

to be, think the note of the crow to be very harsh and they are as ready as we are to heave a clod at the tree in which he is making nasty remarks.

Brownie noticed a crow with a white vest on, and so called out: "Good morning; have you used Pear's Soap?" his breast was so clean and white. At first Brownie thought he must be the parson crow, but on referring to his pocket dictionary he found that the parson crow has a white choker, and lives in New Zealand.

The Underlanders believe that their souls go into birds and animals after death. Brownie knew better than that, but he knew some boys at home that fully deserved such a fate, unless they repented and changed their bad habits.

There was Smudger's boy, for instance, who was always robbing birds' nests, and Tomdick-and-harry who liked to plug the frogs. Two old ladies that dear Kingsley speaks of will be after them. I mean Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did.

The poet Cowper says he would not enter on his list of friends the man who needlessly treads upon a worm, for it is part of God's creation, and we should be merciful. Here is an Underlander who carefully brushes an ant from his neck lest he should kill it, not for the poet's reason, but because the ant may have been his father who lately died.

But Brownie saw that this belief did not hinder them ill-treating the donkeys, and beating the cows and mules, when the load got stuck in a mud-hole, and the cart would not budge a step.

Suddenly there was a tremendous hubbub in the street, and Brownie ran out to see what it was all about. Others who ran out on the same errand soon hurried back when they learned what the cause of the disturbance was.

Brownie being invisible had no fears, but on the whole he thought he could get a better view from a tree, so he scrambled up a fine poplar. He could see a crowd of villagers, armed with forks and hoes, returning home to the next village.

They had chased the mad dog to the edge of this village, and so their duty was done when they handed the affair over to their neighbors!

Here the dog was soon killed, whereupon an old woman came forward and began to scold the slayers for having taken life. "But, old lady, what if the dog had bitten your grandson?" Yes, what? She at once calmed down, and went to bed. So you see, thought Brownie, the Underlanders have some horse-sense after all.

TOO LATE.

HERE is a child to whom a dollar has been given to spend as he chooses. Without a moment's thought he spends every cent of it in a foolish and frivolous way.

After the money is gone, the child mourns because he did not spend the money differently. He tells himself that if he had another dollar, he would buy articles which he needed much more or liked much better. Too late, my child, too late! The proper time to consider this question was while you owned the money and before you wasted it.

In like manner many persons act in reference to life itself. They rush through the appointed years aimlessly, thoughtlessly, sinfully. They waste life as truly as the prodigal wasted his inherited possessions. And when innocence is gone, opportunity is gone, hope is gone, life is gone, they wake up on the verge of eternity to think seriously about how life should be spent.

Too late, my friend, too late! The proper time to consider this question was when life was before you and not after it had been wasted. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Rev. S. E. Martin.

FOUR-AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four and twenty blackbirds represent the four and twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the sky is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," are the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—The Animal World.