



AH!

AH! OH!

Hereby hangs a tale. In the middle of the night when all the people of the house are sound asleep, any mice there may be in the house are sure to come out to have their game, and see too what they can find to eat. On this particular night some thoughtless person had left out a plate with some remains of good things on it, and one little mouse, bolder than the rest, had smelt the food and managed to climb up onto the table where it was. But besides the plate there was also a "Jack-in-the-box" on the table—one of those spring figures that dart up the moment the lid of the box is opened and the spring given room to act. So our young mouse thought there might be something very good inside this mysterious box and began to gnaw away at the fastening. Suddenly the catch yields, and the lid flies open and the figure springs up with a bang. The poor little mouse is flung backwards and nearly frightened to death. He will probably be more careful in future what he nibbles so rashly, and he will also learn that enough is as good as a feast. So his little adventure will do him more good than harm.

BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day?" laughed Bobbie's father.

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," repeated auntie, giving Robbie an encouraging nod. "There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie complacently.

"Oh, yes, there are," said mamma as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could.

Bobbie was restless, and hummed a tune softly once while she was talking, because

he "forgot." Once he interrupted her to ask whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "Baa!" On the whole, even mamma was afraid that Bobbie would get little help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of that day when Bobbie sheltered himself from the wind in the corner of his father's house and listened to John Walker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way—not more than two blocks from here: and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, 'specially with me; and it's a great deal warmer there, because it's on the sunny side of the street. I don't believe but what if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Walker. At last he spoke:

"You're a wolf, Johnnie Walker! As true as you live, you're a wolf!"

"Don't you go to callin' me names!" said John, his face growing red. "I am three years older than you, and I won't stand it."

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em;' that means, 'Take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' believe be good.' You're makin' b'lieve my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mamma told me 'bout it this mornin'. I'm goin' in now; I don't like to play with wolves."

And wise Bobbie trudged away into the house.

I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well, don't you? And, better still, he did exactly what it said.

"HAVE YE KEPT THE FAITH?"

A dear brother of the writer, living in New York, was recently on a train which was just leaving the station. By the side of it, on the next track, was another train, which was about starting in the opposite direction. A man near my brother suddenly jumped to his feet, opened the window, and hurriedly called, "John!" A man at an open window in another train instantly recognized his friend, and quickly responded "William!" A hearty grasp of hands, and the short, solemn inquiry came ringing from William:

"John, have ye kept the faith?"

"Aye, by the help of God I have."

The cars moved away, a smile of pleasure on the face of each, and they saw each other no more. Was it strange a thrill of Christian sympathy took possession of my brother's heart, as he at once took

a seat by the side of William, who had hitherto been a stranger, but now was a Christian brother?

Not. "Have you made money?" "Have you made a great name for yourself?" but, "Have you kept the faith?" What stronger evidence of conversion could have been given than that?

Happy the man who can give a right answer to this important question, and who, at the end of life and in the day of judgment, can say with Paul, "I have kept the faith."

TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

BY FANNY J. CROSBY.

To God be the glory! great things he hath done:

So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,

Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life-gate that all may go in.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! let the earth hear his voice!

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! let the people rejoice!

Oh, come to the Father through Jesus the Son,

And give him the glory! great things he hath done!

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,

To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,

And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;

But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.



OH!