

## A LITTLE PREACHER.

THE readers of HAPPY DAYS know that during the last year there have been terrible persecutions in Turkey, the Turks, who are Mohammedans, putting to death many thousands of Armenians who cling to their own religion, which is a form of Christianity. The missionaries in Turkey have done much to help these poor persecuted people in their great suffering and poverty, and a few Armenians managed to leave the country. Among these were a Christian preacher and his wife and five children, who found their way to America. Trouble came to them on ship-board, for the little baby died, and when they reached New York they had little money and their friends were far away, in one of the Western States.

While they were waiting to hear from these friends the few dollars they had were spent, and when they were found by a missionary visitor, they were living in two bare rooms, with just two chairs, which were lent by a good neighbour upstairs, for furnishing. The visitor sat on one chair and the family stood around her, their dark faces full of gladness that some one had come to them. The father and the children could speak brokenly in English, and they interpreted to the mother.

"One day when I went there," the visitor said, "I spoke of their two violins, and the oldest lad took up his and played for me, and then sang—what do you think?—'Rock of Ages' and 'Home Sweet Home!' Just think of those two miserable rooms, with almost nothing to eat in the pantry, being 'sweet home' to them!"

Many people became interested in this brave family, and their beautiful trust in God taught the best kind of lessons to those who knew them, but it was little Paul who was a minister of love to a gay,

worldly little woman. It cost so much for the Tajmagians to live that different friends took the children for a time, and Paul was a great pet with his adopted mamma, who dressed and fed him daintily and taught him little songs and games.

But Paul missed something in this beautiful new home, and one day when Papa Tajmagian came to see him he seemed very sober indeed.

quick tears sprang into her eyes as she answered,

"I am afraid we had forgotten. It is so easy to forget!"

And that was the way a real Christ life began in this beautiful home through the preaching of a little Armenian boy who first learned of the love of God through the efforts of the Christian missionaries in heathen Turkey.



## THE BIRDS' CONCERT.

BY T. A. B.

Do you know, my little readers, that I go to a concert every day during the summer time? I see that some of you doubt my word; well, perhaps I ought to say that the concert comes to me, and that would be nearer the truth.

My home is in the country and the house is surrounded by trees, beside which there is a wood upon the east and west sides and beyond the orchard at the north. You have guessed by this time that the singers are the birds, and such singers! I would rather listen to them than to all the singers I ever heard in the Metropolitan Opera House or the Academy of Music.

I suppose you would like to know how these sweet singers are dressed; that is harder to tell than to describe the evening dress of a prima donna. Their costume is of every colour of the rainbow, and all made of the most exquisite, glossy feathers; black birds, blue birds and yellow birds, golden and bronzed and speckled; robins and thrushes and orioles,

catbirds, scarlet tanagers and swallows, with many others to join in the chorus.

Such robins and thrushes, I wish you could see them. They are the principal singers; and at what time do you suppose they give their concerts? Not in the evening, when most concerts take place, but at four o'clock in the morning. How often if you were in the country, my little reader, do you suppose you would hear them?

## Song for Easter.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

The tiny buds begin to wake,  
Down in their dark, cold bed,  
As swift the kisses of the sun  
Fall on each nestling head,  
"We must rise," they say,  
"To meet the spring's birthday!"

The bonny birds in distant clime  
The secret message hear;  
We catch the answer floating back,  
In carols glad and clear;  
"Homeward we fly and sing,  
Sing for the beautiful spring!"

And shall our hearts alone be still,  
When sky and stream, bright bird  
And flowers, and God's sweet grace  
are ours?

Nay, let glad thanks be heard;  
"We wake, we live, we sing  
To greet our risen King!"

"Papa," he said, looking up at him solemnly, "I thought all Americans were Christians; and all Christians pray—don't they? But these people never have prayers. Have they forgotten about God?"

"No prayers!" said Papa Tajmagian; "how can that be?" and he went straight to Mrs. May and in his gentle, modest way told what troubled him and little Paul.

Hot blushes scorched her cheeks and