

Our Young People's Corner.

Child Ballad.

Jesus, He loves one and all,
Jesus, He loves children small,
Their souls are waiting round His feet
On high, before His mercy-seat.

While He wandered here below
Children small to Him did go.
At His feet they knelt and prayed,
On their heads His hands He laid.

Came a Spirit on them then,
Better than of mighty men,
A spirit faithful, pure and mild,
A spirit fit for king and child.

Oh! that Spirit give to me,
Jesu Lord, where'er I be!

—Canon Charles Kingsley.

Our Feathered Friends.

By the time that this reaches our readers there will be migrating to the west thousands of our most welcome spring visitors. Of course, I allude to the birds. What exquisite plumage; what sweet songs do some of them bring with them. Let us take one,—the so-called robin, or, more truly, the red-breasted thrush. Here is a plucky fellow, with his bold, upright carriage, his neighborly affection for mankind. See him, as with long hops, he bounds over the grass near our homes,—his bright eyes cast hither and thither for the slug, or caterpillar, that forms his daily food. Note how the bounds suddenly change to a quick, rushing trot, as he espies the desired food for his little ones, the quick dive of the bill into the moist earth; then, the rapid flight, with the prey in his beak, to his home nest. The latter perched in tree, on shelf in the porch, or, on projecting joist of building, for in any such position does Mr. Redbreast select and build his great sprawling nest. It is a warm, roomy home, this nest, but look at the lining, for Robert is a veritable collector of twigs, straws, old bits of cloth, ribbon, rags, cord, or string, wherewith to build and line his nest. Notice how deftly he divides up his captured meal. Beaks, with yellow, wide-open throats, are all ready, gaping to receive their share. Not one but will receive his fair share, for although he has no scales or weights to apportion the meat to each hungry applicant, yet he divides with wondrous nicety between his little ones.

Last year one of our robins was building his nest at St. John's. A little boy had been playing with his go-cart, to which vehicle the owner had tied a piece of string. This string was the harness, to which Master Toddles attached himself to play gee-gee and propel the cart. But the magic word of the cake had been heard. Voice of the gee-gee's mother had uttered the alluring note from the open window

of the dining room overlooking the lawn. Proprietor of cart dropped work of hauling, string and cart at the same moment, and fled as fast as fat, roley-poley legs would convey him. Mr. Robin had been looking on with eyes which coveted this particular bit of string. He knew that this would make a nice bed quilt for his wife's eggs, and after hatching, for their young birds—particularly, if he wound it round and round in the bottom of the nest in the maple tree, and tucked the ends in so that they would not uncomfortably tickle Mrs. Redbreast when she was sitting in their joint possession. Here was his chance. Down he dropped on to the ground close to the string, picked the end of it up in his strong beak, and flew—not away—oh, no! When he had reached the end of the tether the string jerked him back quickly to the earth. He gazed, after recovery from the shock, at the cord lying on the ground, hopped round and round, poked his beak close to the knot with which it was fastened to the child's cart. Once again picked up the end and flew, as before, but a short distance. A third time a much closer examination of the string was made, with the result that he flew to the tree crying for his mate, who immediately responded, and the two flew back together close to the objects of their envy. Just at this moment the young owner returned with his cake, and away flew the pair of robins.

Now, what do you think the two birds were going to do? They couldn't fly away with the cart, it was too heavy. I believe that they were going to try and undo the knot.

Be kind to all songsters. Do not take their nests. Leave these little architects of their own houses, but watch their pretty ways, listen to their sweet songs, and admire the exquisite beauty and cleanliness of their dress. CECIL.

When the Queen was a Child.

She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price, six shillings, out of her pocket-money. At last the day came, and the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:—

"And now, with the precious treasure upon her arm, the little lady bade the shop-keeper good afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he were going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindliness of her expression, and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them. He stood aside to let her pass—a mute agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the little lady, staying her steps.

"Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger."

"He looked famine from his eyes.