

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father's brother. "Uncle, what are the stars?"

"They are the eyes of truant boy angels, peeping through holes in the big blue tent that incloses what they call a circus and we call the planetary system."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to the old woman who told him so many wonderful stories of wonderful things during the blue midsummer nights. "Nurse, what are the stars?"

"Well," answered the old woman, "some say that the stars are the tears of the dead, which turn into gold and glow. But I say"—

"Yes?" said the little boy eagerly.

"I say that only God knows."

The little boy looked disappointed. Then he raised his head and gazed steadily upward.

"I suppose," he said, after a silence, "that I shall never know what the stars really are."

"Not until you go among them. And may the hour of your going be late, my darling," said the old woman.
—Chap. Book.

A STRANGER.

One day, a scholarly looking man, plainly dressed, went into a church in Holland, and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty lady swept up to the pew, and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him, by an imperious gesture to leave it. The stranger obeyed, and, going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over, the lady's friends gathered around her, and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely.

"No." "Some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer.

"He is here visiting the queen."

Her mortification may be imagined.
