



WHAT CAME OF TEASING.

BY UNA LOCKE.

CAN'T I go in the boat and get lilies with Julia and Augustus? Say, ma. Pauline is going. Say, ma; I want to go too."

"But I am afraid to have you go, Curly-head; I am afraid you will reach too far after the lilies, and will fall into the pond."

"No, I wouldn't, ma. O dear, I want to go."

"You are so little to trust away with the children. If you should fly about in the boat as you do at home you would upset it."

"O no, ma, I will sit as still—as still—"

"As a grasshopper," suggested Thomas.

"Now, ma, don't say I musn't. I want to go and get lilies 'long with Pauline," pleaded the little witch.

Mrs. Howell could not bear to disappoint the child, and as she looked up anxiously into the bright mother-face she saw it.

"Now, ma, you are going to let me go!" she exclaimed joyfully.

"Well, if I say you may go, you must promise to sit perfectly still in the boat,

and let the other children reach out for the lilies; but I am afraid you will forget, and if you *should* fall into the pond, I might never see my little Curly-head again."

"No, I won't fall in. Wait, Pauline, I am going too. Wait till I get my sun-bonnet."

"Now remember," said Mrs. Howell, tying on the sun-bonnet, "you must sit quietly in the boat and not reach for lilies."

"No, I won't ma, I won't reach out," replied Curly-head, firmly.

Curly-head's sharp, black eyes, set under a mass and tangle of black curls, were sure to see the largest, and her suggestions were always ready, you may be sure. At last she saw a splendid lily just within the reach of her own little chubby hands, and the temptation was as sudden as a flash of light. She forgot her promise to her dear mamma, and darted over the end of the boat like a humming-bird. Ah, it was as Mrs. Howell feared! She plunged head and shoulders into the pond. There was a feeling of being drawn down, down to the roots of the water-lilies. Every naughty thing she had done, as it seemed to her, rushed into her mind. How clearly she remembered little affairs at school, trifling quarrels with her brothers, sharp words spoken to Pauline, but especially many times when she had not obeyed her mamma! Her dear mamma! She would never see her again, and how she would cry! And how distressed her good father would be! All this, and much more, had come into Curly-head's thoughts before she found herself lying in Pauline's lap wet only to her waist, but so weak and frightened! For Pauline had caught her, and she had not gone to the roots of the water-lilies as she thought she had. She could scarcely believe it, but she was not drowned.

She was taught one good lesson by it, which was this: *Mamma knows best*. I wish all the little girls and boys who are given to teasing their mammams might learn Curly-head's lesson without her punishment.