

HAPPY DAYS

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THE KITE.

That looks like a very fine kite, and evidently the boys think so. That is Jimmy sitting with the paint-brush in his hand. He has been trying his skill as an artist, to the satisfaction and delight of himself and his friends—the bird in the centre calling forth a special amount of admiration. This kite is a joint-stock affair, each of the boys having contributed some portion of it. Harry is so busy getting the string ready he has no time for anything else just now. Pretty soon their kite will be ready, and will be sailing like a bird itself away over the houses and trees; then, boys, you had better take a firm grip of that string.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

The spring sunbeams felt that they were the busiest and the happiest sunbeams of all the year. They always began their work on the earth by having a frolic with Jack Frost. It was great fun.

"Suppose they do melt the snow on the roofs of the houses," thought he, "I can freeze it into icicles as it drips over the eaves." So he chose the shady side of



THE KITE.

the house, and went to work. The icicles grew longer and longer. "They don't know where I am, and not a bit of noise will I make, for I don't want them to find me."

He was so intent upon his work that he did not notice that the sunbeams were creeping round the corner of the house (he

could not hear them, for they knew how to work quietly, too), until suddenly they shone right upon the icicles. How the icicles sparkled and twinkled in the sunlight, and looked so brilliant that Jack Frost almost forgave them for finding out his hiding place.

Then as soon as the spring sunbeams had driven Jack Frost and the March winds away, they had a great many different kinds of work to do. Each bud on every tree had to be encouraged to take off its winter jacket and let the leaves and blossoms come out and begin to grow, and the ground must be warmed for the little seeds.

When the children noticed the grass in sheltered places, they shouted to one another, "See how green the grass is! Surely spring has come. Let us go down to the brook

and see if the pussy willows are out."

They were children with very bright eyes, and they looked at every tree and bush, and saw all the different kinds of buds. Then they took sticks and gently pushed the dry leaves away, and found the fresh green leaves.

That pleased the sunbeams very much.