

## TRANSPLANTED.

there is no cheese. I see it, I smell it, I feel it; but take away sight and smell and feeling, and there is no cheese."

What Kunny meant by all this foolish talk, I cannot say. I only know that cheese was too much for him at last. He was caught in a trap. His mother, his sister Nan, his brothers Tit and Tat, all came to see him as he stood helpless behind the bars of his prison.

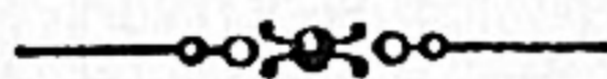
At last his mother found one of the bars loose, and pressed it aside, so that Kunny could get out. There was great rejoicing in the mouse-family at this delivery.

"I hope you'll not get into such a scrape again," said Sister Nan.

Kunny looked up in a very wise way, and said, "Can you tell me what matter is, Nan?"

"Yes," said Nan. "You know too much: that's the matter."

ALFRED SELWYN.



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SHE was our little Rose, — a bud half-blown,  
Pink, dewy, sweet; its beauty half unknown:  
Oh, little rosebud, blighted, dead, and gone!

The baby-blossom was our Violet,  
Forget-me-not, in our hearts' garden set:  
Oh, new-made grave with lonely tears how wet!

Yet in sweet paradise our treasure-flowers,  
Forever beautiful, forever ours,  
Christ-cherished, bloom in his celestial bowers.

S. P. BARTLETT.