

A QUEER BIRD.

I hardly think I am a bird,
 And I will tell you why:
 I've not one feather in my wings,
 Although I flit and fly.
 When other birds have gone to bed,
 All but my friend the owl;
 Like him, among the ruins old
 I love to pry and prowl.
 From ancient tower and hollow tree
 I sometimes venture down,
 To flutter, like a butterfly,
 Above some little town.
 When to my dark and dreary home
 I go to seek repose,
 I want no pillow for my head;
 I hang upon my toes. (A Bat.)

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Happy Days.

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A CHILD'S FAITH.

The unbounded faith of little children in their fathers, mothers and nurses, or any one who has charge of them, is one of the most beautiful things in life. Such a trust was commended by Christ when he taught his disciples to become as "little children" to enter the kingdom of God. This implicit confidence of a child sometimes, however, provokes a smile.

Little Robert Smith was the oldest of a house full of children. His mother procured the help of a kind nurse named Elizabeth Hogan, familiarly called "Betsy." She won the heart of little Robert by her watchful care of him, and he supposed there was nothing too difficult for her to accomplish.

Taking a ride through a picturesque section one day with his mother, who saw him admiring the bluffs mantled with

evergreen, she thought it a good time to teach him a lesson about the Creator. She asked: "Robbie, who made the world?"

Without the least hesitation he looked up and said, "Betsy made it."

GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"O, food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds, and tops; and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of these nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, one of which would no doubt make little Mary Flannagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance. Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-checked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and then jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and Rosalie, my two next best dolls, and give to Mary Flannagan and Kate Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother Johnny, for though I dearly love to coast down the hill, I think he will enjoy it more, for he never had a sled." And the little girl ran off, feeling happy at the idea of making others happy, even at some cost to herself.

FOOLED THE BEARS.

To creatures incapable of understanding their use, the first telegraph poles were naturally misleading. A London paper is authority for the statement that when these useful articles were introduced into Norway, they had a disquieting effect on the bears.

The bears heard the moaning of the wind in the wires, and proceeded to put two and two together. Such a buzzing as this had been heard before. It was associated in the minds of the bears with a sweet morsel. The poles must be gigantic hives. So the bears set to work to root the poles out of the ground.

The woodpeckers also listened to the humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles; therefore they also went to work to find the treasure, boring holes to extract the insects.

In time birds and animals became wiser, and the telegraph pole or wire is used by more than one bird as a safe place for its nest. There is a small bird in Natal that used to build its cradle-shaped nest in the branches of the trees; but as soon as the telegraph wires were set up, it changed the location of its housekeeping, and built on the wires, so that snakes could not molest its treasures.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening in the side farthest from the overhanging branch.

ONE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

On a bright morning in early summer Marjorie and her father were walking in the garden. During the night there had been a heavy storm of wind and rain; the ground was still very damp in some places, though the warm sunshine had long ago dried the shell path. Under the big maple tree in the corner Marjorie paused with a cry of surprise, and then picked up a little brown nest, all wet and bedraggled, and a small bird, one of whose wings appeared to be slightly injured. "I'm going to take them to the house," said Marjorie, and she ran off with her burdens to the warm kitchen, where the little nest was laid aside to dry in the sunny window, and the wee birdie was placed in a big box of cotton wool, with plenty of crumbs before him. Marjorie, waiting anxiously for the invalid to recover, said that he looked like a little boy in a very big house, and she kept peering eagerly over the sides of the box to see whether he had eaten anything.

In a few days he was well enough to hop about the kitchen floor. He learned to take crumbs and bits of apple from Marjorie's little fingers. This delighted her very much, and made her wish to keep him always with her; but as summer advanced the little visitor often flew to the window, and watched with his little black eyes the other birds darting from tree to tree. Mother said that he was anxious to join them, and so Marjorie one morning drew up the net and pushed him gently outside upon the ledge. "Good-bye, little bird," she said softly. He gave a sweet twitter, and, spreading his brown wings in the sunshine, rose into the air and disappeared among the green branches. That was the last Marjorie saw of him, but she is sure that some morning he will fly down to say "Good day" to the little girl who treated him so kindly while he was her guest.