

she pointed to Liza. "I would fain follow her."

Mons. Spidare fastened well his thread, then answered.

"You, my little one, are the offspring of Madame Fiction; this world is enough for you, and very beautiful it is."

"Yes," said Rose, "but how much more beautiful are some of earth's children," and again she pointed to little Liza.

"Ah, mia, there is less of this world in that little, struggling life than even you can see; but," said the weaver, "what brought you away from all the gaiety of Fairy Glen, may I ask?"

"To see how such as these poor ones live, and to brighten their sad days, if possible. And you, may I also ask?" said Rose.

Taking a few moments to consider before answering, the weaver said: "Be here to-morrow at noon and you shall see, now exhausted nature demands redress; so I must catch and dress my fly. You, who live on the nectar the gods provide, how will you fare?"

"I fare well enough, being a fairy, so fare thee well," and away she flew to fan gently the child and watch her slumbers.

About twelve the next day Rose saw that the weaver seemed very much excited, and all his energies were put forth on a delicate piece of lace work. She quickly perched herself on the window-sill and waited patiently to solve the riddle, why the best weaver in all Fairy Glen had left his comfortable home in "Ivy Terrace" for this poor abode. She notes that the weaver looks constantly at the windows of a warehouse opposite, and, following his example, she sees, standing by the window, an old gentleman. His face is hidden by two large hands which hold a field-glass to his eyes, his head is very bald on the top, while over his neck fall soft grey curls; his coat of parson's gray hangs rather loosely on him, but his linen is faultlessly white. Suddenly he drops his hands, seizes his hat, and in a trice is in the street. Looking up through his closed hand at the window with one eye, while the other eye is screwed up tightly, he crosses the street with quick, short steps, and Sweet Rose, as she gains her station on the pillow, hears him mount the rickety stairs, tap gently at the door, then enter.

"Bless me! Bless me—ahem! Ble-ss me! to think," and down he sat, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead. "Ble-ss me, to think of so much misery so close to my home, and I never to know it!"

"Whose fault is it but your own?" whispered Rose, as she took a sharp thorn out of its case and gave him a thrust with it in the region of his heart.

Mr. Goodheart wiped the perspiration from his forehead, blew a trumpet sound on that organ of his (which should have been in the centre of his face, but which nature had placed quite to one side) with his big bandanna, and again breathed forth, "Bless me!"

"You deserve to be blessed, don't you," said Rose, but this time she did not produce her thorns, she would wait and see his intentions. She noticed that the weaver had ceased working and was looking down timidly. Just then little Liza coughed, and opening her eyes turned an enquiring glance on the stranger, then said:

"I did not know you were here, will you have a rose? a sweet briar rose, I'm so fond of them! See, the field is covered with them!" And, plucking at her quilt she held towards him her imaginary offering, which to her was such a sweet reality. Mr. Goodheart was too overcome to make any movement of acceptance.

"Please take one," said the sweet little voice, "they are so sweet."

"Please the child," said Rose. "If you can't do anything better, make a pretence of taking it," and she gave him a sharp thrust with another thorn.

"Bless me!" He leaned forward, and, touching the poor, wasted hand, said: "Thank you my dear, they are most fragrant. How long have you been ill, my little one?"

(To be continued.)

A Forgetful Pupil.

There once lived a man who possessed such a lovely garden that it was the greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as leaf and flower and tree daily seemed to unfold to brighter bloom. One morning as he was taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths he was surprised to find that many of the blossoms were picked to pieces. It was not long before he traced the mischief to a little bird, which he managed to capture and was about to kill, when it exclaimed:—

"Please do not kill me. I am only a wee tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. Set me free, and I shall teach you something that will be of much use to you."

"I would like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you are spoiling my garden; but as I am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.

"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three mottoes which should guide you through life: Do not cry over spilt milk; do not desire what is unattainable; do not believe what is impossible."

The man was satisfied with the advice and let the bird escape, but it had scarcely regained its liberty when from a high tree opposite it exclaimed:—

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost!"

"What have I lost?" the man asked angrily.

"Why, if you had killed me you would have found within me a huge pearl as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said, in his kindest tones, "sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Come down to me, and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and give you fruit and flowers all day."

But the bird replied: "What a silly man, to forget so soon the advice I gave you! I told you not to cry over spilt milk, and here you are worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And, finally, I bade you not to believe what is impossible, and here you are imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future," added the bird as it flew far away.

—Habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which they move.

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