

# 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 mean-  
ing, 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!

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 "cocoa-  
nut," 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 un-  
til 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 in-  
side 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."



EASTER LILIES.

## 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 cocoa-  
nut 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."

it seemed as strong as a real cocoa-  
nut.

"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 cut-  
ting off the top of the nest. "There, isn't

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."

## 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 dis-  
obeyed her. She has such good  
eyes."

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