

A DEAR LITTLE SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up close, and whispers loud,
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts a door
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor.

Olimbs on the fence, and tears her clothes,
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate, and makes mud pies—
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair:
"Somebody's me," she
says, "but this
Somebody doesn't
care."

STEALING A WHISTLE.

A GENTLEMAN who has a steam-mill in Waldo, purchased a large steam-whistle, which he carried home and placed on his mill.

A number of boys conceived the idea of stealing this whistle, and the owner, hearing of their plan, remained in his mill all night. Sixty pounds of steam was kept up. About midnight the boys put in an appearance, and climbed up on the roof of the building. Just as one applied a wrench to the whistle, Mr Sanborn opened the throttle wide, and there went up into the stillness of the night such a screech as was never before heard in Waldo. People jumped from their beds in a fright, and wondered what was up. The boys tumbled off the roof of that mill as though shot, and departed as rapidly as their legs could carry them, while Mr. Sanborn fired a gun after them to hasten their retreat. The whistle is still on the mill, and the boys will probably think twice before they again undertake to steal anything as noisy as a steam-boat whistle.

Boys who are at home and in bed as they should be, at night, keep out of such scrapes and other worse ones.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

MR. FOX one day met his friend, Mrs Cat, and said to her, "You think you know a great deal. I have in my sack ten times

ten tricks." Mrs. Cat said, "As for me, I have but one trick, but I think when the time comes my one trick will be as good as your sackful."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Mr. Fox. "Well, we'll see," said Mrs. Cat.

Just then they heard the blast of a horn, and up came a pack of hounds barking and yelping.

Mrs. Cat said, "Look! this my one trick." As she said the words she ran up a high tree. She saw Mr. Fox run this way and then that way, until he had tried all his tricks, but at last the hounds caught him.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cat, "I see that my one trick is worth your hundred."

Moral: One good trick is worth a hundred poor ones.



RABBIT AND YOUNG ONES.

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THE commonest little animal that one sees out in the fields and woods of the country is the rabbit. This is the common sort, but there are other kinds which are often kept as pets. These are very pretty, with thick, soft fur, and sometimes have very attractive colouring on their backs. In the evening, before it grows dark, the rabbits come out by hundreds and crop the short grass and play about together until the night comes on, when they go into their holes again.

A LITTLE boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?

THE UNSEEN WITNESS.

THERE is a little machine, made something like a clock, which can be fastened upon a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles anyone went who hired it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words, and all our thoughts.

We sometimes seek to deceive our friends, but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By-and-bye God will touch the spring, and all that is written will then be seen. Many things we do we should not, if we knew the eye of another person were looking upon us. We always carry a witness with us.

A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know of it. "Yes, somebody will," said the little fellow, "myself will know it."

We cannot dismiss the witness. God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience, and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we should attempt, in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our actions, there upon our hearts they will appear, written down, when we did not know it, by the unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every step in our life.

Think daily, little readers, of that instrument which we carry with us, out of sight, on which is written everything we do.

Think how you will feel when God opens it, that its records may be seen by all the world.