



AN EVENING STUDY.—SEE SECOND PAGE.

### A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A certain old man used to say to his granddaughter, when she was naughty in any way: "Mary, Mary, take care: there's a mouse in the pantry!" She would often cease crying at this, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to

the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap: but she never found one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't seen a mouse in the pantry, and there are no mice in my mother's, because I have looked so often." He smiled and said: "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is

the pantry: the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and make you sometimes cross and peevish, and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—a trap of watchfulness." After that she caught and killed so many of these mice that she quite cleared her pantry of them.