

lapped her milk out of the white saucer, and ate the little bits of bread which we laid down for her, and seemed to enjoy her tea more than usual. At last papa dropped a shrimp on her table-cloth, thinking it would be a delicate morsel for her to finish with. But as soon as Puff smelt it, she shook her little head, and looked up so wisely into papa's face, and said, in her funny pussy language—'No, thank you, I don't mean to have any more of *that*. I tried it once, and it did me no good. I won't be such a simpleton again.'

Then she trotted demurely back to her mamma on the hearth-rug, and, though we often tried, we could never make her eat another shrimp all that season.

Was she not a great deal wiser than half the little boys and girls that you know? Nay, was she not a great deal wiser than you are yourself? I daresay, if I knew all about you, I should find out that you have done over and over again what Puff did only once,—you have eaten too many good things, and then had to suffer for your folly. But have you done as Puff did, next time the good things were offered to you? Have you shaken your head, and turned away, and said,—