

MAMMA'S STORY.

In the winter the ice was thick all over the river; but, as spring approached, it would break up and go out to sea.

One night, when the river looked as white and solid as ever, I had gone to bed early, and was having a good, sound sleep. All of a sudden I was awakened by a loud noise. Some one was running up the street, calling out, "The ice is going!" and I could hear it crashing against the bridge.

"Oh! what is that?" cried Harry, jumping up quickly; while Freddy, who was going to take such care of mamma, sprang to the very top of her chair; and Kitty screamed with fright.

"Only a little mouse, silly children!" said mamma. "Open the door, Harry, and let him run out."

But not a child stirred. Mamma had to take care of the mouse herself; while her "little soldier" stood on the sofa, and called, "Is he gone, mamma?"

At last the children had all settled down again, and wanted to hear the end of the story. So mamma went on, —

The next thing I heard was my father's voice outside, saying, —
"Open your window, Susy."

I did so, and put my hand right out into the water; for it was just up to the window-sill.

"Put on a shawl, and get into the boat as quick as you can," said my father.

I did so, and was rowed to dry land; where some one took me in his arms to my aunt's house.

I thought I should never see my home again; but the water went down the next day, and left the house all safe, though we never lived in it any more.

Here mamma stopped; and just then we heard a footstep at the front-door.

"There comes papa," said she. "Run, little soldier, and let him in. *Don't forget to tell him how you took care of mamma!*"