

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 16, 1902.

No. 17.

## THE LOST CHILD.

BY B. W. FIELDER.

I am going to tell you a true story of a lost little girl. Her father lived on the Iron Mountain in Virginia, near the line between Wythe and Grayson counties.

He owned a pretty little farm high on the level mountain-top. From his home, on the south, you could see the meadows and fields, with cattle and sheep here and there, down in the valley, and in the distance a neat church surrounded by trees.

Mr. Rhudy—for this was the gentleman's name—had fields of corn and rye and wheat growing in abundance. His family lived in a neat log-cabin with vines running over the doors and windows. All around the house were apple-trees and cherry-trees and peach-trees which the father had planted, and a cold spring of water in the yard, which was neatly swept and covered with green grass. Now, the little girl I tell of lived in this quiet, happy mountain home. She was five years old, and her name was Amelia. One day in June she wandered away and became lost. She went in the afternoon, and late in the day was missed, and search was made all night long. Next day a great many persons came, and we continued hunting in the unbroken forest north of her home. About five miles away a track was found in the sand near a little brook which had gone dry in the summer. Amelia had gone away bare-footed and bare-headed, and we felt sure

that we would soon find the little girl, but some thought that she would not be alive. At last we came suddenly upon her, with some round pebbles in one hand and a wild honeysuckle in the other. She was

sitting down on the ground playing, and laughed and said something about sleeping the night before under a big tree, and also something about wild strawberries which she had found.

The stars were out and shining when we

Amelia Rhudy is now no longer a little child but a young lady.

## REALLY IN EARNEST.

There was a little girl in Vermont who had been taught to have faith that God would answer her prayers.

One night, when her sister was sick and not expected to live, she went to her room, and prayed long and earnestly that God would spare her and make her well. Then she came out and asked her mother if her sister was better.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "she is no better, but worse."

"Then," said the little girl, "I guess the Lord wants to know if I am really in earnest."

So she went back and prayed until midnight, when a change came and her sister began to recover. The Lord heard her prayer because she was really in earnest.

He regards only those who diligently seek him. Elijah was in earnest when he prayed seven times for rain, and God heard him. 1 Kings 18. 41-45. The blind men were in earnest when they wanted their eyes opened, and Jesus heard and answered their prayers. Dear young friends, the Lord is just as willing to hear your prayers when you ask him to help you to overcome your wicked ways, to forgive your sins, and help you to do right. Only you must be really in earnest.

Boys, obey your parents; honour age and womanhood; be polite always; allow no profane word or filthy jest to pass your lips; do not idle away your time; be industrious and frugal; be pure and strictly virtuous—purity uplifts, vice degrades.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

carried the little girl to her home where she could sleep in her warm bed, and our hearts could not contain their joy when the lost was found.

This all happened ten years ago, and