



THE LITTLE IMMIGRANTS.

“WELL, my little hearties, how are you to-day?” said Tom Lanyard, the ship’s carpenter, to Bertie and Nelly Stinson, who, with their papa and mamma, were sailing in the good ship *Dominion*, from Liverpool to Quebec.

“Pretty well, thank you, sir,” piped little Nelly; and Bertie replied, quite man-like, “Oh, I’m all right, I haven’t been sea-sick a bit.”

“What’s to make you sea-sick, my little man?” asked Tom. “Sure the sea’s as calm as a mill-pond. Wait till you see the waves dashing over the bulwarks there. Then you’ll sing another tune.”

“I’m afraid we won’t sing at all,” said bright little Nellie. “But, Mr. Carpenter,” she went on, “what is Canada like? Do you think we shall like it?”

“Like it? Of course you will! You can’t help liking it. ’Tis the finest country under the sun.”

“What! better than dear old England?” exclaimed Bertie.

“Yes, of course it is,” said Tom. “The sky is ever so much higher. The air clear, and pure, and bright. I tell ye I’m glad to get to the Canadian side of the water. Would stay there all the time if I could.”

“But isn’t it awfully cold in winter, and don’t the bears and wolves eat little children up?” asked Nelly.

“Ha! ha! What a notion,” laughed Tom. “Our bright clear winter in Canada is far better than the rain and fog of London; and as for bears and wolves, why my little folks, who live in Montreal, never saw a live bear or wolf in their lives.”

“Oh, I’m so glad,” shouted Nelly. “Come, let us tell mamma, Bertie, and away the dear little innocence went. While rough old Tom Lanyard said to himself, “God bless ye, darlings, ye make me think of my own little kids

at home. And God bless them too, and their mother along with them.”

IT STINGS.

“HOW pretty!” cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father’s mansion. The next moment the child’s face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, “It stings! It stings!”

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child’s hand? I will tell you.

A busy little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossom, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily when Sammy’s fat hand disturbed him; so, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That’s how Sammy’s hand came to be stung.

Sammy’s mother washed the wound with hartshorn, and when the pain was gone, she