



PUNISHED HIMSELF.

One day Bertie's mamma put a dish of fruit upon the shelf and left the room. As soon as Bertie saw the fruit he wanted some. He brought a chair, and climbed upon it, and tried to help himself. His fingers just grasped the edge of the dish, and over it fell. The dish broke, and the apples struck his little nose so hard they made it bleed. When mamma ran in and saw the blood and heard his sobs, she said "Poor little boy!"

"No," said Bertie, as soon as he could speak. "Not poor boy; naughty boy. He punished himself. Next time, I dess he'll wait till mamma says he may have some."

BURT'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

What is it, do you suppose? You would never guess, but it is just a bound volume of Happy Days.

You see, Burt's class had compositions to write for next Friday, and they were all to be about birds. John Martin was to write about robins; James Scott about shrikes; Henry Fallon about eagles; and Burt Scott had cranes to write about.

He lived in Chicago, and had often been to the parks and seen the curious birds there, and now he went once more and followed two long-legged cranes around for a long time, to see just what they did. He had his pockets full of crackers, and he would take one out and hold it towards the big birds, and they would stretch out

their long necks and take it from his hands as politely as possible, and swallow it down at a gulp.

When Burt got home he remembered that he had read in Happy Days once a story about a pet crane owned by a lady in Florida, so he got the bound volume and looked it up. He found that it made just the illustration he wanted for his composition.

That is why he calls Happy Days his encyclopedia. He says if he ever wants to know about anything, he is sure to find what he wants somewhere in Happy Days.

Burt is very careful of his papers. After the children have all read then he files them away in a box, and at the end of the year has them bound into a pretty volume. Then, as soon as one volume is bound, he sends the volume of the preceding year to a boy up in Northern Wisconsin, who lives in the woods where there is no school, and who has nothing to read but what Burt and his sisters send him.

DON'T TOUCH IT.

"What's that?" asked Johnny, pointing to a queer-looking thing that he had never seen before.

"That's a rat trap," said his mother. "Don't touch it."

"What's it for?" inquired Johnny.

"To catch rats," replied his mother.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"I put this cheese in for bait, and when Mr. Rat comes prying about in the cellar, he smells it, and says to himself: 'Well, what's all this somebody has been getting ready for me? Very kind of somebody.' So he puts his nose in this little hole, and says: 'Ah! that smells good.' He puts his nose a little farther, and takes a good nibble; but just as poor Mr. Rat is making up his mind that it tastes as good as it looks and smells, pop goes the spring."

"And then what?" asked Johnny.

"Then he never finds his way into the cellar again to gnaw bread and pies."

His mother carried the trap into the cellar, and set it down, saying again: "Don't touch it."

Johnny stood and watched it for a little while, hoping that Mr. Rat would come and try the cheese, so that he could see the trap pop; but, as Mr. Rat seemed in no hurry, Johnny began to wonder what made it pop, and put his finger into the little hole to see if he could find out.

"Oh! oh! let go!" went Johnny. He had found the pop.

If rat traps had any sense, that trap would have known that it was a soft little finger, and not a rat, that it had hold of; but we all know that traps have no sense,

and so that one held Johnny's finger with a cruel grip of its sharp teeth.

"Oh! oh, mamma!" screamed Johnny.

If he had kept still, he would not have been badly hurt; but he tried to drag his finger out, and it was badly cut.

"I don't like rat traps," said Johnny with sobs and whimpers.

"Rat traps never hurt little boys," said mamma.

"That one hurt me," said Johnny.

"Not until you turned it into a little boy trap," said mamma.

MOTTO FOR 1906.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah xii. 2.

I will not fear
The coming year,
Nor what that year may bring;
For Christ is near
My cry to hear,
So I to him will cling.

Why should I dread
A path to tread
In which my Saviour leads?
My spirit fed
With heavenly bread,
Strength shall supply all needs.

Jesus, I know,
Before will go
In all my journeyings here,
And he will show
Each path below,
Therefore I cannot fear.

