

For Young Canada.

* * Edited by Cousin Maud. * *

THANKSGIVING—when the day comes first be thankful you are Canadian boys and girls. Do you know, children, we do not half appreciate our country! We do not half appreciate our homes! We do not half appreciate our father and mother!

It is so natural to take blessings as a matter of course and grumble at trouble; say, children, let us make our New Year's resolution now and have it pretty well practiced by the first of January.

Let us take our little troubles as a matter of course and feel thankful for the blessings.

Any child who thinks he has no blessings in particular might ask himself how he would like to change places with a little Armenian boy.

I called on Dame Dot and her little ones one day lately and do not think I ever saw a room full of brighter, happier little people. Fair hair, dark curls, eyes blue, gray and brown, snub noses, straight noses—the owners were little tots of five, six and seven, no two alike—except for the happy face, each possessed one, and the little Dame looked as happy as they, she was one of them.

It was Friday afternoon and some of the girls had brought their dolls: there they sat, a whole row of them on a bench at the front of the room, demurely looking at the eager faces before them.

They were the subject of a very interesting discussion as I entered the room—the important question being "Why do not boys have dolls?"

The boys said "They would be ashamed of them and girls would laugh at them;" "They didn't like them and would rather play with other boys;" "They couldn't be bothered nursing them," etc.

The girls thought "Boys were too rough to play with dolls and would smash them;" "Their mothers did not buy them any;" "They couldn't sew and make doll dresses and hats and things;" and one little mite finished up by saying, "Well, boys are different to girls." Then Dame Dot asked, with a wise look: "Who takes most care of baby, mother or father?" and the whole question was summed up in the eager answer, "Mother."

The Brownies whispered to Cousin Maud a little November story, just for her children alone, and here it is:

The leaves had been frolicking all day with a brisk November wind. One particular little red maple leaf had been having no end of fun, and about dusk was blown by its playful friend (before he left for the night) upon the gravelled walk leading to a great house. Within a few inches of the red leaflet was a green burr which had fallen from a burr basket the children had made and carried into the house. "Oh, dear!" said the burr, "I am in hard luck, all my brothers and sisters are in where all is so cosy and warm, while I am left out in the cold!" and she grumbled so much that the little red leaf wished herself far enough away.

Presently the great house was a blaze of light and guests began to arrive, and before long the discontented burr caught in the hem of a beautiful gown and was carried into the house. Soon it found itself embedded in the wool of a soft carpet.

Here it lay all night snug and happy, but in the morning a housemaid found it and tossed it into the burning grate.

The little red leaf felt glad when its grumbling friend had gone, but half wished it could have followed into the beautiful house.

The next day, before its friend the wind had taken it off for its daily romp, one of the children found it, and exclaiming "What a beautiful leaf!" took it into the house and pressed it between the leaves of her favorite book.

Now, we are going to have a little bit more of the story we began last month.



MIMI AND THE BUTTERFLY.

She laid herself down as directed by her charge, who perched in the leaves above her, and the great branch soon floated down the river.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" cried Mimi, clasping her little hands as the blue sky peeped down at her through the moving foliage, and the water murmured a soft lullaby close to her ears. "This is better than the robes of State and the golden chair, and Madam Stiff-and-prim, and Mrs. Straight-lace." So all the summer morning Mimi slept among the leaves, and the Butterfly watched her with diamond-bright eyes. But

when the evening shadows began to fall and the dew drops hung on the lilies by the riverside, Mimi grew weary.

"Have we almost reached the mountain, Butterfly?"

"We can only reach it by patience and perseverance," said the purple-winged Butterfly.

And when it grew dark, and the stars began to shine on the clear surface of the water, there was a great commotion in the woods, a huge, brown owl made her appearance in the hazel bushes along the shore.

"Come, Princess Mimi! Come, pretty Butterfly!" said the Owl, trying to soften her croaking voice into melodious accents. "my cottage is but a little way off, and the supper of wood straw berries and wild honey is all prepared, and the little white pillows are ready for your tired heads!"

"I am weary and hungry, Butterfly," said Mimi pleadingly, "and this good Owl is very hospitable. Let us rest in her cottage, just this one night."

"Dear Mimi," answered the Butterfly, "if you stop, we are lost!"

So Mimi went bravely on in spite of hunger and weariness, and the Owl charged into a bent, hideous, old woman, with a crooked stick, who shook her fist at them and chattered angrily—the Grey Witch of the Mountains.

"Now, do you no see!" said the Butterfly. "If we had yielded to her persuasions, we should have been transformed into some strange beasts or birds."

Yet a little further on there was an illumined castle by the shores, with the merry sound of music within, and children sitting on the threshold, who held out their arms and beckoned smilingly to Mimi.

"Surely, Butterfly, we may stop here," she cried, springing towards the merry scene.

"Not for the world!" cried the Butterfly—and as Mimi drew back the castle became a lightning-blasted pine, with a few glow-worms beaming about it, and the children were only a row of toadstools growing by the water's edge!

When at length the morning dawned the Butterfly's burnished wings were damp with dew, and the diamond eyes were dim, and she drooped sadly.

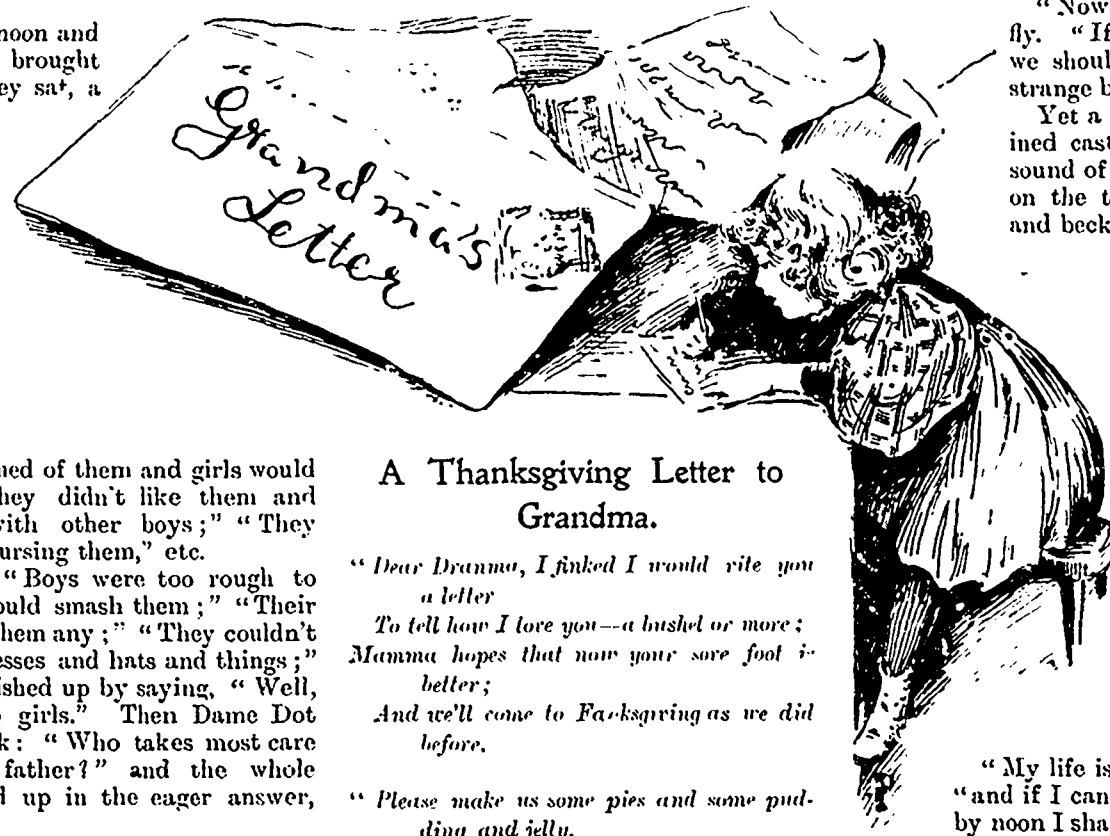
"Dear Butterfly, what is the matter?" said Mimi, taking the little thing in her hands.

"My life is drawing to a close," said the insect, "and if I cannot reach the Enchanted Fountain by noon I shall fall once more into the power of the Grey Witch! There lies the mountain, close at hand now, Mimi carry me up the heights till you come to the Lake where the Island is! But, Mimi, remember as you value life and liberty, not to stop, neither turn to the right nor to the left!"

Mimi took the little creature tenderly up and commenced the long ascent.

"Oh, Butterfly," she said when she had walked a few steps, "there are such dewy, red cherries hanging on the trees—I should like a few for my breakfast." And then she remembered what the Butterfly had told her, and hastened resolutely away from the temptation!

(To be Continued).



A Thanksgiving Letter to Grandma.

"Dear Grandma, I finked I would rite you a letter

To tell how I love you—a bushel or more;
Mamma hopes that now your sore foot is better;

And we'll come to Facksgiving as we did before.

"Please make us some pies and some pudding and jelly,

A turkey wit stuffing and onions, and then
Please don't you forget that I like stuffing smelly
Of sage. From your 'fectionate Minnie. Amen."

And grandma, dear soul, as she pored o'er the letter,
With a smile on her lips and such mist in her eyes
That she wipes off her glasses to see through them better,
Plans out a whole shelfful of puddings and pies—

Of tarts and of cookies: of custards and jelly;
A goodly battalion of gingerbread men;
And last, but not least, a fat turkey cooked "smelly"
Of sage, for the youngster who wrote her "Amen."



The editor asks me to draw the attention of my children to an interesting account of the lives of the Indian children, written by a lady who lives in Alberta, away in the North-West, where as you know there are many "Red-men;" and their children play, and learn, and grow, as you do. I should like you to write and tell me whether you would like to change places with them, and why; and I will publish your little letters if you would like it. You will find the story on page six.