

## THE CHILDREN'S WORK.

**R**EV. THOMAS LLOYD in acknowledging the gift of a font from the Church Children's Missionary Guild of St. Alban's Church, Ottawa, writes:

"I have this day been to my out-station at Ravenscliffe, and superintended the unpacking and setting up of the 'Font' in St. John's Church. It is without a flaw, and by those present to-day very much admired and appreciated. I think it very beautiful. For myself and flock at St. John's allow me to express our most grateful thanks for so noble a gift, with prayers for a blessing on the dear children who have so liberally provided and donated it.

"Our warmest thanks are due also to the Rev. W. Compton, whose kind good will has caused this beautiful gift to come to us,—a Christmas Tree. What little boy or girl knows where Seguin Falls is, in the Diocese of Algoma? Some of the little missionaries may answer, and these are the friends who will be interested in hearing of Mrs. Fry's Christmas tree for the children in Frybrooke, Seguin Falls. Let her tell the story. 'I was very busy on the 6th of the month. We had our festival in our house. We had a very nice tree and some very nice books to give away. We had tea first in my dining room, and a slight examination on the second chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke, with recitations. Mrs. Boomer sent me two small books of lessons and one Bible as special prizes. These were won by three girls. After tea we assembled in my parlor and sang some Christmas hymns and other beautiful hymns. I have a good sized bedroom downstairs, and I put out all the furniture, and placed the tree there. The children were very happy, and have been happy ever since. Along with my own Sunday School I invited two out of each house in the next congregation and sent gifts to every child in that congregation, I also invited some of the parents to take care of the little ones. Three children came eight and a half miles. Two girls I had to keep for two days. One of my neighbors came and brought nine of her youngest children, with her eldest son to drive the oxen. She has thirteen children, and has not one dollar coming in this winter. She has five boys under nine years of age. She thanked me again and again for what I had done for them. A lady sent me a fine parcel of gifts furnished by the Ministering Children's League, her mother and herself. Another lady sent a parcel with oranges and candies. Others sent books and cards. One sent *The Graphic* without the pictures, and another sent the pictures without the paper. I had seventeen dolls, and gave every very small boy one, which pleased them very much. My daughter dressed the dolls and made candy bags. I could not eat anything all that day, and for weeks could hardly sleep. I had a good many children yesterday, although the day was very stormy. They came on an ox-

sleigh. I gave them clothing and caps and old boots. If friends could spare any of their things when they are house-cleaning in the spring I could have many girls and boys tidy for the summer.' Let the children be thinking out what they can do during the year, to give Mrs. Fry and children a happy Christmas in 1890."

## THE THREE FINCHES.

FROM "THE HOSPITAL."

**I**" SAID Mollie Finch, pompously, "I have made-up my mind what I shall be when I'm grown up."

"What?" asked her two sisters, eagerly. The three small maidens, each armed with a beloved and much-battered old doll, sat in their special corner of mother's room—the wide bay-window recess. Three little Finches were they—human birds in the home-nest.

"A washerwoman!" announced Mollie, slowly, and with as much importance as if she had said an empress or a Patti. Then the sudden tears of vexation sprang into her clear, round eyes at the burst of derision her exalted idea of a career elicited. "Why not?" she went on with warmth. "It's a most beautiful life, a washerwoman's. Oh, I should love to be one! My washing-days are the happiest of all the week. And she examined the frills and skirts of her waxen baby anxiously, hoping to catch sight of a speck which might excuse an extra field day of her favorite diversion.

"Well, then," said Enid, the second little Finch, "you will be a disgrace to the family, that's all. And I shan't never come to see you, for when I grow up I shall marry a duke, and have a carriage-and-four, and always have lump sugar in my tea, instead of that nasty brown stuff we have in the nursery. And Miss Enid Finch stretched out her inches to their utmost.

"I don't care," said Mollie, stoutly; "driving isn't half such fun as wringing and hanging out clothes. Oh, that's just lovely!" she wound up, ecstatically.

"What shall you be, Goldy?" asked Enid, turning scornfully from the future black sheep of the family to her other little sister.

His Goldfinch, as her father called her, was dreamily looking out of her blue eyes into the misty, hazy middle-distance and the faint line of hills beyond—the view from mother's window. The first thing you were forced to notice about Goldy was her shining locks rippling down over the slight, little form—a priceless mantle of hair that glittered in the sunlight and won for her the home name. "She's our flower," the father and mother would tell each other with secret pride. "There will be no one like her in all the county when she grows up to be a woman"; but they wished Goldy was not so still, so silent—wished that she would run about more, like her sisters did, even that she would join in their sparring matches, their flying quarrels. She is too good, was the thought unspoken, and full of fear deep