

## Children's Department.

### LITTLE CONTRARY.

There was a little girl I knew  
Who often disobeyed,  
And when her mother bade her work,  
She almost always played.

When she was told to go one way,  
She'd surely go the other;  
If asked her sister to amuse,  
She'd entertain her brother.

Or, when mamma said, "Come do this,"  
She'd cry, "Can't I do that?"  
And when upon an errand sent,  
She'd play with dog or cat.

Instead of doing what she should,  
She did just what she shouldn't;  
And if her mother wished she would,  
She always said she couldn't.

And now, if there are any more,  
Such children here to-day,  
I hope they'll think it very wrong,  
And try the better way.

Like this young girl I've told you of,  
Determine to repent,  
And as you older grow each day,  
Grow more obedient.

### ANECDOTE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA.

There is a very pretty little story told by the governess of the Princess Victoria, and which was published not very long ago, of how this little girl of twelve Summers felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the Queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself:

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough,) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam, I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke gave me that little hand saying 'I will be good. I undersand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammer, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating 'I will be good!'"

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for elegant expressions, what could she have found better?) than those dear child's words "I will be good!" I think there could not be a more charming little historical scene. "I cried much on learning it," is the note which the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which, as we fond of saying, "the sun never sets"—yet only twelve years old, a little girl in a white frock, with big blue eyes opening wide with wonder. Think how you would feel who are of the same age, if anything a tenth part as wonderful were told to you.—*Mrs. Oliphant in St. Nicholas.*

### WHICH WAS THE POORER?

It was a very simple moving, that of the widow Bates and her two little girls. It only required a single cart to carry all their "goods and chattels,"

and the one strong horse, which neighbor Jackson kindly loaned for the purpose, was able to draw the load, mother and children included, without feeling very much burdened. She was moving into a snug little cottage of four rooms, which a relation had lately bequeathed to her, and a more happy, contented little family you could hardly find. "Now there is no rent to pay," said Ellen, "how nicely we can live with our earnings! Before, it was always a hurry and worry to make up our rent."

"And such a nice little garden as we shall have!" said the happy Lucy. "How I wish it was the spring-time, so we could plant it right away. But we shall have plenty of gooseberries, and ever so many apples on these two big trees. Don't you feel as if we were almost rich folks, mother?"

"I feel very thankful to the Lord, dear, and hope we shall all try to do everything we can to help others poorer than we. Let us never forget our past troubles, so we can feel for others in the same straits." The widow did remember to help those still more needy, to the very limit of her slender means, and the Lord blessed her a hundredfold.

### THE RAVEN AND THE WREN.

A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Upon an old oak, gray and grim,  
With scars of many a year,  
Moss-grown, and gnarled, and ivied o'er,  
Bare-boughed, and black, and sere,

A raven sat and sagely croaked;  
And smoothed his sable vest;  
Quoth he, "What bird so wise as I?  
Since I lay in the nest,

"Just hatched from egg, it must be full  
Fifty long years or more;  
Well skilled am I in worldly ways,  
And full of cunning lore!"

He screwed his cunning head askew,  
Glanced sagely down the glen—  
When, lo! from 'neath a bramble-bush,  
Flew forth a small brown wren.

"Stay! cried the sage, "gay flirting thing,  
Be wise, and learn of me,  
Since I have trodden wisdom's way  
For half a century!"

Dame Jennie smiled: "Kind sir," she chirped,  
"I have my babies small  
Waiting for breakfast in their bed—  
I cannot stop at all.

"And my good husband, who arose  
At earliest break of day,  
To seek supply of juicy grubs,  
Will breakfast for me stay!"

"Go, wren!" irately snarled the sage;  
"Such trivial minds as thine  
'Tis worse than useless I should try  
To mend by words of mine."

So he sat on, and croaked and croaked,  
Till at the hot noonday  
It chanced the watchful gamekeeper  
Strolled with his gun that way.

"Aha!" said he, "So, Master Thief,  
I've found you out at last;  
Of pheasants' eggs no more for you;  
I think your day is past."

He to his shoulder raised his gun,  
And forth the bullet flew;  
Down went the raven from his perch.  
Too late he dying knew

That he who sits and idly dreams,  
Then calls himself a sage,  
Knows not that prating is not wit;  
Nor doth a hoary age

Always bring wisdom; wiser far  
Are those who dare the strife,  
And like the wren, talk little—but  
Their duty do in life!

—*Christian at Work.* ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

### THE SECRET.

"Mother," said a girl of ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning?"

"Why, my dear?"

"Because it must be to see some one you love very much."

"And what leads you to think so?"

"Because I have always noticed that when you come back you appear to be more happy than usual."

"Well, suppose I do go to see a Friend I love very much, and that seeing Him and conversing with Him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?"

"Because I wish to do as you do that I may be happy also."

"Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and in the evening it is to commune with my Saviour; I go to pray to Him! I ask for His grace to make me happy and holy; I ask Him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against Him; and, above all, I ask Him to have mercy on you, and save you from the influence of those who sin against Him."

"If that is the secret," said the child, "then I must go with you."—*Selected.*

### THE LITTLE BLACK FLY.

Buzz! buzz! little black fly;  
No, to hurt you I'll not try;  
Dolly and I will love you too;  
You'll love me and I'll love you.  
Don't tickle my nose and tease;  
Dolly will love you then, and I  
Never will hurt you, little black fly.  
Don't go yet, you dearest of things;  
Dolly is seeing you wash your wings;  
Dolly is washed and sometimes cries.  
You wash yourself, you best of flies.  
Do that again, black fly, we beg;  
Comb your hair with your small black leg  
So you are going; well, good-bye;  
Come again soon, please, dear black fly.

—Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

—We often omit the good we might do in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do.

**BALANCE ENGINES.**—We would call attention to the advertisement of Wm. Berry, engineer, manufacturer of steam and hydraulic balance valve engines, No. 22 Anderson-street, Montreal; whose success in perfecting an engine meeting the requirements of full, steady, and even pressure, is apparent, to the avoidance of the wretched squeaking and groaning which so seriously affect the harmony and enjoyment of church organs, when blown by man or boy power, or other imperfect attachment for such purpose. The economy of its use also commends it to the favourable consideration of the Churches. Having witnessed the effective operation of one of Mr. Berry's engines in the American Presbyterian Kirk, Montreal, where it has been in constant use for four years, we can testify to the fulness, strength and equality of pressure, and the consequent perfection of tone of the organ under the skillful manipulation of Mr. Stewart, the organist of Christ Church, Ottawa, who thus tested the qualities of the engine. This organ is one of the largest in Canada, built by Messrs. Warren & Co., of Montreal, and is remarkable as an instrument of great power and sweetness. The engine though in constant use for four years, shews, upon examination, no perceptible wear of valve. We had also the pleasure of listening to the sweeter as well as more powerful tones of the organ of St. James the Apostle, as drawn forth by Dr. Davies, who not only uses the engine in the church, but has one for his parlor organ at home. We are thus particular in presenting the engine of Mr. Berry, not only because of its superiority as to equality of pressure and durability to all others that have been put to the test, but for the reason that it is an article of home manufacture, and altogether deserving of consideration.