

GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks,
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do what he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I am sure I can't see it all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, boys will be boys"

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and where they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every
night—
Some boys more than others, I s'pose—
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

OUR large picture represent a joyous scene which must have often happened after the late Franco-Prussian war. The husband and father is returning from the victorious battlefield. He has won the iron cross of honour which hangs on his breast. His wife and little son hail him with eager joy. The little fellow carries in his arms a mimic battle-flag and sword. But it is so long since the baby saw its father that it clings in terror to its mother's neck. The invalid grandmother in the chair is so overcome with joy as to be unable to rise. But, alas! there were many home circles where the father never came back. Thousands of brave men were left dead upon the gory field, and their wives and children were left to weep in solitude and poverty and despair. War is among the greatest of evils that affect the race. Of this we had seven years ago a slight experience in our beloved Canada. God grant that we may never know its evils again.

AN UNSPOKEN LIE.

ROSA's mother took great pains to bring up her children to be truthful. She impressed upon their minds the fact that a person given to lying can never have the confidence of others. Whenever they did wrong she encouraged them to come to her and confess what they had done and be forgiven for it, rather than conceal it. Sooner or later it was pretty sure to be found out, and attended concealment only brought added disgrace when the truth was known. One day Rosa had a visitor, a little girl about her own age. They were at play in the parlour. Accidentally Rosa overturned a vase and broke it. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what will mother say! She thought ever so much of that vase, because Uncle William brought it to her all the way from China." "Put it back on the bracket and don't tell anything about it," advised Rosa's visitor. "See, it will stand up just as it did before, if it isn't jarred." Rosa hesitated a moment. She knew that it wouldn't be right to accept such advice. When the servant dusted the vase it would come apart, and very likely the girl would be blamed for breaking it. But Rosa decided to take the advice offered; so they put the broken vase carefully on the bracket, and left the parlour.

The very next day, when the servant was dusting the room, down tumbled the vase as soon as she touched it with her duster. Rosa's mother happened to be in the room at the time. She was very sorry that it was broken, and seeing how she felt about it, the girl, who really thought she had done the mischief, was a good deal pained. Mrs. Sprague spoke of the affair several times during the day, and Rosa knew that no one dreamed of her as being the guilty one. But that didn't make her feel right. Her conscience began to trouble her. "I haven't lied about it," she argued with herself, "for I haven't said a word, no one has asked me." But that argument didn't satisfy conscience. "You know you broke it," said the accusing voice, "and you know that keeping silent is as much as saying you know nothing about it. That is acting a lie." Rosa stood it as long as she could. Then she went to her mother and told her the truth. "At first I thought it wouldn't be lying if I didn't say anything," she said, "but I see now that I was wrong. My actions lied just the same as my words would. I am sorry, mother, that I broke the vase, and sorry that I tried to deceive you about it." "I'm sorry that the vase was

broken," answered her mother, "but I'm glad that my little girl concluded to come to me with the truth. The loss of the vase is nothing compared with the loss of confidence I should have felt in her if she had kept up the deception until I found out the truth"—*Congregationalist*.

A SWEET APPLE.

"MAMMA."—"Yes darling, I hear you."
"I was down by the gate, you know.
Eating that big red apple
You gave me a while ago.

"And what do you think I saw there?
You never can guess, you see.
The funniest little beggar!
Why, she wasn't as big as me.

"She was dirty, you know, and so
ragged,
And her face was so thin and white.
And she looked and she looked at my
apple
Just as though she would like a bite.

"And she kept on watching my apple
Just as hard as ever she could,
And she looked so awfully hungry
That it didn't taste half so good."

"Well, and what did you do, my
laddie?"
"Why, I waited a bit, and then
I gave her a piece of the apple,
And it tasted all right again!"

ALL REWARDED.

FOUR children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after, their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them into his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first. "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?" "I rushed in after him and brought him out." "You did well; here is your reward." "And what did you do?" turning to the second. "I helped to carry him home." "That was right, here is your reward." "And what did you do when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl three years old. "I prayed, papa." "You did your part too, and well, here is a book for you too." All did what they could, and each was justly rewarded.