "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is." He had described in his sermon how thirsty travellers in the desert longed for water, and then how sometimes people longed just so for God; and after the sermon they had sung a hymn in which were these lines.

"I wonder if I shall ever feel so thirsty for God," said Bessie as she recalled all this, standing there by the spring. "I was very thirsty when I came down here just now, and this cool water tasted so good. I wish I could long for God so." And then she knelt down and prayed a little prayer. "O God, please to make me thirsty for thee, so it will seem just as good to think of thee as it was to drink this water."

Will God hear Bessie's prayer? I am sure he will. He has given her a promise already: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," and, "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

TREASURES of wickedness profit nothing