

FOR YOUNG CANADA

[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of this department is anxious to 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 as far as possible.]

"A smile, and then two merry eyes,
To make the pleasantest of skies;
A laugh—or many, if you please,—
To make the sweetest summer breeze;
All these, if used well and aright,
Will ever make a dark day bright."

DID you ever take part in charades? There is one kind of charade which, if well carried out, furnishes great amusement.

A compound word is taken, such as penman-ship, Corn-wall, water-fall, hare-bell, etc., and each part acted separately, the audience deciding upon the syllable at end of each little dialogue, and then upon the whole word when it is acted out at the last, showing its full meaning.

Our picture this month represents a little lad taking the part of *Judge* in a charade, the word chosen being court-ship.

His "What did you say, sir?" asked in stern tones, with a severe frown, "brought down the house" and more than pleased his uncle, the barrister, who had coached him.

A FINGER PLAY.

Ten little frogs in a pond so low, (1)
Ten little frogs say, "To the shore we'll go. (2)
Ten little frogs, when high and dry,
Though they would stretch their legs and fly. (3)
But, oh! their effort was all in vain,
For it tumbled them into the pond again. (4)

MOTIONS:

(1)—Finger tips on table. (3)—Stretch fingers.
(2)—Finger tips turned up. (4)—Finger tips on table again.
E. A. G., in *Child-Garden*.

Five little sheep stood under a tree—
The first one said, "Come, follow me."
The second one said, "Let's keep in line."
The third one said, "That will be fine!"
The fourth one said, "We're coming fast."
The fifth one said, "I am the last."
So after their leader they ran, until
They came to the fence, where they all stood still

OUR STORY.

"Mary, is there a man in the moon?" asked Boy, a little man of five years, whom the maid was undressing for bed.

This was usually mother's task, or pleasure rather, but this time she was in the drawing-room with papa and a friend who had taken dinner with them.

"A man in the moon?" repeated Mary. "What put that in your head?"

"Well, you know, I was at the table for dessert to-night, and papa and Mr. Nairn were talking politics and Mr. Nairn said something, and papa said, 'Tell that to the man in the moon.' Now, Mary, there must be a man in the moon, else papa would not have said that."

"Well, I've always heard so, you know. He was put up there for picking chips on Sunday, so Boy must be good and not ever work on Sunday or he might go there, too."

"Is he there all alone, Mary? Poor man, how lonesome he must be. I would like to go and see him. Wouldn't he be glad to see me?"

"I should say! He would be a queer man not to be glad to see you, Boy. But come, I promised mamma not to leave until I put you in bed."

So picking Boy up and giving him a hug, she tossed him into his little white cot, and patted his little curly head, saying, "Now, go asleep and dream about the moon." This Boy tried to do, but before many minutes he was out of bed and seated on a chair by the window, his chin resting on his two chubby fists, and his toes curled up in his long night dress. He sat and looked and wondered, and presently his head went down on his arm, and he thought and thought—"How did the man get up there? Did he climb up on the moonbeams or did he go in a balloon?" Why had he not asked Mary.

Then, as he gazed up the long line of moonlight he saw a speck, which kept growing larger and larger and seemed to be coming towards him. Soon it looked like a white bird and it was flying straight to him!



"WHAT DID YOU SAY, SIR?"

As it came nearer he saw what it really was,—a tiny silver boat being carried down the moonbeams by two large white birds, one on each side. They came to Boy and told him they were going to take him to the moon, as "The Man" had sent for him. Boy did not dream of refusing, and at once climbed into the dear little boat. Then the white birds spread their wings and Boy began his wonderful journey.

His lovely boatmen spoke to him only in answer to a question. "Shall we soon pass some stars?" asked Boy. "Oh, no," said the bird on his right hand, "The stars are ever so much farther off than the moon."

Boy was sorry he had not waited to dress as he felt quite chilly, and as he drew his night dress closer around him, asked how long before they would reach the moon. "We shall soon be there," answered the other bird.

All this time the moon had grown larger and larger, and Boy could now see it was not flat and smooth, as it had looked from his window. When they reached their journey's end, however, he had become so drowsy he hardly could see anything. He felt himself lifted from the boat by kind arms and heard kind tones say, "Here is a dear little earth boy; take him, wife, and put him in bed till morning. Then a softer, more familiar voice said, "Is my little boy sleepy and cold?" and he felt himself tucked up for the second time snugly in bed, but this time with a sweet good-night kiss on his lips. He did not waken until late in the morning and

opened his eyes to find his mother bending anxiously over him.

"Does my little Boy feel all right? I found him sound asleep last night in the open window and as cold as ice."

Boy had sailed into Dreamland, instead of to the moon.

This day it was raining in torrents and the wind was blowing a blast, and watching the storm with his nose pressed against the window pane, stood a boy. Discontent was written on every line of his face and presently he muttered:

"Isn't March a horrid month, Margaret? and here it is only the first. Imagine thirty-one days like this!"

"Hush, Eddie," said Margaret, a girl two years older than this brother of ten, and who sat quietly doing some mending. "We'll soon have lots of bright days, and, besides, you should not speak like that; every month has its special work, and Miss Leighton was telling us yesterday in school, that March was Mother Nature's house-cleaning time. The rains wash away all the winter's refuse and take the cold out of the ground, and the wind is her broom, and between them the old brown earth is made ready for the sweet spring flowers; and that reminds me, Eddie, boy. Say we get up the boxes you filled with ground last fall and plant our pansy seeds."

By this time the clouds from her brother's face had all disappeared, and soon he was whistling cheerfully as he worked in their small window garden. Margaret smiled quietly, and, small girl though she was, realized that *idleness* and *discontent* were very close friends.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cold and cutting sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing,
Far beneath our feet.
Softly comes the Spring and cheerily,
"Darlings, are you here?"
And they answer, "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."
"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us Spring," they say,
And she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter long hath held you,
But his time is past;
Soon my birds will sing above you,
Set you free at last."

St. Nicholas Songs.

TORONTO, Feb. 10th, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN MAUD,—

Father subscribed for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL when it first came out and says it is just what Canada needed. I like the first page best, though, of course, I always read yours, but I am twelve years old and want to understand politics and the questions of the day, and the newspapers have so much in about anything that I get all mixed up. Now Faith Fenton just sizes it up in a few words and a fellow knows what she is talking about. Grandma likes the "Quiet Hour" and mother always reads "Just You and I" first, but Bess, my big sister, goes right for "Fashions"—girls are queer. I wish you would write us a good robber story, please do.

Yours truly,

GEORGE FANTOM.

I feel very flattered, George, to think you read this page, and I wish more of my boy and girl friends would write, although it will not always be possible to print their letters

COUSIN MAUD.