

took great care to save half his milk for the cats, to make up for the disappointment of the morning.

'You see,' he explained to nurse, 'they weren't a bit cross with me, and they must have been ever so disappointed.'

'Ah,' said nurse, with a laugh, 'I expect when they were kittens they were taught that "It is no use crying over spilt milk."—Child's Own Magazine.'

Harold's Dream.

'Oh, Master Harold, you are a wicked, unkind boy! Now I must kill that poor little fly, as you have hurt it so! What can it do now, with no legs and no wings! I shall put you straight to bed, and when your mamma comes home she shall know all about it!' And nurse took him up in her arms, and though he cried and kicked, she put him to bed, and then left him, for it was not even time for baby to go to bed.

There he lay in the dark. Presently he heard a noise, and saw two great big beetles coming along. They came right on to his bed. He tried to scream for nurse, but they tied up his tongue. Then one beetle took his head on his back, and the other his feet, and they began to climb up the wall. Out of the window they went, down to the ground, right through the garden, into the meadow. Then there was a strange sight.

On a throne made from milk stones, all glittering with dew-drop diamonds, sat the caterpillar, so wise that he was the judge of all the insects. In front of him stood a butterfly, a spider, a ladybird, and—lo! and behold!—two flies were supporting the very fly Harold had hurt that afternoon.

When the beetles appeared with Harold on their backs, everybody looked round, very stern and angry.

'Stand here!' said the Caterpillar, and, trembling, Harold stood right in front of him.

'Now, call the witnesses!' said the Judge.

Up walked the Butterfly.

'Tell everything you know!' said the Judge.

She said: 'This boy chased me all round the garden with a great big net, all one summer afternoon, and when he caught me, put me in a little tiny box where there was no light, tore my dress, broke one of my wings, and gave me nothing to eat. But, when he was not look-

ing, his little sister let me out, and I am only just out of the doctor's hands.'

Saying this, she stepped back and the Spider came up.

'He knocked down my house seven times after I had rebuilt it, and then caught me and tied a piece of cotton right round my body, and hung me up for a long time just over a pool of water, so that my feet and legs were in it. When I was tired out and exhausted, he put me in his pocket for "luck," he said, and I was only set free when nurse turned out his pockets at bedtime.'

Everybody turned to look at naughty Harold, who was too frightened to speak, when up spoke the Ladybird.

'He caught me as I was resting on an ivy leaf, and carried me to a large glass bowl full of water, with gold fish and plants in it, and said I must swim, and tried to make me with a match; but I sank to the bottom drowning, and if it hadn't been that a fish carried me to the top of the water on its back, and so set me free, I should now be dead!'

'Call the last witness!' said the judge, sternly. And they carried up the poor fly, who was almost dead and could only gasp out:

'He caught me in the sugar-basin, pulled off my wings and all my legs one by one, and then had to leave me because his nurse was so angry, and carried him off to bed.'

Having said this, the poor fly fell back dead.

No one spoke for a little while. They gazed in sorrow on their murdered comrade.

The silence was broken by the Judge.

'Call the Jury!' he said.

Up came a Fly, a Beetle, a Bee, a Wasp, a Ladybird, and a Spider, to pass sentence on the naughty, cruel boy.

They whispered together, and at last the Judge said:

'It is not right that the strong should be cruel to the weak; therefore take this murderer and treat him as he did the fly. Take off his arms, one at a time, and then his legs the same, and let him go home as best he can!'

The Jury all rushed upon him, and seized his arms, and were just about to pull them off, when he heard his mamma's voice say: 'Why, why, what is all this noise?' and Harold opened his eyes to find it was only a dream.

There was no need for mamma to tell him how wicked and unkind he had been, for he never forgot his lesson, and now you could not find anywhere a boy more kind to the weak and helpless than this little boy Harold.—Lily C. Baker, in 'Band of Mercy.'

The Children in Heaven.

Oh! what do you think the angels say?

Said the children up in heaven;
There's a dear little boy coming home to-day,

He's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in.
Let's go and open the gates of joy,
Open them wide for the new little boy,

Said the children up in heaven.

God wanted him where his little ones meet,

Said the children up in heaven;
He shall play with us in the golden street,

He has grown too fair, he has grown too sweet

For the earth we used to live in.

He needs the sunshine, this dear, little boy,

That shines this side of the realms of joy,

Said the children up in heaven.

So the King called down from the angels' dome,

Said the children up in heaven;

'My little darling, arise and come

To the place prepared in thy Father's home,

The home that My children live in;
Let us go and watch at the gates of joy,

Ready to welcome the new little boy,

Said the children up in heaven.

Far down on the earth do you hear them weep,

Said the children up in heaven,

For the dear little boy has gone to sleep!

The shadows fall and the night-clouds creep

O'er the earth we used to live in;

But we'll go and open the gates of joy,

Oh! why do they weep for their dear little boy,

Said the children up in heaven.

Fly with him quickly, Oh! angels dear,

See! He is coming! Look there! Look there!

At the jasper light on his sunny hair,

Where the veiling clouds are riven.
Ah! hush, hush, hush, all the swift wings furl,

For the King Himself, at the gates of joy,

Is taking his hand, dear, tired little boy,

And is leading him into heaven.

—Edith G. Cherry, Plymouth, England.