



[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of the department is anxious so come in touch with the young people from Victoria to Halifax. She would like them to write her brief accounts of their home life, on the prairie or in the big cities, among the mountains or down by the sea. Their letters will be published, and their questions answered in so far as possible.]

"Sing, little bird, O sing!
How sweet thy voice and dear!
Bloom, little flower, O bloom!
Dance, little child, O dance!
O bloom, and sing and dance,
Child, bird, and flower; and make
The sad old world forget a while
Its sorrow for your sake."

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Here is a little letter from our great North-west, and I appreciate it all the more coming such a distance. It reached us too late for the April issue.

QU'APPELLE STATION,
March 11th, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN MAUD,—

I have just been reading your story for "Young Canada," in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I am sure Mrs. Bull is our own dear Queen Victoria. And I hope to always stay in our own Mother Country, I should not want to go to live in the United States with Brother Sam, even if he has got a pretty garden, for "what is home without a mother?"

I am proud of Loyala (or Miss Canada), but then girls always have more sense than boys. I hope all the children in Canada will stay with their mother as she has done.

I am a little girl, twelve years old, and my home is up here in this North-west corner of Loyala's garden. I love my Canadian home, and I think there are not many gardens in our land as pretty as Qu'Appelle Station.

Yours truly, EDNA TALBOT.

You are indeed a sturdy, loyal little Canadian, Edna, and you begin right.

The more you love your own home, the more you will love Canada, and the more you love Canada the greater love and reverence will you have for our dear Queen, whose 77th birthday we celebrate this month. I heard a primary teacher say the other day that, to children just entering school and who had not attended a kindergarten, the 24th of May meant little more than a holiday and fire-crackers, and that one child actually thought that the Queen lived in Queen's Park. I feel sure, though, the readers of this page know and love their country and the land and Queen to which we owe so much of our national peace and progress. The children of Canada have indeed a noble birthplace, which in time bids fair to become one of the great nations of the earth.

Until then, however, a great deal of growing has to be done, and during the growing there is need of guidance and protection, and where can we be safer than beneath the mighty wings of old England? So, three cheers for Canada! Three cheers for England and England's Queen.

I hope this month to hear from more of my little compatriots. Your letters will be faith-

fully published unless you state otherwise. Read the invitation in small print at the top of our page.

* * *

OUR STORY.

Once upon a time in a very warm country there lived a spider. He was quite young, but large enough for his age; in fact larger, than his father or mother.

He was very ill-behaved lad, however, and gave them a great deal of trouble.

One of his faults was indolence, which is a serious defect in the character of boys or girls or spiders, and very often leads to other sins.

For instance, Dandy (as he was nicknamed by the neighbours because they said "he felt too nice to work"), was too lazy to spin a web and catch flies for himself; consequently he often robbed other webs, and thus became a thief.

Then, too, he kept bad company, his chief friend being a tarantula, or banana spider, whose bite, you know, is a trifle poisonous.

Now, his parents came of a long line of harmless and industrious spinners and did not at all approve of such a companion for their son, but Dandy, like somebody I know, thought his father and mother did not know everything.

It was through this tarantula that Dandy met his fate.

They had been on a long expedition one morning and feeling tired and warm crawled up a banana stalk for a rest.

They had not slept long when they were awakened by a jar; the stalk on which they rested was being cut. The tarantula tried to escape, but was immediately killed by the men; so poor Dandy stayed where he was, too frightened to stir.

The bananas were shipped and Dandy had lots of time to repent, and long before they reached their destination he had become a much wiser spider, but alas! his wisdom came too late.

When the bananas were unpacked poor Dandy crawled out, but he was mistaken for a tarantula and immediately killed, and the man who finished him was congratulated for his narrow escape from the bite of such a dangerous insect.

* * *

We know a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.
But of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built the—I sha'n't tell the rest!
And laid the three little—somethings—in it;
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.
But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
But then, when the little birds fly about,—
Then the whole secret will be out! —Sel.

I found these dear little verses in a Western paper; I know you will like them.

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing in a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That they had ever heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small;
And with a modest dark-brown coat
He made no show at all.

This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day.

* * *

Here are two funny questions asked by a wee Toronto maid this month. She was sitting up in bed one bright April morning waiting to be dressed, and hugging a dollie that had gone to bed with her the night before whole, but wakened up with only one leg.

"Auntie," she said, after some sober thought, "how tan zis dollie open an' shut its eyes, when it's dot on'y one leg?"

Presently dollie was laid down, and Olive began to play with her pink toes.

"Auntie," she asked again, "I tan tlap my hands, why tan't I tlap my feet?"

And auntie laughed and answered that she didn't know, but she would ask Cousin Maud whether her children could tell.

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I daresay many of my little readers will go to the woods this month for flowers, so just a few words of advice.

Do not let them be just "May flowers" to you. Find out if possible the true name of each.

Notice how and where each grows—in which kind of earth, and whether in sun or shade.

In picking a flower, do not destroy the plant.

Do not gather flowers in great quantities. I have gone through woods where others had passed before and left a path of destruction—plants and shrubs broken, the wayside strewn with limp trilliums and sweet little violets cast aside perhaps because the stems were too short or careless ones had become tired of carrying them.

Do not touch the flowers unless you love them.

If you know one who is ill, take her a nosegay; she will appreciate the sweet breath from the woods.

COUSIN MAUD.