

did he. If you had let him play 'bounce' with you, then you would both have been happy little boys, and now you have been both wrong and both angry. I admit that Charley did wrong, but you did wrong first."

"Well, mother, I dare say that is all true; but Charles has got my ball."

"Charley will not keep it long, my dear. He only took it to trouble you a little; he will give it to you, I dare say, this afternoon."

"But Charley did not do as he would have been done by, mother, when he ran home with it."

"No, I suppose he did not think anything about it, any more than you did in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon? Did not you play with it?"

"Yes, mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into the big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again, and how long it was up there?"

"And did Charley cry about it?"

"I guess not; but he was very sorry, and so was I; and I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some more paper, and sister Anne made him a real nice balloon, bigger than his first one was."

"And did you not feel happy, when you carried it to him; and was not Charley very glad to have it?"

"Yes, indeed, and he's got it now, and we play with it sometimes."

"That was doing as you would be done by. You lost his balloon, and gave him another to replace it, which was just."

"Mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be *just* too, and bring me another?"

"Certainly, if he does what is

right. But I think I hear Charley's voice in the hall. Go and see if it is he."

"Yes, mother, 'tis Charley," said Georgy, as he ran into the hall to meet him; and the mother followed him.

"I've brought home your ball, Georgy," said Charles. "Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me to come and bring it right back. I'm sorry I plagued you, and I won't do so any more."

"And I'm very sorry I refused to let you play with the ball," said George, "for I know it was that which made you think of running off with it."

Thus the two boys were soon reconciled; and George's mother was glad to see her son understood his error, and the way to atone for it. We have only to add, that if children would all do as they wish others to do to them, there would never be any snatching of one another's things, no harsh words, no angry feelings among them.—*Merry's Museum.*

#### A LAW AGAINST KILLING CHILDREN.

What would our young readers say were they to hear of a law that forbade fathers and mothers from killing their children? Would it not be very strange if the Governor of New-York or the President of the United States should publish a law that little girls should not be killed? I have a doubt the boys and girls of America would be very much surprised. But such a law has been made. Only a little while ago, Le, one of the rulers of Kwangtung, a province of China, issued an edict strictly prohibiting the drowning of female children, which, he says, is very common at Canton. He says:

"Look at the insects, birds, beasts, and fish, even they love their off-