

to do something noble, and to get something good. I went to the larder as softly as I could, and there, right beneath the window, was a grand new cheese. 'Oh,' I thought, 'won't they envy me to-night'; and I crept on, with the vision of your disappointed looks and watering mouths, and the grand new cheese dancing before my eyes. I think it made me dizzy, for in a moment after there was 'click,' and a sharp pain went through me, many times worse than the sharpest thorn. I left the cheese, and got away at once, disappointed and disgraced for life. This is the witness," and he held his right fore leg up into the moonlight. It was red with blood, and without the foot.

"Sad, very sad, and most disappointing too," said the President, nodding to the other two. "We might be envious of something more praiseworthy, but not of such a leg as yours."

"No," said the other two, nodding back again, and looking with half a smile and half a shudder at their right fore legs.

"Oh that tears and shame could bring it back again," sighed the poor lame mouse.

The others smiled, and rubbed their faces with their feet to hide it, for they were glad to see him dishonoured, even at so great a cost, but had not courage to say it out.

"Prudence is better than cunning, and repentance cannot recall lost honour, nor lost feet," the President said, with a sneer. So cruel can even a mouse become over a rival's fall.

"Prudence is better than cunning," was echoed from behind the farmer's stall. "I thought to find you here," the new comer

said. He was a most beautiful mouse, pure white, with bright red eyes. Around his neck there hung a golden cord, forming a loop upon his breast, and crossed with the finest hair—a harp, strung with silver strings, it seemed, and on his brow there shone a lovely star. He carried with him a curious bag, woven of the finest hair, and dyed a blood-red colour.

"Here is a gift for each," he said. "It must be watched with care, and be kept warm whilst you have it. It must be carried to —"

"I'll carry it," said the President, eagerly, without knowing its destination.

"And I,"

"And I," said the other two.

Upon his bleeding leg the lame mouse dropt a tear.

"Whither?"

The three were silent; they had thought only of the gifts.

"There is one for each," the stranger said; and opening his mysterious bag he took therefrom four opals, strung on cords of gold. "Each a dewdrop crystallized, and within a ray of light. The warmer you keep them the more beautiful they are, for then the light shines through, and makes them beautiful, as you see them now. Carry each to the hill beyond the pine wood, where the clouds hang all day, and it will burst into a flame and become a star." And placing one around the neck of each, he disappeared.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the three.

The lame mouse dropt a warm tear on his, and hid it in his breast.

"Harness the horses, boys." It was the farmer returning to his labour. They knew it, and crept away.

(To be continued.)

## THE WAYSIDE INN.

Linger not at the wayside inn,  
Though pleasant its rest may seem;  
Temptations and trials are hid within,  
And pleasures of which we dream;  
But oh! beware that ye do not sink,  
Ye are wandering close to sin's dangerous  
brink.

Be not deceived by its dainty joys,  
Lest, knowing thy weakened state,  
The tempter should picture dread sin's alloys  
In colours that have no weight;

Beware! weak one, that ye do not fall  
Beneath the stones of death's gloomy wall.

Be strong, and battle with fearful strife,  
Look onwards towards the "end:"  
Consider the joys of eternal life,  
And the voices which soon will blend  
In the joyful song which the angels sing,  
"All glory to Thee, our Almighty King."

EVA LÆTTIA (LÆTTICE.)