

Happy Days

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MEDDLESOME TOM.

ONE day meddlesome Tom met with a punishment. He had been peeping about and listening, and hearing of some wonderful machine that his father had just received.

"I must go and have a look at it," said Tom to himself. And down he went to his father's study. He opened the door softly, and there stood the wonderful machine with chains and handles and plates, most tempting to behold. Tom rubbed his hands and smiled.

So he got upon a chair, and kneeling down he took a chain handle in each hand.

"Ca-pital," he was going to say, but instead of finishing the word, he cried out, "Oh! oh! oh!" and roared so loud that every one ran to see what was the matter. For no sooner had Tom taken hold of the handles than he felt as if pins and needles were pricking him, and he could not take his hands away, the handles



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seemed to keep them fast. "Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Tom.

"Ah!" said his father, "you have punished yourself at last. This is a galvanic battery."

Tom did not know what a galvanic battery was, but he made up his mind not to meddle with one again. And when his father loosed his hands he crept away to his room, not caring to hear the laughs and jokes that were made upon him.

But he learned a lesson, and never again meddled with anything that he did not understand.

OUR SAVIOUR'S WORDS

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations, but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted.—*Dean Stanley.*