

THE CANARY AND THE MOUSE.

under his wing, and one leg drawn up under his feathers. He looked just like a little round yellow ball.

The mouse ate and drank all he wanted, not seeming to care at all for me. Then he ran up the side of the cage, and along the perch on which Parson was sleeping, and with his nose *poked* the bird in the side; and then looked at him out of his two little shining eyes. It was just as much as to say, "Wake, little sleepy, and we will play."

Parson did not seem a bit afraid. He took his head out from under his wing, looked at Mr. Mouse, and then tucked it away again. He seemed to say, "I am too sleepy to play. Go to bed!" Then the mouse jumped to the bottom of the cage, nestled into a corner, and went to sleep.

I was very much surprised at all this, and very much amused. Had I not seen it all, it would have been almost too strange to believe. But the little readers of this account may rest assured it is all true.

What became of the mouse? One day, soon after, I opened a drawer in which I kept sermons. There, now you know I am a minister! No matter. There were other and very valuable papers in that drawer. As I opened it, I heard a rustle, and saw that little rogue of a mouse jump out and run away.

But what destruction! He had nibbled into fine shreds a number of my sermons, and some valuable papers. One corner of the drawer was a mass of little bits of paper of no use at all.

So I had to catch Mr. Mouse in a trap; and—he died. Poor little mouse! I was very sorry; but he had been very naughty.

"Parson," said I, "do you know what mischief your friend has been doing?" And Parson chirped, as much as to say, "It is a good joke." But it was a serious damage to me.