

## Youth's Department.

## A GOOD STORY OF A PRINCELY BOY.

CHARLES X of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace while a peasant from Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gayety and playfulness of the count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and, to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood.

"Ah!" said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed."

"Well, then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me pocket money, for which, after all, I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children; but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded."

On leaving the apartment, the honest dependent acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret, adding that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion. At the end of the month, the young Count d'Artois received his allowance as usual, and watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of his protégé.

On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed, for the amusement of the young princes, by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store, but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favorite amusement. The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason of his unusual prudence; still no answer from the count. One of the princes, his brother, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed:—"This may be very well for you; but what would you do if, like me, you had a wife and five children to support?"—SELECTED.

What is that which by losing an eye has nothing but a nose?

—Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy in arithmetic? Because he puts down three and carries one.

## WHAT THE SUNBEAM SAW.

"Stay, dear sunbeam," murmured a bright wood-lily, as the sunshine danced in, one summer day, among the pine-tree branches. "Stay a while and rest upon this bright carpet of moss, and tell me a story. It is so quiet here to day, in the forest, that I am almost asleep. I wish I could get out into the world, and see some of the fine sights there. What a gay time you must have of it, dancing about wherever you please from morning till night!"

"Nay," said the sunbeam, "I cannot stop to tell you all I have seen; but, if you care to hear it, I will tell you what was the prettiest sight of all."

"Do," said the wood-lily, bending her graceful head to listen.

"I was kissing away the tears that the night had left upon a cluster of climbing roses that overhung a cottage window," said the sunbeam, "when I heard the sweet sound of children's voices. I looked within and saw two dear little girls at play. Many pretty toys were scattered about the room, and each of the little ones had a doll clasped in her chubby arms. I thought them lovelier than the flowers in the garden, and their happy voices made sweeter music than the birds. By-and-by they put up their sweet lips and kissed each other, while I hovered over them with delight, caressing their cheeks and turning their brown curls to shining gold."

"A pretty sight, indeed, that must have been," said the wood-lily.

"And now," continued the sunbeam, "shall I tell you the saddest sight that I have seen to-day?"

The wood-lily bent her head still lower.

"I went again to see the dear children, and to give them my parting blessing; but I found them, alas! how changed! Harsh words issued from their rose-bud lips, frowns clouded their fair white brows, and their little hands were raised in anger."

"That was a sad sight, surely," said the lily.

"A sad sight!" murmured the summer wind through the pine boughs.

"A sad sight!" breathed a cluster of violets while tears fell from their blue eyes into the little stream beside which they grew.

"A sad sight!" echoed the rippling stream.

"A sad sight!" sang the birds in the branches. So it was as if a gloom had suddenly settled itself over the forest, and all because of the sad story the sunbeam had told.

Have a care, dear children, that no bright sunbeam ever has so sad a tale to tell of you.

—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

—"Bobby why don't your mother sew up your trowsers?" "Because she's at the vestry, sewing for the heathen."

AXE GRINDING.—A STORY FOR BOYS.—This is a term borrowed from a story told by Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle, and you'll see something pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it till the axe is ground. Straightway he turns with changed voice and fierce gesture on the boy:—"You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone this instant!" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when anybody flattered me I always thought he 'had an axe to grind.'"

—"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten the lard." "La! mother, it was so greasy it slipped my mind."

## ANSWER TO ANAGRAM IN LAST No.

WILLIAM WELD Esq.—Dear Sir—You will please find enclosed, answer to anagram on page 93, which I think you will find correct, if so, you will please acknowledge the same in your next "Advocate," and oblige yours David McCarthy, son of John McCarthy, subscriber for the "Farmers' Advocate," for which I wish every success as it is going to fill a great void, wanting among our farmers in the Province of Ontario, and hope they will profit by it and subscribe liberally towards encouraging its wide circulation.

D. J. McC.

Come weary traveller and slake thy parching thirst,  
And drive away dull care;  
Thou need'st not broach thy little purse,  
For I am free as air.

My course is on the mountain side,  
My course is to the sea;  
Then drink 'till thou art satisfied,  
O, drink for I am free.

DAVID J. MCCARTHY,  
Aged 18 years.

Prescott, May 30th, 1888.

We have also received correct answers from Hannah Elizabeth Smith, Penetanguishene, James L. Wilson, Glen Williams; Alice M. Day, Thamesford, T. Norton, Grey, C. F. Ernst, Pittsburg, W. Harker, Delaware, E. Dissett, Prescott, and Annie Campbell, Cawdor.

## ANAGRAM.

Rethaf; nwhe I alshl meoc ot teeh mose yda  
Ginrbngi ym vesaeas,  
Twil hout kool nowd no em dan ysa—  
Tnonigh ubt vselae?  
I nowk hety ear ont chum, my losu sepdaris,  
Dan listen viesgre;  
Ot dinf magno teh hewta os nyam rates,  
Onduq ni ym shavese.

LTCINA.