

YOUNG CANADA.

LITTLE BIRD WITH BOSOM RED.

When the winds of winter blow,
And the air is thick with snow,
Drifting over hill and hollow,
Whitening all the naked trees,—
Then the bluebird and the jay
And the oriole fly away,
Where the bobolink and swallow
Flow before them at their ease.

You may look, and look in vain,
For you will not see again
Any flash of blue or yellow
Flitting door and window by;
They have spread their dainty wings,
All the sunshine-loving things,
Gone to pipe away their mellow
Tunes beneath a southern sky.

But we are not left alone,
Though the summer birds have flown,
Though the honey bees have vanished,
And the katydids are dead;
Still a cheery ringing note
From a dear melodious throat,
Tells that winter has not banished
"Little bird with bosom red."

Pipe away, you bonny bird!
Sweeter song, I never heard,
For it seems to say, Remember!
God, our Father, sits above;
Though the world is full of wrong,
Though the winter days are long,
He can fill the bleak December
With the sunshine of His love.

HOW TO RUN.

Very few boys know how to run.

"Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying despatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who cannot run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a

pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves; and not because they cannot get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy net-work. Then the passages of the nose are longer, and smaller, and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighbourhood.—*St. Nicholas.*

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally, and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various

small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument, the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22nd, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honour of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.

THE WORD "WIFE."

Mr. Ruskin says: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that of *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power."