

SHOW US WHAT YOU ARE.

Do it *now*! Begin! Begin! You
 "Mean to;" that won't take you far;
 If the thing is there and in you,
 Show us what you are!

Future statesmen, preacher, poet,
 Playwright, leader of the bar,
 You may, but *we* do not, know it,
 Show us what you are!

Leave off dreaming, "if" and "and"ing,
 Gazing at a distant star,
 The world's not waiting while you're standing;
 Show us what you are!

Set your lofty genius working,
 Take a task to make or mar,
 Fame nor wealth are won by shirking;
 Show us what you are!

If you're abler, nobler, stronger
 Than the rest of us by far,
 Don't just think so any longer;
 Show us what you are!

ARTHUR GUNDRY, Ottawa, in *Belford's Magazine*.



To my dear little explorers of the Wild Flower Club:

Do you know what has just happened? You won't guess. I know you won't. Not if I gave you a whole week. It's just this. This morning an old gentleman called at my office, and as it was "dummy day" he received the answer that Post Bag was engaged. I cannot take time just now to tell you what "dummy day" is, but I must do so soon. Well my friend was told that he could not see Post Bag, and he looked so disappointed that my G. A., (that is *guardian angel* to keep away idle people when I am very, very busy) my G. A. said if his business was very important he might walk in. In he walked, you may be sure, and when I discovered his message I was not sorry that my G. A. for once was tender-hearted.

O. F. — Your *YOUNG CANADIAN* is improving very much.

P. B. — That's very nice.

O. F. — I like your Clubs.

P. B. — That's nice too.

O. F. — I have a weakness for Botany.

P. B. — No wonder. How could any one help it, who has ever studied it?

O. F. — How would a prize do for your youngsters?

P. B. — A Prize? Oh! how delightful!

O. F. — I've been thinking of it for the last week, and if you tell your young flower gatherers right away, I shall look around and see what would be suitable.

P. B. — How very good of you, sir, I really do not know how to thank —

He was gone and "good morning" was all I heard from the door as he hastily slipped out. My G. A. was nearly upset in the hall by his walking stick. So now we shall set to work every one. Let us see how much pleasure we can give to our old friend in return. Lots of competitors. Lots of flowers. Lots of rambles. If you have any difficulty in naming your little specimens, send them along to me.

ED. P. B.

To my dear little scribbles in the Calendar competitions:

A coincidence has happened in our prizes so curious that I must tell you about it. The Prize for January was carried off by a girl. That for " " by a boy. That for March by a girl again. Now it — the boys' turn for April. See who will be the best?

ED. P. B.

FROM OUR MARCH PRIZE.

MONTREAL, April 16.

DEAR EDITOR *POST BAG*, — Thanks, thanks very much for the lovely ink bottle you sent me. It was such a lovely one, and a new kind. I never saw one of that sort before. I like the *YOUNG CANADIAN* very much. I look forward to its coming every week. I take a lot of other magazines, but I like yours best of all. The pictures are so nice. My mother is going away for a little trip, and I shall be able to lend her my ink bottle.

Your sincere friend,

GRETA MURRAY

CENTERVILLE, N. B.

DEAR *POST BAG*, — I am so glad you have a letter box because I can write to tell you how much I like your Paper. Percy and I like the reading very much. I also like the letters. I hope you will print this because I want to surprise mamma. We are going to learn Shorthand when you print it. I am taking music lessons. I like music very much. Would you please find out how much it costs to go to Sackville College for a year? I am fourteen years old, and read in the Sixth Book.

Goodbye,

GLADYS F.

MY DEAR LITTLE GLADYS, I am so pleased with your letter. It was very kind of you to write so nicely to me. I wish I could see your mamma's face of surprise when she sees her daughter's sweet little letter in our magazine. Percy too, will feel a big man now, when he has a sister who can drop such a neat letter into the post office. I have written to Sackville College, and the moment I receive a reply I will send it to you. Do write to me again, and tell Percy I shall be happy to hear from him.

Your friend,

ED. P. B.

EMERSON.

DEAR *POST BAG*, — I went to Ottawa for a place, but I found none. I suppose I could have more chances in Montreal, — so please don't forget me. I'll be ready to start at any time and ready to correspond with any one and send copy of my Diploma and recommendations. It is because you are so good and amiable though I have never seen you, that I trouble you. You can't imagine the pleasure it gives me to hear from you personally. I have celebrated my fifteenth birthday last Tuesday.

Your friend,

I. P.

MY DEAR *YOUNG FRIEND*, — Thanks for your nice letter. I like very much to hear from you and to write to you. I sent you off a long letter this morning by the Post, a much longer one than the printer will let me put into the *Post Bag*. He says I must not take up too much room, for the nice things that are waiting to be printed are too good to keep long. I am glad to think of you being now fifteen years old. You will soon be able to fill a very good situation indeed. How nice it would be to have you in Montreal. You could then come to see me and I could tell you every thing. That is much better than writing.

Your sincere friend,

ED. P. B.