***The Happy Prince***

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statu of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a lare red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt. He was very much admired indeed. "He is beautiful" remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes.

1

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a senible mother of her little who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything." "I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

2

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow. He had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

3

So, he flew round and round, touching the water with his wings, and making silvr ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through for the summer and indeed the river was quite full of Reed. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away. After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady.

4

"She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirtig with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."

5

So, he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince. "I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a sinle cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining.



6

Before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw - Ah! wha did he see? The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears. and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.



7

The King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree and of the pygmies who sail ovr a big lake on large flat leaves and are always at war with the butterflies.

8