

she wished to talk with her, threatened to punish her. The little girl said in reply, "Mother, though you do whip me, I must talk with you about Jesus Christ," and began to weep.

The mother's heart was touched; she sat down, and her little daughter talked with her, and prayed with her. The child's interest in her behalf was so great that she was heard praying for her mother during all parts of the night. The result was that the mother forsook her idols, and became a Christian, and her conversion was followed by the conversion of one or two others.

### FRANK'S PASS.

Frank was a bright little five-year-old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick, he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it, he would say to himself: "I guess they think I'm a giant;" only he pronounced the word "zhi-ant." He would even attack the old cock, and walk right up to the big turkey-gobbler.

But there was one animal which caused Master Frank to quail with terror, especially when alone and after dusk. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It was a mouse!

Yes, a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes, and his pretty tapering tail, would make our bold little boy tremble and scream; and if he happened to light on several of those pretty creatures playing together, you would have supposed that he had run against a herd of buffaloes! Very silly, wasn't it?

Now, every night on his way to bed Frank had to pass through a lonely room, where mice and rats would sometimes peep out of their holes, and scamper over the floor, frightening

him sadly, and causing him to clasp mamma's hand more tightly, and hurry along as fast as possible.

But one night when it came bed-time, mamma was sick up stairs, and no one was with Frank in the sitting-room but papa, who was busy reading his newspaper. So the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone.

"O papa!" said he, "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of what?" said papa.

"Afraid of the rats and mice, papa, in the big lumber-room."

"O, nonsense!" said papa; "if that's all, I'll soon fix you out."

So papa took his writing materials and wrote this:—

*To all the rats and mice in this house, greeting:*

"You are hereby ordered to let my little boy Frank pass through the lumber-room, and all other rooms, at all times. This order will stand good till countermanded. Any rat or mouse disobeying will be dealt with according to law. Witness my hand and seal."

Then papa signed the paper, and sealed it with a big, red seal, and gave it to Frank, who thanked papa, kissed him good-night, and trudged up stairs without another word; for he had often seen papa give passes to people who wanted to go somewhere, or to do something, and he had a high opinion of his father's "passes."

So when he came to the door of the lumber-room he flung it wide open and called out: "Ho, Misses Rats and Mice, you can't touch me; here's my pass!" And every night when he went to bed he held out his pass to the rats and mice; and none of them ever did him any harm.—Nursery.

### WHAT THE STARTING OF A RABBIT DID.

A missionary among the Indians, in the distant territory of Idaho, is the authority for the following, which, he says, was told him