

Children's Department.

A LITTLE TALE.

ONCE a Mouse, a Frog, and a little Red Hen,
Together kept a house;
The Frog was the laziest of frogs,
And lazier still was the Mouse.

The work all fell on the little Red Hen,
Who had to get the wood,
And build the fires, and scrub, and cook,
And sometimes hunt the food.

One day, as she went scratching around,
She found a bag of rye:
She said, "Now who will make some bread?"
Said the lazy Mouse, "Not I."

"Nor I," croaked the Frog, as he dozed
in the shade,
Red Hen made no reply,
But flew around with bowl and spoon,
And mixed and stirred the rye.

"Who'll make a fire to bake the bread?"
Said the Mouse again, "Not I;"
And, scarcely opening his sleepy eyes,
Frog made the same reply.

The little Red Hen said never a word,
But a roaring fire she made;
And while the bread was baking brown,
"Who'll set the table?" she said.

"Not I," said the sleepy frog with a yawn;
"Nor I," said the Mouse, again,
So the table she set and the bread put on;
"Who'll eat this bread?" said the Hen.

"I will!" cried the Frog, "And I,"
squeaked the Mouse;
As they near the table drew,
"Not much you won't!" said the little Red Hen,
And away with the loaf she flew.

PATTY'S SWARM.

ONE day Patty ran into the house with her yellow hair a-tumble and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement. "Mother, O mother!" she cried, her little brown hands fluttering like the wings of a bird, "the bees are swarming."

"Sure?" asked her mother, doubtfully. For, you see, Patty was the least bit in the world like the boy in the fable who cried, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. Not that she *meant* to be, but so many bees would fly about making such a buzzing in the warm spring sunshine that Patty was often quite certain that they were swarming, when they hadn't any idea of it. And that is why Patty's mother asked in that doubtful way, "Sure?"

"Yes'm," said Patty, meekly. Her mother stepped to the door. True enough, there was a roar like that of a very small waterfall in the air, and over the bee-hives floated a little black cloud.

"I do believe they are," she said. "But they're not all out yet, I guess, and will not begin to light for some little time. Run down to Mr. Jessop's, Patty, and tell your father—no, I'll go," with a smile, remembering that Patty had gone for her father once before, when the bees were not swarming, after all.

"May I go out and watch 'em, mother?" asked Patty, dancing heel and toe on the white kitchen floor.

"Yes; put on Aunt Nabby's shaker, and don't go too near."

So Patty got into Nabby's big shaker bonnet, which was so much

too large that you could not see her little round face, unless feeling quite sure it was there, you stopped and peeped in; and the brown calico cape almost reached the hem of her short skirts.

Then Patty went into the garden and sat down on a box by the cucumber bed.

She watched the dancing black swarm until her eyes grew heavy. The sun shone brightly, the west wind blew about her, warm and soft and fragrant. The buzzing of many bees grew louder and louder, until it seemed to swallow up every other sound. Then the big shaker began to droop, and that was all Patty knew, until—"Patty! Patty, child! Don't stir for your life!"

This was what called Patty out of Dreamland, her father's voice, deep and hoarse.

At first she wondered where she was. There was a roar, like distant thunder, in her ears.

"Don't move, Patty, dear. Don't lift your head!" That was her mother. The words sounded to Patty a great way off, and there was a tremble in them, and a sob at the last. What could it mean?

Patty was frightened, but she was a brave little girl, and had always been taught to obey. So she sat very still, with scarcely the quiver of an eyelid, and presently she felt the big shaker gently lifted from her head.

"All right!" said her father. And Patty looked up with a little cry to see the shaker—Aunt Nabby's shaker, truly, but bigger than ever with that great cluster of moving, buzzing bees hanging to it—disappear within an empty hive.

Then Patty laughed. "Did they light on my head?" she cried, jumping up. "What fun!"

But the mother took the little girl in her arms and carried her into the house and cried over her. Mothers are such queer people.

"That shall be Patty's hive," said her father, coming in later; adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've heard of a bee in one's bonnet, but I never saw so many bees on a bonnet before."

"Nor I," said Patty, laughing still. "They shall make me some honey to pay for that."

WHAT IS THE TONGUE FOR?

"SINCE God made the tongue—and He never makes anything in vain—we may be sure He made it for some purpose. What is it then?" asked a teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy. "To sing and talk with," said another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what He did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient, words with it. Now, boys, think every time you use your tongues if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues, and not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body, although it is so small. Please God with it every day."

SELF-DISCIPLINE becomes a source of almost boundless strength in carrying resolutely to completion the difficult undertakings upon which we see fit to enter.

WHAT KILLED THE OYSTER?

Look at that oyster shell. Do you see a little hole in the hard roof of the oyster's house? That explains why there is a shell but no oyster. A little creature called the whelk, living in a spiral shell, dropped one day on the roof of the oyster's house. "The little innocents," some one has called the whelks. "The little villains," an oyster would call them, for the whelk has an auger, and bores, and bores, and bores, until he reaches the oyster itself, and the poor oyster finds he is going up through his own roof. He goes up, but he never comes down.

A writerspeaks of noticing on the shores of Brittany the holes in the oyster bored by its enemy, both burglar and murderer we should call him.

"A little sin, a little sin!" cries a boy who may have been caught saying a profane word, or strolling with a bad associate, or reading a bad book, or sipping a glass of beer. "Don't make too much of it!" he says.

Young friend, that's the whelk on the oyster's back. You have given the tempter a chance to use his auger, and he will bore and bore till he reaches the centre of all moral worth in the soul, and draws your very life away.

AN EASY PLACE.

A LAD once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not the place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer at whatever cost of personal ease, and when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted.

Hannah Moore says: "Idleness among children, as among men, is the root of all evil, and leads to no other evil more certain than ill temper."

Little Willie seemed to know this, for when he had nothing to do he would say, "Now, mamma, I have nothing to do; I am on Satan's ground, you know."

Boys and girls be careful to keep off his ground, and find something that will do you or some one else good, to do.

Good healthful play will come under this rule, and is much more beneficial every way than having nothing to do, and getting into mischief.

THE FASHION THAT NEVER CHANGES.—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose-leaf blushing on the cheek, the rounded form, the elastic step are always in fashion. Health, rosy, bounding, glad-some health, is very out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered for its possession! Failing in the pursuit, what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss; or counterfeiting its charms!

JAPANESE BABIES.

"I never saw people take so much delight in their children," writes Miss Bird in her new book on the Japanese, "carrying them about or holding their hands in walking, watching and entering into their games, supplying them constantly with toys, taking them to picnics and festivals, and never being content to be without them. Both fathers and mothers take a pride in their children. It is most amusing, about six o'clock in the morning, to see twelve or fourteen men sitting on a low wall, each with a child or two in his arms, fondling and playing with it, and showing off its physique and intelligence."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

Not exceeding Four lines, Twenty-five Cents.

Marriage.

HANNA CAMPBELL. On Tuesday, the 15th instant, at St. Paul's church, Perrytown, by the Rev. A. B. Clute, B.A., assisted by the Rev. H. T. Leslie, B.A., Toronto, John Alexander Hanna, Clerk in Holy Orders, Incumbent of Streetsville, to Eveline, fifth daughter of Thomas Campbell, Esq., of "Maple Grove," Perrytown.

Death.

STUCKEY. At Luther Village, on Monday, the 14th instant, Samuel Stuckey, aged 59 years; deeply regretted by all who knew him. "May his soul rest in peace."

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