

The Children's Page

The Birds' Lullaby

Sing to us, cedars; the twilight is creeping
With shadowy garments the wilderness through;
All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping,
So echo the anthems we warbled to you;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; the night wind is sighing,
Is wooing, is pleading, to hear your reply;
And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
And longing to dream to your soft lullaby;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so
strong;
Our little nest cradles are swaying so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song.
And we swing, swing,
While your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

—E. Pauline Johnson.

EDITOR'S CHAT

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Many happy returns of the day to the Children's Page, for this is a birthday, the third one of the page. You see we are quite young yet, but even so we feel we are quite important in the world, and we hope you think so, too. To begin with, we have a lot of friends, boys and girls, all over Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. We know this by the nice letters we get, and we consider this is the biggest thing we have to our credit, for what would be the good of living if we had no friends, in fact, we really believe that if the page hadn't made friends with the boys and girls the editor, who manages the whole Journal, would have ended the life of our page long ago, so you see how very important it is for you to be our friend

—to write us often and show us your interest. Then we hope we have been able to help you. We know your compositions have been improved by writing for the Story Competition and reading the prize winning essays. Then, too, your memories must be stored with some of the beautiful poems that have appeared on the page every month. The editor has tried hard to always get you something very good and well worth remembering. Then we hope that our little talks about birds, bird-houses and Audubon Societies have helped to make friends for our little brother of the fields; that we have helped you know better your own beautiful prairies and, perhaps, too, some of the wonderful lands across the seas; that we have helped you with some of your Red