



PEACE AND WAR.

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WHAT a delightful thing it is to see the children playing with the deadly enginery of war. It makes one think of the promise of the Scripture, that the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the nations learn war no more.

## WHERE HE WAS HURT.

AMONG the many pets which had been collected by the ship's company was a monkey, so intelligent and brimful of pranks that he supplied amusement for every day and hour. He was especially fond of the surgeon, and followed him on his round at the hospital, and was frequently with him in his office. One day an officer in a friendly bout with a brother officer, rolled up a newspaper he was reading and threw it at him. He missed his aim, and the ball of paper hit a drum, which sent forth a "boom" very loud and startling. The monkey was standing near the drum, but not in contact with it. The ball of paper had not come near him, but he was very much frightened at the boom, and thought he had been hit. He began, in an agitated, trembling manner, to examine

himself—felt his arms and legs, muttered, and blinked his eyes, took up his tail and scanned it, passed his hands about his shoulders, across his neck, over his head; then he passed each toe under inspection, and again, beginning at his arms, finally settled on his left elbow as the seat of the injury.

As soon as he convinced himself, by sundry jabberings and arguments with himself, that he had located the mischief done him, he took the elbow in his right hand, and, hurrying up to the doctor, he began chattering in mournful tones, rocking himself to and fro, tending his elbow as if it were a greatly afflicted member, and telling the doctor a long

and earnest tale about his misfortune. The doctor leaned over and felt the elbow, patting it, and expressing great sympathy. But this would not satisfy Jocko. He went toward the doctor's office, looking back and chattering for him to follow. Finally the doctor followed, and, having rubbed the elbow with some preparation, Jocko became very comfortable, and jabbering his thanks as plainly as if it had been in the Queen's English.

## COULDN'T QUARREL.

IN the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who had never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language: "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said number one. "Two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours,

and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You simpleton! don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel, any day?"—*Christian Weekly.*

## IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child, a boy or girl—  
I'm sorry it is true—  
Who does not mind when spoken to:  
I hope it isn't you.

There is a child, a boy or girl—  
I trust that such are few—  
Who struck a little playmate friend.  
I hope it wasn't you.

I know a child, a boy or girl—  
I'm sorry that I do—  
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie:  
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a girl, a girl I know,  
And I could love her too,  
But that she's very proud and vain:  
That surely isn't you!

## A BOY'S EXPERIMENT.

SOMEONE says: "I know a boy who created a sensation by breaking in upon the gravity of his guests in this wise. Entering the room, he commenced: 'The class in Natural History are invited to witness a living curiosity. Even the learned Agassiz has never explained the reason why, if you take a guinea pig up by the tail his eyes will drop out. Please walk out into the kitchen, and look at Cavy.' They all rush out, and behold the little fellow with black and orange spots, in the kitchen, as announced. 'Let us see his eyes drop out now,' says Tommy. 'Lift him up by his tail and see,' says the young showman. But Tommy makes but indifferent progress, for lo! a guinea pig is found to have no tail!"

## POUTING JENNIE.

I AM sorry to see Jennie pouting. Julia went away to Aunt Margaret's this morning. Jennie wanted to go with Julia. Mamma said the walk was too long for Jennie's little feet. So Jennie set up a cry. Then she sat down to pout. I think she will be over it soon. I see a little twinkle in one corner of Jennie's eye. I think pretty soon pouting Jennie will be laughing Jennie.