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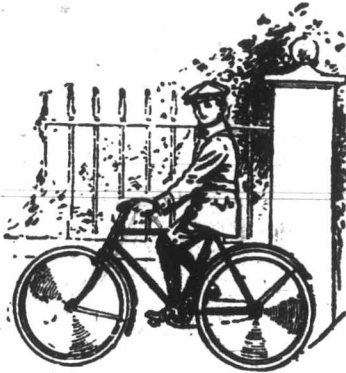
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take. Nearly all the birds do an awful lot of good, and only a very few do any harm. Why, if all the birds should die off, the people would soon die off, too. They'd starve to death."

"Boy Blue! What nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense. It's as true as a sermon by the Archbishop of—of Canterbury."

Jimmie laughed. "What do you know about the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"Not much," Boy Blue admitted, "but I've heard of him. I heard you telling about him in your history class. Are you working hard at school now, Jimmie?"

"Yes; getting ready for my Entrance Exam. If I pass, Dad is going to get me a little 22-calibre rifle like this. I've just borrowed this one for a while to—to—"

Jimmie paused, seeming reluctant to finish his sentence, but, being pressed by Boy Blue, he admitted his intention of shooting off all the Robins that came around, so that they would not eat the cherries. Their trees promised an abundant crop this year.

Dimple gave one final gasp, and then resolutely set herself the task of recovering her lost powers of speech as speedily as possible. She realized, as did her brother, that the fight was on, and their dear friends, the Robins, must be protected from a fate similar to that of the poor, little Yellow Warbler. Jimmie wasn't a wilfully cruel boy—they both knew that, but he simply didn't know and didn't think He must be made to think.

A quick flush crimsoned Boy Blue's usually pale cheeks and an unwonted light flashed in his blue eyes. Jimmie was too surprised to speak, for he had never seen the little fellow look so fierce before.

"Jimmie," began Boy Blue, slowly, and giving a fiery force to every word, "Jimmie, you must not kill the Robins—you must not! You don't know what you're talking about—you, a farmer's son, wanting to shoot the Robins to save your grain and cherries! You're crazy. If they do eat a few cherries, they earn them a good many hundred times over."

"Earn them! How? I guess it's you that's getting crazy." Jimmie's temper was beginning to ruffle up.

"No, I'm not either. The birds earn their living by eating insects that, if they were let alone, would eat up everything that grows; and they eat weed seeds, too—millions of them. A few of the birds do eat a little fruit and grain, but they save a ton for every ounce they eat."

"Oh, how wise we are!" said Jimmie, tauntingly. "Who told you all this?" "The birds told us their own selves."

"Good-night!" cried Jimmie, with a little, mocking laugh, and, shouldering his gun, he started off towards home.

"Come back, Jimmie! Come back! Come back!" cried the twins in one voice.

Jimmie half turned, and, looking over his shoulder, said, "You don't expect me to take that in, I suppose. If you want to talk silly, why you can; but I haven't any time to waste listening."

The twins realized in a moment that, of course, Jimmie would not understand about the birds talking to them, and Boy Blue hastened to add: "Daddy said it was all true. Daddy knows ever so much about birds. I wish you'd come over and talk to him."

Jimmie hesitated. "Weren't you coming over to our place?" he asked. "Yes, we were. We were bringing some plants over to your mother. Oh, Dimple!"

The twins looked at each other, and Dimple darted down the slope toward the spot where the flower-pots had rolled into the bushes. In a few moments she emerged with a very rueful face and two broken blossoms. "They're all smashed on the rocks," she said. "It's no use our going any farther."

"Did you drop them when you heard the shot?" Jimmie nodded.

Dimple nodded. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. "Mother would have been so pleased. That was an unlucky shot. Let's go and have a talk with your Daddy about birds, if he isn't too busy."

"Yes, do come," said Boy Blue, eagerly, and Dimple added, "I'm sure Daddy will just love to tell you all he knows."

And so, while the Thrushes and Robins filled the green woods with their vesper songs, the three friends turned their steps toward the little Red Cottage.

### AN APPRECIATION OF OUR HYMN BOOK.

In a review of the Canadian Book of Common Praise in the Adelaide "Church Guardian" for February occurs the following: "But I trust that I have written enough to show that in the Canadian book a collection of very great value has been given to the Church, and, should General Synod be able to complete arrangements with the publishers for an Australian edition, we may well be confident that it will only have to be known to be widely accepted, and very soon will be in general use throughout the Australian Church."

### THE PRICE OF A CAKE.

A fussy-looking man went into a bakery recently and announced his intention of buying a cake.

One after another the obliging clerk showed him, only to be told that this one was too rich, that one too yellow and the others wrong in some way or another.

"What I want," he finally said, "is an honest, home-made cake. I don't mind the price, so long as I get the right cake."

"Then if you don't mind the price," retorted the girl wearily, "why don't you get married and have a wife to make one?"

### WHERE THE FAULT LAY.

As the Irish police recruit strolled along on his first turn of night duty, loud yells of "fire!" rent the air. He bolted quickly to the spot and found a house well alight, with a man half hanging out of an upstairs window.

"Help! help!" he yelled. "If I jump will you catch me?"

"Sure an' Oi will!" replied the policeman readily.

So the man jumped, only to crash to the ground and lie there stunned.

When, a few minutes later, he recovered consciousness, he looked up at the constable reproachfully and murmured feebly:—

"I thought you said you could catch me."

"Begorra!" replied the Irishman. "Oi was only waiting for yez to bounce an' Oi'd have had yez!"

### A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

"Biddy," remarked the newly-wed Irishman, "go down and feed the pigs."

"Faith, and I will not," replied the bride.

"Don't be after contradicting me, Biddy," retorted the husband. "Haven't I just endowed you with all my worldly goods, and if you cannot feed your own property, then it's ashamed of you I am."

This was a new point of view, so off Biddy went.

Presently she returned.

"Have you fed the pigs, Biddy?" demanded her husband, sternly.

"Faith, and I have not," she answered. "I have done a great deal better. As they were my property, I have sold them, and shall not be bothered with them again."