

HOW ANDY FOUND COMFORT.

At first Andy felt rather sad. But he thought to himself that he had enough money of his own to get the pane of glass mended, and that he would run to the glazier's, and have the job done, the minute he was let out of prison.

Then the little boy began to cheer up; and as he lifted his head, and opened his eyes, he saw something that soon made him lose all recollection of the broken pane.

On the floor were two little mice, who, tempted by the smell of the nice bread, had come out of their holes. Andy was a humane boy; and he said to the mice, "You poor hungry little things! *you* shall have a good time, whether *I* do or not."

Andy was not aware at the moment, that in trying to make others happy, though those others were only two poor little mice, he was helping himself out of his own sorrows.

Moving his hand quietly towards the slice of bread, he crumbled up some of it, and threw it gently down for the mice to eat. At first they ran off; but by and by, seeing that Andy did not mean them any harm, they came boldly back, and ate up all the crumbs.

Then Andy threw down some more; and this time they did not run. They ate all that was given to them, and looked up, as much as to say, "Thank you, little boy: we should have no objection to a few more of those nice crumbs. Times are hard, and people say there's a great panic somewhere."

Andy gave them some more; and then, as his eyes caught sight of a mouse-trap that lay on the floor, he said, "You poor little fellows! I have broken bread with you; and the laws of hospitality will not permit me to see you caught and killed before my sight."