

GRANDMA SHUTS HER EYES.

WITHIN the chimney corner snug

Dear grandma gently rocks,
And knits her daughter's baby boy
A tiny pair of socks.

And sometimes grandma shuts her eyes
And sings the softest lullabies.

Across her face the happy smiles

All play at hide and seek,
And kiss the faint and faded rose
That lingers on her cheek.

While thoughts too sweet for words arise
When dear old grandma shuts her eyes.

Yet sometimes pictures in her face

Have just a shade of pain,
As golden April sunshine mingles
With a dash of rain.

And then perchance she faintly sighs,
Does grandma when she shuts her eyes.

She's growing younger every day,

She's quite a child again,
And those she knew in girlhood's years
She speaks of now and then.

And sweet old love songs feebly tries,
Does grandma when she shuts her eyes.

I used to wonder why her eyes

She closed but not in sleep,
The while the smiles would all about
Her wrinkled visage creep

But I have guessed the truth at last—
She shuts her eyes to view the past.

THE LITTLE MOTHER

It was Elsie Dane's birthday, and all the girls in her class had received the faintest of cards inviting them to her birthday party. For days the grand party had been the sole theme of conversation among the girls wherever they met, and not one of them had thought more about the pleasures in store on Saturday evening, than Janet Lewis, the school-master's little daughter.

All the afternoon of the eventful day she went about the house singing like a lark, and I could not tell you how many trips she made to her own little room to catch a peep at the white dress done up so beautifully and the bright new ribbons and other ornaments which her loving mother had provided for the occasion.

She was so happy herself that she did not notice how very ill her mother looked, that she did not eat a mouthful of food at dinner, but when she came down stairs dressed ready for the party, she found the dear one stretched upon the sofa, unable to raise her head, and Dick and

baby Joe racing up and down the hall with broomsticks for horses.

"I cannot go and leave you suffering in this way," she said regretfully, laying her cool hand on her mother's burning brow

"Go, dear, I do not want to disappoint you," whispered the sufferer, in evident pain.

"I will not leave you, mother," Janet said in a low voice, and then she went slowly up the stairs again, to change her clothes.

There were tears in her eyes, but when she thought of the Morton children across the street whose mother was lying out in the graveyard she dried her eyes, and hurried back to bathe the poor aching head and to coax the boys out in the kitchen where their noise would not reach the sick room. She amused them telling stories and showing them picture books for a while, and then she went to the table to finish seeding the raisins her mother had begun.

The boys had each a sweet tooth, just like other children, but having a distinct recollection of sundry slaps and cross words that used to come from the elder sister, they slipped up quietly, and while her head was turned away in another direction helped themselves to the raisins.

Janet said nothing, but the baby, seeing the smile on her face, said "You little mother?"

"Yes darling, I am," cried the sister, taking the little fellow up in her arms and kissing him over and over.

"Why weren't you good that way before?" asked Dick. "You used to tell us to go away and not bother you, but you don't do it now. You're getting to be like mother!"

"I am trying to be a Christian now," Janet answered. "It is loving Jesus that makes the difference."

"Then I wish every body would try to be Christians and love Jesus," was the simple answer of the child.

"I ask him every day to make me good and help me to be better to you all," said Janet humbly.

"He must hear you then, for I am sure you are lots better," was Dick's conclusion, and the baby added; "me tink so too."

"You are my little comfort, Janet," said her mother that evening, after awaking from a refreshing sleep. "I do not know how we could have managed without you this afternoon."

Janet's answer was a kiss. She felt that she was more than repaid for the sacrifice she had made.

"BLACK BOB."

A TRUE STORY OF AN OLD CAVALRY HORSE.

IN the year before the battle of Waterloo a force of British and Indian soldiers was engaged in attack on Kalunga, a fort situated in the mountainous country of Nepal. On the 31st of October an attempt was made to carry the place by storm. At the most critical moment of the advance Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie, who led the assault, was shot through the heart and he fell, cheering on his men, with his sword in his hand and his face to the foe.

Sir Robert's horse was a creature of rare beauty, popularly known as "Black Bob," from the colour of its hide. After the capture of Kalunga the animal was put up for sale, and the men of his old regiment—the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons—were very anxious to keep the horse among them, out of respect for the memory of its dead master.

Unfortunately, the price of three hundred guineas had been put upon "Black Bob," and this sum was soon increased to four hundred guineas. Not to be beaten, however, the troopers of the 8th subscribed the necessary money, and the horse became their property. "Black Bob" never had such good times as now awaited him. He was the pet of the regiment, and whenever the men changed their quarters he always marched riderless at their head.

Eight years later the Royal Irish, being under orders to return to Europe, were dismounted, and their horses had to be turned over to the 16th Lancers, who had come out to relieve them. And so it happened that the Dragoons were at length compelled to part with "Black Bob." They sold him to a civilian in Cawnpore, but gave the purchaser back half the money on condition that "Bob" should always have a good stable and a snug paddock.

A few days afterward the men of the 8th started on foot, before dawn, to embark on the Ganges for Calcutta. As they tramped along, their trumpets played a familiar Irish quickstep, and the sounds of the well-known air fell on "Bob's" ears in his new home. He grew frantic on hearing them, kicked his stall to pieces, and nearly strangled himself in his efforts to escape, in order to rejoin his old comrades. After awhile he succeeded in breaking loose, and bolted for the Cawnpore barracks. But the excitement had been too much for the poor creature, for "Black Bob" had hardly reached the square when he fell dead not far from the recruiting-post.