

one with two faces, or the one who has but one? And which will you be like?

### THE ROBIN AND THE LARK.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

A robin met a meadow-lark;  
"Good morning, friend," said he;  
"I've just come from my little nest  
Up in a cherry-tree.

"My wife is sitting on our eggs;  
They're such a pretty blue,  
I really think that I would like  
'o show them all to you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Meadow-Lark  
"I've something, too, to tell;  
This very morning on the grass  
My babies chipped the shell."

And then their secrets being told,  
They said they couldn't wait,  
And each one went to seek a worm  
To bring to his dear mate.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

### OPENING THE HEART.

I knew a little boy—he was my own brother, in fact—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered, "I would say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him, "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made his father ask, "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied, "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said to the Lord Jesus, 'Come,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."

### GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading a part of the story, she made a pause, according to her usual practice, to put a few questions. "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh," replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because, if they caught us, they would send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, "because God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said her mother. "What God commands, we are bound to do; and what he forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his words. If ever you are asked why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me! Because God says we mustn't."  
*Early Days.*

### "MISS POSITIVE."

The girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker up her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tones:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley.

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"

"Miss Hartley, there isn't! is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that far as she had read the Bible or heard read, she certainly had never heard such a verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible; in the book of Proverbs, and could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, pointing her finger in triumph to the words in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?" "Oh, yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is of the Bible, every word of it; don't see it says Proverbs on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise saying of different men, and that they were called proverbs, because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

### NO JOKE TO BE A BABY.

Now, I suppose you think, because never see me do anything but feed sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken. How should you like every morning have your nose washed up instead down? How should you like to have pin put through your dress into the back and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the that your eyes were half scorched on your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have great fly light on your nose and not know how to take aim at him with your fat, useless fingers? How should you like to tire yourself out, crawling away at the carpet, to pick up a pretty button, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you enough to ruin any baby's temper.

A little boy who loved big words of to his mother one day and said:

"I wish we had a refrigerator in our house."

"Why, my son?"

"Instead of stoves, to keep us warm, you know."

Of course every one laughed. looking very indignant, said:

"You need not all laugh so, I know enough to say invigorator if I had words to."