

* * The Story Page * *

The Left-behind Fairy.

BY E. B. S.

Once upon a time the children in a certain place grew so wise that they didn't believe in the fairies any longer. This made the fairies very unhappy; and, after getting together and talking the matter over, they decided to go back to fairyland. So, one moonlight night, they packed their tiny bags with their fairy belongings, and started off. One poor little fairy, however, who was not so large as the others and whose wings were not so strong, could not keep up with the rest; and they forgot all about him. And at last he saw them disappear altogether, and he was left behind alone.

Returning to the woods where he had lived with all the fairy folk, he threw himself down on the grass, weeping bitterly, when he smelled the sweet perfumes of the flowers around him, and knew they were speaking to him. For the flowers, speak in perfumes at night, and the fairies can understand what they say.

"Don't cry, dear little fay," said the flowers. "We're all so glad you didn't go with the rest of the fairies to fairyland, for what should we flowers do without the fairies?"

(For you should know the fairies go around to all the flowers before the sun rises, and kiss them awake, and whisper sweet things to make them gay and happy all the day. Then they ring the flower-bells, to wake up the butterflies and call them out into the warm sunshine; and many kind and helpful things they do all day to the little things that live in the woods.) The little left-behind fairy stopped crying when he understood what the flowers were saying.

"I'll do the best I can to make up for the loss of all the other fairies," he said to the flowers. "That is all there is left for me to do."

So he got up very early the next morning, and flew from flower to flower until his little wings were tired; and he rang the flower-bells until his little arms were aching. But it seemed so little that he could do alone that finally he threw himself down, discouraged. Then a thought came to him.

"I'll entice out the Brownies," he said to himself, "and train them to do the fairies' work."

So he rang the flower-bells, as the fairies had been used to ring them when they wished to gather together; for he knew that the brownies were very curious about what the fairies did, and were sure to creep out of their holes when they heard the fairy music.

Now these brownies were very unpleasant; they live in dark holes in rocks and hollow trees; and, although they had wings, they never used them, but stayed close to the ground. Their skins were a dull, dark brown color, full of sharp thorns, with which they delighted to torment the little creatures that dwelt in the woods. They had ugly, frowning faces; and they went about saying, "I will!" and "I won't!" and "I'll do as I please!" and "I won't help anybody!"

When these brownies heard the fairy bells, they began to peep out of their holes, to see what the fairies were doing; and, as soon as the fairy saw them, he called to them to come nearer, for he had something to say to them. The brownies came crowding around him very quickly, for they were much pleased at any notice from a fairy; for the fairies commonly would have nothing to do with them; as they did not like their ugly looks and ways.

"Come here," said the fairy, "and sit down on these little toadstools, I have something to show you."

He held up in front of him a fairy mirror. Then he waved his wand; and the brownies saw, as if they were looking out of a window, the beautiful fairies, flying about in the sunshine on rainbow-tinted wings, clad in robes like sunset clouds or blue like the sky. They saw them bending over the flowers, carrying water to thirsty plants, feeding hungry little birds, and doing all the kindly little things that made up a fairy's day's work.

Then the fairy waved his wand again and the fairies disappeared; and in their stead, the brownies saw themselves, dark and ugly, tormenting everything near them, and going about saying, "I won't!" and "I will!" and "I'll do as I please!" and "I won't help anybody!" Then for the first time in their lives, they saw themselves as they really were; and they hung their heads and were ashamed.

Then the fairy waved his wand once again, and now the ugly brownies disappeared. But in their stead came jolly little fellows, with jolly little grins on their comical little faces. They were a beautiful golden brown, with no thorns in their skins, and with little curly caps on their heads; and they went about doing all the good deeds that the fairies had done before them.

"We want to be like that," said the brownies all together.

"You shall be," said the fairy.

"Tell us how," said the brownies.

"I will," said the fairy. "But you must sit quite still."

And he began his lesson. But by the time he had finished there was only one little brownie left. All the others had been sent off in disgrace, for they were not used to being good. Some wriggled around on their toadstools, and fell off. Some got to quarrelling; and most of them got tired of it all, and thought it was more fun to run off and do as they had always done. But the fairy took the one good little brownie around with him at all his pleasant tasks the next morning; and, when the other brownies saw him, looking so proud and happy going about with the fairy, they were filled with envy, and wished that they had behaved well, too.

So the next morning when the fairy called the brownies again, there were ever so many more left at the end of the lesson who had behaved well enough to stay. The next morning there were still more, and every morning there were more and more brownies who were learning to behave. Now every day the fairy took the good brownies with him, until there were none of them very bad any longer. Flying about in the bright sunshine with the fairy, they lost their ugly dark color, and turned a beautiful golden brown. Their wings also became stronger as they used them, until they could fly almost as well as the fairy.

When the fairy saw how hard they were trying; he waved his wand and all the sharp thorns fell out of their skins. Then he gave each one a little curly cap, such as the brownies wore in the mirror picture, which pleased them exceedingly. They were now so happy and busy that their faces no longer wore ugly frowns, but comical little grins; and, though they could never look like fairies, they were so bright and jolly that it was a pleasure to see them.

They didn't stay good all the time, of course. But the fairy had only to hold up this fairy mirror, and show them the picture of themselves as they used to be, to make them stop any naughty tricks they might be playing.

So the brownies did all the work that the fairies had left undone behind them; and all the little things that creep and fly and run and grow in the woods loved the brownies, and that made them very happy. But they loved the fairy most of all, and the little fairy grew so contented that he said to himself:—

"I'm really glad I got left behind. This earth isn't a bad place to stay in, after all, if you have plenty of good work to do, and do it as well as you can."—Christian Register.

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The Grave Between Them

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

It was a dark day for Mrs. Southey, when her darling Lyle, the idol of her heart, was laid away from her sight in Greenwood. Years before she had buried his father, a blow that near crushed the light from her life, but then she had her boy, her Lyle, upon whom to lavish her love, to center her hopes, for the years to come. Now all was gone; the child of her affection, the heir of her fortune, the joy of her life, the hope, the comfort of her declining years, all, all gone, and in the darkness she sat down alone to mourn over her loss, not to pity the precious boy in his heavenly home, but to lament that all his charms of life and brilliancy of intellect should be shut up in darkness, buried under the sod down deep in the hard frozen ground. In vain did her pastor remind her of the blessed condition of "the dead who die in the Lord," and picture to her the beauty of the "many mansions" prepared for those who loved him. The mother-heart in its aching void failed to grasp the unseen, and with the sounds of the clods rattling on the coffin lid still ringing in her ears, the stricken woman shut herself up; away from the love and sympathy of human friends, and closed her heart against the pleadings of the Holy Spirit within her own bosom.

She felt that God had dealt hardly with her, in taking from her side husband and son, her all; while other family circles remained unbroken. Why was it, she asked, that her boy, with his fine physique, his manly beauty, his splendid natural abilities, his finished education, his promise of future usefulness, and with the means at his command to carry on good among the lowly in whatever way he chose—why was it, she asked, was he stricken with death and confined in the narrow house, the subject for worms, while other young men, with not a tithe of his talents, or personal attractions, or goodness of heart, were left as cucumbers of the ground?

Brooding over her troubles, she grew morose and kept to her room, denying herself to her friends, and remaining away from the Sabbath services until she fancied herself neglected and forgotten, and began to sigh for something with life to keep her company.

One day while watering the plants in her room, Lyle's plants, she found curled up on the underside of a geranium leaf, an ugly green worm. Usually she would have turned from the thing in disgust, but now, because it had life, she watched its movements with intense interest,

taking pains not to dislodge it. Day after day she watched its growth, and in a strange way took it to her heart, finding in it a friend that attempted neither to check nor chide her grief. But one day, much to her distress, it fell from the leaf to the earth in which the plant grew. She thought at first it was dead, but after awhile she noticed that it was groveling in the soil at the root of the plant. Deeper and deeper it went, until it was hidden, entirely covered up with the earth, and then she knew it had been digging its own grave.

"Everything I love dies," she cried "Everything! Even the worm that crawls at my feet. God seems to hate, to despise me, and gives me nothing for my portion but death!"

Days of grief and despondency followed, but one morning, it was the glad Easter Sabbath, while she sat with her eyes on the grave of the worm, thinking not of the resurrection but of the grave of her beloved dead, she noticed a slight trembling of the earth over the spot where the worm had buried itself. Fascinated with the strange phenomenon, she kept her eyes fixed on the place, until with a mighty quivering of the loose soil the earth seemed to roll back, and out from the grave came, not the worm that had been sleeping under the ground; for so long, but a beautiful butterfly, with soft, velvety wings, and colors so bright in hue as to be dazzling in the sunlight. With the vision of the transformed worm before her, a new light seemed to flash into Mrs. Southey's darkened soul.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept," she repeated, as if the suggestion had been whispered in her ear. Then, recalling another comforting passage, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," she arose and, opening the window facing the cemetery, looked across the snow to where the new grave had been made, her face radiant with the assurance that her boy, asleep in Jesus, was in his keeping. "He is not there, in the cold, silent grave, but risen with Christ. He is happier, yes far happier, than if in the enjoyment of all the blessings and privileges he has left behind on earth. My grief is a selfish grief," she continued, "and my pity is for myself rather than for my boy, whose joy in that other world would be marred if he knew how I grieve and rebel against the hand of the smiter."

A new and strange gladness had taken possession of her heart, and, with her Bible on her lap she selected and read the comforting passages relating to the resurrection and the joys of the redeemed in heaven, she wondered how she could have been so blind as to refuse to see the light in the darkness, the bow of promise in the overshadowing cloud.

The ringing of the church bells for the Sabbath service, reminded her that this was Easter, and that she might expect a special message on the subject of the day. She was not disappointed, bringing back as she did to her home the reflection of the gladness with which the message had filled her heart. Nor did the sweet lesson of the transformed worm end with the comfort it brought into her own life. Her Easter offering was neither small nor grudgingly given, and in the years that followed she found plenty of worthy places in which to invest the loan she had from the Lord.

The money she had intended for Lyle, as well as the amount in his own name, was kept sacred for the help of needy and deserving young men, striving for an education to enable them to fill places of usefulness in the world. Especially was she interested in young men who, like Lyle, had chosen the work of the ministry, and by helping them into their life mission through her son's partimony, she not only perpetuated his memory, but carried on the work so dear to his heart while on earth. —The Presbyterian.

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Keeping a Secret.

It was when Molly was getting over the measles that mamma told her about Tom's birthday party. It was to be a bicycle party and the boys were all to bring their bicycles, and Tom's father was going to give him one for a birthday present.

"Oh, goodie!" cried Molly, jumping up and down. "Won't Tom be just too happy for anything?"

"Now Molly," said mamma, you must be very careful not to tell Tom anything about it. You mustn't even look as if you knew about it."

"Can't I tell anybody? Not even Arabella Maria?" asked Molly. "'Cause I shall surely burst if I don't."

"Yes," said mamma, laughing, "you can tell Arabella Maria, but no one else."

This was hard. That very afternoon Tom came rushing in from school, and told Molly about Billy's new improved safety.

"I'd give something if I just knew I'd get a wheel for my birthday," he said; "but, 'bu, father was telling about the scarcity of money last night, I knew that

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