## 

## Br IEENR J. STMILE.


$37^{71 I}$ YEAR


5 stect fliscrlluy. The Girl and the Mice.
Duning onc cold but sung day in winter,
when o was a very litle girl,
sion of mysk mothenthise to go over to the barn, where father was engaged in threshing grain nusly wrapped in a waru, dannel blanket Wath led through the orchard to the ba
which was quite a distance from the hou
But there was tuo fear of losing the way; path, almost as high as my shoulders.
ar as
ar an cye could reach, one vast sea of pu white snow, like a beautiful mantle, coverce
ho carth. Altiough it was estremely cold, ling cyes and glowing checks spoke my joy as myself, while engaged in his work. Pre
 ory to the threshing with the flail. While
thus centioyed hue wisoovered an old noose,
 hese mise, and carry then to old pussy !"
I junned with delitht, held up ny apron
and soon the duar litite creatures were in ony "Nowv"; snid he, "run to the honse, and be
sure not "o move your hands, for if you should
 now how they looked -whether the wo we
safe or not. But $I$ had promised not on mo
ny hads, and $I$ did not like to disoley ather. But then I was all alone; no o
ould know it. I would certainly ike to ust one peepi. Thus I rasond "Just one pee


 of ruy weeping, jittle susprectian, howev
lhas Dy my disobecience, she had been chea
out of her diuner.



