



AH!

AH! OH!

Hereby hangs a tale. In the middle of the night, when all the people of the house are fast asleep, any mice there may be in the house are sure to come out to have their game, and to see 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 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.

WHAT MAY I DO?

What may I do for Jesus?

Let me run his errands sweet;
Let me spread his every message,
Borne on gladsome, eager feet.

What may I do for Jesus?

Scarcely can my love be stilled;
O to bring the wand'ers to him,
That their needs he may fulfill!

—Selected.

Money is not nearly as valuable as character, for money cannot buy the respect of thoughtful men and women.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

"I wonder if we can break it," said Robbie.

"No, I don't believe we can," said Katie; "cause it's iron."

"Then let's pound it hard."

Then the hammers flew again. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Their father and mother had gone to town, and Katie and Robbie were left at home to take care of things.

It was a long way to town, and took all day to go, so the children had been alone all day. They had played with their dolls and other toys, and had fed the chickens, and carried in cobs and wood, and still their father and mother did not come. They went down the lane and into the road to look for them again and again, but

no one was in sight. Then they ran down to the barn to play "blacksmith" with a hammer and a hatchet which they found in the woodshed. In the barn they found a big iron kettle that their father used to cook the little potatoes in to feed the pigs. They turned it upside down, and stood one on each side and pounded on it, as they had seen the men pound on the anvil at the blacksmith's shop on the corner.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! went the little hammers again, and the children laughed and shouted as they tried to see who could make the most noise. They laughed louder than ever when Robbie's hammer went through the kettle and made a big hole. They pounded away until it was broken into bits. By this time they were warm and tired, and sat down to rest. Then they began to wonder what their father would think when he saw that they had broken the kettle. They talked about it awhile, and then what do you think these naughty children did? They gathered up all the pieces of the kettle, and threw them under the barn, away back where no one could see them. Then they put the hammer and hatchet back in the woodshed, and sat down on the door-step to wait for their father and mother. They did not feel very happy, and it seemed a long time till they came. But when they saw them coming they did not run to meet them as usual. They were very quiet all the evening, and their mother wondered what was the matter, but she said nothing, thinking that they would tell her before they went to bed. Bedtime came, and they knelt at their mother's knee to say their prayers. O, how naughty they felt! but still they did not say a word about what they had done.

Katie lay awake a long time after her mother had gone down-stairs and left them in the dark. She was a

brave little girl, and was not afraid of the dark, but to-night she felt as if some one was going to catch her. She was afraid to move.

Soon the wind began to blow. Then the lightning made the room as light as day; and then came the thunder! Presently Katie heard a sob. "O Robbie!" she whispered, "are you awake?"

"Yes! Isn't it awful dark?" answered Robbie, "and the thunder makes such a noise."

"O Robbie! what if the lightning should strike us like it did that tree in the yard last summer?"

"Or if the house should blow over like Uncle John's! O Katie, I'm sorry we hid the kettle under the barn."

"Yes, and that we didn't tell mother about it."

They were both crying by this time. They crept close together and hid their heads under the covers to shut out the awful noise, but they could not shut out their guilty feelings.

Presently Katie whispered, "Let's go and tell mother now."

So two little white figures stole out of the bed, and crept down the stairs. They knocked at their mother's door, then crept up to her bed. "What's the matter?" she asked, "are you sick?"

"No," sobbed Robbie, "but we can't sleep because we are so naughty, and it's so dark up there."

Then they told her all about it. Their parents kissed them and forgave them. Then they knelt down by the bed, and asked God to forgive them too. Their mother took them upstairs again, and tucked them in bed, and they were soon sound asleep, even though the thunder was still making a loud noise, for, as Katie said, it was "all quiet inside."

When God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.



OH!