

stone, and they, too, tried to move it in vain. Then they were all very frightened; for it was getting dark, and there was no other road by which they could get home. At last one of the travelers said, 'Let us ask God to help us.' So they knelt down and prayed. When they rose from their knees, the same traveler who had spoken before said, 'We have each tried separately to move the stone, and we find that we are not strong enough. Perhaps if we push together we could move it. Suppose we all try.' Then they all pushed the rock together, and moved it away, and they were able to continue their journey."

"I wonder they did not think of pushing together before," said Annie, who had listened very attentively.

"But you see, Miss Annie," returned nurse, "people so very often don't think of doing the best thing. If they did, I am sure they would be more ready to help one another. Now, Miss Ella, wont you help Miss Annie with her doll's dress?"

Ella was still pouting, but she shut up her book and moved slowly toward the table.

"Give me the stuff and a pair of scissors, Annie!" she exclaimed.

Annie handed her what she had asked for, and she began to cut out the sleeves. Now Ella was impatient, and was not thinking of what she was about. Therefore she cut the sleeves the wrong way.

"O, Ella," said Annie, "that is the wrong shape. It wont do."

"Then you should not have asked me to cut



them out. I can't help it if they wont do," cried Ella, going out of the room in a very ill-tempered mood.

She went down stairs into the dining-room, and sat down in front of the fire. There was no one in the room.

Ella felt very unhappy, for she knew she had acted unkindly. She sat gazing into the bright fire till tears came into her eyes. Suddenly she saw what seemed to be beautiful mountains between the bars of the grate. The mountains were composed of bright, shining rocks, which the sun seemed to have tinged with his golden rays. Under the rocks were caves, all different shapes and sizes, and all shining and sparkling like the rocks. Then Ella saw that these caves were built by fairies (she chose to fancy they were fairies) dressed in gold and silver. They moved about so quickly in doing their work that Ella could not see how big they were, or what their faces were like, or even if they

had any faces at all. She could only see that they were dressed in dazzling silver and gold. She saw that their employment was to build the beautiful grottoes and caves with large, black-looking stones. First they clambered one after another—sometimes a whole train of them at once—up the walls of the shining caves; then they flew round and round the dull black stones till they molded them into pretty shapes, and caused them to form part of the walls of the grottoes. Then the sun seemed to shine upon them and make them bright.

What struck Ella as being most peculiar in this curious scene was that not one fairy worked alone.

I have already said they were seen in trains or groups; but sometimes these groups would join together. Not one fairy worked alone. If one was seen alone for a moment another was sure to come and join it.

While Ella watched, the work they had in hand seemed to be coming to an end. Nearly all the black rock was used up to form the caves; and bright, dazzling caves it had made. Ella thought it had been worth the little fairies' while to work to have produced anything so pretty.

The fairies seemed to think so too, for they all joined hands and danced with glee on the top of the sparkling grottoes, while their gold and silver dresses seemed tinged with a delicate blue color.

Ella wondered what it could all mean, and bent forward to look more closely at the fairies, when lo! they all disappeared; the pretty grottoes and shining rocks were gone; there was nothing left but the bright fire in the grate.

What could it have been that Ella had seen?

You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that it was nothing but the fire.

But so it was. You see her eyes were full of tears, and they made the bright flames look like busy fairies, the red cinders like pretty grottoes, the black unburnt coals like pieces of unhewn rock.

The black coals were gradually burnt, for Ella had sat there a long time looking at them, and became bright and red, like the rest of the fire, forming, as Ella thought, more caves and grottoes.

Ella laughed heartily when she thought of the curious picture she had made out of the fire. But she became grave when she again thought of the fairies; for she remembered how they had all seemed to help one another. Then she thought of the story nurse had just told her and Annie, and of her unkindness to poor Annie.

At last she got up and said, "I will be like the fairies. I will go and help Annie, and I hope our work may turn out as pretty as theirs."

She ran up to the nursery, and said, "O, Annie, I am sorry I cut the sleeves wrong. Will you forgive me, and let me do it again?"

Annie threw her arms round Ella's neck, and said she should be very glad if she would.

So Ella cut out the sleeves again, and she and Annie sat down and made dolly's dress.

It was a very pretty dress; even nurse was quite surprised.

"Now, Miss Ella," she said, "you see what people can do by being kind and helping one another. You have made the frock very nicely."

Ella's eyes glistened with tears of joy. She thought she felt as happy as the little fairies did dancing on their grottoes. I cannot tell you whether the dress was as pretty as the caves, because one can hardly compare such things; but I can tell you that the two sisters looked as bright and happy as any fairies.

MARIET.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Fat Queens.

In the UNYORO country, which is on the south side of a river that is now called the SOMERSET NILE, in Africa, a lady is never thought to be

beautiful unless she is very, very fat. The king of that land has many wives, and, of course, they are expected to be beautiful, that is, *fat*. To make them so, each one is fed with a gallon of curdled milk every day. If any of these sable queens object to this sour diet, they are whipped until they drink their allowance.

Pretty treatment for queens, isn't it? Which of my *Advocate* girls would not rather be a farmer's daughter in America than a great, fat squab of a queen in Unyoro? But mark this, girls! The reason of the great difference between America and Africa is that the former country enjoys the Gospel, the latter does not. If the Unyoro people had had the pure Gospel for the last five hundred years they would not be what they are now. Their king would have only one wife and no woman would be whipped for not drinking sour milk. Be thankful, then, O my daughters, for the Gospel. Be sure also to ask Jesus to make you truly Christian children. X.



Translated from the French for the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Violet.

LITTLE EMMA did not know that there were any other kinds of violets than the blue. One day she chanced to find in a garden some that were blue, and some that were white as snow, and, what astonished her more, some that were red like fire. She gathered one of each and ran with them joyously to her mother. Her mother said to her: "These three kinds of violets are not so rare as you think; however, I am glad that you have found them such wonders, if it may only impress upon your heart this triple emblem. The humble blue violet is, as you know, the symbol of modesty; let the white violet be to you a symbol of innocence, and let the red one always remind you that you ought to cultivate in your heart an ardent love for all that is good."

The daughter was charmed with this explanation. The same evening her mother gave her a small pattern for embroidery. The pattern was the three violets, of the colors blue, white, and red, and underneath were these words: The best traits of youth are, to be innocent and pure, to be modest and good.

We should not have the charity which says to Ruth, "Glean after the young men," but forgets to say to the young men, "Let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her."