

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

In an article on the Duchess of Fife, which appeared in the *Woman at Home*, it is related that the Princess is an admirable buttermaker, having learned the art—for an art it is—in her mother's dairy, a quaint little cottage built of dark Norfolk stone, where the Princess and her daughters constantly take afternoon tea. There the three royal dairymaids spent many of their leisure hours when the hot summer weather made the great cool churnery a pleasant retreat; and when their labours were over they would join their mother in the tea-room, which will always remain one of the most characteristic apartments, bearing the stamp of the Princess of Wales's own delicate taste, for the chief decoration consists of a set of tiles contributed and painted by personal friends and relations, notably the Marchioness of Lorne, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and the first Duchess of Westminster. The Prince of Wales's contribution to his wife's dairy is characteristic both of his thoughtfulness and broad sense of humour, for it consists of a curious teapot, priceless in value, and unique in design, being simply a stout Mynbeer sitting astride a barrel, the old man's cap acting as a lid, while after the tea and boiling water have been put in a tiny gold spigget is turned by the hostess, who is thus saved all unnecessary labour. Till her marriage Princess Louise used to act as organist both at family prayers and occasionally in Sandringham Church, for she is an excellent accompanist, possessing the rare gift of self-effacement so lacking in many otherwise excellent musicians. The Princess of Wales was one of the first to set the fashion of simple and inexpensive morning and afternoon dresses. With regard to her daughters, simplicity was carried to its utmost limit. They never wore any jewellery or elaborate toilettes, and their every-day gowns of plain tweed, serge, and other light wool materials would probably have been scorned by many whose dress allowance was perhaps a hundredth part of that allotted to each young princess. The first ring ever worn by the Princess Louise of Wales was that placed on her finger by the Earl of Fife on the day when their engagement was formally notified to the world. It consisted of a plain circlet of diamonds and rubies. People who have only seen the Duchess of Fife sitting in her carriage, or moving about with the stately grace required for State ceremonies, can form no idea of how great a pleasure she takes in violent exercises and rapid motion. As a girl she was an excellent lawn tennis player and fearless rider, and when in the country she walks and rides for several hours each day. The Duchess also delights in gymnastics. She was taught fencing by Bertrand, who was fencing master of the late Prince Imperial, and he always speaks in the highest terms of her courage and skill. No record of the Duchess of Fife would be complete without an allusion to her two baby daughters, for they play a leading role in her life. The Princess may truly be said to have been a mother by instinct, and few Englishwomen ever gave more attention to their nursery than does the young Duchess of Fife.

Canning Street Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, is to celebrate its jubilee in May. Rev. Principal Rainy has promised to preach on the occasion.

Our Young Folks.

HOW TO BE GOOD.

Fair little maidens all in a row,
Learning the things that big folks know—
Learning to read and write and spell,
Finding out how to do all things well,
But learning most surely, as children should,
That first great lesson—how to be good.

Little boys standing up sturdy and straight,
Learning, like men, to be tall and great,
Learning hard lessons from day to day,
For work is pleasure as well as play,
But learn most surely, as all boys can,
The way of becoming a true, good man.

A fond teacher walking among them all,
Among the brave boys and the maidens small
Teaching the lessons the school books show—
The wonderful things that the wise men know,
But teaching more sweetly than I can tell,
That great, grave lesson—how to live well.

And this the sum of the day in school:
Little folks learning the golden rule,
Learning to live and learning to die,
Learning of earth and the beautiful sky,
And learning that if we will do our best;
We never need trouble—God guide the rest.
—Katie Moore

ARCHIE'S VACATION.

"Papa has come!" shouted Archie Conwood, as he rushed down-stairs two steps at a time, with his sisters Minnie and Katy following close behind, and mamma bringing up the rear. Papa had been to Cousin Faraton's to see if he could engage summer board for the family.

Cousin Faraton lived in a pleasant village about a hundred miles distant from the city in which Mr. and Mrs. Conwood were living. They had agreed that to board with him would insure a pleasant vacation for all.

Papa brought a good report. Everything had been favorably arranged.

"And what do you think?" he asked, in concluding his narrative. "Cousin Faraton has persuaded me to buy a bicycle for you, Archie. He thought it would be quite delightful for you and your Cousin Samuel to ride about on their fine roads together. So I stopped and ordered one on my way home."

"Oh, you dear, good papa!" exclaimed Archie, "do let me give you a hug."

"Are you sure it's healthful exercise?" asked Mrs. Conwood, rather timidly. After the way of mothers, she was anxious for the health of her son.

"Nothing could be better, if taken in moderation," Mr. Conwood positively replied, thus setting his wife's fears at rest.

The order for the bicycle was promptly filled, and Archie had some opportunity of using it before going to the country. When the day for leaving town arrived, he was naturally more interested in the safe carrying of what he called his "machine" than in anything else connected with the journey.

He succeeded in taking it to Cousin Faraton's uninjured, and was much pleased to find that it met with the entire approbation of Samuel, whose opinion, as he was two years older than himself, was considered most important.

The two boys immediately planned a short excursion for the following day, and obtained the consent of their parents.

Breakfast next morning was scarcely over when they made their start. The sunshine was bright, the sky was cloudless; they were well and strong. Everything promised the pleasantest sort of a day. Yet, alas! for all human hopes. Who can tell what sudden disappointment a moment may bring.

The cousins had just disappeared from view of the group assembled on the piazza to see them start, when Samuel came back in breathless haste, exclaiming:

"Archie has fallen, and I think he's hurt!"

The two fathers ran at full speed to the spot where Archie was, and found him pale and almost fainting by the roadside. They picked him up and carried him tenderly back to the house, while Samuel hurried off for the village doctor. Fortunately he found him in his carriage about setting forth on his morning round and quite ready to drive at a rapid rate to the scene of the accident.

The first thing to be done was to administer a restorative, for Archie had had a severe shock. The next thing was an examination, which resulted in the announcement of a broken leg.

Surely there was an end to all plans for a pleasant vacation.

The doctor might be kind, sympathetic and skillful, as indeed he was. The other children might unite in trying to entertain their injured play-fellow. They might bring him flowers without number, and relate to him their various adventures, and read him their most interesting story-books—all this they did. Mother might be tireless in her devotion, trying day and night to make him forget the pain—what mother would not have done all in her power?

Still there was no escape from the actual suffering, no relief from the long six week's imprisonment; while outside the birds were singing and the summer breezes were playing in over so many delightful places that might have been visited had it not been for that broken leg.

Archie tried to be brave and cheerful, and to conceal from everyone the tears which would sometimes force their way to his eyes.

He endeavored to interest himself in the amusements which were within his reach, and he succeeded admirably. Yet the fact remained that he was having a sadly tedious vacation.

The kind-hearted doctor often entertained him by telling of his experiences while surgeon in a hospital during the war.

"Do you know," he said one day in the midst of a story, "that the men who have been bravest on the field of battle were most patient in bearing suffering? They showed what we call fortitude, and bravery and fortitude go hand in hand."

This was an encouraging thought to Archie, for he resolved to show that he could endure suffering as well as any soldier. Another thing that helped him very much was the fact, of which his mother reminded him, that by trying to be patient he was doing what he could to please the Lord Jesus.

"It was He," she said, "who allowed this trial to come to you, because He saw that through it you might grow to be a better and a nobler boy. And you will be growing better every day by simply trying to be patient, as I see you do."

"I want to be, mamma," Archie answered, "and there's another thing about this broken leg: I think it will teach me to care more when other people are sick."

"No doubt it will, Archie, and if you learn to exercise patience and sympathy your vacation will not be lost, after all."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

SIGNAL LIGHTS

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully. Mary slipped from her place, and ran into the cabin; but she came back shortly and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, missy, I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now, which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "*Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven.*"

THE JEWISH MAID.

A little Jewish girl in Russia learned large portions of the New Testament from a boy who had committed them to memory. One day upon the arrival of her father after an absence she ran to meet him, and said, "I do love Jesus; he loved little children." This angered the father and he forbade her to speak on the subject again. Soon the child was stricken with scarlet fever, and the medical attendant gave no hope of her recovery. A Gentile woman was called to nurse the child, as the Jews feared the fever. The woman quoted the verse of a hymn; and the father of little Deborah offered the death-bed prayer of the Jews. Then the child opened her eyes and repeated accurately the story of Jairus' daughter. When she finished her head fell back, and to all appearance she was gone. In an agony of mind the father fell down at the feet of Jesus and besought him saying: "O Jesus, thou who didst raise up the daughter of Jairus, raise up little Deborah, and I will believe in thee as Israel's Messiah!" That cry of agony was heard, and the child rose from her couch of death and the Jewish family was converted to Christianity.