

# HAPPY DAYS

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## THE SISTERS.

What a sweet picture Anna and Grace make with their arms clasped about each other. We feel and know as we look at them that they love each other dearly. I am glad to hear some of my little readers exclaim: "Why shouldn't they love each other very much; how can they help it, they are sisters?"

I sincerely hope that all my readers feel the same toward their brothers and sisters, and that they will feel more and more drawn toward each other as they grow older together; but sad to say, some who were very fond of each other when they were children have grown far apart in later years. I have known instances where brothers and sisters not only lived apart as strangers, but whose hearts were filled with hatred toward each other.

I was told of an instance last summer when a lady was calling upon a friend. The two were sitting on the piazza when another lady passed by. "Why, there goes your sister," said the friend. The first lady stiffened herself up and said, "I have no sister." Think of it; here were two sisters, one a widow with one child, both living near each other in separate houses.

two who ought to have been all the world to each other, for they had no other near relatives, and yet they would not even speak to each other. I wonder how they can read such words as, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love. He (or she) that loveth not his brother

(or sister) whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

Oh! my reader, do not withhold your affection, for the time will come all too soon when those near to you will be removed from your sight, and your remorse will be that you have not loved enough.

Well, this little one I am thinking about now is only seven years old, and suffers very much. He has a beautiful face, and you would wonder to see how cheerful and patient he is.

And he is very kind-hearted. He heard some one telling his mother one day about a poor woman who had no wood to keep her

warm in the winter. What do you think he did? He got a little box, and asked every person who came in to put a little money in it to buy wood for this poor woman. He got quite a little sum. He seems to forget himself in trying to help others, and I think he is happier than many who can run about.



THE SISTERS.

## KITTY DID IT.

When Grandma Foster went out to call on a sick neighbour, she left her little granddaughter, Kitty Mayhew, at home in the sitting-room. She gave her some pretty picture-books to read, and told her to finish her little task of sewing, but be careful not to get into any mischief. Kitty promised, and for a while she kept her promise well. But then she became tired of the books grandma had lent her, and thought there was plenty of time in the afternoon to do the sewing.

Then she thought she would like to look at the pictures in the big Bible. She had been told never to take this unless some one was near; but she did not think of that now. After a while, by a very careless accident, she spilled grandpa's bottle of ink all over the beautiful book, and the

## THE LITTLE SHUT-IN.

What do I mean by a little shut-in? I mean a little lame child, who is obliged to stay all the time in the house, who cannot run out to play as other children do. There are many such sick, lame, suffering little children. Don't you pity them?