

YOUNG CANADA.

WHO ARE THEY?

A blustering fellow goes prowling about :
He tosses the snow with a scuffle and shout,
And pinches the toes,
The ears, and the nose
Of each little darling, wherever he goes.

The timid birds hear him and hide their wee heads,
And mooly cows shiver in barns and in sheds,
And sweet flowers say,
"At home we will stay
Until this noisy fellow gets out of the way."

A bright little maiden is soon on his track,
And gently, though firmly, she orders him back.
O, fair she appears,
In smiles and in tears ;
She calls to the flowers, "Come up, pretty dears."

The birds hear her voice and they twitter with glee,
And pink little buds peep, the bright sky to see ;
The grass twinkles out,
And lambs skip about,
And, O, the glad children so merrily about !

And who is this blustering chap? Can you tell?
And who is this maiden who robes hill and dell,
Whose whisper so arch
Wakes oak-tree and larch?—
Why, she is Miss April, and he Mister March.

BIRDIE AND HIS FRIENDS.

What a number of visitors birdie has to-day, and how kind and attentive they all seem to be to him. He appears to like it, too, for he picks playfully at their fingers, and sings his pretty little song over and over for them. They take great care of him, and make sure that the cat can never get near his cage. They never forget to give him water and seeds and sand, and they sometimes treat him to little bunches of fresh green weeds, just of the kind he likes best. Birdie knows nothing about the kind of life that wild birds live, and he does not pine for it. He has always lived in a cage, and would not fly away although he had a chance. His cage door is kept shut, not so much to keep him in as to keep his enemies out; and his cheerful notes seem intended to assure all within hearing that he is quite contented, and that, as another singer long since tried to get the world to understand, it takes something more than iron bars to make a prison.

ZIP COON.

Did you ever see a racoon? I am going to tell you about one that was sent from the South as a present to a lady whose name was Isabella. He was called Zip Coon, and a very wise coon he was. Zip had a long, low body, covered with a yellowish hair. His nose was pointed, and his eyes were bright as buttons. His paws were regular little hands, and he used them just like hands. He was very tame; he would climb up on Isabella's chair, and scramble to her shoulder. Then he would comb her hair with his fingers, pick at her ear-rings, and feel her collar and pin and buttons. Isabella's mother was quite ill, but

sometimes was able to sit in her chair and eat her dinner from a tray on her lap. She liked to have Zip in her room; but, if left alone with her, Zip would jump up on the chair behind her, and try to crowd her off. He would reach round, too, under her arms, and steal things from her tray. Once the cook in the kitchen heard a brisk rattling of tin pans in the pantry. She opened the door, and there on the shelf was Zip. There were two pans standing side by side. One had Indian meal in it, and the other nice sweet milk. In front of the pans stood Zippy. He had scooped the meal from one pan into the milk in the other pan, and was stirring up a pudding with all his might. He looked over his shoulder when he heard the cook coming up behind, and worked away all the faster, as if to get the pudding done before he was snatched up and put out of the pantry.

Zip was very neat and clean. He loved to have a bowl of water and piece of soap set down for his own use. He would take the soap in his hands, dip it into the water and rub it between his palms; then he would reach all round his body and wash himself.



It was very funny to see him reach away round and wash his back. One day, Isabella, not feeling well, was lying on her bed. Zippy was playing around her in his usual way. Pretty soon he ran under the bed, and was busy a long time reaching up, and pulling and picking at the slats over his head. By and bye he crawled out; and what do you think he had between his teeth? A pretty little red coral ear-ring that Isabella had lost several weeks before. Zip's bright eyes had spied it as he was playing round under the bed. So you see Zip Coon did some good that time. When Zip grew older, he became so cross and snappish that he had to be chained up in the woodshed in front of his little house. On the door of his house was printed in red letters, "Zip Coon; he bites."

A LAWN PARTY.

Not a man, woman, or child present, and yet it was a delightful party. Who gave the party? Duke. Who came? One dog! Two Irish setters of fine family. Duke could

run like a flash, and Flash looked like a duke. These dogs were of the best [dog] society in town. They would visit each other, but did not care much for other dogs. One day Flash concluded to call on Duke. Some sort of an invitation had been given him; an extra wag of the tail, or some sign, told Flash that Duke wanted to see him.

Off darts Flash, and hurries away to his friend's kennel. The two dogs have a great frolic on the lawn. They play "tag" as children would. They roll, and tumble, and pretend to be very angry with each other, but all the while they are full of fun.

At last they are as tired as children, and lie down, panting, on the green grass. They look into one another's faces and talk by winks, and blinks, and an occasional feeble wag of their bushy tails.

All at once Ethel, who is looking at them from her window, sees Duke get up, walk slowly to a corner of the garden, and dig with great haste. Up comes a choice bone which Duke had with admirable thoughtfulness and foresight saved from his breakfast and carefully hid there for his expected company.

Back trots the kind dog carrying the sweet bone. He lays it down at Flash's side. He then lies down himself and watches Flash as he devours it, wagging his tail all the while. He is glad to have his guest enjoy himself.

Flash eats his lunch, and then the two dogs, well rested, begin their frolic again. After a while Flash seems to remember that he ought to be at home. He gives one more wag, and then says good-bye. That was a party without any jealousy, or anger, or discontent. Flash will give

one in return some day soon.

THE GREAT PAPER.

Many pieces of old paper are worth their weight in gold. I will tell you of one that you could not buy for even so high a price as that. It is now in the British Museum in London. It is old and worn. It is more than six hundred and sixty-six years old.

A king wrote his name on this old paper, and though he had written his name on many other pieces of paper, and they are lost, this one was very carefully kept from harm, though once it fell into the hands of a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns, and at another time it was almost destroyed by fire.

Visitors go to look at it with great interest. They find it a shrivelled piece of paper, but they know that it stands for English liberty, and means that "Britons never shall be slaves." It is called the "Magna Charta," which means simply the "Great Paper." There have been other great papers, and other papers that have been called "charters," but this one is known the world over as the "Great Paper."