

Children's Page

Lullaby

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
 Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
 Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
 While the birds are silence keeping,
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
 Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Jack Frost

Rustily creak the crickets; Jack Frost
 came down last night,
 He slid to the earth on a star-beam,
 keen and sparkling and bright;
 He sought in the grass for crickets with
 delicate icy spear,
 So sharp and fine and fatal, and he
 stabbed them far and near.

EDITOR'S CHAT

Dear Boys and Girls,—

This month I want to have a little talk with you about a visitor who is at present the guest of Canada, and who is winning love and golden opinions everywhere he goes—no less a person than our future king, Edward, the gallant young Prince of Wales.

In days gone by when a king visited his subjects he rode in a golden coach, drawn by prancing steeds, whose harness glittered with jewels. There was a haughty coachman in velvet and satin, and footmen with powdered wigs. Trumpeters went before him blowing on golden trumpets, and within the coach was perhaps a sick tired looking man in gorgeous clothing, bedecked with jewels and wearing a crown. As he passed he looked with indifference on the faces of the people who watched him as he went. And these people, so often sad, poverty stricken, hun-

gry, ragged, ignorant, cheered feebly for this grand figurehead, who was pampered, petted, and protected. What a different state of affairs when the Prince of Wales landed in Canada in the year 1919! Dressed in the uniform that means so much to all Canadians, the khaki of active service, the Prince stepped into the cities of Canada. Here was no pomp or glory, just a simple pleasant fair-haired young man, and yet no barrier could keep the eager people from him, no soldiers or policemen could hold them back, and the cheers that roared from thousands of throats came from full hearts, and there was love on every face. And it was not as in those old days an admiration born of fear and weakness, but the admiration of strength for strength, the love of men who fought side by side for the same cause, the admiration of every one for the sterling qualities that