

# HAPPY DAYS

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## BEN'S EXCUSE FOR OLD MARCH.

BY M. THAYER ROUSE.

Oh, hurrah for the March wind! A long, lusty shout,  
Quite as loud as he gives in his blustering tone.

"Tis his way to be rough,  
To make racket enough  
For a whole dozen breezes, bustling about,  
With a rumble and grumble and groan.

Oh, he rattles the latch, and he taps  
at the pane;  
Then he laughs at the fellow who shivers and shakes,

And wherever he goes  
On his trumpet he blows.  
Down the chimney he whistles, with shrill might and main;  
And he shrieks till the echoes he wakes.

Oh, he's full of his pranks, and he'll play you at catch,  
And he'll race with you, too, till he beats;

And he'll blow you away  
And back the same day,  
But look out for the rogue, for he's likely to snatch  
All he can, from whomever he meets.

But he's only in fun, for his meaning, I'm sure,  
Is to have a rare frolic, and not to annoy;

It would take all the starch  
Quickly out of old March,  
Should he know people call him a regular boor,  
For at heart he's a regular boy!

## MR. WREN'S SUMMER HOME.

BY A. P. S.

One day this fall Tom's big brother, Stanley, took him in his row-boat away down the river to the big swamp where Stanley said they would see "lots of queer things," and sure enough they did. What do you think they saw first? It was Tom who spied it.

"O Stanley," he cried, "there's a cocoanut hanging to these reeds! How did it get there?"

"Sure enough," laughed Stanley. "I'll tell you who put it there—two little brown birdies, Mr. and Mrs. Wren."

O Stanley, they couldn't. They couldn't carry it, it's so big and heavy. And what would they do with it?"

Live in it, Tom. For it isn't a cocoanut at all, but just a round bird's nest. And as Mr. and Mrs. Wren and all the little Wrens have gone south for the winter, let's take a good look at their house."

The boys rowed up close to the "cocoanut," and then Tom saw it was made of rushes fastened together with wet mud, but the mud was so hard and dry now

that a cozy bed-room, all lined with soft feathers? But here is something queerer yet. Mr. and Mrs. Wren did not use this nest for their babies, they have another one near by. This one is just for a spare bed-room for themselves, or else it was built to fool any one who came hunting their babies."

"Do the wrens usually build two nests, Stanley?"

"Yes, indeed, and if you had been with me one day in July when I rowed through here, you would have seen Mr. Wren, when he saw me, throw his head back and his tail forward until he looked like a ball of feathers, and then dart into this nest. The smart little fellow thought if I was hunting Wren babies I'd look inside and think he had none, and go home, though he knew very well Mrs. Wren had six dear little ones tucked under her wing. And that's just what I did, and left him swinging like a circus actor on a reed, singing in triumph."

## A LOYAL LITTLE GIRL.

Two little girls were talking of what they would do after school. One wanted to go for a ride. The other said she could not go, because she always had to go straight home from school.

"We could take a short ride; she would never know," the first said.

"Yes, my mother would. She always knows when I have disobeyed her. She has such good eyes."



EASTER LILIES.

it seemed as strong as a real cocoanut.

"Oh, look, Stanley!" Tom cried, "here is a door with a roof over it on one side."

"Of course," Stanley said; "Mrs. Wren had to have some place to go in to her family, and that cute little roof is to keep the rain out."

"Oh, I wish I could see inside," Tom said.

"Well, let's take the roof off," Stanley answered, drawing out his knife and cutting off the top of the nest. "There, isn't

each little beam holds all it can of light and heat and shine. But what makes the whole world of sunshine, but all the little beams together? Each girl kind, each boy helping; each girl smiling, each boy jolly; each girl faithful, each boy true; each girl loving Jesus, each boy following Christ. A world of sunshine'

"If you were king, my little lad,  
What would you do, I pray?"

"If I were king, why, sir, I'd swing  
Upon the gate all day."

"And, little lass, if you were queen,  
What would you do?" I said.  
"O, sir, I'd buy a hundred dolls,  
And put them all to bed."