

## THE BOY AND THE SPARROW.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;  
On the ground stood a sparrow bird looking at him.  
Now the boy—he was good, but the sparrow was bad;  
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,  
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees;  
Said she: "Where is my little boy, sparrow bird, please?"  
"He's safe in my pocket," the sparrow bird said,  
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,  
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You'll imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,  
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;  
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,  
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,  
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1906.

## A SWEET LITTLE COMFORTER.

On the platform waiting for the cars were little Daisy and her mother. The only other person in sight was a fine-looking, middle-aged man; but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He

walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy, and did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and, when he again came near took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweetest tones: "How do?"

The man stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty tell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his. The dark clouds were all gone from his face now. "Oo solly [sorry]? I solly, too," were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes and a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I love 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can tell, madam," the gentleman said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried into a car.

What battle was going on in his soul that the little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we cannot know; but Daisy had proved true that proverb of Solomon which says: "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul." (Prov. 16. 24).

## WHO FIRED THAT SNOWBALL?

Teddy never meant to do it, but when Tom threw a snowball, what could he do but squeeze up another and toss it back, and how could he know that naughty ball would hop right over Tom's head and go—smash!—right into the window of Miss Priscilla Prim's millinery shop? But there was the broken pane and the glass scattered all over the ladies' beautiful winter bonnets.

Tom dodged around one corner, and Teddy around the other. When Miss Priscilla looked out, the street was as empty and still as if there were not one little boy in town.

"I got off pretty well," thought Teddy. "If she caught me, she'd make me pay my whole eighty-seven cents."

Nobody but Teddy knew how many errands he had run and how many paths he had swept and how much candy and popcorn and butterscotch he had not eaten to get together those eighty-seven cents. As soon as he could earn just thirteen cents more they were all to go for the little steam-engine in the toy-shop window.

Just five minutes later Teddy stepped into Miss Priscilla's shop with his little red savings bank in his hand. He emptied it on the counter, and out came

rolling such a swarm of dimes and nickels and pennies! Miss Priscilla was so surprised that her eyebrows went right up to her little grey curls.

"Say, I fired that snowball," said Teddy, bravely; "so I ought to pay for it. Course you know."

"Well, you are an honest boy," said Miss Priscilla, gathering up the money; "but you are dreadfully careless."

Teddy went past the toy-shop window on his way home, and he could not help just looking at the little engine; but he was not sorry for being honest, not a bit.

## A WORD OF TRUTH.

A young man once wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking three questions. The reply was:

"1. The three best books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary.

"2. To attain 'real success?' Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.

"3. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and to enslave the nature to an injurious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed."

## NEVER.

Children are sometimes tired of being told what to do. An exchange offers this brief list of things not to do:

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness, the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The chain whose links are loving deeds is the strongest that can be forged to bind two friends together.

The new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."

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QUESTIONS

1. What is