

many earthly friendships are, they are but faint shadows of that One, Great, Divine Friend, Who calls to Him all "who are weary and heavy laden," all "who hunger and thirst," that He may rest them and satisfy them, and Who taught us the depth and height and breadth of Love from the Cross, and Who testified Himself. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down His life for His friends."

FLORENCE DAVIS.

(Aged 15 years.)

My Grandfather.

THIS may seem rather a funny subject to choose for a composition, but I can assure you that there is nothing funny about my grandfather.

He was always very kind to me, and I have got into the habit of talking a great deal about him, and telling the girls long stories about him, and I am afraid I have sometimes made little jokes about him too, so this is the reason they rather tease me on the subject. Somehow it does not seem quite right to speak of one's grandfather as a "subject," even to avoid tautology, but I do not mean any disrespect. You see I have no very old and interesting aunts or uncles, such as you read of in books, at least some that I know, and I cannot talk about people I do not know, so my grandfather has to make up for all.

I used to be rather frightened of my grandfather, when I was a very little girl and used to go to stay with him in Esquimalt, but now he is safe far across the ocean, I only think of all his kindness and of all the pleasure of those days.

My grandfather used to be very particular about my holding myself very straight and not swinging my arms about. I don't know why, when we are young, we want to stoop and swing our arms. Grown up people don't seem to want to do it, perhaps, when we grow up, we shall leave off "just naturally like." Sister says she does not think so, the grown up people, who sit upright and walk gracefully, had to be told and to obey and to practise and learn these things, just as much as they had to learn to read and write and play the piano.

There are a great many things to learn in life, are there not? They are like the hills in the Canyon, you climb one because you want to see beyond, and when you get to the top you find another hill taller than the first, and you have to begin to climb again to find another hill, and yet another, and so on. Sister sometimes says she wishes my grandfather was here now to make me remember to stand straight, but I feel a little differently on that matter.

I wrote to my grandfather the other day and asked him how his rheumatism was, because I thought old gentlemen always suffered from rheumatism, but I remembered afterwards that he was very strong and hearty and up-right, and therefore I suppose he cannot have rheumatism. I hope he will not mind.

He used to love flowers and had a lovely garden of which I have talked a great deal, but when I come to think of it I am not *quite* sure that he had all the flowers of "varied hues" which I have tried to describe to the girls. Perhaps that is the reason Sister is making me write this article, because in an "article" you must keep to plain