

## Young People's Department.

### CALENDAR.

|      |                                                               |
|------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| June | 1—EMBER DAY.                                                  |
| "    | 3—EMBER DAY.                                                  |
| "    | 4—EMBER DAY.                                                  |
| "    | 5—TRINITY SUNDAY.                                             |
| "    | 11—ST. BARNABAS.                                              |
| "    | 12—1st Sunday after TRINITY.                                  |
| "    | 19—2nd Sunday after TRINITY.                                  |
| "    | 21—61st Anniversary of the Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837. |
| "    | 24—St. John Baptist.                                          |
| "    | 26—3rd Sunday after TRINITY.                                  |
| "    | 28—CORONATION of Queen Victoria, 1838.                        |
| "    | 29—St. Peter.                                                 |

### ROSEBUD AND COBWEBS.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

*Dear Aunt Margaret:*

Everything has gone wrong, and I am as cross and horrid as I can be. There's no use trying to be good, its only makes me miserable. This very day I have failed in my lessons, been disrespectful to mamma, and impatient with the children. I hate to disappoint you, but you will have to give me up, —I shall never be anything but a wretched failure.

Your penitent, but bad-tempered and altogether miserable niece,

ROSE PRESTON.

*My dear little Rose:*

You must not be discouraged, and together we will find a way to clear the cobwebs out of the sky, even if we have to go after them with a broom, like the old woman in Mother Goose.

The bird and the bees have reminded me that Friday is my Rosebud's birthday, —and beside the thirteen kisses I want to give her then, I have planned a little afternoon party for her and all of the children, —for we will not begin with grown-up parties just yet. Mamma has given her consent, and I shall expect to see you, with Gertie and Willie and little May, on Friday at four o'clock. I am going to ask your cousins, and some of your school friends besides, and I hope we shall all have a pleasant time together. And then, when the party is over, I am going to keep my Rose with me to spend the night.

Good-bye until Friday, my dear, and — if you haven't already found a way to unravel the cobwebs that are troubling you I think I can help you.

Your loving

AUNT MARGARET.

On Friday afternoon, promptly at four, aunt Margaret opened her doors to a troop of bright-faced children, large and small—who had come in response to her invitation, and who now clustered around her eagerly waiting their share of the welcoming kisses.

"It is just lovely of you, auntie dear," Rose whispered, "but I really don't deserve it, I've been so cross and horrid all the week."

Aunt Margaret smoothed the penitent pucker from the fair young brow, and smiled in a way that went far to reassure the young girl, who was really trying hard to be good and gentle, and whose quick "Preston temper" was always getting her into trouble.

Before all the hats and jackets had been laid aside, the rest of the little guests arrived, and "the party" was all assembled when aunt Margaret led the way down to her pretty parlor, before whose open door the children paused, astonished.

"What is it?" "Isn't it funny?" "Oh, my!" and similar exclamations were echoed on every side, as they saw the great web hanging from the upper part of the doorway, from the centre of which an enormous spider seemed watching with his big bright eyes, ready to dart out upon the first intruder who should venture within his reach. And beyond the doorway cobwebs were spreading everywhere, over tables and chairs and every available space—leaving no room for them to enter.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Said the spider to the fly—"

aunt Margaret said, in her merry way, "Now, my dears, I am the spider, and you are the flies, and this is our cobweb party,—and you are to see if you cannot untangle the webs that Mistress Spider has prepared to ensnare you in."

Rose's brown eyes sought her aunt's face, and were met by an answering smile.

"I am going to give each one of you an end of the web, and start you right in to the puzzle," aunt Margaret continued. "There, now follow each twist and turning wherever it