



DAINTY FLO.

WHAT a laughing rogue,
In Dainty Flo you see,
Yet, I know, you'll say,
"She's sweet as she can be."

GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.

GRANDMA has come! O mamma, grandma has come!" cried Gracie joyfully, as she skipped to the door. Dick ran after her, shouting, "Good, now we'll have a merry time."

Little Neddie had forgotten all about the dear old grandma, so he stood very still and looked at her soberly, as she entered the room.

"Has Neddie forgotten grandma?" was her question as she took the little fellow in her arms, and covered his face with kisses.

"I forgot once, but I shan't never again," answered Neddie, as he slipped from her arms, and shyly watched her as she tried to unfasten her bonnet.

"Let me help you, grandma," said Gracie, and her nimble fingers soon untied the strings.

"Thank you, dear. My old fingers are cold and stiff. Yours are better. By-and-bye they may open my basket." She did not see roguish Dick peep into it.

"Yes, grandma, but I'll carry your things away first," and her willing feet tripped away with the wrappings.

When the last thing was put away, grandma said, "Now open my basket, Gracie."

"Oh, what a nice dolly!" cried Gracie, as soon as she saw the pretty thing folded so nicely in its dainty white blanket.

"I knew 't was there before you saw it," said Dick. "But dolls ain't much. What have you got for me, grandma?"

"Dick," said his mother, "Be patient. I think Neddie will have his present first, to-day."

"O Neddie, see this nice horse on wheels," exclaimed Gracie. She was almost as much delighted as Neddie with the pretty toy. His sparkling eyes shined with delight, although he said nothing then.

"Here, my boy," said grandma at last; "here is yours at the very bottom of the basket," and she handed Dick a handsome white-handled knife.

"Thank you; it's just what I wanted. You are the best grandmother alive."

"Is it worth waiting for?" asked grandma, with a quiet smile.

"I guess it is. I'll remember to be patient next time, I'm sure I will. The best often comes last."

After the presents had been sufficiently examined and praised, and grandma had eaten a good warm dinner prepared by her kind daughter, papa came home from his work, and the entire family gathered around the large,

old-fashioned fire-place for an evening's talk. Grandma then told them all about her home, and about her long and tiresome journey. Thus the evening passed very pleasantly away, and all felt that the presence of grandmother had brought additional sunshine and happiness to the household. Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honour her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

THE CADDIS WORM AND FLY.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

SOME queer little houses I am going to tell you about. They are built at the bottom of the river. But how are they made? And who makes them?

Only a worm that was at first a tiny green egg, fastened to some stem of a weed. But no sooner is the egg hatched, small as it is, than out comes the worm, and begins to build. He would be gobbled up by the fishes if he didn't.

Every one of the family builds double houses, and no two alike. Some are of dead leaves glued together, and very safe; some are of grass cut off and put together like a bundle of straw; a prettier one is made of shells stuck together.

As soon as the house is ready, our caddis worm moves in and hangs himself up by his tail. When he goes for his food he takes his house with him. When he has eaten his fill, he then makes a little silk door, and hides from everything. This door is a queer thing, a curious network all interwoven and fastened securely on every side.

What he does shut up in the dark nobody knows; but after a while he comes out of his little prison-house a beautiful fly with four beautiful wings.

His home is now in the air, and he has

forgotten he ever lived in the water. No more eating now, and his life is a short one, for he soon dies.

BESSIE'S OPINION.

BY M. HELEN FRASER LOVETT.

BESSIE went to church that day;
She had never been before,
"But she's old enough," said mamma;
"Three years old, and almost four."

She had promised to be quiet;
"No, indeed, she wouldn't cry!"
Holding tight to papa's finger,
Off she went with sparkling eye.

Wonderingly she saw the people,
Saw the flowers and the rest,
Gazed up at the lofty arches,
But the music pleased her best.

When it ceased, and came the sermon,
Bessie frowned and fidgeted;
"Sh, be quiet, Bess!" said mamma;
But she shook her little head.

Stood upon the red pew cushion,
Waved her hand in queenly way—
Toward the preacher—toward the organ—
"Man, be quiet! Band, you play!"

Bessie may have been a little out of order, but she seemed to like what all little people do—music, better than preaching. All right, let the young folk bring along plenty of music and the Band won't be dull, and the Superintendent won't go to preaching.

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION.

A BOY came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish for some blackberries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin that is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind; the one who does a wrong always gets the worst of it.

THE childhood shows the man as the morning shows the day.