

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

THERE never was a grandma half so good!
He whispered while beside the chair he stood,

And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood

"There never was a nicer grandma born;
I know some little boys must be forlorn,
Because they've none like you,
I wonder what I'd do
Without my grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma, there!"
He kissed her, and he smoothed her snow white hair:
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap.
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old armchair.

"When I'm a man, what things to you I'll bring!
A horse and carriage, and a watch and ring.
All grandmas are so nice,
[Just here he kissed her twice.]
And grandmas give a good boy every-thing."

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up and with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear
That nobody might hear:
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

BAD DUNE DANE.

THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL WHO
CRIED FOR THE MOON.

I AM very sorry to have to tell you about this bad little girl; but I think I ought to, because there might be some little girl among you to whom it would serve as a kind of lesson.

Now I don't mean to say that there are any of you who have really cried for the moon, but then I wouldn't be at all surprised to find out that a great many of you, a very great many indeed, have cried for something equally as hard to get, and then became mad, and pouted and made ugly faces because you couldn't get it.

But I started out to tell you about bad little Dune. She lived with her mamma and papa, and Aunt Kate and the nurse in a big white house on a hill, with ever so many pretty flowers in the yard, and a great orchard just covered with fruit-trees, and grape-vines behind it.

Now Dune had everything she really needed, and a great many other things she didn't need; but still she was always wanting something. The very worst of it all was, that when she didn't get it she would cry and kick and act so very ugly, that mamma, and even good-natured Aunt Kate, would quite get out of patience.

Of course she ought to have been punished, but then mamma and papa couldn't bear to think of such a thing, because she was the only little one they had, and oh, how dreadfully spoiled she was!

One day when her papa had bought her a big box crammed full of toys and other pretty things, mamma said she guessed Miss Dune had about all she could wish for, awhile at least.

But Aunt Kate said she guessed not. She knew Dune too well for that. By the next day, she was sure, she would be wishing for something else.

And sure enough the very next day Dune was whining and pouting and fussing because her papa would not get her the thing she wanted, and what do you think it was? Why, Dune was actually crying for the moon! yes, sitting on the back door steps, and crying with all her might because her papa had said she could not have the moon.

"Me get it me's self!" cried this naughty little Dune; and with this she got up, and toddling across the yard, with her fat little legs going as fast as ever they could, she commenced to climb up the tall ladder that was resting against the mulberry-tree.

"Now, the reason of this was she saw the moon shining up there among the branches, and so Dune thought all she would have to do would be to climb up and get it.

Oh, silly, silly little Dune! and sillier, sillier the little girl who, reading this, will still persist in crying for something she cannot get!

Well, when Dune was a little way up the ladder down she fell. She tore her pretty muslin frock, and skinned her knee, and hurt her arm so badly she had to stay in bed one whole week.

But think Dune must have learned a lesson. At any rate she never cried for the moon again.

UNDER A ROCK.

"I'm going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray, and his eyes twinkled. Grandpa Gray's eyes were always twinkling.

He meant three small grandsons, Hal, Herbie, and Had.

So, at dinner, grandpa said to grandma "I wish I had the time to take that rock out of the garden there.

"Can't we, grandpa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you want to," said he, "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So, directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was really a good deal larger than it looked.

"Pooh!" said Herbie, "I'll take it out in no time!" And he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke, and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up red and angry.

"Mean old thing!" said he, and he put his hands in his pockets and watched Hal and Had tug at it until their faces were red too.

Then the three of them lifted together, but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.
"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal
"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hecd around it, and Herbie shovelled, and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little, scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced that the work was done; and there—there where the rock had lain were four silver shillings, one apiece and one for luck!

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys, and at that very moment grandpa walked out of the house.

A JOLLY GAME.

THERE were six little folks at a party. It was Bertie's party and he had it because it was his birthday. He was four years old.

Cousin Kate could play almost every game you ever heard of.

By-and-bye she said, "Who wants to play going to Jerusalem?" Nobody knew the game, so Cousin Kate explained: "We take five chairs, so, we put them in a row, but two of them face this way, and three face the other way. Now I go to the piano and play. While I am playing, you all march one after the other, round and round the chairs. When I stop playing, everybody must sit down in a chair, but not two on one chair. There are five chairs and six children, so one will get left out. All the rest reach Jerusalem, but one does not.

Then Cousin Kate began to play and the children to march. She stopped so suddenly that all the children stood still and looked at her.

"Sit down! Sit down! Hurry!" she cried. Then came a rush and scramble. All had seats except Bertie. The next time Cousin Kate stopped playing, everybody sat down very quickly, except Bertie, who stood again staring at cousin Kate. He could not get over his surprise at the sudden stopping of the music. All thought "Going to Jerusalem" was a jolly game.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MAY 13.

LESSON TOPIC.—Israel in Egypt.—Exod. 1. 1-14.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 1. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Psalm 124. 8.

MAY 20.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Childhood of Moses.—Exod. 2. 1-10.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 2. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will deliver him, and honour him.—Psalm 91. 15.