

SUNBEAM

IN MISCHIEF.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is this naughty fellow about? Surely he cannot be thinking of gathering a bouquet. No, he has no use for the pretty flowers; it is merely in play, because it amuses him, that he so ruthlessly destroys them. Now all this was not so very bad for the playful, unthinking puppy; but what do you think, dear young readers, of boys and girls who act in this way? Is not such conduct on their part very sad and wicked? And yet children, and sometimes not very young children, either, will often be guilty of just such conduct, and when called to account declare they "meant no harm by it." But see, dear young friends, what an idle excuse. We have reason and good sense to direct us, and it will not do to go stumbling through life doing things unintentionally, harming where we ought to help, and making a nuisance of ourselves generally. Annoying as puppy's antics are, we can afford to laugh at them, though he may be brought to grief for them by some one by and by. But when boys and girls perform such pranks, there is only one side to the picture, and that is a pretty serious one which should be seriously held up to their view."



IN MISCHIEF.

HOW TOMMY TOLD THE TRUTH.

One day last spring Tommy's cousin Ethel came to spend the day, and Tommy took her out into the garden after lunch, when their mothers were sitting telling in the parlor, and showed her his new rake and his flower-bed, where the Johnny-jump-ups grew, and the little fountain at

the end of the gravel walk. Ethel thought it was quite the nicest garden she had ever seen.

"What's that, Tommy?" she said, as they passed the garden roller that was used to roll the walk smooth.

Tommy told her, and then he took hold of the handle and pushed it, to show her how the roller ran.

Then Ethel wanted to try, but she couldn't make it move, so Tommy took hold with her, and they pushed hard together and made it go quite a little way down the walk.

Ethel thought that was great fun, and they tried it again, and then again. They were pushing so hard that they did not notice when the roller ran on the grass, where the garden went down hill. But suddenly they found it pulling instead of being pushed, and down the slope it went, and right into mother's new flower-bed at the bottom. Some of the flowers had been planted only that

morning, and the empty pots were still standing by. The poor flowers! the heavy roller crushed them all down and left them all bruised and flattened as it passed. Then it stood still on the level ground beyond.

Ethel sat down on the roller and began to cry. "We didn't mean to, Tommy,"