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SUNDAY, THE HAPPY DAY.

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LONDON :
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;
Instituted 1799.

DEPOSITORIES, 56, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, AND 164, PICCADILLY;
AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

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“Now, my dear little Charlie,” said his mamma, “we must begin to put away the toys, because, you know, this is Saturday evening.”

“Oh, yes, mamma, so it is. I had almost forgotten it: and then to-morrow is ‘the happy day.’ Oh! I am so glad it is come again so soon.”

The Noah’s Ark was brought and

put by in the closet, also the maps and games of all sorts ; and last of all, the rocking-horse was carried safely up-stairs, and stowed away in the lumber-room.

“Now, dear mamma,” said Charlie, “all is quite tidy and ready for Sunday ; may I come and sit beside you, just a little while, before I go to bed ; and will you find me a text to learn for to-morrow ? I should so like something about Sunday being the happy day.”

“Well, my darling, I will find you a very short one. It is in the 58th chapter of Isaiah, 13th verse — ‘Call the Sabbath a delight.’ Will that be what you wanted ?”

“Oh, yes, dear mamma, that is

beautiful, and so very short, that I shall hardly have to learn it at all."

"And now, good night, my dear boy; try and recollect, when you wake to-morrow morning, that it is God's day, and that we are to keep it holy."

Little Charlie soon fell asleep; and when he woke the next morning the sun was shining brightly into his room, and the sweet birds were singing, as though they, too, felt that Sunday was a happy day.

It was always Mrs. Brown's custom to have her little boy into her room before breakfast on Sunday mornings, and to pray with him for a blessing on the day. She was

anxious that her dear child should, from his earliest years, be taught to love the Sabbath, and to look upon that day as the "best of all the seven." For this end she tried to make it as interesting as possible to him, and he now looked forward to Sunday as one of his happiest days.

After breakfast he repeated his little text, and also the first verse of a favourite hymn, beginning,

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand," etc.

His great delight was to get his Bible, and ask his mamma to find him something to read that he could understand or to sit at her

feet while she explained some history which was more difficult. The story which had been chosen for this morning was that of the three Jewish children in the fiery furnace, and Charlie listened with eagerness to the account of their wonderful deliverance from the painful death which threatened them. At the house of God the dear child was very quiet and solemn in his behaviour; and though too young to understand all he heard, yet he tried to remember in whose house he was, and that the eye of God was upon him in an especial manner while there.

Bible stories, texts, and singing hymns generally closed the day,

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and, the last thing, his mamma again knelt with him, and prayed that it might please God to bless the lessons of the day, and to prepare them both by his Holy Spirit for the eternal Sabbath above. Several Sundays passed away in this manner, when one morning, on awaking, Charlie complained of a sore throat. Means were used to remove it, but it grew rapidly worse; and the flushed cheek and beating pulse told that fever was gaining ground.

The dear child seemed more than usually calm, and seeing his mother in tears, stroked her face with his little burning hand, and said—
“Mamma, why do you cry?” Mrs.

Brown feared to tell him what she could hardly realize herself, and for a moment was silent. "Mamma, am I going to die, do you think?" said the little one. "You are very ill, my darling child," replied his mother, "and we cannot tell whether it may please God to restore you or not." This was said in a trembling voice, and Mrs. Brown watched with anxiety what would be the effect on the little sufferer. He looked at her very earnestly, and at last said, "Mamma, won't it be always Sunday in heaven?" "Yes, darling, it will." "Oh! then I am so happy, because I do love Sunday here; and to have it always Sunday — oh, mamma! I

shall 'call it a delight.'" "My sweet child, do you feel afraid, when I tell you that we don't know if it will be God's will that you should get well?" "No, dear mamma; Jesus will take care of me, and then I shall stand 'around the throne of God in heaven,'

'Singing, Glory! glory! glory!'

Mamma, say the next verse, please."

Mrs. Brown repeated,

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? —
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory! glory! glory?"

Charlie added, putting his little hands together, and raising his eyes,

“ Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin ;
Cleansed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory ! glory ! glory ! ”

He had spoken almost more than he had strength for, and began to complain of his head. From this time fever increased to a high degree, and he was soon quite delirious. His head was shaved, and every means used ; but, alas ! all in vain. Friday and Saturday passed in this way, and on the morning of Sunday every hour was expected to be his last. It was again a bright and beautiful day, and the sun shone with great brilliancy into Charlie's little room. His “ happy day ” was indeed come ; and as his

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mother and father watched their little one, the remembrance of his delight at the return of Sunday, although in some respects painful to them, yet served to assure them that yet a little, and their sweet child would be in the presence of that Jesus whom he loved, and enjoying the eternal Sabbath of which he had so often heard with delight. He had lain for some hours perfectly still, with his eyes shut, when suddenly he opened them, and fixing them on his mother, said—“Mamma, the happy day—come at last!” The effort had been too great; his eyes gradually closed, and with one long, deep sigh, his spirit took its flight.

The next Sunday his body was committed to the ground, beneath a beautiful spreading tree, and close beside the path which his little feet had trodden every Sabbath with such light and happy steps, when on his way to the house of God.

And now, dear children, may all those of you who read this history be like little Charlie! How many children there are, who, it is to be feared, feel very sorry when they think that Sunday is coming, because they will have to lay aside their toys, and not be allowed to play; but, oh! if you really love the Saviour, as the dear boy we have been speaking of did, you will love his day. Do you think you

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can be happy in heaven, where it is "always Sunday," if you feel it a trouble to have that blessed day return once a week only? Pray to God that He will teach you to love his holy day, and to "call the Sabbath a delight." Ask him to wash you from your sins in the precious blood of Christ, the Lamb of God, and to put his Holy Spirit within you, that you may not only spend a happy day each Sunday that comes round on earth, but that you may spend an eternal Sabbath with him in heaven when you die.