

THE YOUNG ROBINS

In a soft, warm nest in a shady tree,
With bright little eyes and wings,
Sat a fine old bird with his children three,
Such tiny, good-tempered things

And the old bird said to the dear little birds:

"I want you to learn to fly."

And the little ones merrily chirped the words:

"Dear father, we'll try, we'll try."

Now, a little boy had a sum, to-day,
And was told to go quickly through it:
But he pouted his lip, and was heard to say
He was sure that he could not do it.

Do you think this boy was half as good
As the birdies who learned to fly?
He would wiser have been—don't you
think he would?—
Had he said: "I'll try, I'll try."

IN THE ALPS.

What a lucky little boy this is to spend the summer in the Alps! These are beautiful mountains away beyond the sea. Sometimes their peaks are so high that they rise above the clouds, and are crowned with great caps of snow. It is a grand sight to see these snow-clad mountains at sunrise or at sunset. Instead of looking white, the snow looks crimson and blue and yellow, like the beautiful colours of an opal. Many people go to the Alps to spend the summer because the scenery is so grand. There are pretty little villages in the valleys, with fine hotels where people stay. There are also lovely lakes, which are supplied with water from the rushing mountain torrents. Horses are not used much in the Alps, but the little sure-footed donkey is of great service to tourists who are not used to hilly roads.

PATCHES AND HEROES.

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes, the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right had she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lily Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Steward, leaving the

group of rude boys and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It is only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines, and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there?"

"Yes; I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

They had been talking of heroes a little while before: they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Steward, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.



IN THE ALPS.

FILIAL DUTY.

Dear girls and boys, we want you all to be good and kind to your father and mother. If you do you will surely have the approbation of God, and of all good people. Few things can be more painful to parents than to be treated with disrespect by their own children. Your parents may have their peculiarities and weaknesses, and may not at all times be as considerate as you think they ought to be. But you see, when they were young they did not have the advantages that are afforded to you. Remember always that they love you dearly; they love you with a wealth of affection which you cannot estimate. And they are trying hard to do their very best for you that they know how. In the common order of nature you must soon follow father and mother to the grave. Standing there beside the open grave you will remember the disrespectful words, and actions, and thoughts of which you have been guilty towards them. Alas!

how many a man and woman have knelt upon the grave where father and mother lay mouldering, and lamented with burning tears of shame and sorrow, the disobedience, the unkindness, the neglect shown in earlier years. How they have longed to lift up the faded forms from their collins, to reanimate them, and to have them again in their homes, that by unwearied ministrations of tenderness they might atone for the past. God forbid that any of the dear young people who read these lines should store up for themselves this fruitless remorse.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY SUCCEED.

Is Miss Mary discouraged because she makes so little progress with her music or her composition? Is Master George in despair because he finds it so difficult to solve his problems in algebra, or to commit his recitation to memory? If so, let me assure both Mary and George that they may succeed if they will take for their motto this short sentence, to wit: "Be in earnest and you are sure to succeed!"

A very uncouth minister, whom very few people cared to hear, but who was very desirous of being a successful speaker, asked a teacher in elocution one day what he must do to become such. The teacher gave him the above motto. He put it into practice by striving with all his might to conquer his awkwardness, to be graceful in manner and correct in speech. It was hard work at first, but he kept on trying, and succeeded at last in becoming one of the most popular speakers in the land.

Thus you see that our motto is a sure guide to success. Let Mary, George, and all the disheartened readers of HAPPY DAYS try it, not by a short-lived spurt, but by steady, every-day, patient endeavour to make their very best efforts to do whatever is given them to do as well as they can. The result will be that their difficulties will soon vanish away, and they will pluck that success which is the fruit of all truly earnest work.

THINGS GOOD TO KEEP.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

Keep thee far from a false manner.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.

Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.

My son, keep thy father's commandments.

Giving to promote the cause of Christ, when so frequent as to be a habit, becomes easy to the giver. The way to acquire the habit, is to practice the giving. Practice here, as well as elsewhere, makes perfect. The more one gives, the more he will be inclined to give.