



THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

A RIDDLE FOR GRANDMA.

"Grandma, papa has sent you a riddle to guess," cried two little girls, bounding up to the porch where their grandma sat knitting in the sunshine.

"A riddle, hey?" said she. "It can't be a very big one, if you two can carry it. What is it, then?"

"He says: 'How can Maud and I be his sons when we are his daughters?'"

"Well, the answer to that riddle is that you cannot be his sons, and I am glad of it. I think that little daughters are the sweetest things on earth."

"No; but, grandma, he says that we are his sons," insisted Clara.

"Well, perhaps you can make as much noise as sons."

"That's not the answer, grandma," said Maud. "Give it up?"

Grandma made a few more guesses, and then gave it up.

"He says that we are his s-u-n-s," cried Clara gleefully, "because we make sunshine for him. See, grandma?"

"Yes, I see," said the old lady, smiling down at the two bright little faces; "he makes sons of his daughters by spelling them with a 'u.'"

A FABLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A little boy and girl were once sitting on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I've got. What a fine new jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes. 'T's not everybody that's dressed as finely as I am."

"Indeed," said the girl, "I think I'm dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk cape and a handsome feather in my bonnet. I know that my dress cost a great deal."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I am sure."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling on the hedge. "You have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think meanly, before they came into your possession. Why, that silk first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss! what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And that feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by some of my race."

"What do you say to that?" repeated the boy. "Well, my

clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep that was grazing near by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were on yours; and, as for your hat, I know that the beaver supplied the materials for making that article; and my friends the calves and oxen were killed not only to furnish meat for your table, but also leather to make your shoes with."

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

It is a familiar story that, early in Victoria's reign, a foreign prince inquired the secret of England's greatness, and the young Queen handed him a copy of the Word of God as the answer to his question. Truer words were never spoken. Not her forts, and fleets, and armaments, not her conquering army or proud navy—not these, but the principles of righteousness and justice, as taught in the word of God, on which the throne is based. These are the secrets of England's greatness.

AT HAME AMANG HER AIN FOLK.

Verses written on reading the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new parish church of Craithie by Queen Victoria.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Mong Craithie's mountains high,
Wi' faithfu', leal, an' fain folk,
Wha joy when she is nigh;
Oh, never seem'd our Sovereign
So royal as she's now,
And never seem'd the diadem
So graceful on her brow.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Where oft in bygone days,



THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

She joined the prayers holy,
The simple psalms of praise;
Gratefully glad to mingle
With that small, faithful band,
For dear to her the "Auld Kirk"
O' our lov'd Cov'nant land.

At hame amang her ain folk,
An' hameley can she be,
Wha's name is lov'd and cherished
O'er every land and sea,
And will through coming ages,
Unsullied and serene,
Be traced on history's pages
As monarch's ne'er hath been.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Then may a' good attend,
May faithfu', leal and kind folk
Surround her till the end;
Still shielded and still sheltered
'Neath shadow of his wings,
Who is the God of nations,
Who is the King of kings.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden seven years old. In school she read with the other children from the New Testament. One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent; some said they did not know; some said they hoped they would go to Heaven; but when it came Hannah's turn, she answered, without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher.

"I know it," answered the little maiden, her eyes sparkling, "because Jesus died for me."

Jesus says to his people, "Feed my lambs"—that is, "Take care of my little children." Good Christians obey Jesus, and love his little lambs. This is the reason why your teachers instruct you at Sunday-school; they love your souls.