

**Children's Corner.***THE SINGING LESSON.*

A nightingale made a mistake ;  
 She sang a few notes out of tune ;  
 Her heart was ready to break,  
 As she hid away from the moon,  
 And rang her paws poor thing !  
 But was far too proud to speak ;  
 She tucked her head under her wing,  
 And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,  
 Came sauntering up to the place ;  
 The nightingale felt herself blush,  
 Though feathers hid her face,  
 She knew they had heard her song,  
 She felt them snicker and sneer ;  
 She thought that life was too long,  
 And wished she could skip a year,

"Oh, nightingale !" cooed a dove,  
 "Oh, nightingale ! what's the use ?  
 You bird of beauty and love,  
 Why behave like a goose ?  
 Don't sulk away from our sight,  
 Like a common contemptible fowl ;  
 You bird of joy and delight,  
 Why behave like an owl ?

"Only think of all you have done ;  
 Only think of all you can do :  
 A false note is really fun  
 From such a bird as you !  
 Lift up your proud little crest,  
 Open your musical beak :  
 Other birds have to do their best,  
 You need only to speak !"

The nightingale shyly took  
 Her head from under her wing,  
 And, giving the dove a look,  
 Straightway began to sing.  
 There was never a bird that could pass ;  
 The night was divinely calm ;  
 And the people stood on the grass  
 To hear that wonderful psalm !

The nightingale did not care,  
 She only sung to the skies ;  
 Her song ascended there,  
 And there she fixed her eyes,  
 The people that stood below  
 She knew but little about  
 And this tale has a moral, I know,  
 If you'll try and find it out !

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place,  
 beholding the evil and the good.

*THE CAVES OF STAFFA.*

We land in a little cove on the shore of Staffa, setting foot at once on broken prisms of basalt—a cove so tiny and rock-bound that only small boats can enter, and so exposed to the surge that not seldom the steamer has to leave Staffa unvisited, because a landing would not be safe. The most famous spot is at the southern end of the island—the whole length of which is only about half a mile—reached by a walk across the bare grassy plateau, whereon no trees, but a sufficiently luxuriant herbage, can grow. But on the way a mass of columns is passed, more attractive to the geologist, because more singular in their configuration, than even the mighty colonnade of Fingal's Cave, to which the tourists hurry onwards. This is called the Clamshell Cave—a hollow rather than a cave, washed out by the waves in the mass of basalt. Around this the columns curve in the strangest way, "bent," as one authority describes it—and perhaps this is as near a similitude as can be found—"like the ribs of a ship."

Hence to Fingal's Cave, and beyond it to the western side, the huge colonnade extends. This structure is confined to the lower portion of the cliff; the upper consists of a great mass of lava from which the prisms are absent, or are only developed very imperfectly and on a small scale, so as to be quite imperceptible to the eye at a comparatively short distance. Thus it forms a kind of architrave, contrasting curiously with the well-marked division in the lower zone. In the southern part of the island the sea has breached the colonnade and formed an elongated cavern, whose walls are columnar basalt, whose roof is the solid mass just mentioned. It is called, from the legendary hero of the Western Highland's, Fingal's Cave. The regularity of the columns is extraordinary—so sharply defined that one might fancy art, not nature, had produced them.

The cave has for a floor the green sea ; and the broken ends of the columns rise on either