

She put her hand upon her brow.
A wild sharp pain was in her eyes.
"My husband! Oh! God help me now!"
The soldier shivered at her sighs.
The task was harder than he thought.
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought
Close at his father's side. Both fell
Dead by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips, and seemed to moan.
Her face had paled to ashen gray.
"Then one is left me—one alone,"
She said, "of four, who marched away!
Oh! over-ruling, all-wise God,
How can I pass beneath Thy rod!"
The soldier walked across the floor—
Paused at the window, at the door—

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek,
And sought the mourner's side again.
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak.
Your last remaining son was slain,
Just at the closing of the fight.
"Twas he who sent me here to-night."
"God knows," the man said afterwards,
"The fight itself was not as hard."

Ever a friend of

THE YOUNG CANADIAN,

A. J. O.

GRUBBING.

IN OUR WOODS IN MAY.

The winter is over. The snow is gone. The birds and the sunshine have come. How sweet the first chirp of the familiar sparrow, the first note of the shy robin, after the long silence.

Let us open our hearts to it all. It will do us good. Let us do so often. How delightful the emotions aroused by the song of birds! How it recalls our former frolics in field and forest, by lake and river. How it chants to us of summer suns and summer shades, of sparkling water and leafy trees. In looking back we only remember what is pleasant. The rain or the cloud is not in the song of the bird.

Under the stones the beetles are busy. Some are flitting hither and thither. Others are but half-awake after their long sleep.

Have you ever watched the water beetle, hurrying about, bustling over the top of the water, and then scuttling away down again, as if for a pocket-knife he had forgotten?

We are, in our laziness, tempted to think that all these funny little creatures are alike. We call them all "beetles," and there is an end of it. How much we miss by thinking so!

The blades of grass are pushing up to the sunlight, to let their tiny leaves see about them. Do not set your foot on them. It is cruel.

Why do we feel so braced and happy when we climb up a hill in our rambles? Because the air is pure. There are no bad odours to poison us. The broad and

wide view excites and ennobles the mind. We are away from small things— from petty cares. We are raised from peasantry to royalty.

There is a hop twining itself around that old gate. How fast it grows. I have measured it of a warm, damp Spring, and found it had grown three inches in the night.

The catkins of the poplars are appearing in their best plush hats. These trees are in blossom before they are in leaf.

There is a caterpillar crawling with his shaggy coat, and a spider struggling over a small piece of half-melted snow. How surprised they both look!

The ox-gad-fly makes a nest for its larvæ in the backs of the cattle. A hole is in the middle of the little hump-nest, from which a large white maggot may be squeezed out.

Here is a dragon-fly larva in a pool of water— a sprawling, awkward thing. Take him home in your pocket and we shall have some fun with him. Put a little of this wet moss in your pocket-box, and lay him cosily on it meantime. Get a few larvæ of gnats and flies for him to feed on. We shall get a basin of water and put him in it. We shall see how he goes on. We shall watch him closely. His tail will act like a syringe, sucking in small atoms of mud, and then pushing him forward from them. As he draws in his tail, the water rushes in. It is then thrown back against the rest of the water, and the curious little chap starts on with a spring. He breathes by his tail too, much as a fish does by its gills. When we give him a gnat, you will see how cunning he is. He will wait till the gnat is quite still, and then with a flap he will gobble him up.

In the mud, under stones, buried in leaves, away deep down under rubbish, how many wonderful and beautiful things lie hidden!

OLD GRUB.

Dr. Barnardo's NIGHT AND DAY is a Magazine that Young Canadians ought to see and to read sometimes. It is full of information about children, and of what is being done for them. There are lots of "bits" that would touch the hardest hearts. The boys and girls that Dr. Barnardo works among and writes about are not those that have the roses and lilies of life to lie down on at night. They are "Nobody's Darlings."

Dr. McLean, whom we know as "Robin Rustler," has written a delightful book on our Indians. It is published in Toronto by William Briggs in a very neat and handy form. The best way to tell our Young Canadians about it is to give some of its good bits, which we shall do now and then. You will all want to read it then.

When you want to send to your friends in England or elsewhere a reminder of our beautiful country, do not waste your money and labour on cards that have all come out from England. Get something purely Canadian, something which surpasses any birthday or Christmas cards I have ever seen. Mr. McConiff's "Illustrated Montreal" is the thing. Let your friends far away see our beautiful cities, and the beautiful manner in which we can get up descriptions of them.

"OUTING" too you will like immensely. Just full of the chatty and breezy things on Sport that we all like to read, whether we are sportsmen or not.

One of my real favourites is Belford's Magazine. I liked the April number even better than the March.

SCRIBO.