

## THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

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Our friend "Alpheus" must be busy, for there are no "Practical Thoughts" from him this month. I hope, however, you will have No. IV. from him in next issue.

The following anecdote, said to be of Prince Arthur, has appeared in print and is probably true. I would like some of my young friends to tell us in next month's "Portion" what great truth it not unaptly illustrates:—

A little boy, who lived in Scotland, felt a very great desire to see Her Majesty Queen Victoria. He was an orphan boy, and had no one to care for him, and he thought if he could only see the queen, she would pity him, and send him to school, where he might learn to read and write, and thus try to work for his bread afterwards. Little "Jamie," for that was his name, started off one fine morning for Balmoral, to talk to the queen, as he said. Those who heard him thought he was a very foolish, ignorant little boy, to think that Her Majesty would have any thing to say to such a little ragged and poor boy as he was; but Jamie did not mind what they said. He was quite determined to see the queen, and tell all his wants. Well, when Jamie came to the castle gate, he was going to walk right in, but a great soldier stepped out quite crossly, and said—

"You cannot go in there! What do you want?"

And Jamie answered, "Please, soldier, I want to see the queen."

But the soldier only laughed, and told him to "be gone"; that such ragged boys as he could not get into the beautiful palace; and so the poor boy drew back with a heavy heart, and, sitting down on a stone some few yards in front of the gate, he began to cry piteously.

Just then a young gentleman came near, and hearing Jamie sob, went up to him, and said kindly:

"Well, my little man, what is the matter?"

He spoke gently, and he looked so very good, as Jamie glanced at him through his tears, that he regained confidence, and told his trouble to the young gentleman, who, when he had heard it all, only smiled and said:

"So, my little man, you want to see the queen, do you?"

And Jamie said, "Yes, sir."

"Well," said the gentleman, "will you come with me, and I will bring you in?"

But Jamie answered doubtingly, "Oh, but sir, yon big soldier will na let ye by neither."

"Oh yes, he will," said the young gentleman; "only try him now. Just put your hand in mine, and trust me, and I will get you in; for he must let me through."

Half doubtingly little Jamie took another good look at the young gentleman, and then checking his sobs, he boldly put his dirty little hand into that of his kind conductor, and walked off with him to the gate.