

estuary of the St. Lawrence, which mighty inlet, if it had place in our little Europe, would be fitly termed the Sea of Labrador; but where all the features of Nature are colossal, it ranks only as a gulf.

One morning, when little Jay had gone on deck for an ante-breakfast run, she came back in a state of high delight to the cabin. "Oh, Edith, such beautiful birds! such lovely little birds! and the sailors say they're from the land, though we cannot see it anywhere. How tired they must be after such a long fly, all the way from beyond the edge of the sea! Do come and look at them, dear Edith—do come!"

Sitting on the shrouds were a pair of tiny land birds, no bigger than tomtits, and wearing red top-knots on their heads. How welcome were the confiding little creatures to the passengers, who had been rocked at sea for nearly five weeks, and hailed these as sure harbingers of solid ground! They came down to pick up Jay's crumbs of biscuit, and twittered familiarly. The captain offered to have one caught for her, but, after a minute's eager acquiescence, she declined. "I would like to feel it in my hand," said she, "but it is kinder to let it fly about wherever it pleases."

"Why, you little Miss Considerate, is that your principle always?" asked Arthur, who had made a great playmate of her. She did not understand his question; and on his explaining in simpler words, "Oh, you know I always try to think what God would like. That is sure to be right, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Arthur, with sudden gravity.

"Edith taught me—she does just that," continued the child. "I don't think *she* ever does anything that is wrong at all. But oh, Mr. Wynn," and he felt a sudden tightening of her grasp on his hand, "what big bird is that? look how frightened the little ones are!"

A hawk, which had been circling in the air, now made a swoop