

Happy Days

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MABEL'S BIRTHDAY.

LITTLE Mabel is sitting by the parlour fire on her birthday eve, waiting for her papa to come home. How contented she looks with her pussy in her lap. I expect she is thinking of the nice presents she will have in the morning. How happy children ought to be—just like little birds in their nests, without any care for food or raiment. Yet all their wants supplied by the kind love of their parents and of God. Ought they not to love their parents and to love God very much in return? I hope, my dear children, you will all do this. It is the only way to be happy here and to be happy hereafter.

THE LITTLE MAN.

THERE is a story in the New Testament about the little man Zaccheus. He was so little that he could not see Jesus in the great crowd. So he climbed into a tree.

From the tree he looked down. He saw the children waving branches, and the men crowding as close as they could to hear Jesus' words, and to see what he did. He saw him touch a lame man here, and a sick woman there, and make them well and strong in a moment. There was a blind man too who had just been healed following close.



MABEL'S BIRTHDAY.

thought the little man, as he scrambled down from the tree. "But I am sure he won't do me any harm. I'll be a good man after this. I'll do right and be honest. A man can't be wicked when Jesus comes into his house."

Yes, Zaccheus, that is so. When Jesus speaks to us, he says. "Let me come and stay with you," and it isn't any longer an easy thing to commit sin.

NOT LONELY.

A good minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there that nobody seemed to know about; he went on climbing up until he found his way into that garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around, there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it; a very little fire on the

Then Jesus looked up and called, "Zaccheus!" as if he had always known him.

"Why, how could he know my name?" thought he.

"Make haste and come down," said Jesus. "To-day I must abide at thy house."

"Coming to see me? such a sinner!"

hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament in her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading.

"Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked.

"Na, na," was her reply.

"What do you do here all these long winter nights?"