

YOUNG CANADA.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do,
Never mind if it is small;
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are wee, modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green,
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful bloom we love
As they blossom round our feet.

So do little acts we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

A LION STORY.

"I can't, I can't, I CAN'T!" said Willie, reaching a climax of emphasis and emotion, as he landed his arithmetic in his mother's lap. She was sitting on the opposite side of the study table, patiently filling up the missing heel in one of our hero's stockings.

"What is it now, dear?" Her voice was like the soft patter of rain, and the light in her eyes as the sweet shining of the sun after a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder.

"I am going to do all *my sums* by subtraction. I never can learn multiplication—never, never!"

"You had better go to bed, dear," she replied, thinking to cut this Gordian knot of nevers and can't's with the sword of rest.

"Without my story, mother!" (now, the story had been the promised reward for the yet unsolved problem in arithmetic.)

For once, she was better than her word, and surprised Willie by saying, "Well, I believe I will tell you a lion story to-night." Willie looked up with a smile of expectation and interest, in which there lurked no remembrance of certain snakes and bears with which she had been wont "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

"There lived once in a village—well, a village where there were *lions*—a poor seamstress and her little boy, who was all she had in the world. 'When Freddie gets to be a man,' was a sort of oasis looked forward to in the desert journey of her life."

A light came into Willie's eyes as she said this, for she had borrowed her illustration from his last lesson in geography.

"Late one evening," continued she, "the poor mother said: 'Freddie, I *must* have that jacket pattern, and you will have to go to the other end of the village for it.'"

"Do boys wear jackets in lion countries?" interrupted he.

The corners of his mother's mouth twitched a little, as she proceeded with more caution:

"Yes, sometimes. As I said before, it was late, and nearly dark. Freddie met his mother's request with a frown, and started with reluctant steps. Presently he ran back with eyes full of fright, crying out, 'There is a lion in the street!'

"His mother laid aside her work, rose hastily, and looked anxiously in the direction indicated, but could see nothing but the trees and houses. The sad, care-worn look

never left her face that night, though in the street she was sure there was no lion.

"The village had been infested for many years by two much-dreaded lions. One was fierce and strong, roaring along the highway at noon; the other, cowardly and hungry, crept from behind fence corners and stumps to spring upon little children in the dark."

"Oh! mother, and ate them up?" said Willie, with a shudder.

"Yes, all that was *good* in them; their character, their industry, their manliness; for the great savage lion is, 'I won't,' and the little cowardly sneak is 'I can't.'"

"Sold again," said Willie, with a sigh of disappointment; but his look of interest came back as his mother took down the big Bible and asked him to turn to Prov. xxii. 13. He read aloud: "The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."

After they had talked about it awhile, she drew nearer, and stroking his tossed curls and smoothing the wrinkles from his flushed brow, she whispered tenderly:

"Oh! Willie, I am so much afraid of 'I can't' for you. Face the sneaking lion like a man, and he will skulk away to the woods." Then she added playfully, "If you like subtraction so much, set your duties down in a row, and write a brave 'I will' under every one of them. 'I can't' will lead you into multiplication, and keep you there all the days of your life." Willie didn't think this much of a lion story, but 'I can't' didn't sneak round quite as often when he had tasks to accomplish.

THE QUEEN'S REPARATION.

In 1882, the Society Islands, which had previously been governed by chiefs according to their own pleasure, came under the influence of the Christian religion. One of the first things the islanders did was to assemble and agree upon a code of laws, which were to be equally binding upon the King and his lowest subject.

A few months after the adoption of this code, the Queen of Tahiti visited Huahine. Her attendants requiring a piece of timber, she directed them to cut down a bread-fruit tree which grew in a garden near the place where she was resting with her people.

In the evening, when the owner came home from his work in the fields, he saw what had been done. There lay the branches strewn around. There was the bleeding stump. But the tree, his pride and delight, was gone.

Informed by his neighbours that the Queen's men had cut it down, he went at once to the magistrate and lodged a complaint against her Majesty. The magistrate directed him to appear at sunrise the next morning, and bring witnesses to prove his charge. The Queen also received a summons to attend.

At the appointed hour, Ori, the judge, was seated on the ground beneath a mighty tree. On a finely woven mat before him reclined the Queen, surrounded by attendants. Beside her stood the peasant, her accuser, and back of them all a number of men who seemed to be police officers.

Turning to the plaintiff, whose name was Teuhe, Ori asked for what purpose they were assembled. The poor man replied:

"O magistrate, in my garden there grew a bread-fruit tree. Its shelter was thrown over my cottage. Its fruit supported my children. Yesterday some one came and cut it down. They tell me the Queen sent him to do so. What I desire to ask is, whether the law was made only for kings, or for poor men, too?"

The magistrate, turning to the Queen, asked if she had ordered this. She answered, "Yes." He then asked if she did not know that they had laws. She said, "Yes;" but she was not aware that they applied to her. The magistrate asked if in those laws—a copy of which he held in his hand—there were any exceptions in favour of chiefs, or kings, or queens. She answered, "No," and despatched one of her attendants to her house, who soon returned with a bag of money, which she threw down before the poor man, as a recompense for his loss.

"Stop," said the justice; "we have not done yet." The Queen began to weep. "Do you think it was right that you should have cut down the tree without asking the owner's permission?" continued the magistrate. "It was not right," said the Queen. Then turning to the poor man, he asked, "What remuneration do you require?" Teuhe answered, "If the Queen is convinced that it was not right to take a little man's tree without his permission, I am sure she will not do it again. I am satisfied; I require no other recompense." His disinterestedness was applauded, the assembly dispersed, and afterward, I think, the Queen sent him privately a present equal to the value of his tree.

DON'T GIVE UP.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try, my boy—try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy—try."

THE Prince and Princess of Wales recently gave a small juvenile party at Marlborough House to celebrate the fifteenth birthday of their eldest daughter, Princess Louise. The children invited came at five o'clock in the afternoon and left at eight—very sensible hours.