

HAPPY HOURS.

A WEEKLY PAPER FOR YOUNG FOLKS AND OLDER ONES WITH YOUNG HEARTS.

[Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second Class Mail Matter.]

Vol. 6. No. 5.]

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO., ELGIN, ILL., AND 25 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

JAN. 31, 1892.

AS A FLOWER.

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Darkness is passing; the sun is in sight;
Morning with splendor is piercing life through,
Arrows of radiance and spear-tips of dew.

Glad is the world in the Holy One's birth,
Lo, the new heavens! and lo, the new earth!
Scattered and fled are the phantoms of night;
Christ is the victor and Christ is the light!

Open your heart and his love will shine in,
Cleansing and healing the hurt of your sin.
Who can resist him, the Savior, the Son?
Hell flies before him and heaven is won.

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Bloom and bear fruit in the glory of right!
Be of his presence a perfume, a ray,
Child of the morning and heir of the day!

—Lucy Larcom, in *Independent*.

For Happy Hours.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

BY JUNIATA.

To and fro along the covered balcony at the back of the house, skipped Edna with her new rope. How she loved to use her feet!

"Pears like dat chile neber can keep still," said cook Dinah, putting her dark, cheerful face against the pane and looking out. "See her hair flyin', all of a precious tousele. Well, 'twon't hurt none. Let her have her exercise, I say." And Dinah turned to her work, while the flying feet went on with the "exercise."

But soon Edna's quick eyes caught sight of something new on the window ledge of the tenement house that stood with its back to the alley. Old tin cans had been the usual decoration, some of them holding plants in summer, but there was a pretty box, quite new and with a cunning gable-end, like a house, and an opening underneath. Edna stopped her play to look at this new thing. Presently the window opened, and a little girl, who had been seen sitting there before, reached out and put something into the box. Again the window opened and a white dove was introduced to what might be its future home. "Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Edna, "that is somebody's pet! What a dear little house!"

For several days the little girl watched the comings and goings of the pretty dove, and then, with her mamma's permission, she went on Saturday to make the acquaintance of the little mistress. "For she never stands up, mamma," kind-hearted Edna had said, "and she must be sick or something."

"Can I see the little girl that owns the dove?" was the timid question asked of the tired-looking woman who answered Edna's knock.

"You want to see Cassie?" said the woman kindly, her worn face lighting up. "Come in. She will be glad to see you, poor dear!"

"We've none but back rooms," she added, as she opened the door for the little visitor, "and Cassie always sits by the window."

"I saw your dove and thought I'd come over," said Edna shyly.

"Why, you're the little girl that jumps the rope on the long porch across the way," said a pleased little voice. "I've often watched you, and thought how nice it was to run as you do."

"Don't you?" asked Edna, wonderingly, sitting down by the little girl.

"I can't," was the answer, in the patient, gentle tone that suffering often gives when rightly borne. "I hurt my leg awhile ago, and doctor says I must not step for ever so long."

"I just *have* to run and jump," said Edna. "I *couldn't* keep still."

"If you had to, you could," said this wise little woman who had learned by experience. "I have to have my good times sitting down, so my uncle in the country gave me the dove that was brought up a pet. Its name is White Wings."

"What did you put in the box before you put in the dove, that first day?" asked Edna.

"Some food. Uncle said I must keep food in the box all the time till the dove got wanted to the place."

Just then White Wings came fluttering up and was fed from the window-seat, and after a little more chatter, Edna went home wondering at the cheeriness of this little shut-in girl who could not run and jump.



"LET HER HAVE HER EXERCISE."

She soon went again, and the two grew very sociable and friendly.

"What do you do to have a good time sitting down?" she asked Cassie.

"Oh, I watch people down below in the yards, and I read some, and think."

"Think!" exclaimed Edna, "that's just what I *can't* do."

"You could if you had to," said Cassie again. "That's the way we come to do 'most anything. I find so much to think about. There are the people I see, you know, and I wonder if they are happy and good. If I think they are not," here the voice grew soft and the cheek flushed. "I can just think a little prayer for them. Then I think about the things mamma tells me, and there's my Bible verse on the wall, a new one every day, as mamma turns my roll. Mamma tells me to count up my blessings, and I try to—why, there are so many things!"

"Course," said the younger Edna, "but I can't keep at them as you do. I wish you could help me with your thinker, and I could help you with my feet, since you can't run."

"You can, if you will let them bring you up here often," said Cassie.

"So they shall," Edna said, thinking of various errands that could be run for her new friend's pleasure.

"You see, mamma," she said afterward, "my feet are strong enough to run for two, and Cassie is

twice as good at thinking as I am, so we can help each other."

"A fair exchange," said mamma. "Already this little girl has made you think about the blessing of being well, and that is worth much."

True enough. And, little people with full use of your limbs, and with many other blessings, if you can do something for those who have not so many good things, you too will learn to be thankful, and will get more help and happiness than you give.

It is well worth while. Try it.

ODD BOOKS.

In some countries, leaves of trees are still used for books. In Ceylon, the leaves of the talipot, a tree common on that island, are used for a similar purpose. The talipot tree belongs to the palm family. It grows to about a hundred feet high, is straight, and has no real branches. When very old, the tree blossoms, and dies after ripening its fruit. The tree never blooms but once. The leaves used for books are cut by the natives before they spread open, and are of a pale brownish-yellow, a color they retain for ages. The characters are impressed upon the leaf, and are rubbed over with charcoal to make them show more plainly. The leaves are then strung together between covers of boards, or of some less common material.

Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics, of skins, and even of scales of fishes, for writing. For a long period papyrus was used, the books being made in rolls, being about one and a half feet wide and sometimes fifty feet long. Papyrus was a flag, or bulrush, growing eight or ten feet high, found in the marshes of Egypt; from its inner pith the form of paper called papyrus was made. A most extraordinary papyrus was discovered at Memphis, supposed to be more than 3,000 years old. It measured 100 feet in length. It is a "funeral roll," and is preserved in the British Museum. Papyrus sheets were neatly joined, attached to a stick, and rolled upon it (whence we have our word "volume," from the Latin *volvere*, to roll). The titles were written on tags attached to the sticks, or inscribed on the outside of the rolls. The rolls were kept in round wooden boxes resembling the old-fashioned bandboxes, and could easily be carried about.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheep-skin in a form called, from the place of its invention, *pergamona*, whence our word "parchment" is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Books consisting of two or three leaves of lead, thinly covered with wax, on which they wrote with an iron pen or stylus, the leaves being joined by iron rings or by ribbons, were also used by the ancients.

Books remained very scarce and expensive until after the introduction of paper made from linen, and the invention of printing.

When the first libraries were established in England, books were so rare and valuable that they were usually attached to the shelves by iron chains to prevent their being stolen.

A fashion of expensive bindings prevailed for a long time, and great skill was exhibited in bindings ornamented by embroidery and various styles of needlework, as well as in bindings studded with precious stones. Queen Elizabeth used to carry about with her, suspended by a golden chain, a book called "The Golden Manual

of Prayer," bound in solid gold. On one side was a representation of "the Judgment of Solomon;" on the other the brazen serpent with the wounded Israelites looking at it. In the Jewel House of the Tower of London is a book bound in gold and enamel, clasped with a ruby; on one side is a cross of diamonds with other diamonds around it; on the other a flower-de-luce in diamonds, and the arms of England. The book is enriched with small rubies and emeralds.—*St. Nicholas*.

LESSON OF THE HOSPITAL.

Willie Harland is ten years old. The other day he came home with flushed cheeks, and as soon as he saw his mother, burst into tears.

"Why, what is the matter, my son?" asked the kind mother.

"Everything happens to me," said Willie. "I lost my new top this morning, and cut my finger in school; see there how it bled."

"Why; you are in trouble, my son," replied his mother, smiling a little; "but, after all, it doesn't amount to much. You should not let such things worry you."

"But where are you going?"

"To the hospital for a little while."

"Oh, mother, may I go this once?"

Now was the time to teach him a lesson, so she said,—

"Yes, you may go, Willie."

"Oh, mother, what is the matter with that man?" whispered Willie, as they entered the building.

"He has lost an arm and a leg."

"Oh, mother, how dreadful!"

"And yet he looks more cheerful than you did under your trials this morning."

The boy blushed with shame.

"See that poor soldier—one foot is gone, and he is on crutches."

"And yet he is singing away as merry as a lark," said his mother.

"Mother," whispered Willie, as they came out of the house of suffering, "I am ashamed of myself. Whenever I want to fret again, I'll think of these brave men, and how cheerfully they bear their pain."

"That is right, my boy!"—*Sel.*

For Happy Hours.

HASTY POLLY.

"That's my book," said Polly, rushing up to her brother and snatching it from his hand.

"I know it is," replied Harry, "but I wasn't hurting it. I was only looking at the pictures, and you needn't have snatched it out of my hand like that."

Polly's voice was somewhat softened as she answered,—

"I heard you asking for pictures for your scrap-book this morning, and I thought maybe you were going to take some from my book."

"Well, you'd better not be so hasty next time, Miss Polly," said Harry. "You were in a hurry yesterday to say that I had hidden your thimble, when all the time it was on your finger, only you were in such a flurry that you could neither see nor feel it. You wouldn't like other folks to judge you so hastily, would you?"

"No, I don't believe I should," said Polly thoughtfully. "Only somehow I say things before I think."

"Then all the more reason why you should do as mother told us the other day,—think twice before you speak once," said Harry.

And that is a good rule for all hasty people to follow. If they do so, they may save themselves much trouble.

"MOTHER told me to do this first," said a boy when being coaxed by one of his companions to play. And just because his mother said so, he did the work before going to play. He had learned the lesson of obedience.

For Happy Hours.

MOLLY'S FRIEND JACK.

BY MARIE DEACON HANSON.

They were born on the same day, in the same city, in the same street, and in houses that looked alike as two peas. One was named John Lynde Malcom, the other Mary Carew Elliott. They played together as babies—for their respective mothers were great friends—and as they increased in age and knowledge, Jack would often proudly remark,—

"I don't want anybody else to play with me but Molly. She's nicer than any boy."

At which Molly, her round, rosy face shining with pride at Jack's words, would reply gratefully,—

"And I'll just be better'n any boy to you, Jack. See if I'm not."



THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN SHEETS.

Jack's word was law with Molly; and as he was inclined to want his own way, and she was equally inclined to let him have it, they passed their time together as happily as one could wish. Molly's father was so fond of her that there was not a selfish bit in his little daughter's body; and certainly where Jack was concerned, there did not seem to be. Her devotion was unquestioned.

It was an eventful day to both, that day they first stepped foot inside the school-house. But as they were put in the same room, the same class, and only the aisle separated their desks, the ordeal was not so "dreadful" as Molly had expected. But before lesson-time was half over, the latter began to entertain fears for Jack's constancy, as she saw him watching some of the boys with a new interest awakened in his blue eyes. And not being one given to beating about the bush, she came straight to the point that was disturbing her, and asked suspiciously of her companion, as they walked home after school,—

"You're not going to like the boys better'n you do me, Jack?"

"No," replied Jack promptly, though Molly fancied she detected a slight flush upon his face, and she said quickly,—

"Cause if you do, I think it's mean of you, Jack."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," replied the other loftily. "I said I'd stand by you, and I'm going to."

For the first two or three weeks that followed, as good as his word was Jack, and Molly had no need to complain of lack of attention. Every morning they walked to school together, and when they were excused, came home the same way. But by-and-by, it happened that marbles, and kites, and balls, with their accompaniment of boys, began to hold more pleasure for Jack than did the companionship of his friend Molly. And so it chanced that one morning, instead of calling for her, as he was in the habit of doing, he went down another street and called for one of the boys instead. Jack did not think much about it at the time, but when he saw Molly walk into school five minutes late, and knew it was because she had waited for him, he tried to evade the questioning look in her big blue eyes, while he never remembered having seen so serious an air about the little damsel before.

"Did you forget to call for me, Jack?" she asked, as they met at recess.

"N-o," replied Jack faintly, looking away from the rosy face beside him. "I didn't forget, but—but—" Then thinking it better to tell the truth and be done with it, he added, "I called for Tom Stansfield."

"John Lynde Malcom! and you promised to stand by me!"

No wonder Jack started as the indignant tones fell upon his ear; and as he saw the hurt look that flashed into Molly's eyes, he hastened to say,—

"I know I did, Molly, and I'm going to. I just wanted to see how it felt, calling for a boy, you know. But I'll come for you in the morning."

"Sure?" asked Molly, willing and ready to believe that her friend still wanted her.

"True!" replied Jack, emphatically.

So peace was restored, and, like the generous, true-hearted, faithful little girl that she was, Molly took Jack back into favor, and was prompt to put faith in him again.

But when the next morning came, and she had waited till within ten minutes of school-time and still no sign of her companion, she trudged off with her umbrella, a lonesome little figure.

One of the boys had hinted something about "Master Jack tied to a girl's apron-strings," and the latter's vanity was touched to such an extent as to impel him to walk to school alone that morning, declaring that he'd "show those boys what he was." And when the scholars were excused, and Jack turned off in the opposite direction, saying he was going with Tom Stansfield to see some rabbits, Molly had hard work to keep the tears

back. But she was too proud to let him see how much she felt his neglect, so her head was raised very independently, and she walked away.

It was when Molly had walked half-way home that she felt the first splash of the rain that had been threatening all day.

"I'm glad I brought my umbrella," she thought, hurrying faster along. But all at once, the tiny feet stopped short, as it came to her that Jack had no umbrella with him. "Why need you care? He does not think of you," something seemed to whisper. But Molly turned round resolutely, as the memory of the text they had learned together last, came to her. "It is not doing as I'd be done by, to leave him to get wet," she murmured. So back over the road she had just traveled, hurried the little maiden. Near the school-house, she met Jack alone, his boy-friend having deserted him.

"Oh, Molly, I was just wishing I had an umbrella!" he exclaimed joyously, at sight of his faithful friend.

But there was little time for conversation in the moments that followed. The wind sprang up fiercely, the rain pelted down, and the umbrella in Molly's tiny hands blew inside out, while Jack's cap blew off, and in the excitement he dropped his books. Such a time as they had getting home! And when at last they reached there, what two drenched children they were!

"I'll never forget how you thought of me, Molly, and I'll stand by you truly, after this."

Molly had no breath left to answer, so she simply nodded her head brightly. It was all right as long as Jack appreciated what she had done. Then, too, there was a comfortable feeling way down at the bottom of her warm, little heart, that she had done what was kind and right. The two mothers had a busy time of it for the next hour. And Molly's mother, hearing about the extra walk, kissed her daughter, saying,—

"If more people returned good for evil, the world would be better. And I'm glad my girlie was true and neighborly."

As for Jack, his respect and admiration for Molly was unbounded after that. "She doesn't think much of pleasing herself," he said to his mother; "but she does think heaps of pleasing others."

Happy Hours

DAVID C. COOK, EDITOR.
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Our Serial Story.

HOW METTA TOOK HER MAMMA'S PLACE.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh dear! my headache day has come sooner than I thought it would, and so all the work that I had planned to do to-day will not be done," and Mrs. Allen pressed her hand against her hot, throbbing forehead.

"I am very sorry, mamma,"—and here Metta Allen stopped, knowing that if she finished the sentence as she had thought it, something else besides real sympathy for her mother would be revealed.

"And it is going to be one of my bad headaches," Mrs. Allen continued, who was too sick to notice what her daughter had said.

"I think that they are all bad enough, mamma," Metta said, as she laid her soft hand upon the face that looked almost as fresh and fair as her own.

"Don't, Metta; the slightest touch hurts me, and the least motion I make aggravates my pain. It seems as though every nerve was stretched to its utmost tension. Oh, dear!" and then a look of intense pain passed over the face that nearly always was graced with a sweet smile.

"What shall I do for you, mamma?" Metta asked, a little alarmed, for it was an unusual thing for Mrs. Allen to complain, even when her headaches assumed a severe form.

"You may get my new bottle of medicine, and then apply cloths wrung out of hot water to my forehead if I can bear them."

Metta ran to obey, and then the thought of her own selfishness came to her, and a flush of shame spread over her face.

"Poor mamma is very sick, and I was at first only sorry because it was going to spoil the pleasure of the day," she said, half aloud.

But Metta worked very swiftly, in spite of her unpleasant thoughts, until she had done all she could to relieve the terrible headache that afflicted her best earthly friend. The cloths were changed every few moments, and in a little time the pain became less severe. Soon Metta was rewarded by seeing her mother drop off into a peaceful sleep. Then she darkened the room and softly closed the door, and made a brief visit to the kitchen to give some directions about the work.

"I will try to take mamma's place to-day, and carry out the programme if I can," she said to Katie, the hired woman.

She said it in a dignified manner, and yet Katie smiled. Metta saw it, and was annoyed for a moment; but just then the thought occurred to her that if she filled her mother's place, she must seek to possess her patient, forbearing spirit. So she checked the little unpleasant emotion and began to talk pleasantly with Katie.

"I think that you will have to help me, Katie, if I really succeed in doing mamma's work to-day. You know that I am not accustomed to just such work as she does, and I am afraid that I shall be a little awkward, to say the least. But if you help me I am quite sure mamma's work need not stop because she has the headache."

"Yes, I will help you as much as possible, but you see that I also have my hands nearly full of work," Katie replied in a pleasant voice, really pleased because Metta had asked for her help.

"Yes, I know that you are always busy and always have lots of work to do, yet perhaps I can do some part of *your* work, and then you can help me when I come to a difficult place in my own—or rather mamma's work. I shall have to run in quite often to see if she wants anything, but I guess that I can find time to wash up the breakfast dishes and you can make the frosted cake for the picnic."

"All right, Metta, I would a great deal rather make the cake than to wash the dishes. Please bring me your mother's recipe—which shall it be, a lemon or chocolate?"

"I prefer the chocolate, but make just which you had rather. But mamma was going to send a basket of something down to poor Mrs. Carter this morning; we must attend to that first." And

Metta began to move about in a very business-like way.

She found the market basket, and first placed a can of fruit within it, then another of new milk for the sick baby, while Katie arranged some cold sliced meat and a loaf of nice, white bread in the other part. A few crackers and some cheese made the basket almost full, and Metta started off with it, after she had looked into the darkened room to see if her mother was still sleeping.

It was quite a long walk down to Mrs. Carter's, and the hot July sunshine was anything but pleasant. There were only a few shade trees along the sidewalk, and Metta was very warm and tired when she arrived at Mrs. Carter's. The woman met her at the door, and a grateful smile came over her worn, wasted face as the basket was placed in her hands. For several weeks two of her children had been sick, and she had become nearly worn out with toiling and watching. She was very poor, and would have suffered in many ways, had not two or three Christian ladies come to her relief. By their helping her occasionally, in taking care of the children nights, and in generously contributing to her wants in other directions, she had not actually suffered, only for the want of sleep. But as the baby was very cross and worrisome, it would seldom allow anyone to attend it but the poor, overburdened mother.

Mrs. Allen had done much to relieve Mrs. Carter, for which the poor woman was deeply grateful. Nearly every day she had visited the afflicted family, and rendered some service that was needed. Her coming always brought sunlight and joy into the poor home, and even cross little Eddie would sometimes allow Mrs. Allen to hold him for a season, and thus relieve the tired mother.

"Come in, dear, and rest yourself, for you look very tired," Mrs. Carter said to Metta, and so she accepted the invitation and seated herself near the open window.

It did not take her long to become interested in the welfare of the little family, for Metta had a sympathetic nature also, and she was quick to feel for others-in sorrow. She noticed the tired look upon Mrs. Carter's face, and also the expression of pain upon little Clara's white features, as well as the cross, fretful baby. In a few moments she had gained little Eddie's attention, and for a time he forgot his troubles as she told him pretty stories, or sang gently something that she had remembered. Clara, who was in the same room, also became interested in the little programme that Metta was carrying out, and an hour passed before anybody knew it. Then Metta suddenly remembered that her mother was sick, and that she might be needed there also, and she hastily arose to go.

In a moment Eddie began to cry, and a disappointed look came over little Clara's face.

"I will come again just as soon as mamma's headache stops," she said, and then after bidding them all "good-bye" started for home.

(To be continued.)

HELPFUL BESSIE.

BY M. B. H.

Bessie West is a warm-hearted, loving little girl, always ready to do what she can to make others happy. Before she could talk plainly she would try to "hep mamma," and as she grew older the busy little hands and willing feet saved her mamma many steps. She always thought it must be a fine thing to use "a big broom," and was glad enough one morning, when she asked if she might not sweep the floor, to have her mamma say, "You may try the piazza first, and see how nicely you can do that." It was pretty hard work, for the broom was quite heavy and her arms ached, but she kept on trying, and now every morning she sweeps the long piazza and steps very neatly, singing like a bird as she hurries to get her work done before school.

She is sure to be ready in season, and most always has time for a good play with the others before the bell rings.

She tries to remember what she learns at school, and often tells her mamma the stories that she has read. "I have such a nice story to tell you, mamma," said Bessie, as she came home one day, "about two girls who were going to school away from home. Their names were Susie and Annie. Their mothers sent each one a very nice cake, covered with a lovely white frosting. When Susie saw hers she said to herself, 'I am going to have every bit of it myself, for it was sent to me, and of course I ought not to give it away.' She hid it away in a safe place, and very often would go off by herself and eat a slice of the rich cake. It was soon gone, and she

had eaten it all, but was so sick that she had to have a doctor, and lie in bed for a day or two. Annie said when she saw her cake, 'How glad I am that mother sent this! Now I will invite the other girls, and we can have a nice time all eating together.'

"The girls were very glad to share with her, and they had a merry time. Every one praised the cake, and thanked Annie so many times that she did not mind at all that her own slice was the smallest.

"When we finished the story," continued Bessie, "Miss Doane said, 'Do you think Susie would have been happy if she had eaten all the cake, and had not been sick?' We all said 'No,' and then she asked which one we would rather be like. I said 'Annie' right off, for she was not selfish, and I think such people are happier; don't you, mamma?"

"Indeed I do," said mamma, "and I hope, my dear, you will always have a generous, loving spirit, and try to do all you can to make others happy."

"I hope so too. I mean to try," answered Bessie. Then she ran away, singing,—

"Are you always kind and true,
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

—Child's Hour.

DROPPED STITCHES.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

With the dimples all playing at hide and seek,
In the little round chin, and each soft little cheek,
A bonny wee maiden sat knitting away,
Forgetful of dolly, of books and of play,
"Do you ever drop stitches, my girlie?" asked I.
"Oh, lots of 'em!" was the confiding reply,
"But grandma takes up all my stitches for me,
An' so I don't worry about 'em, you see!"

I wonder when we who are busy each day
With the hundreds of duties which fall in our way
Will cease to grow anxious, and worry and fret
O'er the stitches we drop! and try not to forget
That One who is wiser and stronger than we
Our every hard struggle and error can see,
And for love of his children, with patience so rare
Takes up the dropped stitches, and lightens each care.

Dear Father, the work we are bidden to do
Is oftentimes hard and ill-done, it is true,
And, try as we will, there are faults every day,
And troubles and cares we can't put away.
Take up the dropped stitches, dear Father, and so
To work with new courage again we can go.
—The Christian at Work.

For Happy Hours.

KEEP THEM DOWN.

"Isn't it a lovely prize?" asked Tom Marsdon of Charley Lewis, as the two boys walked home from school. "I don't believe I ever saw a nicer-bound book. Well, I worked hard enough for it!"

"So did I!" replied Charley, sulkily. "And I'd have had it, too, if it hadn't been for that last problem on the board. I couldn't get it; you could, so of course got higher than I did, and the prize for doing so."

"You don't seem very glad about it, Charley," said Tom, disappointedly. "We both worked fairly for the prize, and if you had gotten it, I am sure I shouldn't have begrudged it to you."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter!" said Charley, indifferently. "It isn't such an extra fine book that I need worry about it! Besides, I can get father to buy me the same thing, or one nearly like it. Good-bye. I promised to go down to Billy's after school."

The two boys separated; the one taking with him a heart full of jealous thoughts—unkind ones too; the other, half wishing that he had not received the prize, if it were going to be the means of making trouble between his friend and himself.

What a pity that Charley should have spoiled his friend's pleasure by his unkind remarks! "Thou shalt not covet," says the Tenth Commandment. And if we would keep our hearts free from envy, we must obey this command. Every jealous thought and feeling should be kept down, if we would share another's happiness in his possessions.

NEVER mind wondering if it is going to be a bright day to-morrow. If it is sunshiny to-day, be glad, and leave the morrow to take care of itself.

BEFORE you allow yourself to utter one unkind word in anger, wait a little.

DAVY'S TALK WITH CONSCIENCE.

David knew just what was the right thing to do, but he would not confess that it was the only right thing. There was the empty wood-box. His mother was with sick Mrs. Jenks. She would come at five and have the wood to bring herself.

"Father told me to meet him at the store at two," Davy said to conscience.

"But you know he told Mr. Kane, afterward, that with the tired horse, he could hardly get there before half past two, and you can fill this box in ten minutes," said conscience to Davy.

"Well, I don't want to fill that box; and I'll get no credit if I do. Mother'll think father filled it for her. I've done it lots of times and had no notice taken of it."

This brought down a storm upon Davy's head.

"How much notice do you take of the dinner your mother cooks for you, or the clothes she makes and mends? How much did you thank your father for the long ride he took to get your books this morning? How much have you noticed God's sunshine to day, or the strong, well body He has given you instead of a sick body like Mrs. Jenks? How much—"

"Never mind—never mind; I'll do it," said Davy.

"You'd better!" said conscience.—*Sc.*

For Happy Hours.

THE SONG-THRUSH.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Our picture gives a very fair idea of the figure of this interesting song-bird, but does not show the colors in his garb. His upper parts are yellowish brown, the crown and forehead tinted with chestnut; his breast and throat are rich buff, spotted with amber, and his under tail-coverts are pure white as to the ground color, and spotted with the same tinge as the other under parts. In some respects he is very like our American wood-thrush.

The song thrush of Europe is a very familiar bird, and sometimes becomes quite tame, especially when there are bushes about a house in which he can hide his plastered cottage. All of us are fond of stories about birds. Here is one told by an interesting writer:

"In our own garden last spring a somewhat singular circumstance occurred. The nest was placed in a common laurel bush, within easy reach from the ground, and being discovered, was visited daily by the younger members of the family. It occurred to some that the poor thrush would be hungry with a seat so constant, and a proposal was made to supply the want. How to do this was the question. At last food was tied to the end of a long stick and offered to her. She approached cautiously and took the first offering. The stick was gradually shortened, and in a few days the thrush fed freely from the hand until the young were half-fledged. After this, when the parent was more frequently absent, a visit would immediately bring both male and female, which now uttered angry cries, and struck at the hand when brought near the nest."

The nest of the song-thrush resembles that of our own thrush. It is built in a bush not far above the ground, and outwardly is composed of roots, strong grasses, and slender twigs mixed with moss, and the interior is plastered with a tolerably thick coating of clay or moistened earth, which holds it firmly in place. This frame of clay is smoothed by the action of the bird, which turns around and around in the cup, evidently for this very purpose. Usually the plaster is mixed with pieces of rotten wood. It would seem that this clay cup is not lined with grass or leaves, and in this respect the nest differs from that of the wood-thrush. The sea-green eggs, spotted with black, lying so cozily in the bottom of the adobe cottage, are often a sore temptation to the young nest-hunter, who can scarcely keep his hands off them.

But does the bird sing? He would scarcely be a thrush if he did not. Perched on the summit of the tallest tree he can find, he pours from his swelling throat his loud, clear strains that elicit admiration from every lover of our feathered tribes. In the morning he sings his richest songs, takes a rest about mid-day, and then toward the decline of day resumes his liquid melody. Not only in the spring and summer, but often in the autumn he sings, and has been known to descend in sweet strains in January and February when the weather was mild. Often in the northern part of Scotland the male thrush will perch on the pinnacle of a rock, and blithely sing to cheer his mate sitting in her nest in the bushes below. But when she or the little brood are in danger, he will at once fly down and en-

gage in the defence, so that he is no coward, if he does cultivate the fine art of music.

The song-thrush lives largely on insects, and has a special liking for snails, the shattered shells of which often bestrew the rocks on which he has broken them to secure the delicacies within. In this way he is very useful, and more than makes good for the loss of the berries he steals from gardens and orchards. He is especially fond of strawberries and gooseberries, but the owners had better protect them with nets and not destroy the thrushes which relish them so much.

This thrush, which is so often called the mavis, especially in poetry, has a cousin which is quite well known in Europe, called the mistletoe-thrush, or more commonly the missel-thrush. He is also a great songster, taking his



THE SONG-THRUSH.

stand on a tall tree, and proclaiming his love to his mate in loud tones, "like an enchanter calling up the gale," as some one has happily expressed it.

America has many superb species of the thrush family, among them the brown thrush or thrasher, the hermit thrush, the wood thrush, the olive-backed thrush, and the veery, or Wilson's thrush. It is a large and musical family.

For Happy Hours.

HOW MARY HELPED.

"I wonder what Miss Raynor meant this afternoon when she said she wished all we girls would help in the same way that Mary Howard does?" said Fanny Moore to Rose Lee.

"I don't know," replied Rose. "Mary never gives as much in collections as we do, and I'm sure she does not donate anything to the society."

But the following Sunday when Fanny asked Miss Raynor what she meant, the reply was:

"Mary certainly does not give as much money as you do, Fanny, for her purse is slim, but she helps in another way. Have you never noticed how perfectly her lessons are learned each Sunday? Then, she is always here on time, keeping her thoughts constantly on the work, so that I never have to call her attention to it, as I have to do with several others. And it never seems to be too much trouble for Mary to hunt up any verse needed. When I said that I wished more of my pupils were like Mary, I was thinking of these helpful ways of hers."

"I am sure, if you only knew how it aids the teacher when she sees her pupils are trying to be of service and are interested in the work, more of you would follow Mary's example."

For Happy Hours.

OBEDIENCE.

Everybody who visited the Wheatons' home was apt to say, "You would never know that Mrs. Wheaton has a boy and girl, they are so good and obedient." And yet it is no more than we ought to be able to say of all children. There is nothing so unpleasant to a visitor as for a mother to have to keep rebuking her children for noisiness or rudeness. It was quite enough for Tom Wheaton to know that his mother wished him to do a thing, and he did it at once, without questioning why and what for. And that is how it should be with all boys and girls—prompt obedience and good behavior both when visitors are at the home and when they are not.

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