

Children's Corner.

THE BOBOLINK'S LESSON.

A three-year-old boy on the gatepost was leaning.
And watching the frolicsome flight of the bird,
When a sweet bobolink round the orchard came gleaming.
And stopped as if listening for somebody's words—

Stopped close to the boy till his natural feeling.
Impulsive, obeying, he lifted a rock,
And raising it high, then quietly kneeling,
He steadied himself to give birdie a knock.

Just then the soft throat, with pent melody swelling,
Gently opened, and forth came the song, ever new,
"Bobolink, bobolink," as if some one were telling
The bird what the baby was going to do.

"Bobolink, bobolink, bobolink a-no weet ;"
"Bobolink, bobolink, I know it, I know it ;"
"Bobolink, Bobolink." (Oh, the song was so sweet !)
"Bobolink, bobolink, don't throw it, don't throw it !"

Robbie didn't. His fingers fell down by his side,
And he gazed at the charmer in joyful surprise
Till the solo was over, and then satisfied,
Let the innocent singer fly up to the skies.

Then he looked at me doubtful, and read in my face
The question my lips were preparing to ask.
"Cos he sung so, me couldn't," he lisped with quaint grace,
And left me to go to his play or his task.

But he left me a thought for the poem of years :
When the demon of danger comes to your nest,
Sing a song ; sing it bravely ; sing through your tears,
And the arm that is lifted will fall. It is best

To sing while you can, like the brave bobolink ;
For the song of your hearts shall your enemy reach,
And the danger will vanish. Ah ! do you not think
That the brave bobolink a sweet lesson can teach ?

JUST TOO LATE.

School was out, but George North and Bert Fulton lingered to work out a long, difficult problem. This was to be expected of George, who was the steady, studious boy of the school ; there is always one such, you know. The teacher looked approvingly at him as he went home, but paid no attention to Bert. Bert's studious fits were too spasmodic to be worth much notice. Only the day before Mr. Lennox said, "I will try you just three weeks longer ; then, if you have not turned over a new leaf, I will turn you out of the school."

Bert was always so full of fun that he was heedless, beyond words to express, and this term he had fallen far behind his classes. He was not naturally stupid, but of late it seemed as if he would not think or learn. He ceased to make as much fun as formerly, but Mr. Lennox thought this was because he was getting sullen after so many rebukes. Bert himself was puzzled to know what had made him so dull. This night he had resolved to please the

teacher by solving a problem that all the boys except George had given up ; for Bert was quicker at mathematics than he was at any other study.

The two boys figured away in silence a while ; then George put book and slate in his desk, locked the latter and went out to play. He was sure he must have worked out his task correctly. Half an hour after he saw Bert come out to join a companion, who said, "Got that old puzzle, Bert ?"

"I think so," replied Bert, telling him the answer he had obtained, with the remark, "That ought to be right, I'm sure."

George, who heard distinctly the bit of dialogue, thought to himself, "If Bert's answer is correct, mine is not, for they are unlike."

About sundown the playground was deserted, and nobody saw George North return to the schoolhouse and go in. He did not consider that he was doing anything *very* wrong, but he did not care to be seen. Once in the room, he unlocked his desk, got his slate, took it to Bert's desk, which was never locked, and, taking Bert's slate, he compared the worked-out problems. They were thought out in quite dissimilar ways, and Bert's method seemed as reasonable as George's.

"If I had Mr. Lennox's 'Key,' I could tell in a second," thought George, "and I know where he keeps it. What is the harm of just satisfying my curiosity ?"

He concluded that there was no harm. So he searched through a row of shelves under the teacher's private desk and found the "Key to the Algebra." He carried it down to Bert's seat and went over the figures on his slate again. He found Bert had done his work correctly. Now, after all this, you doubtless think that George either copied over his own problem or else rubbed out Bert's. Well, he was tempted to do the first, but after a while he concluded he would not be *quite* so mean. He tumbled over Bert's books, already in great disorder, then, taking up, as he really supposed, the teacher's book, he carried it back to the shelf and left it there.

Next morning none of the boys save Bert had worked the problem out correctly. Mr. Lennox praised him heartily for his unusual perseverance, and George secretly considered himself very honourable. Just before school was dismissed, Mr. Lennox found Bert's grammar on his shelf. He was walking about the room, so he took it round to Bert, saying "This is your book."

"No, sir ; mine is here," said Bert, opening his desk and quickly catching up a very similar book—Mr. Lennox's "Key to the Algebra."

The angry teacher thought he understood it all, and he poured out his indignation and disgust toward poor Bert, in the presence of the whole school.