

Happy Days

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THE EAGLE'S NEST.

EAGLES are lonely birds that build their nests of sticks and stones in the highest crags and

Here they rear their young of little eaglets, and feed them food from the earth far below. They will swoop off a rabbit or a lamb through the air, as shown in the picture. I have even seen one of an eagle snatching a lamb from the ground, where its mother laid it while she was at work, and carrying it away to its mountain nest. A very thrilling story is told of a mother who climbed a steep and rugged mountain to rescue her babe, and which, at the risk of her own life, she

HOW TO BE A FAILURE.

EVERY morning it was the same thing, except on Saturdays morning, when there was no school to go to. Mamma always began to hurry Rolf off as soon as they left the breakfast table, and yet it was seldom indeed that he was ever late for school. For the little boy had one great fault, if no more. He would not obey promptly, and he could never be persuaded that "time waits for no man"—no boy either. He had a bright, frank face, and was a truthful, affectionate little fellow; but this habit of his was forever getting him into trouble.

In winter, he was sure to be a few minutes too late at school because he would stop for "a little slide," to make "one big



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snow-ball," or to get "just one ride" on Arthur Brown's new sled. In summer, he stopped for the earliest primrose and the

latest spray of scarlet pink. He could never let a gold and black butterfly pass him without a chase. If a bug or bee came humming by he was off like a flash, or would stand waiting to capture it after a fashion small boys have. Then he wondered, at the close of the session, why he should have more tardy marks than all the rest! If his mamma sent him on an important errand, it was the same way. If his papa called him to post a letter just before the mail closed, he never reached the office in time.

Oh, he was a very trying little boy, and those who loved him best often despaired of his ever being any better.

Do you know what sort of man he will make if he does not change?

One whose life deserves to be called a perfect failure. Do not let yours be that.—*L. D. Phillips.*

HELP JOHNNY FIRST

A DEAR little girl was caught by the heavy timbers of a Kansas City schoolhouse, when it was blown down by a storm. When some men came to help her out, she said, "Don't mind me, help Johnny out first, he is only five years old." Don't you think that was noble in the little girl? I know of children who

always want to be served first, and raise a row if they don't get right away what they want.