ding. His mother looked at him but said nothing, nor did she call to him when she saw him up the cherry tree shortly afterwards, eating half ripe cherries as fast as he could stuff them.

" Dear me," said Jack, "but it is a splendid thing to be able to do as you please. Mamma is always say-ing, 'Don't climb trees, Jack'; 'don't eat unripe fruit.' Where's the risk I would like to know?" Just then crash went the limb he was on, and down tumbled poor lack to the ground. Frightened and bruised, he scrambled up, glad to find that none of his own limbs were broken, but thoroughly convinced that his mother was right about the danger of climbing trees at all events.

It was nearly an hour before he felt able to move about again, but at last he remembered the wasps' nest behind the barn that his mother had often cautioned him to let alone. "Well," he said to himself, "I can do as I please to-day, and I mean to have some fun with that wasps' nest. I will just make a little fire under it, and give them a house-warming." Running upstairs, he possessed himself of some matches, a thing his mother had always forbidden, and soon had a nice little fire made. As he stood there, watching the angry wasps as they poured forth from their nest, suddenly he felt a sharp sting in his eyelid. Half blinded, he tried to run away, but instead of running from it he ran right in among the wasps, and they peppered him well.

Shrieking with pain, he rushed to the house, where his frightened mother caught him in her arms and tried to comfort him ; but comfort there was none, though for at least a half hour she tried every remedy she could think of to relieve him, but then such a dreadful thing happened that, in his fright, he almost forgot his suffering.

A cry arose, "The barn is on fire! The barn is on fire!" and, as they looked from the window, they could see great tongues of flame leaping up to the very sky. Well did the naughty boy know who had started that fire, and when his mother, with a white face, said that she "feared that the house would

be burned down too," his agony knew no bounds.

The farm hands all worked well, however, and after a while the fire was extinguished, but by that time poor lack was rolling about the bed in another awful agony. The pickles, and the unripe cherries, and the rich pudding he had had for dessert, had done their work, and the poor boy was so sick that the doctor had to be sent for, nor could he leave him until the night was half over, and dose after dose of horrid medicine did he have to swallow.

The next morning when, weak and pale and scarcely able to lift up his head from the pillow, he talked over the events of the day before with his mother, he begged her "Never to leave him to himself again but to take care of him al. ways, always."

Whenever after that Jack was inclined to be self-willed, all that his mother had to do was to ask him, "If he would like to try another 'happy day,'" and that always brought him to his senses.

I would like my dear little readers to understand that their fathers and mothers are provided by our dear Lord to take care of them, and watch over them for their good, and that if they wish to live useful, happy, safe lives, they will obey them and follow out their wishes in every particular. The boy or girl who says, "I do not understand why father and mother forbid this, but I know that they know best, seldom gets into the trouble and difficulties that the children around them do, and moreover they have the happy consciousness that whilst they are obeying, they are pleasing their kind Heavenly Father who has said, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."-Alix, in Parish Visitor.

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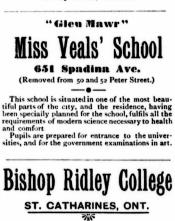
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