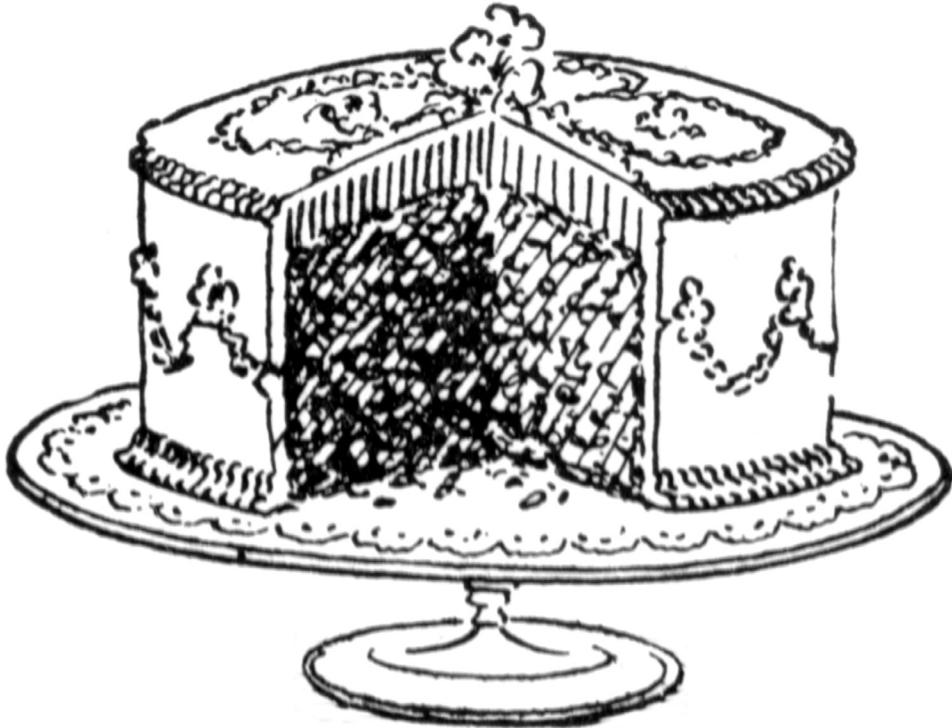


THE CAKE

from *The Golden Windows* by Laura E. Richards



A child quarrelled with his brother one day about a cake.
"It is my cake!" said the child.
"No, it is mine!" said his brother.
"You shall not have it!" said the child. "Give it to me this minute!" And he fell upon his brother and beat him.
Just then came by an Angel who knew the child.
"Who is this that you are beating?" asked the Angel.
"It is my brother," said the child.
"No, but truly," said the Angel, "who is it?"
"It is my brother, I tell you!" said the child.
"Oh no," said the Angel, "that cannot be; and it seems a pity for you to tell an untruth, because that makes spots on your soul. If it were your brother, you would not beat him."
"But he has my cake!" said the child.
"Oh," said the Angel, "now I see my mistake. You mean that the cake is your brother; and that seems a pity, too, for it does not look like a very good cake,—and, besides, it is all crumbled to pieces."