

# Happy Days

## PARABLE OF LEAVEN.

ANOTHER parable he spoke unto them: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

## MAY I KISS THAT BABY.

To a soldier far away from home, there is no more touching might than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg, his troops were marching by night through a village, over whose pathways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell."

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable-lanterns, their



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light falling full upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the face of the mother and

her child. "I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home, at least he was when I last seen him, two years ago."

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child, Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent smiling lips for a moment and then walked on, saying:

"God bless you, ma'am for that!"

Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.

## ARE YOUR HANDS CLEAN?

"JOHN, you can't come to the table with such dirty hands as those! Go and wash them right away!"

Mamma is right not to let John, or Nell, or George come to the table with dirty hands. And this puts me in mind that God says that only those who have clean hands and pure hearts can enter heaven. There are two

kinds of dirty hands. One kind you get when you play in the mud. The other kind you get when you strike or steal. Say, my little friend, are your hands clean?