

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Wait and see," said Grace, taking her trembling little hand.

The other children slipped up behind, and watched as something white and green and yellow came in sight.

Then Jack smiled and looked at Helen. "A butterfly! Is that what she's been watching and watering all the time?"

Elizabeth had never seen such a queer butterfly—such a big body and such little wings. It began slowly opening and shutting its crumpled wings, and oh, wonder! as they moved they grew larger and smoother and brighter, until it was larger than any butterfly Elizabeth had ever seen before. It balanced lightly on the edge of the pot, as if ready to fly away.

"Grace," said Elizabeth slowly, "please open the window. It wants to fly away up to heaven, like mamma."

Then as the sweet spring air came in, she bent over and kissed the butterfly softly. "Take it to mamma," she whispered, and as if in obedience, the butterfly rose in the air, and fluttered back, once, twice, and the third time it floated away, up, up, until it was lost in the bright sunshine.

And the children all declared that Elizabeth's Easter flower was the loveliest of all.—Fannie L. Brent, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Caleb and the Cider.

('Youth's Temperance Banner.')

"I don't see how sweet cider can do any more harm than eating the apples," said Caleb. "I know hard cider makes folks drunk, but I don't believe fresh, sweet cider does."

"I have seen boys, and even little girls, tipsy from drinking it," said grandpa. "I remember once my little sister came home from a visit to my uncle's, and she acted so queerly that mother couldn't imagine what was the matter with her. Her face was flushed and her head ached, and she seemed really sick. Mother put her right to bed and in the morning she questioned her about what she had been doing the day before at Uncle Nat's, and she said she had sucked lots of sweet cider through a straw from

a barrel Uncle Nat had just got in his barn, and it was "real good." "That's the mischief," said mother, "now I see. Why, our little Mattie was drunk last night!" And I shall never forget the look on mother's face. That day she got us all together and told us we must never drink cider again, sweet or not, unless she gave it to us; "and then," said she, "I shall know just how much you get."

"But mother never gave us any, and I knew then she didn't mean to, I am always afraid when I see children hovering around a cider-press in the country with straws in their hands, and whenever I have a chance I warn them. And I warn you now, my boy. Alcohol very soon forms in the new cider, and almost all the new, sweet apple juice which people drink and think so harmless is fermented and poisonous."

After this talk Caleb concluded he would sign the pledge.

"I can't bear to," he said, after he had taken the pen in his hand, "I love it so. But I will—yes, I will." And down went his name on the pretty picture pledge card grand-

pa had for the purpose, and then he put the card in his pocket and ran home to tell father and mother what he had done. And they were truly rejoiced, for they had felt quite anxious about their boy.

Two Little Girls.

I know a little girl
(You? Oh, no!)
Who when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she will begin;
'Oh, dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?'

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,
Who says: 'When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late;
But mamma says 'twill make me grow,
To be an early bird.'
So she and dolly trotted away
Without another word,
Oh, sunny smiles and eyes so blue,
And—yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you!
—'Beacon.'

