



A STORY

WONDERFUL LOVE.

His love to me was wonderful,
That love of my dear Lord's;
So high, so long, so broad, so deep,
It passeth human words.

It came so freely from his heart,
Unsought and undesired;
I only knew that I was lost,
And, oh! I felt so tired!

He knew exactly all my need,
And all my years of sin,
But yet he opened wide his arms
To take the wanderer in.

His love to me is wonderful;
For Jesus loves me still,
Though even now at times I know
I fail to do his will.

His love will be most wonderful,
When life itself is o'er,
And I, a pensioner on grace,
Shall stand at heaven's door.

And Jesus bids me welcome there,
And tells me I may be
A member of his royal home
For all eternity!

THE GOOD SISTER.

EVERYBODY says that Susan is such a good sister. Shall I tell you why? It is because she is kind and helpful to her brothers and sisters, and always ready to put aside her own pleasure to gratify them in anything reasonable. She encourages them to give her their confidence, and if they want to know anything they will say: "Ask Sue; she knows;" and as Sue takes pains to answer them or find out their needs, their faith in her is unbounded.

Even if she is very busy, or reading a favourite book, she does not send them from her with a harsh "Go away and don't bother me," but she quietly lays aside whatever she is doing and attends to them.

A friend once said to her mother: "You have a very unusual daughter." Her mother laughed fondly, as she said: "Sue would be more surprised than any one else to hear that; she never thinks of being any other way."

I am glad to say that I know a number of sisters like Sue. How is it with you? Are you kind

and thoughtful toward those about you, or are you selfish and disobliging?

It is sad to see an older sister not loved by those who are younger. It is her own fault if she is not; and these same remarks may apply to older brothers and boys as well.

SNOWBALLING.

M. K. H.

I DARE say that there are boys and girls in the city of New York who have no idea what a beautiful sight it is to see everything covered with the white, fleecy mantle, especially those who live away down-town or in some parts of the east side. Who could imagine that the black, gritty mass that is ground up by car wheels and cart wheels and crushed beneath the feet of men and horses, is the same pure, white, glittering substance that elsewhere covers up and even beautifies all rough places? And just here is a moral which I will leave you, my reader, to find out for yourself.

I agree with my young readers that snowballing is great fun if carried on in the right spirit. I have know boys who turned their snowballs into iceballs by wetting and freezing them, making them like stones. Now, when anything gives pain or hurts in any way another, either mentally or physi-



WITHOUT WORDS.

cally (those are large words but I think you know what they mean), it ceases to be fun. Nothing that causes pain in any way is ever funny or amusing. Neither is it excusable. Of course the readers of HAPPY DAYS do not do such things, but they may know, as I have known, some boys and girls, yes, and grown people, too, who do, and I want to show them how much wrong it is.

Have just as good times as you can, my readers, with your companions, but do nothing to hurt either their bodies or their feelings. Remember the "golden rule."

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy when suddenly toward night the clouds broke and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out,—

"Look, O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? Tell me."

"By looking happy and smiling on us every day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good—that's all."