

HAPPY DAYS

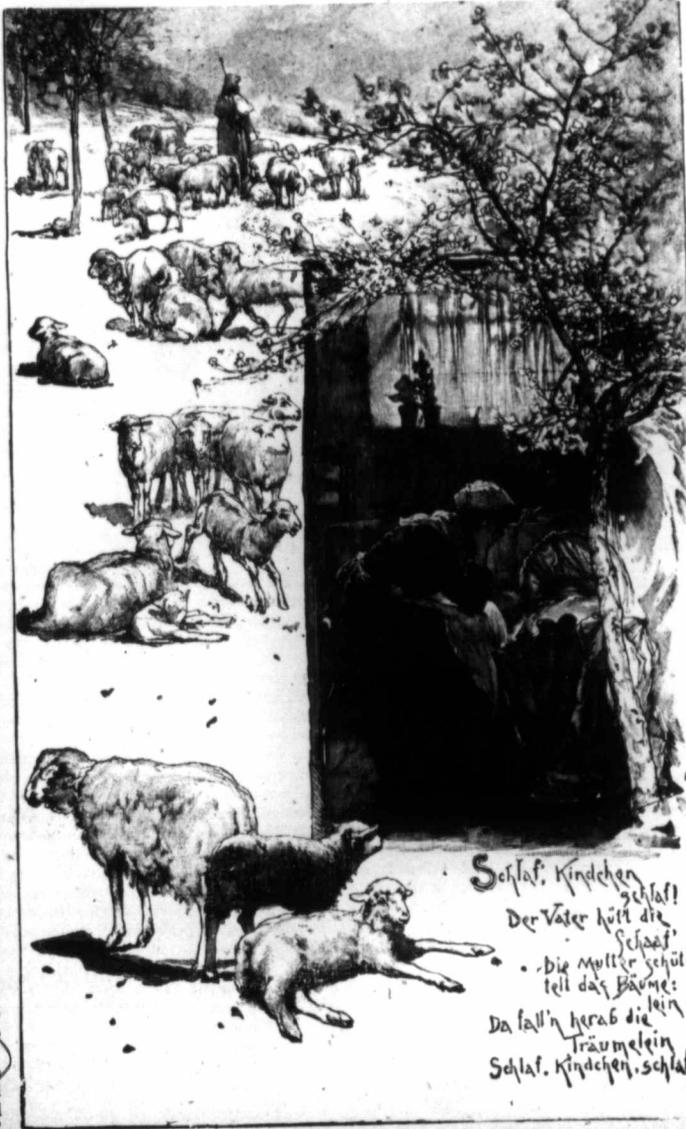
Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1904.

No. 18.

GEORGIE'S PRAYER,

Little Georgie was a boy only about five years old. He was trying to love Jesus and be a good boy. Georgie's fault was that he would get sulky and be obstinate. One day he had been doing wrong and his mother had to punish him for it. This made him very sulky, and it took him a long time to get over it. Every night, when he had done saying his prayers after his mother, she used to teach him to pray in his own language; to speak freely to God and tell him all that he wanted. So on the evening of this day Georgie remembered how wrong he had been, and he thought he must pray about that. And he did it in this way. He said: "O God, bless Georgie and give him a new heart. Don't let him be a naughty again, never; no, never. Because you know when he is naughty he thinks to it so. Help him to give up easy, and make him a good boy for Jesus' sake. Amen."



UNDER THE BARK.

Several kinds of insects have sharp jaws for cutting holes in wood. Some, we are told in *St. Nicholas*, make queer markings in intricate and beautiful patterns just beneath the bark of decaying trunks. Others bore smooth and even holes of about the diameter of a lead pencil, deep into the tree. Some insects make these holes, or intricate network of passages, for homes where they may live and be protected from storms. Others not only cut the wood, but use the chips for food.

It is interesting to pull up the bark and break off clumps of the decaying wood to see the variety of insects that scurry out, terrified by the noise and unexpected blaze of light.

Then again we find perforations of such extraordinary form that they look like tiny palaces built by fairy architects. Sometimes the channels lie just beneath the bark, partly in the wood, so that

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!
 Der Vater hüt die
 die Mutter schüt-
 tell das Bäume:
 Da fall'n herab die
 Träumelein
 Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!