

and would rather remain in prison than obey me!" They answered: "Nothing is nobler, nothing more beautiful, nothing worthier of men, nothing is higher and holier than childlike love and reverence."—Then replied the father earnestly and mournfully: "If you had truly loved me, you would have long since opened the door."

But some of them mocked and laughed, and said, "The key is indeed no key at all: and why should we need one? It is very pleasant here, and we are quite happy. Besides, true freedom is not to be found at home with our father. Are we not already free?"

ADOLPH SAPHIR.

## THE CATHEDRAL AND THE MOUSE.

In the quiet twilight I stepped into a great and glorious cathedral; and I looked at the wonderful pillars, striving upwards to heaven, and my soul was lifted up to God. And I heard a rustling and nibbling noise, and saw a mouse running anxiously and greedily after some crumbs, that it might eat. It sees not the beauty of the house in which it lives, it knows not to whose honour it is built, it has no eye for the bold structure of its roof.

And thou, O man, be not such a grey, hungry, greedy mouse in the grand cathedral of this world in which thou livest, and which proclaims the glory of God.—  
[Good Words.]

## ATOMS.

"Mamma, I mean to be a missionary," said little Alice, looking up with a bright face from a book she had been reading—a narrative of missionary life.

"Why do you wish to become a missionary my child?"

"Because they are so good, and do so much good. I want to do good in the world, mamma."

"I hope you will, my dear," said the mother; "but there are many ways of being useful. God wishes us all to serve Him, and He will point out the way for you to do; it may be by going on a mission to foreign lands, or it may be by quietly doing good in your own family circle—being a home missionary. You can now be so every day of your life."

"I don't see much good I can do here," said Alice; "I have to study almost the whole time, you know, and that does no one any good."

"Yes, indeed it does," replied her mother. "I read a sentence to-day, Alice, which made me think of you; it was from a quaint old author, who says, Life is made up of two heaps, one of sorrow and one of happiness, and whoever carries the very smallest atom from one to the other does God a service. There is never a day in which you do not carry a great many atoms to one pile or the other."

"Do I? Have I laid any on either to-day, Mamma?"

"Yes, indeed; when you spoke angrily to little Harry about the doll this morning, you made us both very uncomfortable, and put more than one atom on the pile of sorrow, and another when you pouted because I wished you to wear your hood to school. When you helped Mary Birrell to carry her basket, you laid an atom on the joy-heap—two atoms I fancy, for she as well as I was made happier by that kind act. When you hung your cloak and hood, and put gloves and books all in the right places after lessons to-night, you put quite a large atom on my pile of joy. When you were so thoughtless as to make a noise that woke baby from his sleep, and set him crying, another atom went on the heap of sorrow. When you picked up grandmamma's spectacles with a smiling face, and pleasantly laid down your book to take up a stitch in her knitting, you increased the happiness."

"Oh how odd, mamma; what great big heaps they must get to be!"

"Yes, indeed, for we are all constantly making one or the other larger. I hope my little Alice will be always carrying atoms from the pile of sorrow to lay on that of happiness; a few thus removed every day, and how much she will accomplish in a lifetime!"

Papa's steps were now heard at the door. Alice flew to draw his arm-chair close to the blazing fire, and place his slippers where they could get warm, and when she saw how pleased he looked to see them there, she whispered, "I think I put one very little bit of an atom on the joy-heap there, mamma!"