

HIST!

THERE, now you've done it!" and Tom Reynolds gave his little sister a quick push which sent her crying to her mother, while he stooped to gather up the type which she had accidentally overturned.

"I did not mean to do it," sobbed Bessie from the shelter of her mother's arm, while Mrs. Reynolds added reproachfully, "How could you be so unkind, my son?"

Already ashamed of his rash violence, the boy said, half-apologetically, "Of course, I needn't have got mad, but I'd such a time sorting over that type, and she came along so suddenly. I'm awful sorry, sis," he continued, "and I'll give you my new pencil, if you'll stop crying."

Accepting his offer, Bessie's tears soon ceased to flow and after she and her mother had left the room, Uncle Will, looking up from his newspaper, said, sympathetically, "That hasty temper of yours causes you considerable trouble, doesn't it, Tom?"

"It's just awful," responded Tom, "it's always making me do, or say, something to be sorry for. You don't know anything about it."

"Perhaps I know more than you think," continued Mr. Whetherby with a quiet smile.

"When I was about your age my temper was as much worse than yours as you can imagine."

"It hardly seems possible, uncle. How do you manage to keep it down?"

"Did you ever notice that when anything aggravating happens to me I keep perfectly still for a moment?"

"Yes, but I didn't suppose you were trying to do so. Do you stop and count a hundred?"

"No, I just listen."

"And what do you hear?"

"Before I give you my answer, I will tell you something that lies back of it, and which will perhaps impress it more firmly upon you:

"One day, when I was about as old as you, I was out in the yard setting a trap for some pigeons, and just as a regular beauty was stepping in, and was about to pull the string, my pet spaniel came running up, and, jumping upon me, twitched the cord from my hand. It was just a moment too soon, and as the startled bird flew swiftly away, I felt angry enough to kill the innocent cause of my disappointment. He was still frisking around me, and, in my passion, I seized a large stone, and raised my arm to hurl it with all my strength. But just then a sharp, half-whispered 'Hist!' attracted my attention, and pausing, with my hand still upraised, I turned to see our old gardener standing near, in a listening attitude.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, half startled by his manner and expression.

"Don't you hear something?" he asked.

"Why, no," I replied.

"Can't you hear a voice saying, 'Don't do it! don't do it?'" he continued.

"O, I know what you mean now," I said, hardly knowing whether to smile or to be vexed at his little ruse; but by this time my anger had abated, and stooping involuntarily to caress the little animal which was really so dear to me, I thought how easily I might have taken his life, and I said repentantly, "I'm glad you stopped me, Martin, and I wish you'd remind me whenever you see I'm so mad that I hardly know what I'm doing."

"All right, Master Will," he replied, "if you'll only stop a bit when you're angry and listen to what conscience says."

"The old man was faithful to his promise, and over and over again I heard that warning expression, until even when he was not near I came to listen involuntarily for the 'Hist! hist!' and the voice of conscience which was so sure to follow."

"Please, uncle," said Tom, with a half smile as Mr. Whetherby ceased speaking, "won't you say it to me a few times, and see if I can't get to hearing it for myself? It is such an encouragement to think what a success you have made of it."—*Morning Star*.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD DID.

Not long ago a missionary on the great river Congo had pushed up on a little steamer into a part where no white man had ever been seen before. The anchor was let down and the steamer brought to. Food was needed for the men and firewood for the engines.

The natives came crowding to the bank to look at the wonderful boat; they were armed with arrows and big, ugly spears. The missionary talked to them, and made signs of peace, but nothing that he could do seemed to touch them. It was plain that they were partly angry, partly suspicious and partly afraid, and when the savages are in that state they are very dangerous.

What was to be done? A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had a wife and a dear little baby on board. He got the baby, took it up on his arms, and showed it to the people. Now the baby seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying, or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowed as merrily as could be, and when the poor savages saw it they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."—*Sci.*