

Happy Days

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

In the crowded, narrow street groups of noisy children were playing and quarrelling. Their loud, angry tones reached the ears of Mrs. Easton as she lay on her bed of suffering in one of the tiny houses of Linden Place. Everything within the little sick-room bore the marks of cleanliness and refinement. The few pieces of furniture in the room were carefully dusted and arranged so as to produce the best possible effect. The dishes on the open dresser were polished till they gleamed like so many jewels. The sunlight danced on the bright, clean window panes and played among the curly, brown locks of a little girl who stood bending over a rose which was in bloom in a small brown pot resting on the window-sill. The child stroked the rose caressingly and then stooped down and kissed it.

Mrs. Easton lay watching the child and her eyes grew moist with tears. She called softly, "Birdie, bring the rose here and let mamma smell it, too."

The child carefully carried the flower to her mother's bedside her beautiful brown eyes sparkling with pleasure as she handed her mother the treasured plant. The noise in the street grew very loud, and Mrs. Easton asked Birdie to close the window. When the little girl came back, her mother, holding the flower in her hand and looking at it, began to tell Birdie about a beautiful land where flowers grow all the year round; where there is no sorrow and no pain, and where God lives. Then putting the plant down on a table that stood by the bed she drew the little girl very gently to her side, and stroking the silken curls she said, "God has asked me to go to that beautiful country very soon, and, my little Birdie, I must go when he calls me. I am sorry that I must leave you behind, but remember that though you have no father or mother, you are always God's little girl, and he will take care of you, I am sure of that."

Very calmly and quietly the invalid continued, her voice sometimes becoming almost a whisper in the difficulty she had in breathing. "I have written an aunt of mine who lives in a small village called Paisley, asking her to take you to her home and take care of you, and I think

as if that would break her heart. She sobbed, and sobbed, with her arms tightly clasped round her mother's neck. "Oh, what'll I do without 'oo, mamma, God must take me too, so 'a I can take care of 'oo?" For this little girl, though she was still a mere baby, could dust and sweep and wait on her mother "better than the best nurse in the world," her mother said.



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Mrs. Easton was soon called to the land where she had told Birdie she was going, and where she knew all was gladness and light and joy. With perfect confidence in God's goodness she left her little one to his care, with many prayers that he would keep her for himself, and that she might have her dear little one with her forever, by-and-bye.

Miss Nancy Land, Mrs. Easton's aunt, was a cross old lady, and knew nothing at all about the "queer" manners and customs of childhood, and thought Birdie a strange and troublesome problem. Often the little girl was very lonely. She longed for a long talk with her mother, and finding her aunt had nothing interesting to tell her and would not listen to her when she tried to talk, she spent most of the day wandering over the commons near her aunt's house, picking the daisies and talking to them, and chasing the gay butterflies.

One day when the snow covered the ground, and Birdie had searched for weeks for a single flower (all in vain, of course) she wandered farther than usual from her home. At length she found herself in such a beautiful place she thought she must be quite

she will. I expect her to come to-morrow, and I wanted to tell you to be sure to be very good to her, and never forget that you are God's little girl, and after a little while he will bring you to me."

Little Birdie was only five years old and she could not understand much of what her mother told her, except that she was going away, and it seemed to the little soul

near where her mother was. Often in the evening she had watched the setting sun, and as its golden glory flooded the western sky she had concluded that her mother must be behind those golden mountains. She made up her mind that as soon as she was a little larger she would walk to that lovely, bright place. Now, she thought, she must have walked a great