



A ROYAL GROUP AT SANDRINGHAM.

His Majesty, King Edward V.      Princess Victoria.      H. R. H. the Duchess of Cornwall.      Prince Charles of Denmark.  
 Prince Nicholas of Greece.      H. M. Queen Alexandra.      H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall.      Princess Maude.

Our readers will be keenly interested in the Royal Family group, especially taken at Sandringham, and including their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, the Princesses Victoria and Maude, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Nicholas of Greece—the two nephews of the Queen. Nothing could be more charming than this latest portrait of Queen Alexandra, which gains an additional interest from being so essentially the central figure in a purely family group.

#### CHARLIE'S BLIND BIRD.

When Charlie Manning was about three years old his grandmother sent him a canary. It was only a few months old, but it had already begun to sing, and was one of the prettiest little birds you ever saw.

When Charlie watched it jump from the tiny little cage in which it had travelled from St. Leonard's to London he was quite silent for a few minutes, then he jumped up and called out:

"Nurse, nurse, come quick! Dickie's got a cap like you."

The fact was that the canary had what is called a crest on his head, which made him look different from any other canary that the little boy had seen.

Charlie's mother wanted him to learn to

think for others instead of himself, so she went into the nursery every morning before breakfast to give Dickie clean sand and fresh seed and water. Of course Charlie wanted to help, and she always let him do it, though I am afraid that at first he put more sand on the floor than in the cage. As to the water, he spilt half that, too; but, as the nursery had floor-cloth instead of carpet, he could easily wipe that up.

So Charlie grew to be very fond of his canary, and never forgot to feed it and give it a bath. One day about a year after the bird arrived, Charlie went to his mother in great distress.

"Mother," he said, "I believe Dickie is ill, and, do you know, he has something the matter with his eye."

Mrs. Manning went upstairs directly, and found the poor bird looking very sadly indeed; but, what was worse still, she saw that one eye had gone. Charlie and his mother went off at once for the bird doctor, but when he looked at the poor canary he could do no good. The bird must have injured his eye with one of the little wire hooks in the cage. But it was sadder still to hear that he was afraid the sight of the other eye would go too. And so it did, before two months were over, and the little canary was very sad and miserable at first, and seemed afraid to move from one little spot on one particular perch. Then Charlie was more tender and careful than

ever not to frighten his poor bird, and his own eyes filled with tears as he looked at his little blind pet.

But by and by the canary got over his sorrow, and began singing more beautifully than ever. Then he had courage to take a few hops about his cage; and now if you went into the nursery you would never believe that it was a blind bird who was hanging in the window.

There is one thing more I should like to tell you, and that is how Charlie's poor little blind Dickie did good to his master. Charlie is getting a big boy now, and goes to school every day. He was very miserable at first. But one day, when he had been studying hard in the garden and grumbling a good deal, he heard Dickie singing. He took his book to the window-sill, and looking up at the canary he said: "Yes, you have learned how to make the best of a bad job. So will I. I won't grumble any more, but just do my

work as well as I can and as fast as I can.

#### RIDING DOWN HILL.

The windows are frosted,  
 The wind whistles loud,  
 And close round the fireplace  
 The old people crowd;  
 But for me, though I know,  
 With the birds and the bees,  
 The cherries and berries  
 And green, shady trees,

That summer is pleasant  
 Enough in its way—  
 A time to feel happy  
 And jolly and gay;  
 But in my opinion,  
 Just say what you will,  
 There is nothing so pleasant  
 As riding down hill.

Hurrah for old winter!  
 It suits us first-rate;  
 It freezes the ponds  
 Just right for a skate;  
 And Harry and I  
 Enjoy that, but still  
 It's not quite so jolly  
 As riding down hill.

God never fails to reward those who do their duty faithfully, nor to punish those who neglect it.