

CHILDREN'S CORNER

(By Leigh Sowers (Age 15), in League Department May St Nicholas)

I've heard lots of poems of beautiful May—

How fragrant the blossoms, how lovely the day,

But all these queer notions I'm sure you would pass—

If you but belonged to our botany class.

The days are not lovely, the sky is not fair,

And the leaves and flowers drive us to despair,

So when May comes to us, we sigh—"Ah, alas!"

I wish I was out of this botany class!"

So we toil and we labor, we dig and we press,

And get our herbariums all in a mess,

Till the truthful opinion of each lad and lass

Is, they ought to abolish this botany class!

So while others are writing in elegant phrase

Of the beauties and pleasures of wonderful Mays,

This common decision our minds does harass:

"May's horrid!" Yours truly, The Botany Class

GET YOUR SHARE.

Blackmen, whitemen, redmen, yellowmen,—all are busy eating away at the world's food supply—every day—three times a day.

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THE CANARY'S SIEGE

(A True Story)

"Danny," the canary, had always enjoyed the long summers on the front veranda, where his roosting cage was hung in early May.

One morning in midsummer there arrived among the honeysuckles a pair of house-wrens, bent upon finding a place for a new home.

Most of these beautiful little wild flowers can be easily distinguished by striking color or shape—the violets, purple or yellow—the rose-pink fringed polygala (sometimes given the name "lady's-slipper") to which it has not the smallest resemblance.

The best known of these small white blossoms is the anemone (Anemone nemorosa, crowfoot family), which nearly every child has seen and picked.

The star-flower perhaps the most beautiful of these delicate white wood flowers (Trientalis Americana, heath family), is one that like the anemone in growth, but it has a wholly different family.

Still another plant grows in much the same way as the anemone, though like the star-flower, it is of an entirely different family.

LINK OTHER EVILS stamps and dandruff come suddenly. Promptly give a dose of Perry Davis Painkiller and the pains will go immediately. A bottle at hand will save hours of suffering—be prepared.

The Whiteboy's Bride.

(By James Noble)

A little way outside the old "City of the Violated Treaty," a noble ash-tree grows, in the centre of the ruin of the castle of Carrigo-Guinnel.

After many vows and little consideration, Rachel agreed to meet her lover under the ash-tree amid the ruins of Carrigo-Guinnel, on the next Sunday, at midnight, he could know, he said, by that time whether it was likely he should be obliged to leave the country altogether, or if his former errors were overlooked or forgotten, he swore to the weeping girl that he would enter upon a new life, and become anything, everything she desired.

"I wish, Jacob," said Rachel's mother to her husband, on the following morning—"I wish you would come into our child's room, it is near ten of the clock and she is still sleeping."

The Palatine moved with a lighter step than was his wont to the door, through which his wife had already passed, she pointed to their child, while the old man lingered on the threshold, gazing with a troubled countenance upon his fair daughter.

If Rachel could have heard the words, how bitter would have been reproaches of her conscience!

The next Sabbath, brought to the house her commonplace Puritan lover, and even he observed that the maid Rachel seemed disturbed.

"Any news to-day, Adam?" the wife would inquire, "for truly, Jacob grows so deaf that he hears but little, and Rachel and I never visit but among our own people."

Rachel looked one way and Adam another, but neither seemed pleased.

"I don't see what this is to thee," answered the dame, "as long as thy own head is steady, and this maiden's heart sure."

"Stand here!" muttered Hennessey, "If you cling to me I cannot save him if he be Rachel, his life will answer for this rashness, for he cannot live and we be discovered!"

not comprehend why her father should oppose her union with James, when he was made aware (according to her belief) that the youth was unshaken and persecuted.

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ing her stony and heavily by name, far above where she lay.

Several months had elapsed after this occurrence. The old Palatine's garden bore a neglected aspect, the shrubs were untrimmed, the path overgrown with weeds, a light gleamed without its walls, for the night was dark and through one or two apertures in the window the glimmer of a candle flickered over the flower-bed that had been Rachel's.

"I do not look sad," she answered, "for you are with me, Jacob, but when I think that you will not be so long—"

"Who's there?" inquired the Palatine. The sound was repeated.

"I have you here forever, now," said the poor woman, "here you will remain—one will give a crushed and faded flower—forever now."

"For one hour," answered Rachel, "for one hour, and then I quit you, my mother, for a long long time."

"The time will come," continued the old man, "sooner or later—the time will come when he in whom you trusted will fall you in your uttermost need, when he will pour into your heart the poison you give your parents."

"Jacob," interposed his aged wife, "Jacob, our child—she—given to our prayers after long years of expectation—she says she has but one hour to stay with us, do not let it pass this. She is still our child, Jacob, but one hour to stay!"

"Oh, no, he cannot, he dare not venture here, nor would others let him," she replied.

"As the Lord liveth," he exclaimed, "you will not go hence. I will bind you to the horns of the altar, I will not suffer even a tainted sheep of the true fold to become the prey of the ravening wolf. Here you remain; vain will be your cries for aid; all vain. Here will I stand, and who-

ever enters shall have the recompense he comes for, who would rob an old man of his child."

"If harm come to my husband his blood be upon your head."

"Pray God, she may," was her father's harsh reply, "that I may lay in the grave, and then be gathered to my fathers."

Months rolled into years; two years had passed, and Rachel was still the same. Usually, the Palatine preserved the most rigid silence towards his daughter, but sometimes he would give vent to bitter feelings, and reproach her in strong language.

One morning, she told her mother she would lie down, and her father, at noon, going into the room (where he had once been deceived), laid his hand upon her shoulder, as if to assure himself that she was there.

"Father has blessed me, at last, you do so, too, then let me sleep."

When the evening meal was prepared, and her mother again sought her, she was gone, and could nowhere be found.

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