



"GAY and good is the little maid!"
So the lilies and clove-pinks said.
Red rose heard them, and whispered low,
"Pale little thing—I love her so!"
"Ah, as sweet as these bells of mine!"
So said the morning glory vine

Climbing boldly over the wall,
Peeping into the windows tall,

Ever greedily drinking dew,
Ever swinging its bells of blue,

Swinging its bells of mauve and white,—
Swinging them softly, day and night.

The red carnation told the bee,
"Never a brighter child than she!"

Each gay poppy, in scarlet drest,
Vowed that it loved her pale face best.

"Very like us is the little maid!"
Whispered a pansy, half afraid.

Even the solemn four-o'clocks
Gossiped about her to the stocks.

Not a word said the daisies small,
Though they cared for her most of all.

Soft brown eyes, and dear little face!
So the flowers all talked of Grace.

FOR YOUNG CANADA.

EDITED BY COUSIN MAUD.

[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of the 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.]

OUR STORY.

Grasshopper Green lived up the country quite a distance, and was a fine, strong fellow for his age. The leaps he could take were simply marvellous, and he was the pride of his family and the envy of other grasshoppers for fields around. He had grown tired of his aimless life, however, and was sitting on a fence, with serious notions of travel in his queer, long head.

He had not sat there long when a friendly robin flew down beside him.

"Well, Grasshopper Green, how are you to-day? You lazy fellow, nothing to do but eat and jump. What a fine time you have, while am I almost worked to death."

"You worked to death, Cock Robin? Why, it seems to me you have an extra good time. I always thought it would be delightful to live in the air as you do."

"So it is, so it is, my friend. The air is a charming place to live in, but one could not live on it for any length of time, so I have to come down to earth and work quite hard for enough food to keep two birds going."

"My mate is now sitting on her second batch of eggs, and I shall soon have six mouths to feed."

"I tell you the old lady has an appetite, too, and bringing out a family seems to try her temper, and worms are so scarce just now. Oh, Grasshopper Green, you do not know what it is to live."

"I admit that," said Hopper Green, "but I

very soon shall. I am thinking of taking a trip to the city."

"You foolish boy! you do not know when you are well off. I met a sparrow last week who said city life was extremely dangerous. The boys there are always on the watch for birds, with catapults and nets; and as for cats"—here words failed, and Cock Robin almost shuddered.

"Boys! cats!" echoed our lively friend; "I'd catch myself sitting still long enough for either to get near me. I tell you, I am tired of this just jump and eat, jump and eat, and I'm going to see the world. So good-bye, Cock Robin!"

With these words he gave a spring and was soon some distance down the road. The robin looked after him and, with a little nod, made a few wise remarks about 'rolling stones' and 'far-off fields.'

Our little friend thought if he went right along the road he would in time

reach the city, and he was right; but travelling was not all fun. About noon he halted on a nice broad leaf in the sun to rest, but was rudely awakened from his day dreams by someone pinching him by the hind legs and saying, "Grasshopper, Grasshopper, give me some tobacco or I'll kill you!" at the same time bobbing his nose violently against a little brown hand. He immediately gave up a generous mouthful of the brown liquid, and regained his freedom, but felt stiff enough for the next hour or so. Towards evening, as he passed through a village, he barely escaped being swallowed by a duck with a great yellow bill. Nothing daunted, however, by these and several other narrow escapes, he pushed on.

After two days' steady travel, he entered the outskirts of the city, not feeling in the best of health and spirits, for the grass and other green upon which he had fed for the past few miles was very dusty and dried up. But he was brave and would not allow himself even to sigh for the crisp leaves of the delicious peas he had left.

Soon he reached a part of the city where no grass grew, and it was indeed a great experience for him. For a time he forgot his hunger in the wonderful sights and sounds of the city streets, but he very soon realised that if he did not get food and rest he would not live. So after turning several corners he hopped over a high board fence and found himself in a small flower garden at the back of a house.

He proceeded to make a good meal on some tender sweet peas, and felt so comfortable and so much at home that he congratulated himself on the success of his trip.

"If Cock Robin could see me now," thought he, "he'd soon change his opinions of city life. How silly I should have been to have listened to him!"

But poor Grasshopper Green did not triumph long. A new danger threatened him, and he was too weak and tired after his long trip to jump into safety. The little girl in whose garden he had taken up his abode, with no intention of being cruel, caught him and put him in a bottle to take to school next day as a 'specimen.'

She very carefully put in some dandelion leaves and grass, and a few drops of water, and was very much surprised next morning to find her little prisoner dead.

Lack of air, and being confined in such close quarters, proved too much for one who had been used to frisking over the whole earth.

The young naturalist emptied out her little victim, and resolved to imprison no more such 'specimens'; but she would have felt twice as sorry if she had known she had taken the life of such an ambitious little rover as our poor friend, Grasshopper Green.

* * *

I want all my older children to read and lay to heart something I have copied from one of John Ruskin's books:

In general I have not patience with people who talk about the 'thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently; I would infinitely rather hear of the thoughtlessness of old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions?

A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.

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A month or so ago, I repeated to you a little story containing some mistakes of fact, and asked those who recognised them to write.

Here is the first correct reply:

Dear Cousin Maud,—I am a city boy, but go to the country every summer. Am very fond of birds and know pretty well the habits of a good many of our Canadian birds. I think the mistakes in the story in June's "Young Canada" are in regard to hopping and walking.

Crows and pigeons walk and do not hop, sparrows and robins hop.

Yours truly,

SAM SMITH.

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DAME DOT'S SCHOOL.

Dame Dot's school is closed just now; all her children are having their holidays. But here is a letter that Dame Dot, who has gone down the St. Lawrence, received from one of her little ones. She had written before and this is a letter in answer to Dame Dot's reply. Lillie does not know how to use her stops yet.

TORONTO.

My Dear 'Dame Dot,'—This letter is not written so nice as the other. Are you well I saw Marguerite and she said that she could not. Remember your address and I told her it. Did you like the thousand islands did you have a good time at the social. I am sure you like ice cream, I do. My mother and sister wish to be remembered to you it is raining very hard here. I guess you are having a delightful time at M— Ontario (I can't spell it) You must excuse this bad writing as I must get ready for dinner with love. Good-bye.

LILLIE—YOUR FRIEND.

Dame Dot herself is having a good holiday time. She is not lonely without her children; since she knows that when the first of September comes, they will all be back in their little seats in the pretty school room, with faces brown with sun kisses and ruddy with health, and then she will hear all about their doings in dear vacation time.