

Happy Days

VII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1892.

[No. 26,

GOD'S GIFT.

It was Christmas morning. The sun shined brightly into a bare little room, and awakened the children. "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" called three voices.

wiping away her tears. "I could not help it. Mrs. Rogers did not pay me for last month's washing, and I haven't a cent in the house."

"But, mother, we never had to go without even one little gift before, and we can't bear it, we can't!"

lady who was driving by stopped her horses and called, "Little girl! little girl!"

It was Mrs. Rogers.

"Aren't you Mrs. Bryan's children?" she asked.

"Yes'm," answered Beth, with a lump in her throat.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR GRANDMA

There was a scramble after the stockings hanging at the foot of the bed, and then a great hush of amazed disappointment, as each little sock hung limp and empty. "Why, mother!" exclaimed Beth, opening the door into the little kitchen where the mother was, and holding out her empty stocking.

"I know, dear," answered the mother

Perhaps God wants to see how brave his children can be. If he had wanted us to have Christmas gifts, he would have sent them. It's all right little ones," answered the mother.

That morning the three sad children went out for a walk, hoping to catch glimpses of the pretty Christmas trees of more favoured little ones. Suddenly a

"Then you and your brother and sister go right around to my house & I will be there before you."

The children obeyed, and Mrs. Rogers led them into the beautiful warm dining room.

"I forgot to pay your mother what I owed her, and I am afraid she has needed it. Has she?"