

matters worse, his mother wouldn't even promise him a birthday party when he got better.

'The dining-room ceiling was ruined through your fault, Johnnie,' she told him gravely, 'and to pay for that will take a lot of money. So I don't think papa and I can afford to let you have any birthday party this year. You have cheated yourself out of a party, that is all.'

This made Johnnie feel rather thoughtful, as you may imagine, but something happened a few days later that made him think still more. He was well enough to go down to breakfast by this time, and was looking forward with delight to the expected visit of his pretty young Auntie Belle, who was to be with them soon after breakfast that morning. But Johnnie's father let fall the morning paper suddenly, and the face that he turned to Johnnie's mamma was pale.

'My dear,' he said anxiously, 'the train Belle was coming on was wrecked last night. Another train ran into it. Belle's name is not among the list of injured, but I shall feel troubled until she arrives or until we hear from her.'

Johnnie's mother grew pale in a moment, and there is no knowing what would have happened if a telegram had not been brought in just then by Jennie, the maid, telling them that Auntie Belle was uninjured, and would come on a later train. Then they all fell to talking of the other poor people who had been injured, and Johnnie's papa had a great deal to say about the shame and carelessness of such accidents.

'How did it happen, papa?' asked Johnnie. 'What made it happen last night?'

'Somebody disobeyed orders, Johnnie,' was the quiet answer, 'and was disobedient. And because of disobedience a train was wrecked, a number of people killed, and a great many more injured. It never pays to disobey orders, Johnnie, any more than it does to delay in obeying them.'

Nobody said anything about Johnnie's habit of delaying, but Johnnie couldn't help thinking, and he isn't a victim of that habit any more. He has made up his mind that it is always best to obey orders promptly, and he has not dallied about doing so a single time since

the night Auntie Belle came so near getting killed, just because some one else didn't do as he was told.

A King Defeated by His Subjects.

(A Fable.)

(Translated from Gujarati by G.W.B.)

There was once a mighty Rajah or King who had a very clever Diwan or Prime Minister called Chatur Singh. On one occasion the Rajah sent for his Prime Minister on a matter of very important business. As soon as Chatur Singh received the summons he got ready to go, but just as he was on the point of leaving his house his youngest child began to torment him by crying out for some article of food. Chatur Singh had to please the child by giving him what he wanted, but as this detained him for some time he was rather late in making his appearance before the King. He found the King in a very angry mood, and although Chatur Singh tried to explain why he had been detained, the Rajah wouldn't accept this as a sufficient excuse, stating that it shouldn't have been such a difficult matter to cure the obstinacy of the child, or to please it by giving it what it wanted, and further that he (Chatur Singh) should not have allowed the whim of his child to detain him when the King had ordered his attendance.

The Prime Minister received the King's rebuke in silence; then folding his hands in an entreating attitude he made obeisance before the King, and said, 'If your Majesty will not be angry with me I have a humble request to make to your Majesty.' The King replied, 'You may proceed without fear.' 'Then,' said the Prime Minister, 'with your Majesty's consent, we will suppose you to be a father and I will be the child, and you must satisfy my every whim by granting me all I ask, and fulfilling every desire I take into my head.' 'Agreed,' was the Rajah's reply; 'I am the father, you are my son. Now proceed, and let your whim be what it may I shall soon satisfy it.'

Prime Minister (in imitation of a child): 'Oo—o! I want dudh (milk). Give me some milk.'

Rajah (ordering the milk): 'Here, take this milk.'

Prime Minister: 'Oo—o! I

want panee (water). Give me some water.'

Rajah (ordering water): 'Here is the water. Take it.'

Prime Minister: 'Oo—o! I want the milk and the water mixed together. Mix them for me.'

Rajah (mixing them): 'Here are the milk and the water mixed as you desired.'

Prime Minister: 'Oo—o! I want the milk and the water separated again. Give them to me separate.'

Rajah (with a faint attempt at a smile): 'I can't divide the milk from the water again, but I will give you fresh milk and water. Won't that do?'

Prime Minister (angrily): 'Boo—oo! No, that won't do. I must have the milk and the water separated. Separate them and give them to me.'

The poor Rajah was utterly discomfited, and had to confess at once that he was beaten. He had to admit that it was not possible for him to separate the milk from the water. He admitted also that after all the Prime Minister might have had a difficult task in satisfying the whim of his child. With this admission the Prime Minister expressed himself as being perfectly satisfied, and the business of the State proceeded smoothly ever after.

Moral—'Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.'

The Little Stars.

('Our Little Dots.')

When kneeling by my bed at night,
My simple prayer to say,
I like to see the little stars
Above me as I pray.

I draw the curtains quite aside,
That I may clearly see
The little twinkling, shining stars
All looking down at me.

They seem to me like angels' eyes
That shine so clear and bright,
And watch me always as I kneel
To say my prayer at night.

They seem to tell me God is there,
Above them in the sky,
And that He listens to the prayers
I offer up on high.

And when at length I lay me down,
And close my eyes in sleep,
I know the little stars are there,
Still tender watch to keep!

—Constance M. Lowe.