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Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1894.

[No. 11.]

HARD AT WORK.

THE bright boy soon discovers that hard, thorough work is a thing that pays. The happiest boy in the school is usually the one who, as a rule, has a long list of "perfect marks" at the day's close. He is the boy who feels like putting his whole heart into a game of baseball at recess, and can laugh and romp, all free from care, on his way home from school at night. And that dull, gloomy-looking chap, who is he? Oh, he is the school's notorious "shirk-work." His lessons are never prepared, he is foot of the class, he has been punished for "copying" and generally enjoys his recess in the school-room trying to finish some neglected work. The old, old motto, "Work while you work, and play while you play," is a good one.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour,
Let the great meaning ennoble it over;
Drop not o'er efforts expended in vain
Work, as believing that labour is gain."

"THE COMING MAN."

WE hear a great deal about "the coming man," and what he will do. Do you know who "the coming man" is? Well, I will tell you. He is a boy now. He thinks manhood is a long way off, and some older people seem to think that boyhood will last forever. But it will only be a few years before that little boy will be taller than his mother, stronger than his father, and perhaps will think he knows more than both of them.

What kind of a man will "the coming man" be? That depends on what kind of a boy he is now. If he is dirty and crooked and mean and tricky and greedy and quarrelsome and dishonest and disobedient, he will make a poor kind of man; but if he is sober and temperate and honest and trusty and studious and obedient and truthful and frank and kind and clean

and diligent and faithful, then "the coming man" will be worth seeing and waiting for.

Fathers and mothers are looking after "the coming man." He is "a little man" now, but he may soon be a great man; and they are hoping and working to give him all the chance they can, that he may be a good man.

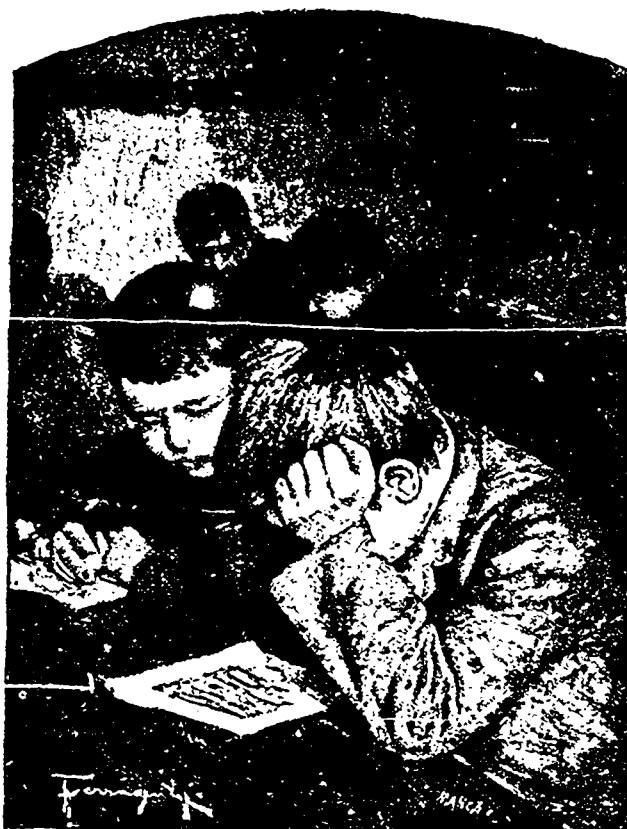
we shall be quite sure that he is a Wonderful Saviour. And if we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we shall find more and more year by year, and even day by day, what a Wonderful Friend, and Wonderful Gift, and Wonderful High Priest and Wonderful everything else he is.

When you see a wonderful sight don't you always want others to see it the first thing? And if you cannot bring them to see it, don't you want to tell about it, try to give them an idea of it? So, I think, one proof that we have really found Jesus is that we shall want others to come and see what a Wonderful Saviour we have found.

Jesus is Wonderful in what he is. Even the angels must have wondered to see the Son of God, whom they all worship, lying in a manger as a helpless and poor little baby. But I think they must have wondered more still when they saw him taken and by wicked hands crucified and slain. They must have marvelled indeed then at the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Yet he was not dying for them but for you. So the poorest little child may say, "Thy love to me was wonderful."

Everything that he did was wonderful. Isaiah said that many should be astonished at him, and I want you to see how exactly that was fulfilled. Look in the first seven chapters of St. Mark, and you will see it five times mentioned that they were astonished or amazed at him.

And his words were not less wonderful, for, as Nicodemus said, "No man ever spake like this man." Look in the fourth chapter of St. Luke, and you will see how ever those who did not love him wondered, and were astonished and amazed at his words. If we wonder at his gracious words to us now, how much more shall we wonder when we see him on the throne of his glory and hear his own voice at the great eternal day say unto us, "Come, ye blessed!"—*Morning Star.*



HARD AT WORK

WONDERFUL.

His name shall be called Wonderful. ISA 9.

EVERY boy and girl knows that names are nouns. All the other names of Jesus are nouns. But here is a name that is an adjective, so we may use it not only as a name by itself, but as an adjective to all his other names; and the more we know him and love him the more we shall delight in this.

If we know Jesus as our Saviour at all,

GUESS.

GUESS what he had in his pocket
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key broken in two,
A fishhook in a tangle of string?
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he
made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, with a rubber gun?
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly
stole—
'Twas a hole!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1894.

NED'S SERMON

NED is a canary, but even birds can preach. Ned will not commence singing until he calls to me and gets an answer, thus making sure that I am listening. Then, after singing awhile, he pauses, as if to ask, "How do you like that?" and when I answer, "Pretty Ned! sweet song!" he starts up again louder than ever. You see he dislikes to throw his sweet music away, and wants appreciative listeners.

This, then, is his sermon. "Your Sunday-school teacher can explain the lesson more easily and pleasantly if every eye is looking into hers, and no one is whispering or laughing or turning around, your superintendent or pastor can talk or

preach much more freely and interestingly if every one, big and little, is wide awake and paying close attention."

I hope you will remember Ned's sermon a long time. The text is, "A good listener makes a good speaker."

TESTIMONY OF A CONVERT IN TURKEY.

AN Armentan at Adana, in Turkey, received Jesus and became a happy Christian. One day he stood up in the midst of a large congregation of people and said: "I am a poor man. I earn four or five piastres a day by cutting up bushes by the roots and bring them into the city on my back for sale as firewood. I am also an ignorant man—I cannot read. I went out to the plain to-day to bring in bushes; it was raining, the mud was ankle deep, the wind blew cold from the mountains, I was muddy to the knees; my thin clothes were wet through, and yet I went along with my heart so full of joy that I had to sing praises to God all the way.

"What is it that gave me such joy to-day and fills me with joy to-night?"

"What gives me joy is this—that Christ is with me. He is with me in the rain and the mud and the cold wind; he is with me in my labour and poverty; he is here in my heart; he comforts me, he cheers me, he loves me and I love him. That is the reason I went along the road to-day singing praises to God, and that is the reason I, a poor ignorant man, can dare to stand up in this assembly and urge you all to accept of Christ."

HOW TO MAKE A PLANTATION.

THE description is so vivid and interesting that I think I will give you the whole of it. The writer, Julia B. Schaulfler, says:

"As a child the joy of my heart for three long summers was a 'plantation' of my own making, and doubtless any of my young readers who enter upon this pursuit will find it a delightful employment as I did.

"Let me tell how it is done. The first requisite is a wooden box about one yard square and about twelve inches deep, filled with good, rich earth. This should be placed on a piazza, where it is protected from the rain and yet has the advantage of sun and air. It should be raised on another box or on two stools until it is just the right height for the little 'planters' to reach all part of their estate without difficulty. Next, a house must be found. The house which I had was made of card-board, which was covered with muckage and then sanded, thus producing the effect of rough stone. But now-a-days it is easy to find one of the pretty 'Queen Anne' cottages in which writing-paper is sold for this purpose. 'Longfellow's House,' which has been in the shops all winter, would be a grand mansion for a plantation.

"So far, the little planters must have the help of some older persons, but the house once placed in position, either directly in the centre, or, better still, at the back of the 'grounds,' then any child can do the rest. Paths leading to the house must be carefully laid out with tiny white stones or sand, a lawn planted, a pond arranged, and a flagstaff raised. The pond can be either of looking-glass, with the edges carefully concealed by moss, or a little china dish (like a bird's bath-bat) filled each morning with fresh water and affording a good swimming-place for some tiny toy ducks. The lawn can be sown with oats, which soon make a vivid green, and if the crop is nicely trimmed down, the lawn can be kept in good condition for a long time.

"This is the simple outline of the plan, but the variations are endless. You will soon discover under the maples miniature trees which will well bear transplanting to the 'grove;' mosses from the woods will make soft terraces, while little ferns and plants will be brought in triumph to add to the beauty of the 'garden.'

"So far as I can see, there are only two objections to this amusement. One is that little hands which have been 'planting' all the morning will require a good scrubbing before they are presentable at the lunch-table; and the second is that a too energetic watering of the plantation is apt to produce a shower of mud on the clean floor of the piazza; but a little care will prevent this and save trouble. In your search to find something suitable for transplanting, you learn to notice all flowers and plants in your rambles, and you will find the 'plantation' an unfailing amusement for a wet day. You will have many new ideas to improve your estate as you work on it.

"As I write, the memory of my dear old box and all its treasures comes back to me so vividly that I long to be again a child and start once more a 'plantation.'"

CURIOUS NESTS.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

IN the island of Java, far away from us, there lives a kind of swallow. It is a very pretty bird, with a kind of ruff around its neck, long wings, and tail covered with green and blue feathers.

They make their nests in the caves, not of sticks or clay, as other birds do, but of a kind of seaweed, a plant they get on the seashore. This they chew up before they use it, and it makes a kind of gelatine like that your mother buys to make you jelly. And the people eat them.

"What, eat a bird's nest!" you say. It does seem funny, but they are great delicacies, and often cost from fifteen to thirty dollars apiece.

They are said to make beautiful soup too. It is very hard to get these nests, and the men who go into the caves for them have to wear masks, or the birds would peck their eyes out.

FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA.

Five little girls,
With their hair in curls,
And faces as clean as could be,
In white dresses neat,
And slipper-shod feet,
Sat down to a five-o'clock tea.

There was "Sugar and spice,
And everything nice;"
There was sandwich and cake and ice
cream,
And "cambric tea" hot,
From a tiny teapot—
All just like a fairy-land dream.

And you would have thought
That each maiden ought
To have been happy as happy could be—
And so they well might
But for a sad sight,
That spoiled all the five-o'clock tea

'Twas dark, ugly frown,
That settled hard down
O'er the face of one poor little maid
And it stopped all the fun,
For how could anyone
Be happy as long as it stayed?

But now she agrees,
At all five-o'clock teas,
To be as smiling and gay as she's able,
Because a cross face,
All times out of place,
Is even more so at the table.

THE LITTLE BOOK-KEEPER.

"Oh, dear! everyone has a better time than I do!" was the petulant exclamation of little Katie Williams, as she watched from the window the passers-by in the street below. "There go Jessie Brown and Jennie Hall to spend the evening with Grace Lee," said Katie, as she saw two handsomely dressed girls about to enter a gate opposite. "They don't have to stay at home to take care of a cross baby."

This last remark was called forth by the screams of poor little Willie, who had rolled over on the floor and could not get up without help. Kate picked him up with a jerk, tossed him some of his playthings and then turned her attention to the window again.

"Yes, and there are Fannie and Dora out in the street," she muttered, their mamma lets them out if it is cold. Oh, dear! and there's Carrie Stone going to ride, all dressed up, and Mamie Bowen skating on the pond. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! everyone but me—everyone but me! There you cross little thing! here are your blocks and toys; why don't you stop crying and play with them?"

"Kate! Kate!" said a gentle, quiet voice, and Mrs. Williams entered the room looking reproachfully at her little daughter. "I do not wish to hear any more complaints. Call Sarah to get Willie to sleep and then take a pencil and paper and sit by me."

Kate hung her head guiltily as she heard the grave tones of her mother

"Do you know, my daughter, how papa earns the money to give us this pleasant

home, our food and clothes and all the comforts we enjoy?"

"Yes, mamma, he is book-keeper for Mr. Thompson."

"As you seem to be discontented this afternoon, suppose you try to be a little book-keeper."

"That will be nice," said Kate, brightening, "if you will show me how."

"Well, your papa has to set down on one side of a great book what his employers owe and on the other what they receive, the difference between these two is what he calls the balance. Now I have heard all your complaints this afternoon."

Here Kate blushed.

"You can set things you have to complain about down on your paper and call it the trouble side; on the opposite page you can put your blessings—all the good and pleasant things, then we will strike a balance and see which side has it. Now begin."

Kate got pencil and paper and wrote as her mother dictated:

TROUBLES.

Taking care of the baby.
Could not go to ride.
Could not play ball.
Could not give my doll a ride.

BLESSINGS.

A dear little brother.
Strong feet, which lame Carrie Stone has not.
A kind father, which Fannie and Dora have not.
A pleasant home.
A mother that loves me.
Nice things to eat.
Good clothes to wear.
A nice Sabbath-school.
A good teacher.

"Oh, mamma, there isn't room for any more blessings; we shall have to balance it now," cried Kate, her eyes sparkling with a new sense of richness.

"Well, in whose favour is the balance?" "Why, the blessings, of course and we didn't put them all down, either. The next afternoon I have to stay at home I will think of my blessings and not my troubles."

"That is right, my Kitty," said her mother, kissing her. "Now you are my blessing. Whenever you feel that your troubles are too hard to bear, do a little book-keeping and you will find the balance to be on the blessing side. If that does not answer, then ask God to please help you to be patient and contented. Now run and tell Sarah to make your favourite cakes for tea"

"Thank you, mamma, that is another blessing" And Kate ran off as gay as a lark.—*The Little Sower.*

TRAPS.

MRS. MARCY was looking over a box of scrap pictures, and selecting some for a hospital screen. Harold was leaning over her shoulder, helping her choose the prettiest. Suddenly he exclaimed. "Oh, mamma, stop! What is that antelope hanging up in that basket for?"

"Look closely, dear, and see if you can't tell for yourself."

"There are some wolves and they are trying to get the antelope. But I can't see why it is hung up there in a basket—is it alive?"

"Certainly. The antelope is fastened into the basket, and the basket is hung upon the ends of two bamboo poles. It is a lure for the wolves. Underneath the antelope a deep pit is dug, and covered loosely with brushwood. The cries of the antelope attract the wolves, and in their frantic efforts to reach it, they leap upon the brushwood, which tumbles down, carrying the wolves into the pit with it. You see men are too cunning for the wolves, and tempt them to their death by hanging before their eyes something they like very much."

"I guess that's the way Satan does, mamma, when he wants to get boys and men into his pit."

"What bait does he use, Harold?"

"Well, mamma, you know all boys like Christmas pudding, and so that old Satan put it into somebody's head to put wine and brandy into Christmas plum-pudding, so as to teach boys to like drink."

"Where did you ever see such things done, Harold?"

"James Ray brought some pudding to school one day, and told me his mother puts brandy and wine in sometimes; but I had read of that being done in my temperance paper. Old Satan can't catch me with that bait."

"Don't let him catch you with any bait, dear. Whatever is wrong is a trap of Satan's."

REAL PRAYER

"WHAT do we mean by praying?" "Asking God for something," said a child in answer.

Boys and girls, do you really pray? Do the words you address to the Lord come from your hearts, or only from your lips? If you want a penny from father, or a biscuit from mother, you ask as if you really want it. Now do you mock the Lord by kneeling down and asking him for things that you do not want? You ask him to make you good? Do you want to be good, and are you really trying to be good? If you really try to be good, God will surely help you

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JUNE 10

LESSON TOPIC—Passage of the Red Sea.—Exod. 14: 19-29

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 14: 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith they passed through the Red Sea—Heb. 11: 29.

JUNE 17

LESSON TOPIC—The Woes of the Drunkard—Prov. 23: 29-35

MEMORY VERSES, Prov. 23: 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.—Prov. 23: 31.



CROSSING THE RED SEA.—EXODUS 11, 1921.

ROY'S WISH.

A. GIDDINGS PARK.

"I wish I was a little dog,"
 Roy, pouting, said one day
 To mamma, who'd refused him leave
 Out in the rain to play—
 "'Cause little dogs don't have to ask
 Their mamma if they may,
 But go just where they want to go,
 And always have their way!"
 And then he pouted all the more,
 Stamped loud, and kicked against the door.

Mamma looked grieved, yet no reply
 Her naughty boy she made,
 But when 'twas supper-time Roy's plate
 At table was not laid;
 Sat on the hearth he saw it placed,
 With scraps of meat and bread,
 His pretty silver cup, with milk
 Close by where Jip was fed.

A moment more, two chubby arms
 Round mamma's neck were pressed—
 A little boy with golden hair
 Was sobbing on her breast.
 "I don't—don't want to be—to be
 A doggie any more!"
 Sobbed little Roy, as though his heart
 Were smitten to the core.

Then mamma said, "I'm glad to find
 My little boy has changed his mind!"
 And gently kissed the tears away,
 While Roy was soon absorbed in play.

FLUFFY AND HER BABIES.

ONE day Gertrude was sick in bed, and she was so lonely and miserable that she cried as hard as she could. Mamma opened the door and looked at her little girl a moment, and then said:

"Poor little girlie! Mamma can't be with you all the time; but here's company for you."

Gertrude saw only a great bunch of roses in mamma's hand, and although she was very fond of flowers, she knew mamma would not call them company. So she opened her eyes very wide, and looked towards the door.

Mamma laughed, stooped down and lifted a basket from the floor, opened it and laid in her little sick girl's arms a beautiful white Angora cat. Its fur was two inches long, and so fine and soft that the cat looked almost like a tiny puff ball.

"Oh! the dear, lovely, fluffy thing!" cried the delighted child. "What shall we name it?"

"I think you have called it a very good name—'Fluffy,'" answered mamma.

So Fluffy it was always called.

A few months afterwards, Gertrude came running to her mother, for she was quite well now, and called. "Come, quick, mamma, Fluffy has three of the sweetest, teeny, little kittens you ever saw!"

Nobody in all that town had such pretty pets as Fluffy and her three babies.

DOT'S WELCOME

BY E. G.

DOT HUNT was a sweet child, and everybody loved her, because she was so lovely and lovable. She was an only child of a wealthy widow, and her home was one of elegance and culture. There never was a kinder or more generous child, or one more compassionate. If, while driving in the grand carriage beside her mamma, she saw a child grieved or hurt, she was not happy until she saw it comforted or helped. If a beggar child came to the door, she turned beggar, too, begging Ann, the cook, to feed the hungry.

When Dot was five years old, she went, one bright summer day, to church with her mamma. She was a perfect blossom in her snowy white dress, with a bunch of rose buds fastened in the broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly-dressed woman with a very sad face, and beside her a girl of perhaps ten years, the latter wearing a calico dress and a very common-looking straw hat. People were going into the church very fast, but no one seemed to notice the sad-looking woman and her daughter. Presently a sunshiny voice broke the icy chilliness of the church-goers. It was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' in to church?" asked Dot, of the little girl.

"It isn't our church, we're strangers, we don't know where to go," answered the little girl.

"It's God's church," Dot said reverently; "come with mamma and me; there's lots of room in God's church."

The weary woman looked into Mrs. Hunt's face questioningly, and, though the latter's face flashed, she seconded the little one's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please, we will be glad to have you," she said. And, presently, seated side by side in God's house were the children of poverty and wealth.

There had been a number of witnesses of the pretty scene. There was more than one face flushed as the minister, during the reading of the morning lesson, gave this passage, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

"Was it Jesus looking through that sad woman's eyes? Jesus looking through her little daughter's eyes?"

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

After the service, more than one fashion-

ably-dressed lady shook hands kindly with the "strangers," and made them welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how homesick and how desolate those two strangers had been before her gentle welcome reached their souls, but she had taught "children of a larger growth" a lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from a little acorn! The "strangers" who had come to the city from a bereaved home, from which both friends and money had been taken, found friends and pleasant employment. How far a little candle throws its beam!

A RIDDLE.

CAN you guess it?

I always run at man's behest,
 Giving myself no time for rest;
 Ah, what might not occur for harm,
 If I should sleep nor give alarm!
 I am no egotist, yet I
 Make myself heard, and am not shy;
 But rare the day when I agree
 With others in my company!

A DEAR ACQUAINTANCE.

SURELY children do get at the truth of things in a wonderful way, without fear or fashion or favour.

A little child, left at home one cold, tempestuous day, was applied to by a poor wanderer for shelter.

"I can't let you in," said the little one, from an upper window, "because my father don't know you." And she would not be entreated.

Suddenly the child's voice was heard again: "Do you know Jesus?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and declared that Jesus was her only friend.

Instantly the door flew open. "Oh, if you know Jesus," said the child, "it's all right, because he is our friend too."

Safe indeed are we in our friend, if they are truly the friends of Jesus.

BENJIE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

BENJIE was a little cripple. His back was not straight, like yours and mine, and his little legs were small and thin and useless. He was a bright, merry little fellow though, and far happier than many children who can run and play all day long, and who never know what it is to lie awake at night with backache.

He had a scrap-book, and his friends used to send him a great many pictures to paste in it. One day a fresh box of pictures came. As he was turning them over, he suddenly began to laugh. "Ho, ho! old fellow, what's your name? You old bird with a woman's face, you! Why, you look like old Bridget O'Toole, with her nightcap that she wears all day!"

Mamma was curious to see what sort of a bird it could be that looked like an old Irish grandmother. It was an owl, perched upon the edge of her nest.