

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (By permission.)

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Once there was a king who had a little girl whom he loved very much. When she was a year old the king and the queen made a great feast, and the fairies were asked to come. The plates and knives and forks were all gold; and the glasses were cut from the most beautiful crystal.

But there was one old fairy who had been forgotten, and when she came in, she had no golden knife and fork, nor any crystal cup to drink from.

The other fairies had gifts for the little girl. One gave her love; one, beauty; another, grace; and still another, music. But the old fairy was so angry because she had been forgotten that, when the turn came for her gift, she said, "She