

## A SAD STORY.

Four little mousies found their way  
Into a pantry one fine day.

Through a hole in the plaster wall,  
What do you think befell them all?

One jumped up to help himself  
To cheese he smelt on the highest shelf.

Alas! 'twas set in a dreadful trap,  
Which finished that mouse with one quick snap.

The next was frightened, and ran and ran,  
And fell down splash in an earthen pan.

'Twas filled with milk to the very brim—  
Poor mousie! that was the last of him.

The next one barely had time to squeak,  
When pussy, quiet and sly and sleek,

Sprang from her seat upon the floor;  
That poor little mouse will squeak no more.

What became of the other one?  
He started off on a lively run,

With a dismal squeak and a woeful wail;  
And that's the end of my mournful tale.

ANON Y. MOUS.

## "THE ALMIGHTY 'PENNY.'"

Boxes have been attached to many of the letter pillar-boxes in England, in which by an automatic machine a postage stamp can be got. From the supply of chocolate, perfume, and opera-glasses, the nickel-in-the-slot machine goes on carrying everything before it. This new one for postage stamps is as ingenious as any of its predecessors. It is twenty inches high, and five deep, and has the advantage of being able to be fixed on to any pillar-box, no matter its shape or height. In a slot at the top the penny is dropped. A handle is pulled at the side. This handle is slowly pushed back again, and the stamp comes out at the back. The stamp is carefully stuck in the corner of a small note-book which may, in an emergency, be used as note-paper, or as an envelope.

Another scheme is a-foot by which "one penny" will provide good reading on railway journeys. A Scotchman has invented a penny-in-the-slot library. An oblong box is divided into sections, each of which is covered with glass, through which the name of the book may be read. The penny is inserted; a small lever is touched; the outward frame opens, and the book comes out. The frame remains open and cannot be closed till the book is returned to its place. Each compartment of a train is to have two boxes with eight books, and every train will have the same set of books at one time, so that the book may be found on another journey to finish. Every three months the books will be changed. Special writers have been engaged to write for the company who are managing this investment. Contracts are to be made to supply steamers, hotels, and so forth. Volumes to the extent of 74,000 have already been ordered.



## HOW, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHY WE GOT OUR BIBLE.

In the course of years our language changes very much. Indeed few things change more. We need new words, and they are coined. We cease to use others and they drop out of sight. Some have their meaning changed, and not a few have it completely reversed. "To let me go," means now "to allow me to go." There was a time when it meant "to prevent me from going."

In this way there came a day when Wyclif's Bible suffered from this general change in language. The English people began to feel this. It was a serious matter. And, besides, their Bible was only the translation of a translation. More men could now read Greek and Hebrew. A translation of a translation was a second hand sort of thing not to be endured in a question so dear to the people. They were hungering and thirsting. A new Bible they must have. It must be in English. It must be in an English which the common people might understand; and it must be a translation from the tongues in which it was originally written. All the labour, and care, and scholarship which the country could supply, should be bestowed upon it.



TYNDALE.

The man who undertook this task was William Tyndale. But as no man could read the scriptures, much less translate or publish them in England without running the risk of punishment, he was driven from his native land, and compelled to seek a foreign shore for his work. Taking with him £10 which he had earned, and receiving now and

again from unknown friends further small supplies of money to maintain himself, he went first to Hamburg, and then to Wittemberg, where he labored at his translation with quiet perseverance.

Meantime a revolution in publishing books had taken place by the invention of the art of printing. Tyndale did not require to have his new Bible copied and re-copied as was necessary with Wyclif's. He was able to take it straight to the printer, and at Cologne he found a printing-press, where he had the intense joy of seeing his cherished book at length getting into shape for the people. Just at this point, however, his movements attracted attention. Questions were asked; whispers got abroad. A bitter enemy revealed Tyndale's intention. The news was carried to England. The printing was ordered to be stopped. But Tyndale had time to gather together his papers, and hurry away. He left Cologne